The Boss

by Sangabrielle

Summary

Clarke Griffin is the intelligent, powerful CEO of “Griffin Cybernetics” ….. A company whom the FBI suspects are in the process of creating an advance technology that could endanger the security of the world.

Lexa Woods is Clarke’s hot & mysterious new chauffeur, who will shake Clarke's perfect and controlled world to the core.

Both women are natural dominants, powerful with strong minds. Neither expect, or wanted to become involved in the powerful love story that will unroll between them. Both will fight it...their powerful personalities causing them to crash into each other constantly, pulling their worlds in all directions.

What is Lexa Woods hiding? Who will fall first? Who will be the dominant in the relationship? Who will be the weakest....?
Welcome to another Clexa AU’s fic, my dear readers. This story is very VERY different from what i have wrote before. This story is very much an erotic one. Will be language and lot of mature content, if you know what i mean :) Some related to Clarke Griffin’s childhood will be a little bit hard, cos she was missused psicologic and physically by a pedophile, who will change her forever, making her into the b*tch cold mind heartless bussiness woman she is today. So WARNING make here, will be some hard scenes to read. So if you are sensitive with the theme, dont read it please. Anyway i tried to be very light in those horrendous memories of Clarke, i mean i wont bring them in huge details, disgustingly unnecessarily. I couldnt write something like that also, cos can be very disturbing. BUT i must warning you all that can be some scenes a little hard, and unfortunalety necessary to develope Clarke’s personality, understand why she is like she is and act as she does today.
I hope you guys like it this new very different story mine, thanks as always, for read my stories, vote for them and comments!! And never the less to my amazing translate beta team, Joanne and Cheryl.
Remember guys this is a fictional story, and is not my intention make something unrespectfull to the characters that we so much love and admire. I always have in mind how much these characters means to many of us.

Sangabrielle
“Good morning, I'm Lexa Woods. I have a scheduled meeting with Miss Griffin, in ... 1 minute and 20 seconds, could you please let her know I’m here?” - Lexa was a lover of precision and without a doubt her little detail surprised the smiling blonde secretary, who stared at her for a moment before answering her.

“Good morning Miss Woods, you must be the applicant for the position of chauffeur for Miss Griffin, please take a seat. Ms. Griffin has been delayed a little this morning.” Harper explained kindly. Lexa looked at her with a frown, immediately frustrated at the news. If there was anything that the brunette hated, it was unpunctual people.

“Ermmm ... well, thank you.”

Lexa was upset internally, but didn’t comment, instead taking a seat on the comfortable single sofa in the large reception room. That morning she had proposed to give some thought to who would be her future boss, none other than the famous Clarke Griffin. A young woman who had revolutionized the cyber world with her innovative creations, which were recognized not only nationally but internationally as well.

Her future boss was a business queen, CEO of the renowned company ‘Griffin Cybernetics’, which her grandfather Theodore Griffin, a young millionaire, lover of numbers and cybernetics, had created in the mid-sixties. At this time, cybernetics had given great impetus to the theory of information; when the digital computer replaced the analog computer in the elaboration of electronic images. In those years appeared the second generation of computers (with transistors in 1960) specifying then the first computer graphics and drawings, and the third (with integrated circuits, in 1964) as well as programming languages.

In 1965 Theodore traveled to Stuttgart, where the exhibition "Computer-graphik" took place. An exhibition that led him to dream of a world of computerized images, encouraging him to begin work
on prototypes for his brand new company.

The creative and fascinated young man traveled to every possible exhibition in those years, gathering new information and ideas for his exclusive prototypes, which were already underway. In 1968 he traveled to Lomdres to attend the one that would consecrate the renewed trend, under the title "Cybernetic Serendipity" at the Institute of Contemporary Art of the old English capital. In the same year, he also attended the exhibition in which cybernetics really stood out…. ‘Mindextenders’ in the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in London.

In 1969 the Brooklyn Museum organized the show ‘Some more Beginnings’. There was Theodore with some of his creations, where he was recognized by critics as one of the most innovative.

In that same year, in Buenos Aires and other cities of Argentina, Art and Cybernetics was presented, organized by Jorge Glusberg. With this exhibition, the principles of the digital art / image relationship in that country would be inaugurated.

In Spain the first manifestation was the one of ‘Computable forms’ - 1969 - ‘Automatic generation of plastic forms’ -1970 - both organized by the Center of Calculus of the University of Madrid.

In the first months of 1972, the German Institute of Madrid and Barcelona presented one of the most complete samples that has taken place in Spain, entitled ‘Impulse computer art’.

In the 70s, Griffin Cybernetics had grown enormously, with revolutionary creations being exhibited in some of the largest world exhibitions. With this recognition, and consequently increasing sales in the world market, the Californian company became one of the most recognized in the world. Theodore knew then that he was creating an empire, one that his future generations would follow.

In his personal life Theodore had married his first love, his sweet Jane and had had four children, Jake, Michael, Susan and Karen. His eldest son, Jake, followed in his footsteps, as fascinated with the cyber world as his father, working in the company since he was a teenager, without a doubt his father’s pride.

When Jake was just 19, his father suddenly became disabled, with almost no mental functioning, due to a severe heart attack. The young Griffin had to take charge of the company, which he could sustain following the dreams of his father, who two years after his attack, finally died of respiratory failure.

Jake Griffin had fallen madly in love with the beautiful young medical student, Abigail Taylor. They met almost by chance when he dined in a fine restaurant in the city, where Abigail worked long hours as a waitress. After a few months they became the perfect couple, getting married after a year of dating. Abigail finished her medical career, and when they started working at the central hospital in the city of San Francisco, they both decided to conceive their first child.

Clarke Jane Griffin was born on October 14, 1989, in the city of San Francisco, where the rich couple lived in a huge mansion. Two years later, they had their second son, whom they called Patrick Theodore. Three years later the couple conceived their third and final daughter, named Emily.

Everything was going well for the young couple, but the company was beginning to have some financial problems due to a decline in the world market, which somehow destabilized the griffin
Cybernetics. At that time, a man named Cage Wallace approached the young CEO of Griffin Cybernetics with an ineffective financial partnership proposal that Jake could not resist. The young Griffin had panicked and his inexperience in finances made him bite the tempting apple that Wallace offered to solve all his problems.

Unfortunately for the happy Griffin family the problems soon began. Jake got carried away by the nightlife, easy women and alcohol, while Abigail tried to support the family, or at least sustain the false image of her. Jake had become close friends with his associate Wallace. He was an ambitious and very influential man, urging Jake to relax from the pressures of the company, dragging him into that dangerous life, as well as forcing him to sign a contract that gave him rights to have great influence on the decisions of Griffin Cybernetics. This led to him virtually taking over during dd a period of time.

The one who suffered the most from the deterioration of Griffin's home was not so much his wife, Dr. Griffin, but rather Clarke, the eldest daughter of the marriage. She needed to appear to be a well behaved and happy girl in the sight of all, like her younger siblings. Clarke adored and cared for her siblings as her own, since her mother spent little time with them, nor gave them the affection that a mother should have. Instead the Griffin children were raised by substitutes, strangers who only helped them with their personal hygiene, their image and their education. They never showed the children affection, by strict order of Mrs. Griffin. Abigail wished that her children were intelligent, and that they would not let themselves be carried away by the weakness of their feelings. She did not want them to fall into that mortal trap of believing in love, as she had done with her husband.

Clarke hated her life, hated her parents, and definitely hated Cage Wallace. Since she was very little she had sworn that one day she would end it without mercy. She knew well that this man had brought ruin to her whole family and had led her father to be the ruthless man he was. He became a father who smelled constantly of alcohol, who almost never slept in the house, and who easily became angry and ended up physically punishing her without mercy for any nonsense.

Clarke grew resentful. She was fearful of her parents, without love, and with a terrible secret that she could not tell anyone, that she had carried with her since the age of ten years old. The only affection she felt was towards her younger siblings, of whom she felt responsible and protective.

The young Griffin had inherited the passion for cybernetics like her grandfather and her father. She followed studies related to computers high technology, in addition to having a very high degree of efficiency, far superior to any other child of her age. So when she was very young she was sent to a private and exclusive institute for children with higher intelligence. This took her away from her siblings a lot, something that hurt her greatly, losing almost all contact with the little sense of affection that her heart had felt in her short life.

When Clarke turned 23, she had been working in the family business for five years, making important contributions to it. Due to her superior intelligence and creativity, her projects were hugely successful for the company, soon returning it back to a company recognized both nationally and worldwide.

Tragedy happened when Jake was involved in a terrible traffic accident, falling with his brand-new Lamborghini sports car over a cliff. He died instantly. The accident was blamed on the high levels of alcohol and drugs in his system. He lost control of the car on a tight turn, whilst returning to his mansion one night after participating in a party organized by his partner Wallace.

Cage Wallace smiled fully with the news, his plan, after so many years was coming to an end, ready to take a position as CEO of the important company "Griffin Cybernetics". However, when Jake Griffin's testament was read three days after his death, in the presence of both his family and
Wallace, he was shocked to hear that the company was passing him by completely and exclusively to the hands of Jake’s eldest daughter, Clarke.

The young Griffin was speechless. Her eyes wide open like saucers, since she never expected such a thing from a father who had only shown her coldness, punishment and harshness throughout her life... even more so since her Father had partnered with Wallace.

Wallace went mad with rage, trying to get the will that Jake's personal lawyer held in his hands, desperate to read it with his own eyes, and escape from this damn nightmare. The family lawyer, one step ahead of the furious man at all times, shouted for security to remove Wallace from the building. They arrived quickly, almost having to drag him out kicking and screaming whilst he continued shouting out that this “could not be true”, and that “it was all a trick of Jake's family to leave him out of the company”.

Clarke quickly came out of her shock and upon seeing Wallace pass guarded by two security men, gave him a triumphant look with a malicious smile on her face. Finally her father had indirectly helped her to fulfill her dream. To make mincemeat of that damned evil Wallace. But the enraged man, upon seeing Clarke's face, only detoured to threaten her once more.

“Smile all you want fucking bitch, but you'll regret it, I swear” he spat into Clarke's immutable face, whilst she sat next to her mother, who was still also in shock from the news.

“I'll be waiting for you Cage, meanwhile give my regards to Gladys. Oh, and do not worry about the personal effects of your office, they'll be incinerated straight away! I can assure you, you will not have access to this company for the rest of your damn life” stated Clarke, standing up with a cold look on her face, and eyes that crossed those of the man standing in front of her. She had waited for this day to arrive for so long and the pleasure she felt was indescribable. Her determined and cold attitude told Wallace very clearly that his threats no longer had any influence on her.

“You can not do that dear, I have an association contract with this company, you can not erase me that way” Wallace attempted to defend himself, although he knew deep down that his reign was over.

“Yes I can, you will see that that contract states that you have associations with my father, not with this company directly, so when my father died, that contract was cancelled, and I, as new CEO can assure you that I will not renew it” explained Clarke... the new and very young director of Griffin Cybernetics.

“You will be hearing from my lawyers” warned Wallace whilst trying not to collapse in front of whom he perceived to be the conceited first born of the Griffins, who clearly wanted to kill him there in front of everyone with her own hands.

“Oh send them to us and we will see ... but I would advise you to not touch the money that will remain in the accounts, because I am going to sue you for perjury and for committing a crime with the finances of this company for the years you have been stealing from here, so be prepared. Now do me a favour and leave” - finished Clarke to the absolute amazement of her mother and siblings, who were looking at her as if they saw a strange version of her, virtually unrecognizable.

“You're a fucking bitch, but you'll never forget me”. It was this moment where Wallace swore to take revenge on that woman some day, no matter the cost, or how long it would take. Clarke Griffin had a death sentence in his eyes.

“ Oh yes I will, I assure you that I will and I will see you begging at the entrance of the subway in a few months you damn good for nothing. Security, take this scum out of my company once and for
all” signalled the determined new CEO to the security men, insisting they fulfill their orders immediately.

“Son of a bitch!! You will pay for this, I swear to you that you will!” Wallace yelled as he was dragged out of the room by force, while Clarke just looked at him with a triumphant smile on her face.

Clarke felt the confidence and power in her hands right away, she became intoxicated with fame, becoming one of the wealthiest businesswomen in the world in a very short time. But as her fame as a super intelligent business woman and creator grew, so did her reputation as being ruthless with her competitors and her own employees.

She had managed to seal important contracts with NASA and the Pentagon, giving Griffin Cybernetics enormous prestige, but the CEO was also sought after by many powerful people in the world, good and bad organizations. From prosperous technology companies, to mafias and terrorist groups. But Clarke knew how to play her cards and her contracts very well, she was a superior coefficient teacher, who would have no problem destroying whoever got in her way without mercy. She had a reputation as a thug, and some fantasized that in the shadows, Clarke was the queen of a mafia organization, ruthlessly annihilating its most severe competitors if they dared to cross the borders of her empire, or stand in her way of fruitful increase. She was known as ‘Wanheda’, the ‘Commander of Death’.

Clarke was starting to get annoyed by these grotesque rumors, especially the nickname... who knows who was wearing it and why. She was aware that in recent times some of her competitors had suffered serious accidents, even deaths, but she did not understand why the hell they were investigating her. About a month ago she had contacted a renowned private investigator named Raven Reyes, who had a very good reputation, and gave her the job of finding out who was behind these deaths, which in part, yes, gave her an advantage in business, but also the dark reputation. She was tired of having the federals hanging round her neck, using everything related to Griffin Cybernetics and its contacts. She needed to find out who was committing these crimes and why they were relating them to her. She was desperately hoping that the woman with long hair and dark eyes, of Latin bearing would help her, although up until now her progress was very slow for her taste.

Lexa Woods was upset, she hated waiting. In her logic if she could be punctual and precise, other humans could also. So here she was, genuinely surprised and angered that a businesswoman as famous and high profiled as Clarke Griffin, could have such carefree punctuality. However, there was nothing she could do about the situation, so she continued sitting on the comfortable white sofa, cross legged, reading a boring magazine explaining the world of cybernetics, along with it’s well known air of greatness.

Lexa had read a lot of the history of this enigmatic woman she was about to meet. She was fully aware of the known coldness, and her high degree of intelligence. But Lexa was not someone who was easily intimidated by anyone, and she knew perfectly well how to handle people of Clarke Griffin's caliber. She also knew that the famous businesswoman had an exquisite taste for both women and men, never tying herself to anyone, just needing to have pleasant and ethereal moments. They never meant anything in the life of the CEO, beyond a moment of entertainment.

So Lexa let her imagination dazzle her in front of the mirror in her room that early morning, after taking a shower. The brunette was blessed with long brown hair, green and deep eyes, a face worthy to be a model without a doubt. With a straight and perfect nose, high and well-defined cheekbones and a pronounced chin, she had perfect facial features that any celebrity would envy. Lexa was the owner of an extremely athletic body, complimenting her facial beauty to that of a model worthy of Victoria Secrets. A body that
was maintained in excellent shape with visits to the gym three times a week, and regular nights of swimming. She was tall in height...5’8, with long, toned legs, and simply perfect breasts. Lexa was a woman who struck a beautiful image and oozed sensuality.

At 31, Lexa had a vast experience of life, which had led to her maturing earlier than most. Extremely intelligent, seductive, and captivating, she was a woman with extreme self-confidence, sensuality, and good manners. She was a lover of order, cleanliness and punctuality.

She did not like the work she was trying to obtain, but it was extremely important, and she had to get all her artillery of seduction, image and manners sorted before that voracious and intelligent business woman. Lexa sensed she had a slight weakness, and she was about to use that weakness to get what she wanted, to be the new chauffeur of Clarke Griffin.

Thirty-six minutes and forty-five seconds later, after Lexa had drunk a good coffee, which Miss Griffin's kind secretary had served her, whilst apologizing for the long wait, the elevator doors at the end of the elegant lobby opened. The opened doors revealed a woman with golden hair, sunglasses covering her eyes, wearing a blue striped suit, pinched trousers and sack, along with high-heeled shoes, that complimented her magnificent curvy body. On her right arm hung a thin, large black wallet from the famed Louis Vuitton brand.

Walking at a firm pace, but with a lot of presence and elegance, she approached the somewhat fascinated gaze of Lexa. Lexa hated herself for looking at the powerful CEO in that way, but the excellent image of that beautiful woman so powerful, was captivating as she approached the desk of the efficient secretary.

Finally, there she was, the famous and unpunctual Clarke Griffin…. making her entrance of absolute majesty, thought Lexa, unable to prevent her lips from curling very slightly. Lexa attempted to withdraw her enigmatic green eyes from that blond goddess, who was already only two steps away from both her and from the desk of the kind secretary, who immediately stood up as soon as she saw her boss approaching her desk, with some papers ready in her hand.

Clarke was furious. If there was one thing she hated, it was being late, especially by an inept driver who was just one more in a long list lately and she was tired of such mediocrity. One more driver who did not know how to find a route that would abolish the heavy morning traffic in the city that saw her born 29 years ago and which she felt very much a part of, making the thirty-two story Griffin Cybernetics tower located on the city of San Francisco, the most important to her of the many that had scattered around the country.

Her head ached, having enjoyed too much entertainment the night before with a good sexual companion for several hours, until she had got bored and sent him out of the suite where she had registered for that entertainment. Clarke never took anyone to her house, or ventured to anyone’s house to maintain her moments of sexual pleasure…. for that there were good and fine hotels with all the services.

She had been delayed that morning, due to the little sleep she had managed after taking one of her pills to relax and sleep. Sometimes it was the only way she had to deactivate her creative, annoying and insatiable mind which did not stop working for a devilish second. Sometimes she felt that she had a cybernetic chip implanted in her brain, and not human neurons like everyone else.

The man she had decided to have a good time with last night was an acquaintance of hers, Finn Collins. A lawyer who handled part of her business affairs, with whom she sometimes delighted sexually. Finn was very good in bed and helped her to relax from so much daily pressure, but he was
not the only one. Clarke liked care free sex with whomever she wanted at the time, men or women, she did not care. She enjoyed both, and sometimes she would get both sexes involved in a good group sex night.

When she started walking down the long beige carpeted hallway that lined the walls, she could see with pleasure a long pair of crossed legs, next to a pair of high heels, sitting at the end of the aisle in front of her secretary Harper's desk. She smiled slightly to herself, since her serious image was almost an irreplaceable mask especially in her work. But her eyes, well hidden behind her black glasses, could not resist following the line of those spectacular and well-formed legs, covered by thin flesh-colored stockings, finding a black dress that ended on the knees. She followed the line higher up finding a defined waist. The dress called to that perfect body, with which she was already delighting in imagining unsuitable, graphic thoughts. Clarke began to feel her throat dry and a slight heat in her lower abdomen.

Clarke loved to delight in athletic bodies like that of the stranger, of feminine women, but not to feminine. She hated too much makeup, or excessively long nails, or too much pomposity. She liked women with character, decided, with confidence, who knew how to dress and give a good image, and it was exactly what she had before her tired eyes.

She continued looking over the woman...continuing north, passing over those perfect breasts, and a neckline that took her breath away for a brief moment, finding more skin than she expected, skin that looked soft, white and inviting. She already wanted to touch and explore her with her fingers and her tongue. But her exquisite and perverted imagination really increased when it arrived at the face of the owner of that fatal body! Stunned, she tried to get a grasp on her thoughts. Who is this striking model? Trying to remember her from one of the many party’s she had been invited to, gladly attending primarily to calm her sexual appetite, with that face and with such perfect features, she would have surely remembered her immediately, and without doubt would have intimidated her more than once. Those beautiful green eyes that were studying her so deeply, for a moment making her shudder, even feeling the tremor in her legs. Clarke had not felt that in a long time.

But her stupid moment of fascination and vain weakness, was immediately eradicated by that button that she would press in her mind. When someone attracted her at first sight, like this exquisite woman before her, from whom she had the sensation that she perceived a slight, very tenuous smile draw on those fleshy lips, which already wanted too much from her and seemed to promise to try at any time.

How the hell dare she try to seduce her so blatantly in the reception of her own company? This was exactly why she pressed the button in her mind, to stop stupidly distracting herself and remember that this woman was there, in HER company. She was the CEO, not any vulgar employee of low caste and of average salary.

Her brow furrowed as she removed her sunglasses, finally reaching the desk of her secretary Harper, who was waiting with the damn folder in her hand which contained all the messages and obligations of her day. It was in those moments that she simply wanted to escape back to her house and sleep a few hours in her lush, comfortable bed. It would have been even nicer to lie next to that fatal brunette, but that small trusty smile had banished all attractiveness for Clarke. She did not like women who challenged her sexually, she chose when and with whom, never the other way around. Although she could not deny that the striking woman was someone who could move all her senses.

When she arrived at Harper's desk, she noticed that the sculptural body covered by that suggestive dress had been incorporated, but she did not want to be obvious and ignored her completely by staring at her secretary who smiled, giving her the folder, and turning her back to the beautiful
brunette woman.

Immediately when noticing that slight curve of lips in the gorgeous stranger, Clarke realized the game that she was trying to play with her... like many others trying to conquer her through that stupid weakness she possessed. But she knew very well how to end all seductive game intentions and so she did just that, although for some damn reason that woman had already captivated her with her simple presence and she hated her for that.

“Good morning Miss Griffin” - she was greeted by an always cheerful and kind Harper. She did not understand how her secretary always kept that smile on her face every day, her kindness to the test of everything and her good predisposition for what she asked of her. She envied that cheerful face of Harper, envied that apparently she was so happy in her life, when she had never been able to find the same.

“They'll be good for you Harper ... give me that, contact Bellamy Blake, and bring me a well-loaded coffee with some pills” ordered Clarke, with the face of few friends. Taking the damn folder, she started to leaf through it, not particularly paying to much attention.

“Excuse me Miss Griffin, but Miss Woods has been waiting for you. She had a scheduled meeting with you at 8:30. Remember I told you yesterday for the position of chauffeur?”

“Not now Harper, bring me what I asked, and tell me immediately when you manage to make contact with that stupid Blake. Again, he has missed the calculations in a whole production of the new chips. He’s a miserable idiot, good for nothing” the CEO answered quite annoyed, ignoring the details of her day and the apparent meeting she had scheduled with the new chauffeur.

“Heavens” she thought to herself, that can not be the new chauffeur, is this some kind of damn joke? That woman's face should be plastered on the covers of fashion magazines all around around the world, that perfect body walking in exclusive fashion shows. What the hell was she doing there looking to be her new chauffeur? All of her alarms went off in her brain.

At the same time, Clarke was determined to outsmart that beautiful but conceited stranger who thought she could seduce her with her exuberant body and suggestive dress. And although she hated not being on time for a meeting, she found this one of the best ways to make this woman understand from the start, that nobody easily seduced Clarke Griffin.

But when Clarke turned to continue on her way to the door of her large office, she found herself suddenly locking eyes with those shocking emeralds, and that face that for all the skies was absolutely exquisite and perfect. Clarke's blue, slightly irritated eyes nailed like sharp razor blades into the intense gaze of the brunette, who had the audacity to block her way, angering her even more. Her face said it all without even uttering a word, her brow furrowed and her clenched teeth screeched along with her contracted chin.

Her secretary saw the tense situation unfolding. No one who knew her boss would dare to cross her way like this woman was in the process of doing. She simply saw the very dark future that awaited the aspiring chauffeur, and thought what a silly way to lose such an opportunity, after having been chosen among many aspirants for the coveted position.

Harper knew she could not intervene in this quarrel of silent glances, fighting a stark battle, but if she was certain of the end, it would be her boss asking her to call security to escort Miss Woods out of her building immediately. Although she was struck by the slow reaction of Miss Griffin in this particular stand off, in making that particular request.

“Harper! I have given you some orders. Are you deaf or something denser this morning?” Clarke
finally expressed without taking her eyes off the brunette challenging her at this moment.

“Erm ... yes Miss Griffin, I'll do it right now, excuse me” Harper replied.

Harper looked very surprised, but she did not waste time and went to the small kitchen to prepare coffee for her unknown boss today, with the phone connected to her ear to begin the requested call with Bellamy Blake.

“Excuse me Miss Griffin, my name is …” - Lexa relaxed her gaze, trying a nicer approach to be able to introduce herself to the annoying CEO. She knew she was irritating her somehow, and she needed to save the situation before her feet were escorted out of the Griffin Building in a few minutes. But she was suddenly interrupted by the irritated blonde.

“I'm not interested, you're blocking my way in case you haven’t noticed”. Clarke did not understand what the hell was happening to her, why that woman somehow dominated her with her presence and why she had not already had her escorted by security out of the exit of the building? But those eyes ... those eyes were spellbinding.

“I know, and I apologize for that Miss Griffin, but we have a pending meeting and …” Lexa tried to use her best degree of kindness and submission to the powerful woman who did nothing but interrupt her, although with the fame Griffin had, she also did not understand why she was still there. It had been indicated very clearly to her that there was a only very very small opportunity of success for this position, even for someone like her.

“I would move out of my way at once. Wait if you wish, but I have much more important matters to attend to first, than an insolent, pretentious new chauffeur”.

Lexa looked at her, controlling all the anger that was accumulating inside her, counting internally up to 100. This woman was clearly going to be a challenge to her patience and her intelligence.

Although she knew well that her stupid corpulence of lips that she had not been able to contain when she saw the CEO walk in, had given Lexa her first defeat in front of that powerful woman. She cursed herself a lot. So she changed her defiant gaze to one of acceptance. Nodding with her head in silence and stepping aside, she let the famous CEO continue on her way into her office.

Seconds later the efficient secretary was holding a small white tray with a cup of steaming coffee and pills along with a glass of water, whilst simultaneously talking with the apparently "stupid" Bellamy Blake…. the Chief Supervisor in charge of the operational part of the company.

Harper barely looked at her sideways when she nervously passed by her side, perhaps wondering how the hell she was still there, alive, and not being escorted to the company door by security.

Lexa simply helped the secretary kindly by opening the door to Clarke’s office, then breathing deeply sitting back on that comfortable sofa in the reception, knowing that a long wait was ahead of her. She had seen the fury, and that enormous blueness that almost burned her bones when she confronted Clarke Griffin, clearly a woman who had no compassion for anything. But in spite of everything, Lexa could see in those beautiful blue eyes, a slight, very imperceptible flash of passion, that immediately captivated her, despite being empty of sensations or feelings. She knew well that her stupid smile had irritated the CEO a lot, and that her defiant blockade on the way had not helped her already almost lost cause, but in part it was what Lexa wanted in the end, to get her attention. Granted, it could have been in a more positive way, but whatever it was, that was something that was not easy to gain in the blonde CEO.

Lexa had managed to pass a long process of selection for the position of chauffeur, and although some of the tests sounded somewhat strange, or at the end of the ridiculous, they were all quite
difficult. When the position was left empty after Clarke's last chauffeur suddenly resigned, many coveted the place, knowing the high salary and privileges that came with it. Everyone knew how demanding the famous businesswoman was, so they were all subjected to strenuous tests not only of handling, but psychological. In addition, they were also deeply investigated, to rule out that they were some spy of the competition, or some undercover agent of the FBI, who were on the lookout for Clarke, trying to dig deep into Griffin Cybernetics, due to the dubious deaths of her competitors and the strong rumors of the company's connections with global terrorist groups.

Lexa managed to pass each and every one of the tests, almost without problems, and with more than excellent results. However, here she was, trying to solve the last and hardest test, the acceptance or rejection of her future potential boss and she had almost fucked it from the start.

As the hours passed slowly for Lexa, she cursed herself at every minute. A very busy Harper came and went from the CEO's office almost without respite, as well as some people who had, it seems, kept more luck than she had in terms of short runs with Griffin.

Around twelve o'clock noon the voice was heard again from the CEO on the secretary’s switchboard, whom she called to be seen in her office. Lexa was really about to give up her first attempt, but something inside told her to stay there no matter what, even if it was going to take all day, although a small noise in her stomach indicated that she needed to put some food in there, before she vanished right there. She had drank two cups of coffee since she had arrived at Griffin Cybernetics and she was determined to wait all day if necessary...she needed to do it, thanks to her stupidity she repeated to herself once again.

Whilst continuing to berate herself, she noticed Harper entering the office of her boss, after taking a deep breath. Lexa really felt sorry for the kind and pretty secretary to have to endure this on a daily basis.

“Miss Griffin, what can I do for you?”

“Go ahead Harper, take a seat.”

“Yes of course, but I have not brought my iPad to take note if …”

“Do not worry, you don’t need to write any notes. I need to ask about my early appointment with that woman. Is she still waiting outside?”

“Do you mean Miss Woods? Yes, she’s still there”

“Well, I must admit, she is persistent, and determined. I have read her resume and the results of her evaluations. She seems to be very capable, I would say almost too capable to pursue a simple job such as chauffeur, something does not fit into the equation.”

“Yes, I have heard that the specialists have been surprised with her, she is also an expert in martial arts and knows how to handle weapons. You could use her as a bodyguard, if I may say so.”

“No, I will not, I have not asked, and I'm not interested in your opinion Harper. Heavens, those damn pills have not done much. I’m heading home. Suspend my afternoon meetings for the other days in the week.”

“Yes Miss Griffin, I will do it right now. Excuse me for asking, but should I give Miss Woods a new day to meet with you?”

“No, that's all Harper.”
“Shall I get a car to transport you to your home?”

“No, I have had enough of those inept people, we will not work with that company anymore, they are frightening.”

“Well, I hope you feel better soon then Miss Griffin.”

“Yes me too.”

Harper left the office pursing her lips. She felt sorry for this woman waiting all morning for nothing. Her boss could really be a bitch when she wanted to, but she knew that the brunette had made the dreadful mistake of challenging her by blocking her way and the CEO did not forget those kinds of mistakes.

When leaving the CEO’s office, the secretary looked with sorrow at the brunette who returned a look of understanding immediately. Lexa knew that that look meant bad news for her. She cursed herself seriously, grinding her teeth while clenching her fists. Harper approached her, while defeated, Lexa stood to listen to what she already assumed was coming.

“Miss Woods, I’m sorry …” - Harper started talking to her but was interrupted.

Suddenly the door of the CEO’s office slammed open, leaving the famous businesswoman standing behind Harper looking at both of them with a frown, raising one of her eyebrows and annihilating Harper with her cold look. Harper, upon seeing her boss, just kept walking to her desk without saying anything more.

Lexa did not stop to look at the cold and empty blue eyes of the businesswoman, she simply turned to take her coat, ready to leave without saying a word, when the voice of the CEO spoke firmly to her.

“So you applied for the position of chauffeur?” - Clarke asked with a calm tone of voice, but challenging at the same time. She still wondered how a woman like that, was looking to be her chauffeur.

“Yes, that's correct young lady” Lexa immediately replied turning her face to the CEO, not looking at her defiantly but confidently. She was surprised by the question of the blonde, who looked intensely at her eyes without moving a single facial muscle.

“Griffin … it's Miss Griffin.” - Clarke immediately clarified with arrogance, while Lexa immediately thought "Shit that puffed up."

“Miss Griffin” the brunette replied after a few seconds, holding her gaze.

“Well, then you will take me home immediately, and if you’re late by more than 15 minutes, you’re out. If you have the ability to get around midday traffic, the job may be yours. Now stop looking at me like an idiot and move….your fifteen minutes are running Miss Woods.” explained Clarke. She turned on her high heels to start walking towards the elevator, unable to hide the malicious smile on her lips, which she immediately erased. If that woman wanted the position, she was going to have to earn it and Clarke was not going to be easy.

Lexa was internally having a victory party, but she thought about the few minutes she had to carry out the assignment, and did not lose another second, taking her coat and following in the footsteps of what would now apparently be her boss.
Harper could not resist giving her a smiling look without her boss seeing her, and a thumbs up, to which Lexa responded with a wink, and also a smile full of hope. The brunette already liked Harper's sympathy a lot, and sincerely admired her for putting up with such pressure.

Clarke was still mentally wondering why the hell she was giving this opportunity to the conceited brunette, but at least she had made her wait four hours sitting at the reception, and she had resisted her without a shout. Now she was going to see what she was capable of handling, incase she was perhaps missing some information not included in the curriculum of the beautiful aspiring chauffeur. Inside her, an inexplicable tremor had been unleashed... tracing every fiber of her body, caused by having maintained that new, brief but intense moment with those beautiful and deep green eyes. She swore they could penetrate her with impudence, as if they undressed her completely, awakening something new in her, something that she liked and was very willing to discover what it was.
They travelled down to the secure parking on the lower level, where all the cars of the company were located, especially the varied, expensive models that the CEO had at her disposal. Clarke used the time in the elevator to communicate briefly with her personal bodyguard, Echo. Lexa took note of how abrupt the CEO was when speaking to people in general, subtly rolling her eyes.

- Echo, I'm about to go home, wait for me in the garage. In two minutes we go out.
- Yes, of course Miss Griffin, I'm on my way. - replied Echo.

The elevator doors opened and stood there was a woman of strong build, already waiting. She had dark toned skin, a perfect body, dressed in a dark blue tight suit, white shirt, hair neatly gathered in a pony tail, and a face that looked like a model....it was as immutable as her boss's.

Lexa could not help but stare for a few seconds. Indeed Clarke Griffin had some very attractive employees with well-formed bodies. Smiling slightly to herself, she found herself thinking that at least she would fit in with the team on a superficial level.

- Echo, Miss Woods is going to drive the car, she may become my new chauffeur. - stated the CEO.
- Very good, Miss Griffin. Woods, it's nice to meet you. - The slender woman extended her hand to Lexa, without showing much sympathy, only education. Lexa shook her hand with a slight curve to her lips, the same as Echo.
- Well, let's finish with the introductions, time is running Miss Woods. Let's see... you only have ... eleven minutes to get to my house. Now choose the car you will drive, because I recommend that you do not delay any further. -Lexa's face fell a little when she turned around, and in front of her was a long line of sleek, modern cars.
Some were well-known and very expensive brands, others not so well known. All varied in size. “Thank God” Lexa thought to herself... she kissed her ass for having her addiction to sports cars, learning everything about them since she was a young child.

Meanwhile, Echo looked at her with a slight mocking smile on her face, giving her a detailed look from top to bottom. Her CEO boss actually had good taste in choosing employees. Lexa glanced over the cars for a moment and upon spotting the glorious black Aston Martin, fifth in the row to her right, she immediately walked over without hesitation, the English brand had always been one of her weaknesses.

Clarke watched her with the same mocking smile that her bodyguard was expressing, waiting to see which vehicle her gorgeous chauffeur had decided to go with for that moment. When she saw her go to the Aston Martin, she also felt it was the most suitable choice, noticing immediately that this woman really knew about cars.

Lexa climbed into the unlocked Aston Martin, the keys to the vehicle already sat in the ignition. Thanking the detail, she closed the car door and started it, driving slowly and parking next to her boss who was now looking at her with a serious face. Neither Clarke, or her bodyguard were moving... which told Lexa that she should go round and open the door for her stern boss. "SHIT!" she thought, the minutes were running and these stupid mistakes weren’t helping.

Lexa left the car as quickly as she could, walked around the front and graciously opened the door of the back seat for her boss, who glared into her eyes for a good twenty seconds before climbing in. “Shit” thought the chauffeur....the CEO clearly hated her.

Clarke looked her up and down, the arrogant smirk on her lips almost imperceptible, but not for Lexa. In Lexa’s head there was only the clear sound of ticking, of the clock running. Clarke studied once again the somewhat nervous face of the woman who was holding the door, knowing that it was consuming precious seconds, but she was enjoying it. She raised an eyebrow at her and spoke...

- Are you getting nervous Lexa?.

Not receiving any response from her new employee, apart from a somewhat defiant gaze, the CEO looked at her chauffeur once more from top to bottom, before turning to climb into the car, while Lexa blew internally, irritated and rolling her eyes behind the CEO’s back.

Lexa closed the door while Echo climbed into the front passenger’s seat, buckling her seatbelt immediately. The brunette climbed into the driver’s seat, sweating already knowing she only had a few minutes left to carry out her task. Lexa knew well where the famous woman lived, knowing that they had to cross the entire city, specifically the center, at peak hour traffic. But again she mentally kissed her own ass, thanking herself that she was a local, and knew every corner of the city, every street, every shortcut like the back of her hand.

She adjusted the rearview mirror, looking at the woman who hopefully would be her future boss. Clarke sorted some papers and almost as if perceiving her look, raised her sharp blue eyes to the green of her chauffeur, not understanding what the problem was, why they had not yet started out when the seconds on the clock kept running.

- Woods, you have nine minutes, why are you wasting your time?
- I would recommend that you please buckle up - spoke Lexa.
- You need to understand me. If you want to be my employee, start learning that the one who gives the orders is me, the one who suggests is me, and the one who makes decisions and speaks is me. So devote your energy to fucking driving and take me home. You have exactly eight minutes and thirty seven seconds now.
- Very good Miss Griffin. - Clarke turned her eyes back to her papers again, thinking that this cute
chauffeur would be a fun project, an interesting project to recompose and teach to simply satisfy and obey orders.
- YES! How dare she make suggestions?! My God, what an insolent fool! Clearly she still does not know who dishes out the orders here, but I'm going to teach her fast.

Echo looked sideways at the chauffeur, laughing to herself. No one, absolutely no one suggested anything to her boss, unless she asked them to. The bodyguard saw a simple idiot, someone who believed that they could become the chauffeur of nothing less than Clarke Griffin, just for being pretty. She had no idea how the chauffeur intended to complete her task in the remaining time that she had.

Lexa was fastening her seatbelt, after having removed the fine high-heeled shoes she was wearing. She found it much more comfortable to operate the pedals without them. She then focused her green eyes on Echo's, surprising her a little.

- Can you please tell me the address of the house where I should drive then? - asked Lexa. She knew the address already but could not disclose that she had that vital information. Echo looked at her for a brief second with her mouth open, until she answered. Those eyes were not only beautiful, but very intimidating.
- 2712 Broadway - answered the bodyguard before immediately looking ahead again.
- Thank you. - Lexa realized immediately how much her eyes had impacted on Echo, and could not help but lift the corner of her lips after thanking her, and turning her eyes to look ahead also.

Lexa immediately focused on the most viable and fastest route to reach the CEO’s address in the eight minutes that she had left. She placed the bluetooth headset, and then clicked with her finger on the Apple watch on her left wrist. She then brought one hand to the gear lever, while the other held onto the handlebar, adjusting her long fingers around it.... oh this trip was going to cause her much pleasure.

Lexa breathed deeply, before the watchful eye not only of Echo, but also the intimidating CEO, who from the rear mirror, was also observing with some curiosity towards her future employee. But before bosses and bodyguards could continue watching, Lexa’s left foot squeezed the accelerator, making the wheels of the sports car squeak a little, while the engine sounded powerful, producing a spasm of deep pleasure in the belly of the chauffeur immediately.

The car shot out towards the exit, taking a couple of turns to the right and left, in which Clarke's papers flew out to either side, along with her body. The CEO hated the shake of such beastly maneuvers, but before she could straighten herself and complain to the brute of her chauffeur, the car braked hard, almost causing her to end up in the front seat. Clarke held herself in place using both hands, one in front of her on the seat belonging to Echo, and another on the seat of the woman who drove like a lunatic, who already had sentenced herself to something akin to the death penalty.

Echo immediately turned to the clearly furious CEO to check that she was okay, knowing that her hands had suddenly gripped her seat. But upon seeing those ice blue eyes nailing into the chauffeur with the largest of hurricanes approaching, she didn’t dare say a word.

Lexa looked in the rearview mirror for a second, smiling to herself. She watched as Clarke sat back in her seat and immediately put on her seatbelt, her face a little pale looking back at her. But Lexa only listened to the chords of one of her favorite songs in her ears at full volume. The strident chords of the mad violin of Vanessa Mae playing an impressive version of her theme "STORM", raised her adrenaline, and only helped her to focus in on the streets she had to take to fulfill the miracle.

She knew that her boss was angry due to the ferocity of the cars exit, and that Echo was trying to hide her nerves, holding tight to the armrest with her right hand, while the other lay stretched on the
thigh of her left leg. Lexa gave her a brief smirk, winking at her, surprising Echo once more.

The chauffeur looked at the traffic and in the smallest gap that occurred, she pressed the accelerator again, causing Clarke to sink into the white leather seat of the Aston Martin, putting her hands taut at her sides, clinging to the armrest with force. Her blue eyes burned, but that somehow only served to arouse Lexa more.

The Aston Martin shot out of the parking lot, setting fire to the exhaust pipe. A motor roaring, the wheels leaving a trail from the rubber burning on the asphalt. More than one motorist was puzzled by the crazy maneuver that the brunette was doing with that impressive British car, but they also admired the precision she had with handling the car, the precision of an experienced driver turning the car into the busy avenue, following the traffic.

The knuckles of Echo's hands were turning white from how hard she gripped, gravity pushing her firmly against the seat. Her eyes widened, watching everything around her go by at the speed of light. It seemed as if they were going to crash at any minute against anything that crossed them, but with mastery, Lexa continued to drive with precision, and Echo simply prayed that they would reach their destination in one piece.

Echo felt that she was in the movie 'The Fast and The Furious' sitting next to her idol of the big screen, Michelle Rodriguez, recalling that scene in which her character Letty, is shot on the highway between traffic and going through under the great roads. That face of pleasure that Letty showed from that adrenaline, was the same installed in this woman at the wheel. Only it could be argued that the Woods woman was more attractive in Echo's eye.

Echo's dark eyes looked at the chauffeur, who was not only super concentrated on what she was doing, but was clearly enjoying it. She could see the adrenaline in her green eyes... so darkened that they seemed black. The thrill that speed and the race against the clock had produced in her. Her right hand made the precise changes in speed, and her feet moved so perfectly, that Echo had no doubt that she was sitting next to a real driving expert.

Clarke felt her heart slam against her rib cage, almost terrified from the crazed driving of her new chauffeur, although it was clear she was a very capable driver. Clarke was grateful that at least they weren’t speeding through the red lights. However, the speed with which they were driving clearly greatly exceeded the speed limits allowed in the city of San Francisco, causing the CEO to panic that at any moment they would hear the siren of a police vehicle chasing them.

Clarke was seething...burning with a fury that even she did not know she possessed. She had already told Lexa...in no uncertain terms... that her erratic driving out of the garage was not acceptable, and her employee had not even flinched. She seemed to be possessed by her task to fulfill, and now, worryingly, by the high adrenaline. Although Clarke had to admit to herself that she had never seen anyone handle a car this way, so perfectly, with so much control and with so much pleasure.

Suddenly, at a very brief stop for traffic lights, Lexa raised her dark green eyes to the rearview mirror, looking for those of her boss. Clarke immediately glared at her with her sharp blues, like ice daggers directed at her, when without warning, Lexa winked at her before turning her eyes back to the traffic again and pressing on the accelerator.

Clarke was about to explode like a nuclear bomb. How the fuck did this insane speed maniac have the nerve to make fun of her, in this brazen way?! But shit, the problem was she actually liked it. Her blood immediately shot to her most intimate parts “This in no way can be happening” thought Clarke. Suddenly her bodily feelings changed.... the tension making way for a more relaxed feeling, now clearly excited.
SHIT! the new chauffeur knew how to spread that crazy adrenaline, and warmed her immediately to madness. Her heart pumped like crazy, and she immediately felt that the clothes she was wearing were too much. Her blue eyes turned almost black, as they watched Lexa's fingers caressing that gear stick. Those long fingers brushed, squeezed, glided almost with pleasure over the piece of metal. Her mind immediately led to her imagining those fingers in other, more intimate circumstances, firing all her senses.

Lexa turned her eyes once more to the rearview mirror, meeting that equally captivating but angry look of her boss. She felt a twinge in her lower belly, knowing perfectly well that Clarke was imagining something quite pleasant for her long fingers. She felt pleasure with that image, and her fingers began to move around the gear stick more mischievously, whilst licking her lips and smiling.

By the time Clarke regained her faculties, they were parking at the entrance to her mansion. Her face was disheveled, and she could swear she was about to orgasm right then and there. Her crotch throbbed hard, and she could feel the faint sweat on her body. Her hands were wet, but much more wet was her sex, shit... her panties were soaking wet.

Lexa turned off her music, then turned off the engine of the beautiful car that had not disappointed her. She looked at her watch indicating that the trip had taken her 7 minutes and 24 seconds. "Not bad Lex," she thought to herself, applauding internally, while smirking triumphantly and unbuckling her seat belt. She slipped back on her high heels, climbed out of the car, and headed out to open the backseat door where her boss sat.

Echo smiled as she descended from the Aston Martin to stand by the door that Woods was opening. She didn't look at her, she did not want to make any emotional connection with this beautiful woman, queen of the wheel, to whose feet she could kiss already in those tall heels. Echo knew she was in trouble. This woman really did have an incredible body, it was madness, and those hands...like they were designed by God himself, were a true poem, especially for a lesbian woman like her.

She could feel the sweat on her body, the nerves and tension from this crazy journey, but halfway through it, somehow, after observing how in control that woman was in front of the wheel, she relaxed into it, enjoying the speed as if it were some roller coaster. That had definitely been a "Ride or Die".

Clarke took a deep breath, seeing her crazy chauffeur open the car door with a triumphant face on her, making her look at her watch, her blue eyes opening in disbelief. Lexa had taken her home in seven minutes and something else. How the fuck did she manage that? Was this woman a movie stunt artist or something? Did she drive race cars in her free time?.

Clarke quickly decided it was irrelevant. She needed to be in control of all her adrenaline, and of the wetness spreading south of in her body. She needed to be firm, cold and yes, with absolute power. That wink of the eyes from the shameless chauffeur that was now waiting next to the open door, was going to learn to relocate itself if it wished to continue being Clarke's damn employee.

This same damned employee had made her so horny from a crazy trip of only seven minutes that she could not wait to dive into a cold bath to calm down a bit. At this very moment, she hated her, sincerely hated her with all her might. Clarke felt like her power had been taken away and that angered her. How the hell dare Lexa handle her like that...only she was supposed to have that power! However, she was determined to take revenge in the best way.

The CEO finally hardened her face, adjusting the jacket of her suit, and tucking a few strands of her rebellious golden hair behind her ears, which were covering her eyes a little. She took out her wallet and her briefcase with the documents that had been scattered all over the seat, with a clear sigh of
irritation.

Echo made internal crosses, she knew that when the waters seemed calm the hurricane would follow. But Lexa, she was calm, happy and satisfied with her task, which as far as she was concerned had been completed. Lexa however was very aware that despite achieving good time, her boss was clearly not happy.

To her amusement, the CEO seemed rather irritated. She also noticed the tension in the bodyguard's face, something that indicated a storm was coming. In part she cursed herself for the stupid moment she had had at those traffic lights, when, without knowing why, she had winked at the CEO, blatantly and defiantly. She was now hitting her forehead internally. She should not have done it, or at least not for now, not if she wanted to get that damn post, but heavens, that woman challenged her, excited her and made her commit those little slips. "Unprofessional Lex, unprofessional" she said to herself.

Although to her amazement, looking sideways in the rearview mirror, Lexa had noticed a subtle change in the face and bodily attitude of her boss immediately after she had given her that brazen wink. She did not notice any irritation, nor did she see her lips move angrily, ranting to the four winds, as the CEO had done when leaving the company parking lot. She seemed rather relaxed, her eyes were clearly turning to a very dark blue. Had the CEO been excited by her resistance? Or the adrenaline of speed finally caught her, enjoying the trip? She was undecided, but what she saw now was simply an announcement that something unpleasant may be about to happen. Perhaps the CEO woman was simply bipolar, or a master of disguise.

Clarke came out with an attitude all of her own, stoney faced, with cold, calculating eyes. Lexa would say they were empty, lifeless, but she also felt that they were pure masks of the CEO. She was not mistaken in what she observed on the trip, after that brazen action on her part.

The boss climbed out of the car, standing in front of the chauffeur, her eyes firmly fixed on Lexa, saying nothing, not moving a single muscle on her contracted face. Lexa kept her gaze without problems, almost as if defying her.

Finally, Clarke turned her eyes and body away, walking to the door of her mansion, immediately followed by a very confused Echo, who did not understand what the hell was happening to her boss. Why had she not sent that woman Woods to the devil himself right there when she climbed out of the car? What was with those strange looks and that silence? She admired the brazenness of the chauffeur, who kept her eyes on her boss as if she were simply an equal, not an employee. Her brazenness or courage was simply extraordinary, but surely it was because she had no idea who Clarke Griffin really was, and what she could expect if she continued to work for her?

Lexa was somewhat disconcerted with the attitude of the CEO, expecting a severe dressing down, but instead that look, it was as if the CEO was studying, or debating on what the hell to do with her. But even more unsettling was what she saw in those eyes. There was a very very small spark of fire, in what looked like two pieces of blue ice like the ocean, glacial it could be said. Something internally told her that she had got the job, although it seemed crazy, she felt that Clarke Griffin had not finished with her yet.

Lexa it seemed, had managed to capture her attention and her libido. It seemed sensible, that for now, as dictated by the CEO before embarking on that trip, she should not talk, or ask, or make suggestions. She only had to follow Clarke's orders, nothing else, but that did not mean that she would lower her head and hide her eyes when the boss challenged her with her beautiful blues, penetrating her with frozen daggers.

She suspected that Clarke was beginning to play a certain kind of game with her, one that she still
didn’t really know what she was dealing with. The sexual tension was undoubtedly present, she
could swear she could smell the wetness in her panties and she liked that. Lexa always loved
challenges, and her boss was raising one that was impossible to ignore. She knew very well that it
had something to do with seduction and power for the CEO, Lexa wasn’t stupid but she was
intrigued enough to play along.

Her knowledge of management, her high levels of psychological and intellectual education, as well
as her striking physical charms, were paramount to conquer someone as powerful as Clarke Griffin.
She needed to make the CEO trust her, to let herself be seduced, to dominate her.

Although this was just the beginning, Lexa already suspected that the mission was one that she
would complete without major problems. She knew that Clarke had taken note of her confidence,
eyes full of lust and desire.....THIS was the Achilles heel of the famous CEO. The power struggle
was what drew Clarke in, what attracted her and gained her attention. At the same time, Lexa knew
she would have to lower her own levels of power, not anticipate the facts, and try not to cross the
lines of that limit between employee and boss for now, or all would go down the toilet in less than
two seconds.

Perhaps that cheeky, impulsive wink of the eye had not been so crazy after all, because the change
she noticed in Clarke was telling... indicating that she had reached the first level of that dangerous
and seductive game that had begun between her and Clarke Griffin.

But she could not tolerate that simple silence, and the stone look that her boss had given her. She
needed to know for sure if the post was finally hers or not, and all she had to do was ask, making
herself appear submissive, innocent and nervous, which Clarke surely wanted to see.

- Excuse me Miss Griffin, but is the position mine? - Lexa asked, adopting a submissive and
somewhat shaky voice as the CEO was about to go through the door that Echo was holding open for
her.

Clarke immediately stopped in her steps, raising her head, breathing calmly again. That submissive
and somewhat nervous tone coming from the chauffeur indicated that her new employee perhaps
was much more intelligent than expected. Had she finally understood who was the one in charge
here? Who it was that held the power? Clarke had the power and felt a little internal pleasure
developing. Echo watched everything, feeling that Hurricane Griffin was about to make an
appearance.

The CEO had a pure look of evil on her face, full of pleasure, turning on her right shoulder to look at
the brunette woman who was standing to the side of the Aston Martin, awaiting her response, hands
clased behind her back determined to adopt a slightly nervous posture.

- I have not decided yet Lexa. That is all for now. You can go. - Lexa looked at her, keeping firm
eye contact that seemed a contest of silent looks.

The few words completely disconcerted Echo. Did her boss really like this woman? Evidently yes.
She sighed to herself... when her boss thought with her crotch, she sincerely became someone
disconcerting at all levels.

Any other employee who would have dared push the CEO’s boundaries like this would already be
on the other side of the sidewalk. The CEO was not about shouting, but slamming people into
place...far below her feet, with few words and an iron attitude directed towards them. She handled
psychological power in an extraordinary way, handling her feelings like a damn machine. Her
human sensations were so minimal that Echo sometimes doubted that she was really flesh and blood.
That woman distilled power, exerted constantly, which filled her with pleasure. But when someone
liked her, or managed to warm up her crotch, as was the obvious case with this chauffeur, she sometimes allowed herself to get carried away a little by stupidity.

Lexa looked at her, not giving a response. She did not want to insist, she didn’t really need to. That response had just confirmed that she had reached the first level of the game, perhaps slightly ahead of the CEO, but she would take that. She simply nodded her head, while her green eyes held a deep conversation with those cold, Nordic navy blue eyes...they were harsh but not impossible to connect with. Eyes that soon turned to continue on their way, getting lost behind the door that Echo closed behind the CEO, but not without first giving Lexa a rather strange look, and a slight nod of her head, to which the brunette answered with the same movement.

- Take the car to the garage now. I will open the gate. You can park it in the basement, leave the keys in the ignition and then leave. - spoke Echo, as cold and sharp as her CEO boss before closing the door, without even waiting for Lexa to give a response.

“Well, I'll wait then.” thought Lexa. She was annoyed by the arrogant attitude of the bodyguard, but she imagined that Echo did not like new workmates, let alone those who would defy her dear boss.

Upon entering her house, all Clarke longed to do was immerse herself in her bath tub, and God knows how much she would have liked to do it in the company of that cheeky green-eyed woman. She had those airs of a good competitor, challenging, confident, and very intelligent. At a certain moment of the journey, precisely when her body relaxed after that wink of the eyes moment in the mirror,she had felt her body temperature rising in all its being, her eyes had delighted at looking at the slender, but muscled legs of the chauffeur, and the other subtle movements that were so precise when driving that Aston Martin. It was without a doubt a very hot image in her head that lit like a volcano.

Those hands, they had become her new obsession. Those long, thin fingers....imagining what they could do in so few minutes, shooting all her most lustful fantasies, crossing her body, seducing her lips, penetrating her slowly, savagely, with the same precision that she had driven the car. Only those powerful hands were no longer being used to control that car, they were now being used in a world in which Clarke loved to lose herself in her head, whilst maintaining her power.

She passed through the kitchen, her housekeeper/cook handing her a glass of ice-cold Australian rose wine, which she loved to drink while enjoying her usual luxurious bath when she got home.

- Good afternoon Sofia.
- Good afternoon, Miss Clarke.
- My head hurts a little, I'm going to take a bath, prepare it for me to be ready in five minutes, and then rest for a couple of hours. I want dinner at eight in the living room.
- Very well Miss Clarke, immediately.
- I want Italian food tonight Sofia.
- Very well. Will you be eating alone Miss Clarke?
- Yes Sofia, dinner only for one.

Clarke continued walking with her glass of wine in her hand, taking a sip whilst sauntering to her room on the first floor of a very modern building she had purchased for the good sum of 40 million dollars a year and a half ago . She had brought it simply because she had liked the amazing view of the famous Bay of San Francisco and the famous Golden Gate Bridge.

She did not know how long she would be here, as Clarke did not stay many years in the same house. She got bored of the monotony, of the place, or simply of the sight of her properties. It was an easy way to not accumulate memories, or anything that physically or sentimentally attached to the structure.
Her old friend and real estate consultant John Murphy knew very well the tastes of his most exclusive client and friend, and knew perfectly how to satisfy her particular taste in terms of housing, and never failed her.

The mansion, known as ‘Pacific Heights mansion’ was a magnificent building that had been completely renovated and modernized, built on the well-known ‘Golden Coast road’ or ‘Street of billionaires’. It was the most expensive mansion in San Francisco. Clarke had neighbors of the likes of Oracle founder Larry Ellison and the philanthropy couple, Ann and Gordon Getty.

The mansion was a beautiful structure of three floors, with an internal elevator, completely conditioned with solar panels, arranged on the roof of it. Clarke had liked that particular detail very much.

The mansion boasted seven bedrooms, eight bathrooms, both an indoor and outdoor pool, a gigantic underground garage with capacity for five cars, plus a limousine, a fairly spacious gourmet style kitchen, a spa salon with jacuzzi and sauna and a gym with all the accessories that Clarke used painfully three times a week. She was not very fond of gyms or exercise in general but she knew that if she wanted to continue looking splendid and giving herself tastes of food and alcohol, then she needed to sacrifice herself, sweating a little with those damn devices, which for her were torture.

Next to the gymnasium room was a massage parlor, where Clarke received a session to relax from the stress of her work almost daily, by a Thai masseuse who worked wonders with her body.

Strategically located in the first basement of the mansion was also a huge movie theater and two wine rooms, which were supported on the 1,060 square meters of the property.

After entering her enormous bedroom, Clarke collapsed on her comfortable king-size bed. She stared at the white ceiling, somewhat disturbed by the heat in her body, and the clear moisture she felt between her legs. She lay there, quietly visualising that beautiful model face, those piercing emerald eyes, those perfect defined legs and those hands that she was desperate to feel touch her.

But what had most captivated Clarke was that look, so intense, so charged with many things spoken only in silence. She sensed the desire, could not 100% assure that it was sexual, but something was there. That woman intrigued her too much for a first sight, leaving her with wet panties. The pull and connection to this woman was too strong for her liking, she did not want to deal with someone who could possibly shake her world which in her opinion was perfectly armed and protected. She did not want it and she did not need it.

But her crotch still throbbed as she remembered that trip so ... well, she could not really define it but it had moved her blood and body temperature in seven minutes, and that was something unique, deliciously unique.

Suddenly she corrected herself, "No Clarke, she is not yours, you have not approved her yet. She has not yet tasted the flavor of your power, and she must if she wishes to serve you." She cleared her obsessive thoughts about the woman, stretched like a cat, rolling on the natural silk bedspread, then got up and begin to undress. She put on a blue silk dressing gown, taking her glass of wine and her inevitable electronic accessory, which she never left aside, since it contained all the controls, all her documents, key handling, and so on.

Her small but effective friend was a brilliant design that she had created herself, the size of a cell phone like the 6 series iPhones, but she would never have a product from her arch enemy Apple. No, for that she owned a company that produced elements and gadgets of a better and higher category. She owned all her own products, otherwise she could not possibly know how good they really were for the market.
She also took the folder that contained the data of the new chauffeur. She needed to study this woman more thoroughly because if there was anything sensitive about Clarke Griffin, it was her nose and her ability to sense things that nobody else saw or detected. That Woods woman had something about her, and she was going to find out what.

As soon as Clarke had noticed that Lexa was placing on her bluetooth headphones, ‘yuck’ of her arch enemy Apple, and pressing a button on the clock of the same miserable brand, she immediately connected her device that instantly captured workings and instructions of that mediocre clock device, copying in seconds all the information on it, and the personal contacts of Lexa, to which it was connected. Clarke knew immediately that the chauffeur had simply connected music to her ears, so it was time to listen to what the hell helped her concentrate so much in that masterful way whilst driving at that crazy speed. For Clarke, every detail was important to reveal the personality of a person, and the music…. she considered it a top.

Her efficient housekeeper, Sofia, had already prepared her bath tub, as she liked to relax fully. Several aromatic salts and candles with the essence of French lavender and vanilla were added. A bathtub full of foam and water at the exact temperature, not one degree higher or one less, waited for Clarke with the lights dimmed low.

She took off her blue silk dressing gown, letting it fall to the Italian marble floor lacrado of gray, black and white colors designed in a mixture of brushstrokes. A new glass of iced rose wine was ready at the small table next to the tub, next to some fresh cherries which her efficient employee had left her.

She slowly entered the tub, relaxing in the warm and perfumed water which enveloped her senses, almost making her moan with pleasure, while she plunged her white skin into the exquisite water, covered by a thick layer of white foam.

She settled down, closing her eyes for a brief moment, enjoying the soothing sensation that the water always provided for her body, especially after having sex, or as in this case, after being aroused almost to the point of reaching a good orgasm.

She breathed deeply, relaxing all of the muscles in her body, perfectly cared for, almost as if sculpted by an artist, and of which she felt proud. Then she opened her smiling blue eyes, full of satisfaction and ordered her computerised device to activate the music that had been executed on the trip, and in the ears of her intriguing new chauffeur.

The device was activated immediately and music began to fill the room, a very calming music filled the air, until suddenly a thunderous violin began to sound at a very alarming rate. Clarke could not help but smile. It was none other than Vanessa Mae, with her well-known song ‘Storm’. She let herself be seduced by the music and the storm of crazy notes, mixing the classic with both the electronic and modern.

Her mind was projected back to the chauffeur driving so precise, so concentrated, that profile so perfect that she had been admiring for a moment, that jaw that could cut anything, those tall and sharp cheekbones, and those succulent fleshy lips, to lick, bite, and feel on her skin.

That expert at the wheel who pressed the speed pedal with pleasure, the absolute control of everything that happened with traffic, and inside the car. The show of raw power as immense as the one that she herself had. That could be a small problem, but at the same time it excited her too much, it was a complete challenge.
"Interesting Lexa ... Classic with modern touch, let's see your data" Clarke said loudly, smiling with malice.

The CEO took the folder that contained the data of her new employee. The common details appeared in the first two pages, but what interested her the most was the extra report that her efficient private detective and expert hacker, Raven Reyes, always provided for her of the people who came to try to work for her.

Data that only someone of Reyes ability could offer, someone who could get information for her as important and detailed as the CEO liked to have available to her. Letters that were kept up her sleeve so to speak of interesting individuals. There were employees, acquaintances, friends, those of paper and interest, since Clarke Griffin only possessed very few true friends.

Her enemies in business, and her associates. All were investigated by the master eye of Raven Reyes, one of her old university friends. They had a warm but brief history of a sexual nature with each other from their time as students, but they remained simply friends.

Clarke Immediately went to the pages provided by her friend Reyes, about this intriguing and fascinating woman Lexa Woods. In the background Tomaso Albinoni and his ‘depressed’, according to Clarke, ‘Adagio in sol minore’ were still listening.

Clarke knew classical music well, had had to absorb it in the years that her parents had made her study piano, forcing her to listen to classics until they raged. She had not come to hate them, even though she was practically forced to listen to them every day or attend concerts of orchestras in theaters around the world. She had come to learn to interpret them, although it was not really her exclusive music. She enjoyed something more varied and modern you could say, something more Rihanna, Madonna, or Lady Gaga, among other artists like Ruelle, or Hasley.

The CEO concentrated on the exclusive report, although she was disappointed since it contained nothing in particular that caught her attention, or detonated her alarms regarding the possibility that Lexa was some kind of corporate spy sent by her many enemies and competitors. Nor was she an agent of the FBI, who lately had been looking to much in to her company, to the point of irritation.

Alexandria Nathalie Woods, had been born in the English city of Leeds, twentieth of July of 1991. Born in a common family of the Protestant middle class, her father Gustus Woods, was a mechanic employed in the factory of the recognized English automotive brand Rolls Royce. They had lived in the town of Goodwood, West Sussex, where the Woods family had moved, when Lexa was still a baby.

Gustus, worked in the production plant of the famous car, until his retirement due to disability, apparently after suffering a serious accident at the factory, leaving him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Her mother, Rebecca Woods, was a music teacher and pianist who was well known in the eighties, but nothing spectacular. Lexa had a brother two years older than her named Lincoln, who today was a commercial pilot currently working for the British Airways aircraft company.

Lexa had studied at the prestigious University of Cambridge, but apparently had not finished her psychology and social studies, for unknown reasons. She had changed to a more technical career in auto mechanics and aviation. Clarke's first thought was a "WTF" (What The Fuck)?? Why would someone start a career as a psychologist in nothing less than Cambridge and then change to studying auto mechanics? Clarke was somewhat disconcerted by the crazy change, but would find out the
details sooner or later. She honestly didn’t care too much as it didn’t seem overly suspicious.

The report told her that Lexa was someone very intelligent, with certain qualities and abilities but did not explain why she was in the United States today, why she spoke like a common and wild American, and why she was looking to be her new chauffeur. The report was inconclusive, the part of when and why Lexa had moved country was nowhere to be found. She cursed Reyes angrily. It was like discovering an interesting book, and staying on the path of the unfinished story.... what the hell Reyes ?! And to make matters worse, Raven had not been able to find their bank accounts. Are you fucking kidding Reyes? Clarke thought irritably to herself. She was very disappointed with her old friend, with whom she would be having a serious discussion with.

What did seem an interesting fact to the CEO was that in the basic data that Lexa had written on the spreadsheet, she said that she spoke and wrote five languages perfectly: English, Spanish, Russian, German and Danish. It would be a good advantage to take into account on her business trips, if she could capture their confidence.

But still, nothing felt closed. Everything was like a huge puzzle called Lexa Woods, who looked up at her from that photo attached to the report. Those emerald eyes penetrating her, with the same intensity as if live and direct, so full of intrigue. There was something she was sure of, there was something behind them, and she would discover what it was.

She closed the report, feeling frustrated while Carmina Burana, sounded strident in the atmosphere, accompanying her thoughts. She needed to be very prudent with a former student of psychology. Knowing that Lexa would be educated and aware of the power of bodily looks and attitudes. Managing five languages told Clarke that Lexa’s IQ would be high. Her musical tastes could have been greatly influenced by her mother, and with those perfect long fingers, she would be surprised if she had not inherited the talent of her mother's piano playing skills, and obviously the love for her father's engines. But the question remained latent in her neurons ... Why would someone like Lexa Woods want to be a simple chauffeur? With her qualities, she could aspire to other types of work which were much better paid.

While discovering the secrets of that woman, something that would entertain her for a while, she would delight in drawing her in, pushing her to her limits, and without a doubt she would experience the pleasure of feeling those perfect fingers inside her body making her moan and scream until orgasm. She was very confident that Lexa Woods would fall into her well-knit sexual networks, and she would have a nice romp before firing her.

She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, allowing the water to continue submerging her in a world of delicious relaxation. The music was slower now, more in keeping with relaxing, allowing her brain to slow down somewhat. Swan Lake by Tchaikovsky filled the atmosphere, one of her few favorite classics, and unwittingly those green eyes returned to her damn mind.

Having thought so much about those fingers of the new chauffeur, it just increased the temperature of her body again. Her hands slid subtly to hold her voluptuous breasts, feeling her hard and erect nipples, playing with them for a moment, until her hands followed slowly down south. Caressing her white skin like ebony, she imagined that it was Lexa giving her that joy, that exquisite touch running through her, with that smirking grin on those thick lips, probably so delicious and tempting to lick and bite.

Those expert fingers reached their goal, brushing her pubic hair very slowly, playing with her folds, without touching her bulging and throbbing clitoris, desperately asking to be attended, to release all that adrenaline accumulated in the trip. But suddenly she stopped, moving her fingers away from the
"Not yet Clarke ... You will not come whilst thinking of Lexa Woods," she said to herself, breathing hard, concentrating on achieving control and regaining her composure, carried away by the beautiful music of Tchaikovsky. Without a doubt, her new chauffeur was a kind of black swan, which she would enjoy for some time.

Meanwhile outside the house, Echo had opened the garage door so that the skilled driver could park the Aston Martin. The chauffeur followed the instructions of the bodyguard, parked the car perfectly in the free place that was available between a Maserati and the Lamborghini. An Englishman among the Italians did not sit well with Lexa. Although she admired Italian work, for her there was nothing like the British.

It was when her eyes saw in front of her the wonderful bright black English carrousel, and that golden angel in front, a Rolls Royce, next to a black limousine that Lexa’s eyes really lit up. This garage was very impressive. She was even more stunned when she saw the door of an elevator.... did the mansion have an elevator? "How arrogant and lazy are you Clarke ..." thought Lexa immediately. But she didn’t really expect anything less from someone like the famous CEO of Griffin Cybernetics.

With her wallet hanging from her shoulder, and her jacket in her hand, at a steady pace she left the garage, meeting with the bodyguard whom was waiting for her, to activate the gate that closed the garage electronically. Immediately Lexa spotted three security men walking around, arranged around the mansion, as well as a complex and very modern system of security cameras. She recognised these security systems well, so knew that they were not of great quality, They were easy to disconnect or bypass. It surprised her, expecting more from the CEO.

She admired the beautiful gardens of the property. There were several rose bushes of different colors, each releasing an exquisite fragrance in the air that intoxicated her senses. She loved the smell of natural roses, if she could, she would have taken at least one home. In the distance she could see the large pool, which was in the process of being cleaned by a young man who was picking up some leaves that were floating in the water. There was a strong breeze coming from the ocean, she could smell the salt in the air, mixing with the fragrance of the roses. The breeze that had developed was fairly chilly, forcing Lexa to slip on her jacket.

Lexa went on her way, accompanied by Echo in a silence that was not uncomfortable, but rather normal. When they finally reached the exit door, Lexa looked at Echo for the last time, trying to decide whether to speak to her or not. The bodyguard lady appeared so serious, and was now looking at her from above.... raising one of her eyebrows. That woman had a serious ego problem. Lexa tried to ignore her... putting on the act again to appear as an innocent and nervous girl.

- Hey Echo, what do you think? Have I achieved the position?
- How do you think I can know that Woods?” replied Echo.
- Because you know Miss Griffin, and maybe you have an idea of which way this is going to go for me?
- I do not know anything Woods, now if you'll excuse me, I need to continue with my tasks.
- Yes, of course ... bye Echo, or see you later perhaps ... who knows?
- Goodbye Woods.

Suddenly the sensitive ears of Lexa caught the music that came from some upper floor of the mansion. They were the beautiful notes of Swan Lake by Tchaikovsky. She could not help but slightly curl her lips, raising her eyes. It was without a doubt one of her favorite classical pieces.
Echo looked at her, not understanding why the brunette was making no attempt to leave, observing her as her sparkling eyes rose towards some higher level in the mansion from which she then also heard the sound of the music.

- Lost something up there Woods? - spoke Echo.
- Oh, no ... Excuse me, I love that classical piece - replied Lexa.
- Yes? Well, that’s great but I need to close the gate, so goodbye Woods.
- Sorry..Yes, goodbye Echo.

Finally Lexa moved her feet out onto the sidewalk, with Echo closing the gate behind her, smirking, almost touching Lexa’s heels. The brunette's eyes rose again to the window where the sound of the music came from, her lips curled, thinking how fast Clarke had been to copy her device.

“I'm glad we have the same tastes Clarke ... see you soon beautiful.....” She was sure that the genius of the cybernetics CEO, had copied it when she connected the headphones in to the car, which seemed very logical.

But she had been ready for it, and her operation was just beginning, she told herself. Without erasing her smile, she walked down the street of billionaires, whilst taking her phone and calling a particular taxi company that she knew very well.
I don't know if is necessary but you may not read this chapter in public places, or surrounding by family or friends 😁 steamy very steamy chapter that probably you guys will like it! Was worth the wait. Thanks to my amazing translator Cheryl, for such amazing work, an non easy chapter to work with, i know 😁 hahahaha... well guys just enjoy, and don't worry this just started...

- Ontari, what did you do this time? – Lexa asked teasing her very known taxi driver, who looked back at her through the mirror annoyingly.
- Just shut up Lexa and answer the phone, can you? – Replied Ontari passing the phone to the smiling passenger
- I hate it when you're not in a good mood.... but we could fix that later - Smirked Lexa suggestively...It had been a while since she had enjoyed a good romp, and Ontari was pretty damn amazing between the sheets...as she had discovered on multiple occasions due to their FWB type arrangement.
- Forget it, I'm fine as I am, now answer the damn phone or she's going to be real pissed - Snapped Ontari.

Ontari once again stretched out her hand and attempted to pass Lexa the phone. She was sitting in the back seat, a cheerful and relaxed passenger, while the brunette continued to drive the taxi. Lexa looked at her smiling whilst lightly stroking her hand, taking the phone that Ontari was trying to pass her, causing the driver's lips to curve slightly.

- Hi Anya, yes I've missed you too darling. Oh thanks, yes Heda is fine, just missing her aunt and the good tuna, and me, I'm missing the good wine, you know ... - Lexa knew
she was being an ass, and that it would wind her boss up...it really didn’t take much, but she was unable to help herself as she smirked down the phone.

- Stop being an idiot Lexa and get to the important thing, now tell me what happened with the CEO? - Demanded Anya.
- Is everyone having a bad day today, or is it just my sparkling personality affecting people? - Sighed Lexa.
- This isn’t a joke Lexa, stop wasting my time. This is work, not some social outing - Replied Anya angrily.
- Okay, calm down director. I'm in, it worked, so keep that pretty smile on your face that you have, and come visit your niece from time to time, I really miss you.
- I never doubted that you wouldn’t succeed Lexa, just keep me informed. Ontari will be the contact, you know the drill. Goodbye Lexa - With that, Anya put the phone down, not giving Lexa the chance to respond in any way which frustrated her if she was honest with herself.
- Yes of course, ten four ... bye Anya - Spoke Lexa into what she knew was a now empty line.

Lexa did not understand why Anya sometimes overworked herself so much since she had been given the position of director at work. They had known each other since they were children, were lifelong friends, but since they had started working together, and later, when Anya had received her degree, her friend had changed a lot, and Lexa both resented and loathed the change.

She longed for her old friend, her confidante, their joint adventures and long nights of partying. They had never developed a romantic relationship, since Anya had made it clear to her one day that she only liked men. Lexa hadn’t fallen in love with her friend, but in the midst of the typical period of the hormone revolution in adolescence, Lexa wanted to experiment, was in the middle of her discovery as a lesbian, and the trust she had with Anya made her curious about experimenting with her. But Anya wasn’t interested in experimenting with her own sex. There were no broken hearts, no friendship destroyed, just acceptance and understanding from both of them, simply remaining best friends.

Lexa looked at the phone, frowning a little before handing it back to Ontari.

- Take the phone, it’s all yours again beautiful.
- Stop talking to me like that will you? You have this really annoying fucking habit of calling women by these stupid fucking adjectives....‘pretty’, ‘beautiful’, ‘gorgeous’...you sound like one of those shitty, horny, macho males who get off on objectifying women. - Argued Ontari.

- Fuck, I wasn’t aware you you were a feminist! And hey... call me anything, but less of the ‘macho’. I am a lady and very proud of that. And also, what is the problem of admiring the beauty of your peers? - Smirked Lexa.

- I'm not a feminist, but you are heavy with the terms Lexa so just fucking stop. We each have a name you know, you could try using them more often, that’s when you can remember them.

- What the fuck are you insinuating?

- What do you think Lex, now where do I drop you?

- At the factory, and you've put me in a fucking bad mood now, just so you know.

- Hmmm ... and you thought your objectifying comments were going to help smooth things between us did you Lexa?

- Oh ... well, then take me to the cabin Ontari - Smiled Lexa
Ontari smiled wickedly, looking at Lexa in the rearview mirror who was smiling back at her, clearly having the same wicked thoughts now the argument had calmed. Settling back into the seat, Lexa looked at the landscape through the window, the reddish sun beginning to paint a palette of colors in the sky, creating a beautiful sunset that fell on the city.

Ontari and Lexa had known each other for a few years, always working well together, and although they say to not mix work with pleasure, they did, and enjoyed very pleasurable times, without dramas and restrictions, without ties of any kind, without problems. They enjoyed intimate times together, helping each other rid their bodies of stress on the occasions that their paths crossed in missions.

They understood each other very well, supported each other, they liked the rough play,... bondage and BDSM, but they never hurt each other, they never crossed that line. They wouldn’t class each other as friends, but when required, they would be there for each other.

After a half-hour trip that eventually took them to a place on the outskirts of the city, Ontari had taken a dirt road which after a few kilometers led to a clearing and a small cozy looking wooden cabin, surrounded by a lush forest.

Ontari parked, climbed out the car and followed behind Lexa, who had already climbed out and was walking ahead. Lexa went to unlock the door of the cabin that she had owned for some years, having built it with her own hands with the help of a good friend. It was a place where she liked to go to get away from everything, to relax, recover, and to sometimes enjoy good times with a lover.

As soon as they entered, Ontari grabbed Lexa by the waist from behind with force, pushing her against the nearest wall, whilst Lexa struggled to shut the door with her foot. In spite of the abruptness, Lexa felt a sudden spasm in her lower belly. Smiling with malice and arousal, she allowed herself to be taken by the brunette, who was now biting and sucking on her neck, pushing her pelvis against the hard cheeks of Lexa's ass, causing Lexa to moan and push back harder into Ontari's groin, much to the delight of her partner.

- Hmmm ... I see you're in need Lexa. What's going on? - Whispered Ontari into Lexa’s ear.
- The cocky blonde wet your panties Agent Woods? - Groaned Ontari whilst flicking the hot skin of Lexa’s neck with her tongue.
- Shut up and take off your clothes Ontori, we have things we need to sort - Lexa released the grip, turning abruptly to take Ontari by her neck, showing impressive strength. The brunette liked it when Lexa became dominant, it excited her even more.
- I like you when you dress like this, you make me more horny - Ontari’s voice was low and deliberately enticing.
- I know, now undress me- Growled Lexa in a predatory voice.
- Of course...my Commander, whatever you order - Mocked Ontari. Lexa sighed.
- Dont call me that Ontari. Did you not say less than an hour ago that you hate objectifying names?
- Oh Lexa ... Lexa ... what's wrong with you? It doesn’t happen to have anything to do with ...
- I told you to shut up Ontari, or I'm seriously out of here.
- Okay, okay ... come here ... let me get you out of your bad mood - Purred Ontari, who had already slipped out of the majority of her clothes and was now only wearing her panties.

She crouched down, keeping firm eye contact and stroked Lexa's outstretched legs slowly.... climbing up from her calves. Lexa looked down at her, her green eyes turning dark, with lips curled she placed her hand on Ontari’s head, encouraging her to where she desperately needed her.

Ontari continued to look at her with desire, her hands still caressing those silky smooth legs. Not wanting to waste anymore time, her tongue came into play, raising the body temperature of Lexa,
who could feel the intense wet tingling sensation between her folds.

Much to Lexa’s anguish, Ontari pulled her tongue away, introducing her hands underneath the short skirt of the black dress that Lexa wore, raising it a little, giving her greater access to those stockings and lowering them. She proceeded to take off the high-heeled shoes her colleague wore, gently caressing her feet, whilst she finished removing the stockings.

Then she stood up to reach the side zip that held that dress in place. She slowly lowered it, under the watchful lust of Lexa, who licked her plump lips from the growing excitement that she was feeling. She was desperate to feel Ontari’s wet tongue back on her soaking sex but simply let Ontari slowly undress her, enjoying the attention, putting her hands to the sides and leaning against the wall behind her.

After lowering the zipper and gently opening the dress, Ontari took the straps positioned over her shoulders, lowering them gently...brushing the burning skin of Lexa who was still looking at her with fire in her already black eyes. The dress fell to the floor, leaving her only in black lace underwear.

Ontari stepped up to Lexa, closing any distance between them and nuzzling her lips into Lexa’s slender neck.....slowly licking from the base of her neck and up to her ear. She placed one hand on to Lexa’s bra covered supple breast, caressing the erect nipple, her other hand already taking position on the soaking wet panties that were covering the very hot sex of Lexa.

- Hmmmm ... look how wet you are Lex ... you know, after I have made you cum in my mouth, I want you to wear the harness and fuck me hard...in that special way that only you can do ... hmmmm
- Whispered Ontari into Lexa’s ear ... - what do you say?
- I'm waiting for you to make me cum in your mouth Ontari, and then I'll see if you're worthy of the same attention back - Growled Lexa, pushing her groin harder into Ontari’s hand.
- Mmm ... it sounds like a good deal ...

Lexa suddenly took hold of Ontari's long brown hair, pulling her head back abruptly, holding her there for a moment, and staring deep into her eyes. Ontari still had her hand placed over her sex, making gentle rubbing movements, but as Ontari was about to slip her hand inside the wet panties, Lexa's free hand stopped her in her tracks, pulling her hair down, showing the brunette she wanted Ontari kneeling in front of her.

Without hesitation, Ontari dropped to her knees, a smile on her face, eyes full of fire and desire. She didn’t know why, but it had always been a kink of Lexa's to have her casual sex partner kneeling in front of her. She loved to see the desire and want evident in their faces, the anticipation of what was to come. She could only assume that the power was a huge turn on for Lexa.

- You said you were going to make me cum in your mouth Ontari, and you're going to do just that beautiful. Don’t stop looking at me or you know I'll punish you - Lexa still had a firm grip of Ontari’s hair, ready to punish her if she needed to.
- Oh my.... Commander - Smirked Ontari, thoroughly enjoying this power game..
- I told you...
- Shuuu ... no no no ... we play the same or nothing Lexa ... you call me by your sexy names, I do it with you ... - Ontari was determined not to let Lexa have it all her own way...she wasn’t in Lexa’s league of power but she was no push over either.
- Just fuck me Ontari, or I swear to you that you will have to bathe in a glacial in order to calm down because when I’m finished you are going to be begging me to let you cum - Lexa was getting frustrated, this wasn’t how she saw this pan out and she was getting very frustrated...she needed a release, and soon.
Don’t threaten me Lexa, you’ll get your release… but perhaps I want to take my time a little, I want to enjoy tasting you and watching you squirm - Murmured Ontari, moving her hands up to unfasten Lexa's bra, letting it fall to the floor.

Ontari raised herself up slightly so that her mouth could reach Lexa’s breasts. She began licking and swirling her tongue around those perfectly erect and hard nipples that she adored so much. Lexa could not retain her moans of pleasure, her breasts being taken care of so well by the mouth and hands of her partner. Ontari knew her well sexually, and knew her breasts were one of her weaknesses, knowing how to take advantage of it.

Lexa moved her hips, she couldn’t help it. The sensations that Ontari was provoking in her breasts was driving her crazy...breathless with desire, she was that turned on...Ontari’s hand still resting on her wet panties. It was working her up amazingly, but what she desperately wanted was to have Ontari’s tongue penetrate her, to lick and explore her folds, her sensitive and throbbing clitoris, in the way that only

Ontari knew how. So she pulled on her hair again, so that once and for all, Ontari would descend to her needy sex. She smiled, somewhat satisfied and pleased. It was a trait that Lexa liked a lot about her sexual partner...that she was obedient, always pleasing her in the most amazing ways. Lexa of course, never failed to return the sexual favour.

Ontari worked her way down with hot, wet kisses...occasionally biting into her hard abs, one of the weaknesses of Ontari since Lexa had extraordinary muscles in her abdomen, which were very well worked with daily exercises.

Oh fuck, how she loved that perfect body of Lexa’s, how she enjoyed caressing, licking and kissing it, heightening her arousal to crazy levels. Ontari regretted that these encounters didn’t happen more often, since they were amazing and very beneficial in relieving tension.

She enjoyed being sexually dominated by Lexa. Lexa was wild, in the right measure, never crossing over the line or behaving disrespectful to a woman. With her, she felt more than comfortable, and enjoyed sexual encounters without drama or the risks of feelings becoming involved. Neither of them wanted anything more than good sexual release.

- Yes....oh fuck Ontari... I need you to lick faster...
- Hmmm ... shut up now Lexa, do I tell you what to do when you’re going down on me? - Said a very seductive Ontari after giving a long, slow lick over the black panties still covering her wet sex. 
- Do I tell you how I’ll fuck you and make you scream with my harness later?

Wasting no time, the obedient submissive dragged down those wet, hot panties... pushing her fingers through Lexa's wet and swollen folds. It surprised her a little how quickly her dominant had become aroused this time, though in her head, she was fully aware that it was not due to her and her good attention. No, this was a primal reaction to something or someone else... most likely a certain someone with blond hair, a lot of money and fame.

Ontari didn’t care. Nothing tied her to Lexa more than sex from time to time, and while Clarke Griffin was a professional mission, which would likely end soon, Ontari was there enjoying the fruits, and would continue to be in the future.

Clearing her silly mental distractions, her tongue continued probing...sucking and licking with desire that delicious bundle of sensitive nerves, making Lexa moan and writhe constantly. Lexa kept eye contact, almost penetrating her with how sharp

and intense the contact was. Ontari loved it when Lexa did that, when they had sex and Ontari saw
that enormous power in her eyes, the desire, the infinite lust. Lexa simply possessed her when she was like this.

Lexa licked her lips, trying to control her breathing whilst caressing the head of her agile and obedient sexual companion who was doing wonders down there.

- Ahhhhh ... You're such a good girl ... oh God Ontari ... You are ... do you like what you taste? - Lexa verbally expressed her thoughts, so hot....satisfying a very complacent Ontari.
- Mmmmm ... Yes, god yes, I like it... a lot ...

The expert tongue of Ontari penetrated Lexa slowly, steadily increasing the speed and rhythm, helped by the hips of Lexa moving in rhythm to the mouth of Ontari. Lexa knew she wouldn’t last much longer, moaning....almost shouting from the pleasure, holding tightly the hair of her submissive partner.

At the same time Ontari kept penetrating her sex with her tongue, she simultaneously attended to her swollen clitoris with her thumb, causing Lexa to almost lose her head. Her eyes burned with the effort it took to keep her penetrating gaze on the brunette kneeling in front of her, who was returning the same look, with dark eyes full of satisfaction.

Unable to hold back any longer, a delicious orgasm lashed Lexa's body with force. At that precise moment, Ontari’s face turned into that of Clarke Griffin, and her orgasm gained even more strength, pulsing through her body, leaving her almost spent.

Those blue eyes.. piercing and full of power and lust. That beautiful mouth soaking up her sex until there was nothing left to milk. She knew it was a mistake to do this, but her mind simply couldn’t help it, and honestly, she was enjoying it and how much more intense it was making this sex.

Ontari helped prolong her orgasm, licking her delicious juices with complete delight. She missed the detail of Lexa orgasming, as upon entering that extraordinary climax, Lexa withdrew her eyes from her and threw her head back, as if she had felt it much more strongly, most likely from imagining someone else? She didn’t really care much, the moment was exquisite and she loved to satisfy Lexa orally.

Completely satisfied with her good work, she knew she would receive a good return payment. She crept back up Lexa’s body, placing wet kisses as she went, licking the perspiration off a still quite agitated body of Lexa, who still had her head resting on the wall, trying to recover.

Ontari reached her face, but before she could reach her lips and devour them with her own, Lexa started to recover, once again taking Ontari’s hair with force, moving it away from her face. Taking a firm hold on her waist, in a quick and very strategic movement, Lexa abruptly changed their positions, now holding Ontari against the wall.

Ontari's face was almost flat against the wall. Lexa was holding her by her neck from behind, taking a few minutes to catch her still racing breath and the pulsations she was still experiencing. She didn’t want Ontari to kiss her she told herself, but she really wanted to concentrate on physical pleasure. Unfortunately, her mouth was something that sometimes led her to feel small reminders of affection, something she most definitely did not want, at least not in this moment anyway. Her mind was playing a disturbingly dangerous game with the image of that woman who she would have to obey for a while in order to become her chauffeur.

- Now.... You're going to stay like that, and stay quiet ... do you understood me? If you dare to move, I will punish you hard Ontari - Warned Lexa, whispering in a serious but seductive voice in to the ear of her partner. She started biting at her neck, supporting her own agitated and sweaty body against Ontari’s back.
- Hmmm ... okay Lex, but get on with it
- I plan on doing, just stay right there - Ordered Lexa, moving away from the firm grip she had on Ontari.

Lexa retired to the bathroom where she kept the harness and dildo that made Ontari go crazy. Lexa secretly felt that her partner was actually a straight, frustrated hetero because she always asked Lexa to fuck her with a dildo. She wasn’t bothered, since she also enjoyed using it, it made her feel in control from the power it gave her. Although Lexa knew very well how to give enormous pleasure without the harness and dildo, it was a fantastic addition. She used it a lot, and had to admit that this accessory... she liked to use it to tame semi-straight ambrosia like Ontari.

She returned immediately, finding Ontari playing with her own folds, biting her mischievous lips, and grinding her hips with great pleasure on her face. An image that warmed up Lexa, who approached with a malevolent smile on her face. She used her own saliva to lubricate the black dildo which hung from the harness. Lexa held it in her hand, rubbing it almost as if it were real.

When she arrived behind Ontari, she slapped her buttocks hard, causing her to jump. She then grabbed the wet panties, ripping them immediately in two, surprising Ontari a little who looked at her subtly over her left shoulder . She wasn’t scared, more extremely aroused and she wanted more of this wild dominance...she wanted Lexa to return the favour and to fuck her powerfully.

- There you are - Purred Ontari, voice tinted with impatience
- Shut up Ontari - Growled Lexa - You've been a bad girl while I've been gone ... have you touched yourself? You just couldn’t wait could you?. Have you missed me that much?
- Yes ... you have no idea how much ... please Lex ... fuck me hard ...oh God.. - Begged Ontari. She really didn’t care about playing it cool at this point, to aroused to even think straight.
- Well now I must punish you for being a naughty girl, touching yourself without my permission ...Hmmm ... I'll teach you how to be a good girl ... - Lexa stepped back, ensuring the dildo and harness were both secure.
- Yes ... please do it ...
- Then bend over now....I’m going to punish you hard ... you deserve it Ontari ...
- Yes, shit! I want it all in Lex ... - Ontari replied, so excited to feel that dildo inside her. Lexa did not take long to satisfy her wishes.

Ontari immediately did what she was ordered. She bent over, placing her hands against the wall, pointing her rear towards Lexa who immediately penetrated her at once, causing the woman to moan loudly.

Ontari’s finger nails were scratching against the wall frantically as the dildo entered her, the sensations making her scream and pant with pleasure, enjoying those abrupt but so delicious moments as Lexa thrust in and out of her hard. Lexa had the ability to grind as if she were part of her body, especially when she was inside of her, finding that delicious G spot without trouble, driving her crazy with pleasure.

Ontari moved her hips wildly against Lexa, who was now slapping at her bare cheeks whilst continuing to move at the same pace. One of her hands reached masterfully around Ontari’s body, reaching her hard and needy clitoris, beginning to rub it in rotations with her thumb. With her other hand, she caressed the anus of the woman who she was dominating with pleasure, working on it carefully in order to dilate the tight ring of muscle.

When she was satisfied with her work, she pressed her finger ...soaked with Ontari’s juices....against it firmly, penetrating her tight hole slowly, pushing it in completely, giving maximum pleasure to her submissive companion who showed her appreciation with more even more powerful moans.
Lexa was in her element. She felt powerful... giving that enormous pleasure to her companion so devoted to her in this moment. Penetrating her by both holes, and working her clitoris at the same time, Ontari's cries of pleasure could probably be heard all the way up to the city.

- Oh ... Yes Ontari, that’s it my good girl ... move your ass with me.... Yes.... It feels so good to penetrate you ... You are so wet for me ..Yes.... Come on, baby ... come for me ... - Lexa thrust even harder, so turned on....that dildo pressing so deliciously against her own throbbing clit that she knew she was going to cum again...hard.
- Ahhhhhhh .... ... Lexaaaaaa .... ... shiiiiit ... So baby ... Don’t stop.... - Begged Ontari, pushing her hips back into Lexa as much as she could.

Lexa’s eyes rolled into the back of her head, not knowing how much longer she could last for, but determined that Ontari should cum first this time. This moment of pure pleasure and power made her lose herself, taking her mind back to her new boss. Fantasizing about the CEO didn’t bother her, on the contrary, in fact after meeting her today, she desperately wanted to fuck her in every way possible.

Lexa wanted to make her scream and beg, lowering her from that ridiculously high pedestal in which she believed herself to be on.

God, she was desperate to make her cum so hard that her body would be left quivering like jelly.

Lexa couldn’t hold back any longer, feeling the sudden explosion shoot through her body, leaving her satisfied and weak. Whilst still feeling the aftershocks of her own orgasm, she continued to thrust sloppily into Ontari who she knew was on the edge of a huge climax, her inner muscles contracting at an alarming rate, until she too screamed out at the peak of her pleasure, slumping against the wall.

Two hours later, after continuing to enjoy multiple orgasms and a light snack, Lexa and Ontari left ‘The Cabin’. They smiled at each other... satisfied that they had updated each other with their lives in the last months that they hadn’t seen each other for, since both were fulfilling different missions.

Now they had been given the chance to rediscover each other since the current mission required it. A select group of the best agents had been summoned to execute what Lexa had called "Operation Black Swan."

They didn’t talk much about the Griffin woman, especially Ontari, as she knew that if she did then Lexa would most likely tense up again or fall back into that bad mood. After the good reunion they had had, she didn’t want to spoil it. They felt satisfied and comfortable, both releasing all that adrenaline lust they had both had locked inside. They also had their respective instructions and secret orders concerning the operation that was now in place, and that was something they always respected.

Lexa felt quite relieved after venting her sexual frustration out to Ontari, and she knew that the brunette was also happy and satisfied like herself. Lexa always enjoyed sexually satisfying people she knew, without any ties... just a good time of sex and camaraderie like the experiences she would have with Ontari.

They climbed into the taxi again, and Ontari finally took her to the apartment which she called ‘Polis’, located in a building near the San Francisco Bay. When they arrived both said their goodbyes with two kisses on the cheek.

- See you soon Lex ... and you owe me a good pair of panties, make sure they’re a good brand! - Ontari smiled at the woman that she had come to care about, knowing that Lexa would appreciate the joke.

- Don’t worry, I promise to buy you a couple of good pairs at the craft fair next Sunday at the park. -
Lexa lips curled up, and then she laughed... warm and genuine.

- You fucking cheap skate... get out of my taxi now ...! - Bellowed Ontari... attempting to take a swing for Lexa at the same time... Lexa laughed even harder, amused at Ontari’s reaction...

- Don’t get angry! Seriously, they’re good quality, you'll see ... now good evening Ontari... take care of yourself! - Lexa lunged out of the car quick, determined not to allow any of Ontari’s blows hit their mark.

- Fuck you Woods! - Ontari replied, trying to sound angry and serious, but it came out far lamer than what she hoped for, as that woman had the magic of making her laugh like no one else in her life. Between laughter, she hit the accelerator hard as soon as Lexa closed the car door.

Lexa was still laughing, shaking her head as she walked inside her building. She was more than ready for a restful night, needing to prepare herself for the next day, and spending time around the blonde who was already fucking with her head. Those looks, and that seductive game they had inadvertently been playing with each other had lit many internal things for Lexa, things that had not been lit for a long time. She knew that she had to be very cautious with this light burning inside of her, she was not willing to let herself go like a stupid adolescent, making the same mistake she had made a long time ago, one that will mark her life forever. Something from which she learned a very good lesson.

She went up to the third floor of the modern building where she lived, greeting her old neighbor Mrs. Martinez. She was an old woman who completely adored Lexa, always leaving her baskets of freshly baked cookies on her door, always so attentive. In return, Lexa worried about her constantly.

For Lexa, it was like the grandmother she had never had. In addition Rosa Martinez also took care of her friend ‘Heda’, a white cat with black spots and incredibly green eyes like those of Lexa. Heda, translated from an ancient Indian language meaning ‘Commander’, had obtained that name because since she had come into her life, she had imposed her rather dominant character. Lexa had found Heda terrified in a dark alley on her way to returning home after a night in the pub with some friends.

Heda had been very small, and was meowing under the body of her mother, who lay dead with five little brothers, all brutally killed, perhaps as entertainment for some evil souls. Lexa never knew how Heda was alive, hidden under the bloody body of her mother, perhaps this mother had protected her and had achieved it, before losing her life.

Lexa hadn’t wanted to own an animal. Although she had always loved them, her lifestyle just wasn’t suitable as she was constantly on the move with her job. But seeing that little ball of hair so innocent meowing at her feet, and those green eyes that immediately caught her attention, she just couldn’t leave her there.

At first, she had intended to take the little kitty to a local rescue so it could be cared for and adopted, but her ideas went down the toilet after spending the first night with Heda in her apartment, where she had cleaned her attentively and softly.

She had gently placed down a saucer of milk, but the animal steadfastly refused to remove herself off from Lexa’s feet, resulting in her losing the battle of trying to put the kitten in a shoe box with a blanket.

Heda had spent the whole night on the bed, settling herself next to Lexa’s face, making a little ball of hair... feeling protected by the human who had rescued her. After about five futile attempts, Lexa had given up and had allowed the kitten to sleep next to her body, and from then on she became her
faithful companion in the apartment and in her life.

Mrs. Martinez adored animals, but since she sometimes had a lot of problems with her bones, she did not feel able to take care of them as she should, limiting herself to not having them. But she adored Heda, and she loved it when Lexa asked her to take care of her for a few days whilst she was out of town. The problem was that every time she came home, Lexa found her friend a little chubbier, resulting in her having to put her Heda on yet another diet immediately. However, she was never able to get frustrated with her sweet neighbor, simply caring too much for her.

She entered her apartment with the basket of freshly made cinnamon cookies which were her favorites, but as she was about to turn on the lights, her feline friend darted between her legs purring, welcoming her and tempting herself with those thin nylon stockings that her owner wore.

- Don’t even think about taking out your claws on my stockings Heda ... or I swear you’ll only have water and three grains in your ration for a week....

The cat looked at her almost as if understanding the warning of her human adoptive mother, although those nylon stockings were a mere temptation for her claws, feeling them with her hairy body that continued to coil seductively around Lexa's legs whilst she walked towards her room.

When they finally reached Lexa's room, Heda jumped on a sack in a corner where she began to scratch with her claws to taste and stretch. It made Lexa smile, knowing that the animal was unburdening the crazy desire that she had to feel her stockings. She began to open her dress, letting it fall onto the carpeted floor, pearl gray with black. Lexa went over to her chest of draws, looking for some fresh and clean underwear, and her strip shirt. She desperately needed a long, hot bath to relax her muscles and her mind.

Before getting into the warm, foamy water, she lit several candles, loving the atmosphere that they created, and the faint light they radiated. Carefully, she lit a scented one of fresh roses, her favorite fragrance.

She appreciated the luxurious bathroom where she could simply let herself be seduced into the world of relaxation and inner peace. Once she felt invigorated and ready to go to bed, she climbed out, drying herself off with a soft, white towel. Just as she was dressing, she heard the sound of her phone with an incoming message:

‘Unknown number’
“It’s Clarke Griffin. I need you at my house at eleven-fifteen tonight.”

Lexa smiled wickedly, repeating the message to herself loudly, while caressing Heda a little.

- Look who requires me Heda...you gorgeous little fluffball, and at this time of night as well..... Mama will have to leave again I’m afraid” The cat meowed and continued purring, scrubbing with desire into the hand of her adoptive mother, who looked at her smiling.

- Don’t complain, it's just work. How do you think I pay for your food, your toys, your visits to the vet and your time in the beauty salon hmm? Dear, it all costs, nothing is free. I also wished we had slept earlier, but ... I must attend to this.

Heda looked at her for a second, then began to wash her white hairy belly with her rough tongue, offering no more complaints, whilst her owner responded to the message she had received.

‘Lexa Woods’
“Miss Griffin, what a pleasant surprise! Does that mean I have the position?”
‘Clarke Griffin’
“It means Lexa, that I need you at that time, at my house and it is better for you not to arrive a minute late.”

The frustration was evident in the CEO’s text so Lexa thought it best to keep any sarcastic or teasing remarks firmly to herself.

‘Lexa Woods’
“Very well Miss Griffin, I will be at your house at eleven-fifteen on the dot. See you later.”

Lexa stared at the phone, unable to erase that silly smile from her face. Seeing that message from her new boss had produced a slight inner tickle. She had thought that she had released all her tension during that immensely enjoyable afternoon with Ontari....clearly she was wrong. Although she couldn’t deny that she wasn’t enjoying the mission and this tantalising game of power and seduction....
Lexa was almost ready to leave, but was still unsure of what to wear clothes wise since the CEO’s message had been very short, simple and to the point, just as her new boss seemed to be. Why did Clarke need her at this time? Was it for personal reasons, or was it for her to chauffeur her and take her somewhere? The message hadn’t given anything away.

She ended up opting for tight black jeans, a white shirt, black leather jacket, and short boots. At least if she needed to drive, she wouldn’t have to do it barefoot again.

She had everything ready. She took her safety helmet since she had decided to go on her motorcycle, a Honda Shadow RS precious two-wheeled machine that she adored. But as she was about to cross the door, her phone vibrated again. Smiling, she reached into the pocket of her leather jacket, thinking it was another message from her intolerant boss, but it was from Clarke Griffin’s secretary, the cute and sweet Harper.

< Unknown number >  
“Lexa, It’s Harper, Miss Griffin’s secretary. She has asked me to give you the uniform you are to wear whilst you are her personal chauffeur. Tell me where I can reach you, or if it’s easier for you, we are still in the building of "Griffin Cybernetics" where we met this morning. 
Harper McIntyre”

< Lexa Woods >  
“Hello Harper, it seems easier to meet in the GC building, say, ten minutes?”
“Perfect, see you then.”

Well that phone call immediately confirmed to Lexa that her boss simply needed her as a chauffeur that night. She hated the issue of a uniform, "old-fashioned like your grandmother Griffin, damn you" thought Lexa. She went back into the apartment, finding bright green eyes in the darkness wide open. Heda was surprised how short her mom's absence had been.

- Don’t get excited Heda, I just need to bring back the helmet due to a change of plans. Now I need to go so no sleeping late, have you heard me miss?

The cat just licked her leg and went to bed, not particularly interested as Lexa walked back out the door. She had no choice but to take a taxi, although she would have preferred to have rung Ontari for a lift, but didn’t want to disturb her as she would most likely be sleeping like a log.

Lexa had left her more than exhausted...she had noticed how tired those swollen honey eyes had looked, but so satisfied. She mentally patted herself on the back a couple of times for her good work. She definitely never disappointed!

As she remembered Harper's cuteness, it took her about ten minutes to reach the doors of the huge building that stood in the center of the city. Harper was waiting for her, there in the dark, standing next to a small blue and black car..... A Toyota Aygo. She had a dark blue bag in her hand, from which Lexa could distinguish the logo of the company.

Lexa stepped out of the taxi ,smiling as she approached her. Without stopping, she greeted her with two kisses... one on each cheek, surprising the secretary whose cheeks became somewhat hot and reddish from the unexpected greeting of that walking beauty called Woods.

- Hi Harper, I'm so sorry you had to come out at this time to give me a uniform.... take this, it's the least I can do for your enormous kindness. - Lexa pulled a beautiful red rose from behind her back, handing it to Harper, almost making her melt.

- I ... I ... you did not have to do this Lexa, it's my job. But thank you very much, it's beautiful, and ... hmmmm ... it smells so exquisite...

- You're welcome. You're an amazing secretary, and in the hours that I've seen you working, you're more than efficient and attentive, and I admire your patience with the boss. You're a secretary Harper, your working schedule is 8-5pm, you shouldn’t have to come in to work in the middle of the night to deliver work clothes to another employee.

- Thank you very much for your compliments Miss Woods, but it is part of my job to be available to Miss Griffin, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. That's the contract that I signed, so this is part of my job. As for patience, well, the boss is a little unique, but she's good. Even if you don’t believe me, she knows how to recognize and reward hard work.

- She's just a bit strict, that's all. If you follow her rules and respect them you will not have problems with her- Harper continued to explain.

-Now, here’s the uniform, come with me so you can change.

- Very well. Thank you Harper for the advice. I'm a little nervous you know, I don’t want to lose this job after I have tried so hard to achieve it.

- I don’t think you'll lose it so long as you do what Miss Griffin tells you, and do it when she asks for it. Follow her rules and you will stay for a long time. Now we really need to go or you'll be late, and
that's putting you on the death line! If there's something that Miss Griffin hates, it's unpunctuality.

- Yes, I noticed this morning ... - Lexa replied sarcastically, remembering how late Clarke had arrived, leaving her waiting for the rest of the morning.

Harper smiled as she walked towards the door, where a very kind security man opened the door to let them in. He greeted Harper affectionately, and then she introduced Lexa, informing the guard who she was.

Upon entering, Harper handed the bag to Lexa which contained her uniform, credentials already printed and laminated to take with her, and a small book with the access codes for different garages of the different buildings of Griffin Cybernetics, one in particular for the garage of the CEO’s house.

Lexa was surprised at the speed with which these credentials had been created. She entered a large bathroom to change, whilst Harper stayed behind with her rose, subtly sniffing it with flushed cheeks, and talking animatedly with the bearded and very friendly security man named Niko Wilder.

Five minutes later and Lexa was changed, cursing the uniform mentally, but putting a false smile on her face. When she exited the bathroom, Harper looked her up and down, not even attempting to hide her eye movement. "Holy Skies" that uniform would be the death of the new chauffeur, whom was still holding the cap in her hand.

- I really don’t want to wear this cap Harper... How do I look?

- Fantast ... I mean ... very well, you look like a very elegant chauffeur. Now come on, I'll take you in my car that I left outside. It’s just parked over there. Goodbye Niko, say hello to your lady on my behalf please.

- Yes I will, thank you Harper, good evening, and you too Miss Woods.

- Oh call me Lexa, Niko. I hate formalities, even more when it comes to co-workers. Good night to you also.

- Good evening Lexa, and welcome to Griffin Cybernetics by the way.

- Thanks Niko, see you soon.

They left the building in Harper’s small car, the blue and black Toyota Aygo. The car was very cute in the eyes of Lexa, but she wasn’t fond of small cars like those, although she had to admit they were popular these days, and were a decent brand.

The Japanese Toyota were a good and safe model and Lexa respected them, but the models didn’t do much for her taste. She preferred something more sporty, maybe the Celica sport model, that was a nice car.... but anyway, she appreciated that Harper's candy would take her to where she needed to be.

The truth was that this part of Lexa's work was important. She had to put on the charm to help people fall into her spiderweb network of charms and sweetness, as she was hoping would happen with the efficient secretary. She needed to have her confidence, and maybe something else. It was all part of her plan. The mission sadly required it, since Harper was good, noble and hardworking. Lexa hated manipulating people in this way, but she had no choice sadly.

They didn’t talk much on the road as they travelled the downtown streets of San Francisco. It was a late Monday night, and the streets were obviously almost deserted, with most people already sleeping, going to their jobs early in the morning, or their studies.
But it was clear that the life a billionaire like Clarke Griffin led, didn’t have these restrictions. She clearly didn’t restrict herself to weekends only for the revelry or what she wanted to do to entertain. The days were all the same to her with her having money and power, thought Lexa.

At some point, she had stopped talking... concentrating her green and sparkling eyes on the road, thinking to herself what schedule it was that her boss would require. She liked the idea of seeing the CEO again so soon.

She glanced sideways at a somewhat nervous Harper driving her little Toyota. She was a good, focused driver, and very pretty without a doubt. Blonde, with honey eyes and specks of green. She had both, striking looks and an amazing body, charming in her personality and good taste in clothes. “Surely she must have a boyfriend or girlfriend”, thought Lexa. With all those qualities, she couldn’t imagine a girl like that not having someone special.

When they finally arrived at the mansion, Harper pulled over but did not turn off the engine of her Aygo, making it clear that she would not be joining her in climbing out of the car. Lexa released her seatbelt, and then reached out to her.... giving Harper two kisses, one of them too close to the corner of the secretary's pink lips, who looked at her smiling. Inside, she felt like jelly, unable to hide her reddish cheeks.

That image touched Lexa, she hadn’t seen that in a woman for a long time... tenderness, almost innocence she would say, blushing like that for a kiss near her lips. Harper's mannerisms appealed to Lexa a lot, but she just waved her hand and walked towards the Entrance Door, where she rang the doorbell a couple of times on the electric doorbell.

The familiar, sarcastic voice of Echo was heard by the speaker...

- You have arrived punctually Woods, very well done, now hold on whilst I open the door.

Lexa smiled whilst looking at the small security camera on the gate, waving with one hand up, thinking... "What a fucking fool you are Echo, but don't worry, you will also be parting ..."

Echo opened the door, coming face to face with Lexa, holding a purse in one hand, and the uniform cap in the other, smiling at her. The bodyguard raised an eyebrow looking her up and down smirking. "Shit Woods, that uniform is out of hell and you want to get rid of it already ..." Echo thought.

Lexa curled her lips with malice. She couldn’t help it when a woman looked at her in that sleazy and shameless way. It could be said that Echo was not at all subtle, she seemed more like a wolf in heat.

- Hi Echo, it's good to see you again. Have you missed me? - She asked with a mischievous smile illuminating the winning face of Lexa.

- It's all over Woods. Miss Griffin is waiting for you in the living room, she wants to talk to you first. - Echo explained, pushing her a bit to move so she could close the gate again.

-Well, thanks Echo. By the way, would you tell me where I can leave this bag of clothes?

-Give it to me, now stop wasting time Woods. Miss Griffin does not like to wait, and if you want to stay on the team, stop having that winning attitude in front of her. She does not like to be challenged, let alone by the employees. - Echo did not know why but she liked this woman. It was more than physical attraction, and she wanted her to stay around for a while, maybe they could make something concrete.
Lexa was surprised by the sudden change in pleasant attitude of the bodyguard, but was aware that it was most likely due to the woman wishing to engage in more than good fellowship with her.

Echo accompanied her to the door of the mansion, giving three blows and then leaving her alone, retiring with her bag. Immediately the door opened and a beautiful woman, white skin like ebony, with light brown hair and bright blue eyes looked at her. She was beautiful with a lovely smile.

- Miss Woods, Miss Griffin is waiting for you in the living room, let me show you the way.

-Thank you ... it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss ... Mrs. ...

-My name is Sofia. It's a pleasure to meet you Miss Woods.

- Oh you can call me Lexa, I don’t go much for formalities.

- I'm sorry, Miss Woods. I can not do that.
- Ok Sofia, bring us coffee. How do you prefer yours Lexa? - Clarke's powerful voice interrupted the women, who were already at the entrance to the great hall, where the CEO was standing by the white leather sofa.

Upon seeing her, Lexa lost the notion of time and space. She was so beautiful that she simply gave her butterflies inside.

- Erm... Hi, Miss Griffin, I'm glad to see you again. I .... I'd prefer just a glass of juice thanks Sofia - It took her a moment to return to the land of Lexa, and answer the question from that beauty of a blonde woman, who was looking at her now with a very slight curve on her lips, and eyes full of ... . wishfulness?

- What kind of juice can I offer you, Miss Woods? We have a large selection.

- I... Well.... orange if you have it please - Lexa was hating herself for being so obvious with her visual shock. She was sure that the CEO probably knew exactly what she was doing by wearing those clothes, but those perfect voluptuous breasts....imprisoned to the point of escaping that shocking low-cut red dress, were leaving her struggling to rationalise.

- Your orange juice, would you prefer it squeezed or artificial natural? - Sofia asked to the surprise of Lexa, who was finding it hard to think, to concentrate on answering, to look at her and not be so stupidly obvious.

- Oh ... well, if it can, I’d prefer it to be squeezed naturally , thanks Sofia. - Lexa hated to see Griffin with that look of "I know I'm killing you with my look". "Fuck, behave Woods, damn you, although she is fucking hot," she told herself mentally.

- It's a pleasure, Miss Woods, I’ll bring you your drink.

- Lexa, sit down, I need to talk to you a little before we leave. I see Harper guessed your size very well - Spoke Clarke, looking her new chauffeur up and down seductively.

- Oh well, yes, Harper has done very well, she is very efficient. What do you want to talk to me about? - Lexa could not stop looking at the incredible beauty of this woman, the owner of piercing blue eyes that had her captivated. It had been a long time since someone had affected her like this. In addition, the suggestive short red dress she was wearing, resting just above the knees was driving her insane with lust. It was extremely tight fitting to that curvy body, highlighting those generous breasts that Clarke possessed, and those legs.... so elegant and well-formed, accentuated by the high
heels she wore on her feet.

And that neatly combed golden hair falling in cascades over her bare shoulders, that white skin like ebony that looked so soft and inviting, and that makeup...just the perfect amount for her beautiful face, played havoc for Lexa. If that woman wanted to make an impact on her, she was doing it with flying colors.

Lexa however, quickly schooled her face back to the poker look. She had given enough away in the last few moments, she did not intend to continue giving Clarke the pleasure of realizing how much she was affecting her, even though she believed that it was already too late to try to disguise it. "Shit Woods!" she thought to herself angrily.

As for Clarke, when she had seen that dark green-eyed beauty appear, dressed in that uniform, she had felt her breathing suddenly stop for a few seconds. She cursed her stupid heart for jumping like a silly teenager with hormonal problems. She mentally hit herself a couple of times before interrupting the dialogue Lexa was having with her housekeeper. She congratulated herself for having the idea of calling her secretary Harper and telling her to give Lexa the uniform of chauffeur.

Oh my God! She wanted her like that on a hot and wild night, tearing that shirt off with her teeth. Her hair had been neatly gathered in a tail, and that tenuous makeup was just perfect for such a beautiful face...with that black eyeliner highlighting the green of her sparkling eyes that she knew well were being exhausted from staring at her, pressing her inner sexual buttons again.

Clarke was drooling inside, but made all the superhuman efforts not to show it.

Nope, Lexa was insolent and needed lessons. She needed to learn who gave the orders and had the power here. She immediately put on her cold, hard director's mask, and cut off that conversation between Lexa and the housekeeper.

Now they were both sitting on the white leather sofa, next to a beautiful fireplace. Lexa was amazed by the interior design of the mansion, it showed amazing taste from the blonde. Lexa's attention focused back onto the CEO, who was now looking at her intensely, penetrating her with those blue safaris.

She decided that she found it easier when Clarke was intense like this as it helped keep her concentration and focus where it needed to be. Tempting distractions could soon end her self-control and professionalism, and if Anya saw her at this moment in time she would go ballistic. She kept her green, somewhat darkened eyes low, almost able to disguise the move with shyness and nerves, but deep inside of her, the image of Clarke's seductive persona was taking over.

- I need to give you some information before we proceed. First I want you to give me your phone, that clock, and those audits that you carry with you.

- Sorry? I ... - Lexa was stunned by the sudden and unexpected request, although she had heard her fully the first time.

- Lexa I do not like to waste my time, so do what you have been ordered, or there is the exit door and you can give the uniform to Echo on your way out of my life. - Clarke answered irritably. She hated it when people refused to comply with an order she gave, even more so if it was an employee.

- I ... well, well, I'm sorry Miss Griffin, I do not understand ... - Lexa did not waste any more time and started looking for the items ordered by her impatient boss.

- You do not have to understand anything Lexa- interrupted the CEO.
- You just have to follow my orders and nothing else. You need to keep that in mind if you want to work for me. - The CEO clarified, although in a more relaxed manner this time. She really did not want to talk to Lexa like that, she didn’t know why, but she just didn’t enjoy doing it, although she knew she needed to. She couldn’t show herself to be weak and drooling over the brunette.

- Okay, excuse me again. Here, have them - Lexa replied hurriedly.

- Stop apologizing Lexa, you tire me, and it's "Miss Griffin" to you or any of my employees, remember that- ordered the CEO.

- Yes Miss Griffin - Lexa handed her devices over, although inwardly smiling with malice.

She had realised that someone in the category and knowledge of Clarke Griffin would most likely ask for such objects. It was a way to protect herself from piracy and espionage, although that did not stop it from bothering her. She did not like to drive without listening to music.

Clarke took the devices, but not before putting on a pair of latex gloves like those used by doctors. Lexa looked at her, surprised. The CEO was acting as if Lexa were going to spread something dangerous and contagious. She couldn’t stop herself from frowning in a clear sign of disapproval.

Clarke ignored her completely, concentrating on taking her phone first, and holding it on a rectangular metal box. Lexa imagined that it was some kind of memory copier. Then the woman took another phone which had a clear logo of "Griffin Cybernetics" on it, causing Lexa to curve her lips.

The CEO then proceeded to do the same with the Apple watch that Lexa liked so much, the one she had acquired only a few months ago. That did not please her, she really liked that watch. But Clarke pulled from a dark blue chest... also bearing the company logo, a beautiful wristwatch with black leather mesh.

On sight, it looked like a simple common and wild clock, but when she placed it on the metal plate, the image of the surface of the clock disappeared, appearing in it’s place the logo of Griffin Cybernetics, as if it were loading information, obviously the information that Lexa had in her Apple Watch.

- Stop stressing over this cheap crap Lexa ... you will receive first class technology in return. - Clarke commented without looking at the brunette.

- Yes Miss Griffin, errmmm ... thanks?

- Do not thank me, I'm not giving you anything Lexa, it's part of working in my company. Your devices represent where you work, and will help eradicate the dangers of leaking information.

- Yes, I understand, but still Thank you Miss Griffin.

- Here, take the phone. Place your finger on the screen and leave it there for three seconds. Then, bring the phone to your left eye and do the same. The device will read and record your cornea to identify you as an extra precaution. - Explained Clarke in detail before the watchful eye of Lexa, who nodded her head, doing what the boss ordered.

- So to use it, I have to put my finger on the scanner, and also place it infront of my eye?

- No, just by taking the phone you will already register that you are the owner. Between the fingerprint and the cornea, the internal device has registered your DNA and nobody else can use it. - Lexa could be said to be impressed, although she knew that Griffin Cybernetics produced very high quality and advanced elements like no other cyber company in the world. But having it in your hands...
was something special.

- Christ! Seriously, this is very advanced technology.

- Yes it is Lexa. I didn’t get where I am today by making cheap products and/or standard copies of the market. My company creates high quality technology that people like you still can not reach, for they are too expensive. My products are currently only sold in the international market to billionaires, presidents, prime ministers, royals, Arab jakes, you know, people of a very high level. Now, the watch will be activated the same way as the phone...just by placing it on your wrist. And these two rings with the symbol of infinity which you will wear, are the bluetooth audiometers of Griffin Cybernetics. They are directly connected to your phone and your watch.

- But how can they be hearing aids? - Lexa was really surprised, and Clarke lost patience with such astonishment and questions.

- I will not waste time explaining technology and cybernetics at this time Lexa. You only do what I order.

- Well, sor ... Miss Griffin

Sofia appeared, interrupting both women who looked at her immediately. She placed the drinks on the marble table in front of them with a kind smile on her face. This woman was starting to make Lexa uneasy. She was starting to feel that this woman was a little strange.

- Thanks Sofia, it looks delicious - She said kindly with a smile. -I hope you like it, Miss Woods.

- Oh I’m sure...
-Sofia it’s fine, you can retire. - Clarke interrupted. The truth was that the extreme kindness and charms of Lexa were surpassing her. Why the fuck did she have to be so nice and kind to the whole fucking world?

-Yes Miss Griffin

Lexa was beginning to get annoyed about Clarke's devilishly arrogant attitude toward her employees. Was the word "Gracias" not in the vocabulary of this ice woman?

However, she had a role to play so just smiled nervously, watching Sofia retreat without showing any emotion on her face. Lexa's mind continued to scream that this woman was strange, that something was amiss but she couldn't allow her mind to focus on that detail right now. That glass of squeezed juice looked really good, and suddenly she was thirsty. Wasting no more time, she picked it up and raised it to Clarke, as if in gesture of a toast.

-Well, since this confirms that I am your new chauffeur, can you allow me a celebration toast Miss Griffin?

-I do not offer celebrations to employees Lexa, but I can confirm that at the moment, you are my new chauffeur.

Lexa suddenly felt that she had hit an iceberg, like the Titanic in 1912, only that she was still afloat. Her throat had been so dry that she had drank with desire that refreshing, and really delicious orange juice.

Clarke did not take her eyes away, following every movement, somehow enjoying the nervousness that she caused in her new employee. She could not withdraw her eyes from the hypnotism in which she was lost, watching as those thick lips kissed that glass of the glass, and how the refreshing liquid
fell down the long neck of Lexa.

Oh how she would have loved to lick that neck in these moments, and bite that throbbing jugular. "For God’s sake Griffin, fuck you and your wetness with this brunette!" Clarke mentally scolded herself while secretly swallowing with some difficulty.

Suddenly, the CEO took off her gloves and put them next to Lexa's Apple devices, leaving them on the table to turn her face impassively towards Lexa. She drank her cup of coffee, as normal as she could...crossing her legs, using old seductive tricks, that never failed her.

Lexa was still drinking, trying not to be distracted by those enchanting legs she possessed. She realized that Clarke was using her seduction to the fullest to make her nervous, and unfortunately, it was working. She would not give in to her, at least not too much that it would be obvious. Lexa knew how to control herself, even if it did not seem like it at present.

She was trained and very good at it, but she needed to play her role at the same time. She could not let Clarke suspect that she was a professional. But her mental ramblings were interrupted after she finished the delicious glass of juice, and put it on the table.

- Lexa pay attention and stop distracting yourself. Now when we leave, you need to know that at all times we will be connected to each other through our watches. We'll be going via limousine to a party in the center of the city, and sometimes I like to invite people back to the car for a ride. I need you to be on alert at all times, and if you see a red light on your watch, it's because I need help, and need you to act immediately. Do you understand?
- Mmmm ... I think so, something like being your bodyguard too?
- Exactly Lexa. Sometimes things can get out of hand, that's why I need you to be alert to everything that happens in that limousine when I'm with people in there.
- Ok Miss Griffin, but hmmm ... Is Echo not your bodyguard? Will she not accompany you tonight?
- She will do, but in a remote car. Echo will only intervene if things get murky for both of us, but I intend on just counting on you. I read in your report that you know about martial arts and weapons management. You should be more than capable of dealing with any issues that arise.
- Yes, but...
- But nothing Lexa. In the glove compartment of the limousine, you will find a weapon if necessary, but you don’t need to worry. If you need a weapon, that's when I call Echo. Do you have a license to carry a weapon?
- Yes I do, but I do not have any weapons Miss Griffin. I really do not like them. I only learned when I was a teenager with my uncle in ...
- I'm not interested Lexa, nor do I have time for personal stories. You have a license to carry them, that's it, although I do not think you will need it. Well, that’s all, now go and get the limousine, I do not want to be late for the party. - Clarke cut her short. She was getting tired of these doubts in the green-eyed woman who looked at her quite shocked, getting a little nervous.
- Yes Miss Griffin - Lexa stood up to fulfill the order that her boss had just given her without further ado. She did not want to irritate Miss Griffin too much, who was standing next to her.
- And Lexa ... do not even think about driving like you did this afternoon, or you'll be out of my life in less than you can say ‘T’. Do you understood?
Yes, Miss Griffin. - Shit! And she could only think, “Shit!” Clarke just watched her, standing behind her waiting. Lexa immediately lost her balance, then everything went black.

Clarke lunged forward, stretching out her arms to catch her so that she would not fall to the floor, when her housekeeper appeared at once helping her to hold the unconscious body of Lexa.

- Take her to the lab Sofia-. Clarke ordered, handing the entire body of Lexa to her housekeeper, who held her in her arms as if she weighed nothing.

- Yes Miss Griffin

Sofia began to walk with the sleeping body of Lexa in her arms, heading towards the elevator. Clarke followed close behind, giving orders on her watch to her assistant ALIE, so that the lights and the devices activated in the third subsoil of the mansion, where the CEO owned a very well equipped, secret laboratory.

They descended quickly in the elevator, entering the modern room where a huge machine, a CT scanner similar to that in hospitals, occupied a large space of the laboratory. There were also a couple of computers, and several other monitors all in operation.

Upon entering the laboratory there was a woman wearing a white overall, with the company logo on her lapel.

- Good evening, Miss Griffin

- ALIE, prepare the scanning machine for a 3D copy. Sofia, please ensure Lexa is naked and lay her body on the plate of "Galileo".

- Yes, Miss Griffin - both women answered, while Clarke sat at a desk in front of one of the computers, opening a program connected to her company to which only she had access.

- I'm going to make a nice copy of you Lexa, you're worthy of it beautiful. - Clarke commented loudly, typing in her password, and letting the computer scan her cornea.

- Scanner list machine Miss Griffin - Announced ALIE
- All right. How are we going there Sofia?
- Miss Woods is ready, Miss Griffin. - Sofia answered

Clarke turned in her chair, ready to enjoy the best view possible from where she was positioned. She put on the special glasses for infrared rays and X-rays, and approached the sculpted and perfect body of Lexa, who lay unconscious on the white stretcher. Clarke slid to her side, admiring the motionless figure.

- My God Lexa, what a sculpture of a woman you are. Look at those muscles.... so well worked. And those perfect breasts, those long slender legs. You really are precious, but do not fear, I wont hurt you. However, someday I will enjoy that body of yours with desire, and I will worship it with pleasure. Now I just need to copy your body, and make sure you do not betray me to my competition, or with some damn police agency.

Clarke gently caressed the beautiful sleeping face and hair, biting her lips. Whilst making a sign to her assistant ALIE, she placed some leads on Lexa's brain, connected to some fine wires to check her
brain activity. She also connected a device to control her heart rate.

Then the stretcher was activated... entering a transparent interior. There she began to work the giant model 3D copier that Clarke had created, while ALIE prepared the AI implantation chip. The chip would be placed in the back of the new employee's neck, after finishing scanning the new chauffeur for the subsequent physical copy.

Clarke studied the computer as it captured all the features of that beautiful woman, every detail of her body. She really was, without a doubt, magnificent. But without knowing why, she was already internally debating whether to go ahead with this or not, if she really needed to place the AI in Lexa or not.

The idea was to do it, as she had done with Echo and also her efficient secretary. But as she looked at the sleeping face of Lexa, so full of peace, Clarke couldn’t fathom as to why she was so hesitant to go ahead with her plan, to place that chip in her brain, thus controlling it completely.

There was something about this woman, something that attracted her tremendously, something that made her tremble even. That challenge in her beautiful and penetrating green eyes, that game of seduction that had begun with her in silence. It awoke sensations in her that she did not think she could have, or perhaps she had forgotten them over the years. And the most dangerous thing of all was that those feelings felt so good. Who was this beautiful woman named Lexa, who had that tremendous power over her?

If that chip was inserted into her brain, she would lose much of that, becoming more receptive to her orders and more faithful... preserving the well-being of the company. But shit! She didn’t want Lexa like that, no! Secretly, Clarke liked the challenge that stunning brunette posed.

But she could not risk it that way, said that little voice in her clever brain. It could be very dangerous for her future if Lexa turned out to be someone undercover to steal information or simply destroy the company from within. But her deliverances were interrupted by the voice of her assistant ALIE.

- Miss Griffin, the process has been completed. Do we proceed with the implantation chip?

Clarke hesitated, looking at her computer screen where the image of the copy of Lexa's body was complete and in the process of finishing the finest details, in addition to various physical and blood tests. Feeling torn inside, she looked at ALIE who held the small device in her hand, and nodded her head, though still not convinced.

When Lexa's body left the cabin on the stretcher, Clarke approached again with her assistants. Sofia turns Lexa's body over, moving the hair from the back of her neck.

- Ok, we’re ready Miss Griffin

- ALIE, give me the chip, I will do it.

- Yes, of course Miss Griffin.- replied ALIE, handing over the chip.

Clarke took the small device between her gloved fingers. She looked at the bare nape of Lexa, finding a striking tattoo, in addition to the artistic design on her arm. It intrigued Clarke, who wondered what the meaning was behind such a design. It entwined down her back, some of the circles transparent and other’s filled in with solid black...with lines branching off . But that little one at the nape of the neck was undoubtedly something that surprised Clarke, since the implantation chip possessed the same symbol of ☯ infinity.

She tried not to get distracted anymore, she didn’t have much time before Lexa woke up from the
anesthesia she had given her in that glass of juice. She moved closer to her nape with the chip in her fingers, and pronounced the words to activate the component ...

- Ascende Superius ...
Lexus was beginning to wake up slowly, her ears registering that familiar voice of her boss, who sounded quite close. The first thing she felt was a strong headache that was coming from the base of her neck.

She felt dizzy, and her stomach was churning. She opened her eyes slowly, her vision somewhat cloudy. It took a few seconds to focus, meeting those two blue spheres so close that she could reach out and touch them.

That beautiful face ... but her stomach was rough. Lexus really wasn’t sure what was wrong but she felt like the acid content in her stomach was about to shoot up via her throat.

Lexa pushed against Clarke roughly, almost making her fall, as the CEO was almost kneeling next to her as she lay on the white leather sofa in the living room. To her good fortune, Sofia was also there with a container that she extended to Lexa immediately so that she could vomit everything she needed to get out of her system.

Lexa felt like her stomach was about to burst out of her mouth, she felt that awful. Clarke stood up to make herself look busy. If something disgusted her, it was watching people vomit...it had a horrible effect on her own stomach.

She still did not understand why she felt sorrow for Lexa, and really hoped that she had made the right decision. Everything was at stake.... not only her company and secret projects, but her own life. But that brunette with green eyes ...

- YUCK ... Shit! ... Christ! I'm sorry Miss Griffin ... I don’t know what... - Lexa looked at the woman who resembled that of a cold demon. Her eyes became slightly angry for a moment, on the verge of making a few points clear and giving her boss a few home truths. “Damn insensitive shit” thought Lexa to herself.

Her stomach was still bothering her, but she didn’t think she would vomit again. She didn’t understand what the hell had happened to her. Everything that had stopped her from trying to walk towards the door, dizziness, and suddenly everything had turned dark.
- Yes Lexa, it’s about time you woke up! Now we are going to be late for the party, fantastic! Have you finished throwing up yet? - Clarke was talking with her back to Lexa, who was busy cleaning her mouth with a napkin that Sofia had graciously handed to her.

She wondered if perhaps the meal she had enjoyed with Ontari in the villa could have been in poor condition? What a poor time to get intoxicated. But Lexa was more pissed at the reaction from this pedantic and cold woman, who she was seriously beginning to dislike at this moment in time. She took a few deep breaths, and drank a little from the glass of water that Sofia had been so incredibly kind to get for her.

- Thank you very much Sofia, you are very kind- whispered Lexa, still feeling out of sorts.

- I just do my job, Miss Woods. Do you feel better?

- Yes.... I think if ... I knew what happened to me, I would feel more at ease, but suddenly everything went dark ... and ...

- I see that she ’s awake and recovered, so let's not waste any more time. Can you drive tonight?- Snarked the CEO.

Clarke immediately cut the pleasant talk between Lexa and Sofia. She did not enjoy being so unpleasant really, but she needed to do it. She needed to keep her mask in place, needed Lexa to see her with respect and to know what she was about... that she could not have any expectation of warmth when dealing with her.

Lexa stabbed her green eyes at her with a clear hatred. Clarke saw them immediately, forcing her to swallow uncomfortably. It was incredible power that the brunette had in that look, it could kill anyone and Clarke guessed that she was first in line at the moment. But she simply stayed in her position, although seeing her new employee so weak had affected her a little and that bothered her more than she cared to admit. She did not understand what the fuck was happening with this woman, but she needed to finish whatever it was.

- I asked you a question Lexa, I'm waiting and you're wasting my time. There are important people waiting for me at this party. So I ask again, are you in a position to drive without killing us in a traffic accident?

Lexa was seething. She really thought that she could put a bullet in the CEO’s head without regard at this very moment, but she had not been summoned to this mission to be an exterminator , as she had been on other occasions. She had been summoned as someone intelligent who could gain the trust of the CEO , and so proceed with the plans. So she pressed the inner action button again, swallowing her true desires to jump and grab her by the neck and squeeze slowly, making her kneel in front of her and beg for her miserable life. No, she took a deep breath and once again changed her facial expression to a submissive and distressed, somewhat nervous employee.

- I can drive Miss Griffin, please don’t worry. I'll take you to the party with no problems. I just need five more minutes to recover, I really feel ...

- WHAT!.....Another five minutes?! FOR FUCK SAKE! Do me a favor Lexa and be at that limousine door in ten minutes, or you better say goodbye to your new job. It has probably cost me enough money already due to your stupid fainting episode.

- Yes, Miss Griffin - Seethed Lexa through gritted teeth at that, who needed to be lectured and taught a lesson. For that task, she needed to stay firm and strong , no foolish sentimentality.
Clarke immediately retired from the living room, unable to act a minute longer in front of this infuriating woman who still tried to satisfy her despite her hardness and inhumanity. She admired her capacity for submission, trying to maintain that position at all costs. And that damn little internal stinging again beat her heart as she walked to another room, where she closed the door behind herself, leaning on it, trying to recover. Her heartbeat had been triggered, and her breathing was erratic, feeling a lump in her throat. She asked herself once again...What the hell happened to her? She had never felt "guilt" for acting with authority and power in front of her employees before. But now she was experiencing something new, something she disliked.

She walked a few steps to the bar to pour herself a glass of whiskey. She needed to recover, needed to concentrate on being her, the most intelligent and powerful CEO. She could not feel anything, nothing that made her feel weak like this. That woman in the other room was a simple employee, a rather insolent one.

Meanwhile in the other room, Lexa, still astonished by her boss's uncaring attitude, had followed her with her eyes burning with hatred while the woman left the room. She cursed her at every step, wishing with all her strength that she would trip over something and fall flat on her face.

Arghggg ...! She needed to control herself seriously. Lexa was beginning to worry about her unprofessional behavior. She had never had to deal with feelings before whilst on the job, she was the best agent on the books whom never let herself be dominated by feelings. That's why she had been summoned to fulfill this important role in the operation. She was the top seed. If she failed, the operation failed, it was that simple.

She needed to get her stupid head in the right place, and stop behaving like a teenager with hormonal problems. That was her "goal", and she definitely could not let that damn woman break her in any psychological way. She was a bitch and she would be the one who would dominate her sooner or later, she would have her eating out of her hand she promised herself mentally, no matter what the cost. For that to happen though, she needed to be very smart, cold and manipulative at all times. That was just beginning she repeated as she stood up, helped by Sofia who accompanied her to the elevator door so she could use it and descend to the garage where the limousine was located.

Lexa thanked the gentle woman again for all the attention and help she had provided. When Sofia extended a couple of pills and a glass of water for her to take, Lexa hesitated. This was dangerous. She still had no idea what had happened to her and she knew well that taking the pills could be a bad decision. Even though the woman explained that they were painkillers to help her recover, Lexa refused to take them, thanking her kindly with a smile, then boarding the elevator and squeezing SUB 2. It was then that she noticed that there was an extra button, blue with the letter "L" on it, and a place for a key underneath. It was probably a place where only the possessor of the key could have access.

She took it into account, when her eyes caught a tiny security camera on the elevator door. She knew that she needed to be very cautious when she was inside that mansion as there were secret chambers everywhere, and even though she could cancel the cameras, it was not the time to do so she told herself. She had to move like a witch among wolves, and she was an expert on the subject.

She had not liked that sudden fainting episode at all, remembering well the moment before everything turned black. She did not remember feeling nauseous, just a strong dizziness. She was not going to panic, but she needed to go immediately to "The Factory" as soon as she was released that night from her "Cruella de Vil" boss, to check herself over. If she were to find out anything untoward had happened to her, then she swore revenge on the CEO.
She climbed into the Limousine, a Lincoln MKT Stretch Limo for eight passengers. Lexa settled into the driver's seat, adjusting it to suit her. Her stomach was tender, and her headache was bothering her a lot. She would have really liked to have taken those painkillers that the kind Sofia had offered, but she could not take any chances. She could not trust anyone in the world that she had entered. The world of Clarke Griffin.

She looked in the glove compartment.... maybe the previous chauffeur had kept painkillers just in case. Instead, what she found was a weapon and a box of ammunition to the side. She cursed herself having touched it, immediately taking the flannel and wiping her prints from it. She didn’t want them on that gun, it was dangerous. Then she continued looking until she felt she had won the lottery....smiling and celebrating when a box of painkillers came out of the glove compartment held by her hand.

Then she left the limo, entering the back area and was met with a beauty of interior design . A spectacular bar and a comfortable wide gray leather seating area, with Royal's logo on them in purple.

But, not wanting to waste time, she took a bottle of fresh water from the small refrigerator to swallow the painkillers immediately. She observed once again the interior design of the incredible limousine in detail. She noticed how the seats were placed, and where the window was situated, facing her seat. She devised a plan in case her boss, " Cruella " needed her, although deep down, with how angry she was at present, if it was down to her, she would leave her at her own mercy for acting like a fucking inhuman bitch.

And here were those stupid feelings of hatred and revenge again! She hit her head to get them out and help her concentrate. Telling herself that she was a professional, and those feelings could not be allowed to affect her as they were doing. She would smash Clarke Griffin from her pedestal, as her name was Lexa Woods. But she needed to be calm, cold, impenetrable and impermeable. She smiled at the irony of the double meaning of that last word. Yeah, better stop wetting panties, or I'd need an extra pair constantly with her. But heavens, her flesh was weak for " Cruella Griffin" anyway, "Shit, Shit Woods ...!" angry at herself for yet again thinking of the CEO in a sexual manner.

She reached the door of the mansion where Sofia waited, immediately opening the door after the limo parked. Clarke came out, wearing a beautiful dress of sin which showed off her slender shoulders. Lexa remembered to open the door of the limousine, that dress definitely distracting her more than it should.

Clarke hesitated for a few seconds before entering the limo , looking in detail at her chauffeur, evidently already recovered. Her face looked better and the color had returned, regaining it to it’s natural beauty. She liked to see her looking better, although she did not allow her face to show this relief. Her blue eyes had turned a darker shade, looking at those intense green eyes, then glancing down to those full lips that were smacking with brazenness.

Clarke thought to herself how much she was going to enjoy this night and what she had planned for her new and cute chauffeur . Concerning her still though was the fact that she had cared for her, for a simple employee who she did not even know well yet, and that was as strange as the sun turning green. She kept wondering why she was so affected by her presence when near her .

Clarke could read in those green eyes a feeling of hatred towards her. She couldn’t really miss it as her chauffeur was struggling to hide it. She found it admirable what that woman would do to keep the job , knowing that she was getting her fucking ass kicked for being her chauffeur . That night Clarke was really going to push her buttons....

- Could you tell me where I am to take you Miss Griffin ? - Lexa cut through her thoughts with a
simple question, in a very dry and direct tone of voice.

- Talk to Echo, she will tell you where you should take me Lexa, and be quick.

- Yes Miss Griffin- growled Lexa.

- I hope you have taken something for that headache you have, I do not want you to be distracted while driving or when we have people in the limousine.

- Don’t worry Miss Griffin, I’ve taken some painkillers, and they will soon come into effect. Thanks for worrying about my condition though. - Lexa couldn’t help but say that last sentence full of sarcasm.

- Do not misunderstand my concern... I do not care for the welfare of employees Lexa, I worry about my own well-being. Now move, I do not want to waste any more time.

Lexa closed the door of the limo showing a little more strength than she intended. She sighed.... heading straight for Echo who was about to get into the black BMW who would follow them closely. She asked for the address, but the bodyguard told her to simply follow her as she would in front, and follow her back when they returned to the mansion.

A few minutes later they came to a place where there was a red carpet lined to the entrance. Paparazzi were shooting their cameras at everything that moved outside of a limousine, at security people, as well as onlookers. She pulled over at the entrance and immediately went to open the car door for her boss, with her cap now on... something she sincerely hated, but Echo had recommended to her to have it on when they arrived if she wanted no more complaints from Cruella.

Clarke was surprised when Lexa opened the door of the car with her chauffeur cap on. God, the brunette looked hot in that uniform! She couldn’t help but be distracted for a few seconds, holding the hand that Lexa had extended to help her out of the limo. Feeling Lexa’s hand holding hers produced something inside of her, like a small electric shock that ran through her body, rising a certain color in her cheeks, and she hated it instantly.

The CEO withdrew her hand as if Lexa would give her something by touching her, while Lexa’s eyes glared at her, somewhat angered by that damn attitude of rejection. They were interrupted however when Echo approached, eyeing everywhere, and then finished helping the CEO out of the limo, indicating that they should move. Clarke started with the masked show for the press, smiling from ear to ear whilst walking with grace and seduction down the red carpet, followed closely by Echo.

Lexa barely shook her head at the strange new attitude of Clarke, but as she closed the door her lips curled, looking surreptitiously at that beautiful red dress tight around her body. It really was a real delight to look at thought Lexa.

The chauffeur retired, driving the limo to a place of parking where security of the party had indicated. She could wait for her boss here, until she was ready to leave. The brunette knew that in some of the kitchens of these rich parties, they served something for drivers, nothing special, some sandwiches, various drinks and/or coffee. That’s what she needed right now, to put something in her stomach which felt crisp and empty. So without wasting anymore time, she went to the source of smiling stomach recovery.

After eating a couple of sandwiches and having a coffee, Lexa chatted with the other drivers in passing and discovered who the party was being held for and why. Apparently it was the closing of a large and important business deal between Griffin Cybernetics and a couple of companies in
England, Germany and the UAE as a whole, as a type of merger for a relevant long-term project.

“Interesting” she told herself. She needed to get hold of some of the documents of that agreement as soon as she could. Walking towards the limousine again, she heard some thunder in the distance and her eyes immediately went to the sky which was covered with gray and threatening clouds. The wind that played with her hair, smelling of wet earth announced to her that there would soon be rain and a storm. She hurried her steps to get to the limo before the downpour started.

She already felt much better.... Thankfully. The painkillers had worked wonderfully. Her head no longer hurt, and her stomach was settled and full. She climbed into the limousine just as the rain drops began to hit the windshield. She turned on the radio of the car, tuning into a local FM station that she used to listen to. She enjoyed the variation they had in music, alternating old songs from previous decades as well as the recent hits. She always loved to listen to those old songs, it was a hopeless nostalgia, like an old woman living in the body of a young woman. At that time there was a special from the first decade of the 2000s that she loved, as it transported her to a good, innocent and rebellious era in her life.

She hummed some songs she remembered from her adolescence, memories filling her mind. Some good, others very comical, others not so much, and between everything, she appeared.... her first and only great love. Costia Green. Someone whom she had loved fiercely, and with whom she had shared almost everything, her first kiss, her first time, her dreams as a child and adolescent. They had planned to grow together and discover the world and life. They had met when Costia was in the fifth grade of elementary school, when the class teacher introduced her as the new pupil one day after having started classes after the break period of a hot summer.

Lexa could remember those beautiful clear eyes, that beautiful face, so nervous and shy. She hadn’t known where to sit so Lexa had immediately raised her hand telling the teacher that Costia could sit next to her, while the rest of the class was a witness to love at first sight. From that moment they were inseparable.

First becoming friends and companions, and later discovering their sexuality and their love, although Costia was also attracted to the boys, who frequented her a lot. More than once Lexa had had to put distances between the many suitors of her girlfriend, even resorting to her fists at times, asserting her authority. It had cost her many penances and visits to the office of the rector of the school. Luckily, Anya was always there, protecting her, taking care of her back when things got ugly.

Suddenly... on the radio, David Cook's song "Always be my baby" started playing, and her heart smiled as she remembered the night she and Costia had made love for the first time. The song of David Cook, a singer that Costia adored, sounded in her room, while in the middle of the bright moon that penetrated the room, they undressed with kisses and caresses, touching innocent skin, lit and ready to be discovered and loved.

She remembered in so much detail how fast her loving heart had beaten and how fast that first orgasm had arrived. She had been nervous and ashamed, but cradled in the warm arms of her sweet Costia who immediately told her that she loved her and always would do, and that that song was dedicated to her. Lexa had cried, she had been so emotional. She was so in love with her, and she had thought that it was mutual it had felt so intense. She told herself that night she could never love anyone else in her life, the way she loved Costia Green.

But unfortunately, like most first loves, it did not last more than a couple of years, since Costia's parents had taken her and her two sisters to live in another city far away. Their hearts broke from the distance, and although they tried to do their best to save their love, the first to give up had been Costia.
Moving away slowly, ceasing to communicate with her, causing Lexa to refrain from going after her. Lexa had worked in all kinds of jobs, almost not sleeping in order to save enough money to spend the summer with her love. But it was all in vain when Costia had told her that she no longer loved her, and that she had a new life now, new friends, and that she liked a roommate in high school..... believing that she was in love with him.

It was a very hard blow for Lexa that would scar her for a lifetime, swearing that she would never again fall in love or let herself feel something for another woman. Her heart broke a little more some years later when by chance, Lexa started working in the organization, meeting Costia's older sister, Niylah. Niylah had told her that her little sister had married that lad, Christopher Walker, and that she was very happy.

Lexa remembered how much it had surprised her, to feel a pain in her soul again, despite the years that had passed. However, hearing that news had been the final straw you could say, that Costia had given her. She renewed her oath to never let herself be carried away by her heart and feelings. She would live her life with good sexual moments, companionship and some other friendship, but nothing further that could hurt her again in that soul destroying way.

At the same time, Niylah had confessed to Lexa that she had always liked her, and that she had never dared to say it, so as not to interfere with the apparent happiness of her younger sister with her. Sincerely, Lexa would never have imagined, because when she was dating Costia, her sister had made their life hell, exposing their relationship to Costia's parents, forcing them out of the closet before they were ready, causing great trauma during their adolescence. Maybe, in hindsight, all of that had been due to envy on the part of Niylah, or jealousy, Lexa concluded in her mind.

But all that had been left in the past. They were now two adults, so Lexa and Niylah had agreed to have a relationship without ties, a purely sexual and open relationship, without feelings, without drama, but with casual encounters like those that Lexa kept with Ontari. The problem was that after a few months, Niylah did not fulfill her part of not getting involved and ended up being a pain in the ass, becoming possessive and jealous, which was simply unbearable for Lexa. But that nightmare hadn’t lasted long, since Lexa ended things with her abruptly, although it had cost her to get rid of her.

She had only achieved it with a little help from the director, her old friend Anya, who had a serious talk with Agent Green about not getting involved with another agent in a sentimental way. She was told in no uncertain terms that it was against the rules of the organization, and that if she did not stop overwhelming Agent Woods, she would ask her to resign immediately. Niylah felt the shame of her life, chewing with rage and thirst for revenge. She finally moved away from Lexa, not contacting her again, and always maintained distance. It helped that they were both assigned to very different missions from then on.

As far as Lexa was aware, Costia was still married to the man with whom she lived in a nice house in Austin, Texas with a family of three, two girls and a boy. She remembered that Costia always told her that she dreamed of having children, and at the time, that revelation had wreaked havoc on Lexa's young mind, thinking how she could fulfill that dream of her girlfriend when they were both women. Such an enormous concern that she spent hours meditating on different possibilities, but none of them convinced her, producing great anxiety and that enormous fear that it would lead to Costia to stop loving her.

The songs of that time continued playing on the radio, whilst the rain became more intense, hitting hard the roof and the crystals of the limo, but the mind of Lexa was still traveling in the past.... A past
that had been full of dreams and love of adolescence.

Suddenly, Lexa's phone rang in her pocket and she took it out immediately.... lowering the volume of the radio. Immediately she saw that it was her companion Echo.

- Lexa here, the cheerful chauffeur, Woods- joked Lexa.

- Woods, stop being stupid and bring the limo to the back of the place in the alley. We'll go out with Miss Griffin and a couple of friends in five.

- You are always so bad-tempered Echo , and stop calling me by my surname, it sounds so military ... Well, I'm on my way.

Lexa laughed while the radio played "Apologize" by Timbaland and One Republic. While she was thinking, "If and what you say ... it's too late to apologize". The rain was relentless and she wondered how the hell they would climb back into the limo without getting wet. Maybe that's why Echo asked her to take her to the back entrance of the building. She immediately found the alley, barely fitting in the narrow street with such a car, but she handled it without problems and without scratches.

She stopped by the small back door of the place where the noisy party was taking place . The door immediately opened, Echo coming out first, followed by Clarke who was wearing her jacket and making a run for the car door that the bodyguard opened. Lexa thanked her, thinking that would be it, but behind Clarke ran a couple that she didn’t recognise, for they hid with their jackets to protect themselves from the torrential rain. After they were inside, Echo closed the door and approached the window of Lexa, who immediately wound it down to listen to her colleague who was somewhat wet from the rain.

- Thanks Echo, that was very kind of you. - said Lexa who was grateful and smiling whilst looking at the wet face of Echo. She ignored her thanks in a very dry and cut manner, something that no longer surprised Lexa. Echo was a good copy of Cruella, but a darker and taller version.

- Shut up Woods and listen. Miss Griffin wants you to just drive around the city, heading towards the bay until she tells you to take her back to the mansion. She asked me to remind you to be attentive to what happens back there . If you take notice of that screen , it is not a GPS, but a monitor in which you will have vision of what happens behind through a hidden camera. Remember to only intervene if you see the red light on your watch. If it is two red lights, I will intervene because it is life or death. Have you understood everything ... Lexa? - Lexa's face lit up when Echo finally pronounced her first name, reacting with a broad smile, that Echo tried to ignore.

- Yes, of course, don’t worry Echo, will you follow us closely?

- Yes I will be, but you just drive and be attentive to that screen as much as you can and to your watch. Now move before Miss Griffin gets mad.

Adele's voice filled the compartment with her song "Chasing Pavements", Lexa loved the voice of Adele and her music. She proceeded to switch on the screen that Echo had indicated to her and was immediately left stunned when the woman who was sitting next to Clarke.... laughing beside both her and the male stranger , was no other than Niylah Green... " SHIT! It couldn’t be Niylah, not on this mission! Anya, why the hell didn’t you warn me? " thought Lexa to herself.

Lexa's face became sour, Niylah on the operation "Black Swan", did not give her good vibes. Green
was not the professional that this mission required, she didn’t understand why the hell she was in it and was pissed. Who had had the ridiculous idea to summon her? Perhaps they hadn’t read the records of old missions and especially of her irrational behavior ?.

As annoyed and surprised as she was, Lexa at present could only limit herself to concentrating on her job... which was driving that damned limousine, trying to relax and pay attention to what was happening in the back with the CEO. Niylah's hands were travelling slowly along Clarke’s exposed legs, something that Lexa was unhappy with. They were all drinking champagne, laughing like idiots, obviously already somewhat drunk. Lexa doubted that Niylah was an expert in acting drunk and taking advantage of the people at her side. She knew what Niylah was trying to do with the CEO, and it was evident that Clarke was happy to receive the caressing touch of Niylah.

Lexa was concentrating on the street. The ferocious rain was making it very difficult for her to see, and she was also having to put up watching the shit image projected by that damn hidden camera. Within a few minutes, Niylah's face was pressed between Clarke's spread legs and Lexa's stomach knotted. Why the fuck did she care so much?!... Cruella could fuck with bloody President Trump for all she cared.

Well, I will be, and thanks for calling me by my name. - But Echo just ran down the alley to the street, heading for her BMW car to follow.

Minutes passed and Lexa was starting to feel sick. The action back there was becoming more wild, apparently controlled by Cruella. Both guests hands traveled over the body of Clarke who was clearly enjoying the attention, whilst Niylah was still between her legs,...sucking and licking. The CEO was rolling her hips more and more wild, panting and throwing her head back from the pleasure that Niylah was giving her... the man, now also naked from the top was taking care of her breasts. " God, you have beautiful breasts Clarke " Lexa found herself thinking. She was disgusted with what she was seeing, but couldn’t help feeling aroused at seeing the CEO’s naked breasts.

This was really a sexual trio colossal, which at the moment seemed to be going well. Lexa looked away...she knew she shouldn’t incase the CEO’s safety was compromised, but she could only stomach so much watching the CEO with these people. Those images were producing a certain wetness to the south of her anatomy and she hated it, she hated this carnal weakness that she had. Suddenly the radio music disappeared and the volume from the screen raised to the maximum.

The moans and shouts from Clarke were heard loud in the cabin, and they were really beginning to affect Lexa..... moisture gathering in her panties. "Shit" ... thought Lexa when she laid eyes on the monitor, regretting having done so as Clarke's dark, blue eyes were looking directly at her with a smile full of so much malice, that an electric shock shot through her body.

Clarke moaned with desire, moving to sit astride the man who now had his pants down. Niylah was now rubbing and squeezing her generous breasts, the pink nipples so hard and erect, spilling out of her red dress. But Clarke's face was still fixed on the camera, knowing Lexa was watching, and Lexa could not help falling into that low, sordid trap.

The moans of her boss were so sexy that Lexa took her eyes from the road and almost ran over a small kitten that crossed suddenly onto the avenue, having to do a sudden swerve with the steering wheel,... cursing the behaviour of her boss. That damn passionate look...aimed straight at her, as if she were the one fucking her, fired all the senses of the chauffeur, beginning to tremble, feeling like her crotch was beating and her heart was pumping fast .

"Lexa shit you can not, you can not let her manipulate you, come on girl, concentrate, you can, you will be the one that dominates this woman, calm down, breathe, annul your senses ... SHIT SHIT ... SHIT ..."
It was when her crotch ignored her mental strength, and an orgasm hit her squarely that she almost lost control altogether. She struggled to breathe, trying to control the steering wheel with what little strength she had left, while her climax caught her entire body, causing her to tremble. She held her eyes open, clinging to the steering wheel as if it were life itself, listening to Clarke's deep moans of pleasure. She hated herself, she became aroused so much in that fucking moment, and she hated her, damn bitch ...

"OH GOD GRIFFIN I WILL F**K YOU SO HARD, SO YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WALK FOR A WEEK !" Lexa shouted...venting, knowing that there was almost no chance that her seductive boss would hear her, in the midst of her own screams.

Lexa blushed furiously, cursing Cruella Fucking De Vil, whilst trying to return to normal, feeling a great wetness in her panties. She had run with her desire with a huge intensity, and she could only hope that she didn’t have to get out of the limo, so that no one would notice the wetness in her pants.

Suddenly she saw another image, Niylah was now lifting that dress and trying to penetrate Clarke from behind. Her boss didn’t look up for it, but Niylah was insisting, and suddenly her watch flared up with the warning light. The red light was a blessing and Lexa was beyond thankful to see it because she could not stand anymore of this porn show.

Lexa knew that Clarke could hear her through the identical hoops she wore if the CEO activated the microphone. She immediately spoke to her through them...

- Hold on tight Clarke ... - warned the chauffeur, stopping the pulsations of the boss.

Clarke immediately turned her flushed eyes to the camera, how dare Lexa talk to her and call her by her name? ! But besides being irritated by the detail, she knew what that meant, she knew that Lexa would squeeze the accelerator and it would be one hell of a journey. She tried to get away from the man's upper body, but the guy held her tightly, now biting her neck.

As for the other bitch, she just wanted her away from her body after her attempt to penetrate a place that she did not want, not tonight, and certainly not with them. She began to throw out blows with her elbows, trying to free herself and hold on to something strong because Lexa had clearly raised the speed of the limo already. Her efforts were in vain though, so she held on even tighter. She cursed the idea that she had had to make her chauffeur suffer, make her sweat, listen to her moan, in the middle of his sexual threesome. She had wanted Lexa to want her.... masturbate over her, she liked to think about the possibility of it. But now all that had gone to hell drastically.

Lexa relaxed back into the seat, still feeling somewhat uncomfortable from the wetness in her pants, cursing her boss once again and pressing the accelerator, while in the radio now was playing louder the hit song from the russian group Tatu “Not gonna get us”.

The rain didn’t stop and vision was really minimal, but Lexa knew how to drive in these conditions, as well as on dry asphalt. She actually thought that it made driving even more fun. She began to dodge cars abruptly, causing everyone back in the limo to be thrown with force from one side to another, unable to hold on. They collided with the bar, the glasses and bottles smashing apart when they hit each other.

Lexa watched very carefully at what was happening back there. She felt sorry for Clarke, but it was the only way to help her get rid of the grip from her guests. In the mirror to her side she could distinguish between the downpour, that Echo had also pressed the accelerator and was following closely, clearly perceiving that something was happening in the limo.

- Lexa, What the fuck is going on in there?! Why are you driving like you’re in a car race? You're
driving a damn limousine! Slow down!

- Stop worrying Echo, just follow me closely. Clarke has had problems with her friends back here. She pressed the red light button. I'm trying to help her get them off of her.

- Fucking STOP Lexa! You're crazy. With this rain you're going to have an accident!

- You Know me Echo, I know how to drive, don’t be scared.

- Lexa ... No ...

Lexa cut the communication, it was irritating her, and although she understood that it was Echo's job to take care of their boss, and that she was putting her at great risk, she knew what she was doing. She felt confident of achieving it without having a accident.

On the screen she saw that Clarke could barely escape from the man's grip, despite her harsh driving maneuvers, while Niylah was barely holding onto a seat further away. So she just had to help Clarke free herself from the guy who was clinging to the body of her boss tooth and nail. Lexa watched the CEO beat him with her fists in an attempt to get him to release his grip but was not having much luck.

Lexa accelerated further, then noticed with panic that the man now had his hands around the CEO’s neck.... squeezing tightly, and affecting Clarke’s ability to breathe. She was approaching a crossroads when Lexa turned suddenly with the limo at high speed. Due to the wet asphalt, the huge car fell to the side completely, miraculously staying on two of its wheels, similar to that of an action movie style. Lexa made a superhuman effort not to let the limo turn over completely, hitting with luck a couple of garbage containers, which pushed the vehicle to be placed back on all four wheels. Lexa smiled to herself, and thanked the lord above for good luck.

When she returned her glowing eyes to the screen, Clarke had been able to free herself from the grip of the man, and now had a good fierce grip on his genitals, twisting hard. The man was screeching out in pain, and flying away from her due to the effects of how Lexa was still driving.... without stepping on the brake, not even at the red lights as they passed by.

When she finally spotted a place to park, she took her chance... braking hard, so that the passengers had their last shake, but Clarke was ready and had already fastened herself to a seatbelt. Her hair was disheveled, make up smudged, and her dress was torn. She was looking at her with eyes full of fury, but there was slight gratitude, very very slight, but it was there. Her boss had a face like ‘grumpy the cat’ snorting air and foaming through her mouth. She knew she was angry, and maybe scared, too.

Lexa didn’t need to think for any longer than two seconds, immediately climbing out and opening the door at the back, taking Clarke's hand and pulling her out towards her body, getting her out of there. She instinctively protected her, hugging her tightly after putting her own jacket on around her shoulders.

Whilst the rain continued to fall steadily on both women, Lexa held Clarke against her chest.... forcefully looking towards the open door of the limo and waiting for the damn pair of idiots to come out, who were still recovering from the journey, putting their clothes back on trembling.

Clarke clung to Lexa's body without thinking about the consequences at that moment. She had felt so stupid and helpless in that limousine, but her chauffeur had acted and saved her from those two idiots. She knew what she had done had been crazy and reckless. Feeling that throbbing chest against her face, that warm heart and those protective arms around her body had made her feel safe. One of those hands was now caressing her wet blond hair, and it felt amazing. It was a feeling that
she had never allowed herself to feel in her life with anyone, but there she was, behaving like a silly, defenseless girl in the arms of a perfect stranger like Lexa Woods.

Her mind immediately made a click back towards the glacial in which she always lived. Her mind backtracked to the madness that Lexa had committed driving like that, under the torrential rain and in a fucking limo. They could have all ended up dead.

That moment of clarity hit Clarke hard, entering her into a state of nerves and panic, pulling away from the protective arms of Lexa and giving her a strong push. She really was furious with herself for her moment of weakness with her crazy chauffeur, she was in complete shock and she just wanted to kill the woman that made her feel so vulnerable, and had almost killed her. She should have just stopped the limo and intervened in the private party that got out of control, but no, the crazy woman squeezed the damn accelerator as if it were a sports car, when it was a bloody limousine.

Clarke had never felt so close to death, it was like seeing her life cross in front of her eyes, and then there was that damn moment of exposed weakness where she let herself be embraced by warm, protective arms.... making her feel like a stupid infant. All thanks to the stupid cocky Lexa, who was now looking at her surprised, obviously not understanding her sudden rejection, if her wide open green eyes were any indication.

- WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING YOU DAMN IDIOT, I COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED US ALL!!- Clarke shouted at her as she fought her with the fury of her darkened, blue eyes, her makeup running down her soaked cheeks.

- I.... I JUST WANTED TO HELP YOU CLARKE ... - Lexa was in shock....how could she not react to the rage that was being released from Clarke from all her wet pores, when all she had attempted to do was help save her from those piranhas back there.

- STOP CALLING ME BY MY DAMN NAME! HOW FUCKING DARE YOU?! - Clarke was now pointing her finger menacingly, shoving it into a shellshocked Lexa, who struggled to contain her own anger response.

- IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THAT I COULD HELP YOU!! THAT MANIAC HAD HIS HAND AROUND YOUR NECK AND IT WAS AFFECTING YOUR BREATHING FOR FUCK SAKE!! - Lexa shouted, approaching her without any regard, her own green eyes darkening. She knew she was losing control but she had had enough for one day.

- COULDN’T YOU HAVE STOPPED THE FUCKING LIMO? HELPED WITH YOUR HANDS LIKE A NORMAL PERSON WOULD HAVE? - yelled the enraged CEO.

- WELL I’M SORRY, BUT AT LEAST YOU ARE ALIVE GRIFFIN !

- YOU’RE A DAMN LIABILITY WOODS, AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE IT!! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT NOW LEXA - Clarke approached her, yelling in her face, spitting the water that fell down her face.

Clarke was completely out of her mind. She had never been this angry in her whole life, she was always so controlled. All due to this damn woman who made her lose her head. She surprised Lexa, giving her a hard push....resulting in Lexa losing her balance and falling back. Clarke approached like a hawk... looking at her from a position of highness. She hated the situation and being out of control.

Lexa watched those blue eyes that were full of fury, feeling that at any moment she was going to crush her head with those high heels. Lexa stood back up immediately, almost at a jump....taking a step forward, confronting her at the same height. It was now a duel of powers, a matter of whose arm
would be twisted first.

Their faces were so close together that they were almost touching noses, swollen and furious eyes glaring for a few seconds. They could feel only the throbbing beats of their hearts, beating at the same rhythm. Their minds were lost in an inner contact so strong that they struggled to understand.

Everything around them had disappeared, as if they had discovered each other for the first time, feeling that enormous force of attraction which transported them somewhere far away. Lexa moved her hand, unable to control it any longer... wanting to climb up that beautiful face, barely daring to touch it. Clarke couldn’t stop it, couldn’t react, nor did she want to.

- I ... - Lexa attempted to express herself, but the spell was broken by Echo who was running towards them, agitated, not understanding what the hell was happening. 
- Lexa what the fuck happened?! Are you ok Miss Griffin? - Echo cried out, struggling to breathe from the exertion of running so fast towards them. Her eyes were wide open, shocked by everything she had just seen on that crazy trip, and now the fight that had just taken place between her boss and the new chauffeur out in the rain.

- Get me out of here right now Echo. - Finally, Clarke was able to slip back on her protective mask.... thanks to her bodyguard, silently thanking her for stopping her from committing such madness.

But deep down, Clarke knew that this hatred, that fury she felt for Lexa a few minutes ago, had disappeared. She had been lost in it for a brief moment, and what she saw and felt shook all her walls down with the force of a hurricane, throwing them down like a pack of cards. Again she asked herself who this woman was that was capable of making her feel something that nobody else had managed in her life? She could not get her mask completely hard and cold, she was too emotional right now from the evenings events.

She didn’t want to look again at the green emerald eyes of Lexa.... so bright and beautiful, so full of feelings that destabilized her, and that could not be allowed. She dipped her head down for the first time in her life, her head hiding in the arms of her bodyguard, turning in the direction of Echo’s car.

- Of course Miss Griffin, come with me- spoke Echo, whilst throwing a glare in Lexa’s direction. 

Lexa froze, staring in disbelief at Clarke leaving with Echo, who was busy throwing a look of "What the fuck Woods?! " in her direction. The rain continued to fall heavy on her, leaving her even more soaked. Seething at the recent events, Lexa turned her gaze to the open door of the limo , from which the couple finally climbed out, somewhat stunned, with bruises and slight cuts.

As soon as Niylah climbed out and looked her straight in the eyes , she froze on the spot, realisation hitting as to who she was standing in front of. It seemed that the world around her had stopped.... no other than that bitch Lexa Woods had been at the wheel thought Niylah, smiling with grief and remembering the shame that she had been subjected to when Lexa had rejected her and exposed her as crazy and obsessive to their superiors.

Undeterred, Niylah walked right up to her and slapped her face hard. Lexa, not expecting it, hadn’t reacted in time and was left with a torn, bleeding lip and a red cheek that felt like it was on fire. She felt her face harden and twist, eyes filled with rage toward Niylah who was now attending to the man who was with her whilst trying to stop a taxi.

Lexa watched them go without moving from where she was. She tried to react to what had happened in the last five minutes, but was struggling... still feeling stunned from it all. When she started thinking clearly, she was horrified to realise that it was likely the entire operation had just gone down the toilet, judging by Clarke’s reaction. She doubted very much that Clarke would want to see her
again for a long time, let alone have her as a chauffeur. Lexa knew that perhaps she had dealt with the whole situation badly in her attempt at helping her boss in the limo, but after what she had been forced to watch, she really wasn’t thinking straight and was now cursing herself for it. That woman affected her too much, and it was big problem regarding the operation, if there even was still one.

And what the fuck had happened in that moment where the two had connected so intensely, where the world around them had disappeared as if by magic? Was she going crazy? She didn’t connect with anyone, she never got involved. What the hell was going on?! Why did Clarke Griffin have so much power over her? She was so fucked she thought to herself.

She looked at the sky, feeling the torrential rain still falling on her, and let out everything she had accumulated in a desperate, gluttonous and extreme cry, full of hatred, rage, impotence. So many feelings that she could not decipher. She had screwed up good and proper this time. SHIT WOODS!
It had been a week since the "little incident" with the limousine. Lexa hadn’t heard from Clarke, but both her watch and new phone had literally died the day after that rainy and strange night. She would not have expected less from the annoyed CEO regarding contact, but she hated to run out of phone battery like that as she had no means to re-charge it, and needed to recover her music playlist. Damn Cruella Griffin!

She did not expect some gigantic miracle, whereby her now apparent former boss may actually apologize, or even want to see her face again, but this was a big operation in which she had screwed up big time and she simply could not afford to give up. That was out of the question, she needed to find a way to mend her stupid mistake, and get back on side with Griffin Cybernetics, as it were.

During these last few days, she had taken the opportunity to disconnect from Miss Griffin and her entire world of glacial arctic. She needed to meet her again though...this intelligent, shrewd, cold and determined agent, capable of carrying out any mission entrusted to her without problems. But she could not deny that Clarke Griffin really was a great challenge to her own personality.

Having shared those crazy 24 hours with the famous CEO had turned her world upside down. It had played with her psychology, her weaknesses, and caused a very inappropriate uprooting behavior. Agent Woods could not understand what kind of charm that woman possessed over her, and it was something that she really needed to work on herself, especially if she wanted to get back on that battlefield in a smarter place of mind.

The damned mistake she had made was that she had underestimated Clarke and her reputation for power over people. Lexa had thought that she would be the exception, that she would be able to handle it to her liking from the first minute of meeting, and that she would not be affected by the "Griffin Effect", but she was wrong. It had affected her far to much for her liking.

She was angry with herself and she was disappointed. She felt somehow that she was not as safe as before, and that was not good. It was not what she was trained and prepared for. This was too
important an operation to fail now. She had a career of impeccable successes and jobs. Clarke Griffin was not going to end that clean and exemplary record in her career.

Lexa was determined to return to battle with all the cavalry at a cost and complete her damn mission. She worked a lot in "the factory", a place where she took refuge with modern computer equipment and other advanced technologies. She was an engineer and an expert in cybernetics. She knew all about the tech world where Clarke Griffin was the current queen.

She was well aware of the worldwide rumors that Griffin Cybernetics was working on Artificial Intelligence, on androids and robots that seemed completely human in sight. And Lexa had no doubt that Sofia, the kind lady housekeeper of the mansion, was nothing more than an advanced AI designed by Clarke. She did not expect less, and had to admit that the prototype was amazing. She had noticed it almost immediately, observing it directly through those visual spheres, to the point of detecting a certain non-human anomaly.

There was also a great rumor that Clarke had created very special chips, ones that were adaptable to the human brain. An AI that could be implanted in to human beings, which she could then control to her liking. That's why the FBI was investigating the company, trying to confirm these rumors, and especially trying to find out who wants to sell these chips designed by the CEO. The government suspected that perhaps Griffin Cybernetics was making deals with world terrorist elements. They knew from good sources that approaches had been made with big tempters negotiated to the CEO. If the intel was correct, and Griffin had accepted these offers, that would be a global catastrophe.

At present, different world-wide organizations had met and reached the conclusion that Clarke Griffin should be seriously investigated and spied on so that confirmation could be gained on the creation of these components and their destiny.

The organization that these global security entities had created was called "Grounders", where a very select group of agents from all over the world had been called for the operation "Black Swan". Lexa was the main agent of this mission and could not allow herself to fail, knowing that global security was at stake, at high risk. She had been selected over thousands of agents from all over the world, due to her enormous mental capacity and her record of a long, impeccable career which was full of successes.

Lexa knew when she had woke up at Clarke Griffin's house so broken that she most likely had been exposed to something by the CEO genius of cybernetics. She knew she would have problems if she had been implanted with one of those damn ghost AI components. She immediately had an extensive scan of her body and brain to confirm it with the help of her partner, the master technology genius... Monty Green, who was the cousin of Niyalah and her old teenage girlfriend Costia.

The results... luckily and a little to her surprise were negative. Apparently her body and brain were clean of any type of component type AI. But, she was still confused about that strange, very strange dizziness and the later fainting episode. She was almost certain that Clarke had something to do with it, especially after calling Ontari and confirming that she had not suffered from any symptoms of intoxication. Lexa wanted to know what Clarke had done to her if she had not been implanted with one of those supposed components that the CEO of Griffin Cybernetics had created and was experimenting with in human beings.

She had taken time reviewing Clarke's data, her life, her family, the details no one would get from the most famous CEO of world technology. For that, the organization had taken a lot of time gathering information from relatives and old acquaintances of the woman in question. Lexa could conclude that Clarke was a whole personality jewel, and that the good mask she wore of power, coldness and cruelty was perfectly used only to protect herself. She was definitely someone who had suffered physical and psychological abuse in her life since very young, especially at the hands of that
degenerate criminal, Cage Wallace, who had been a partner of her stupid father.

Wallace had abused her for years, mentally and physically. He had inflicted enormous terror on the little girl if she dared to betray him. Clarke had swallowed it to herself, those horrid secrets, learning alone to overcome them, becoming an insensitive person, without mercy, and without a hint of humanity in her brilliant mind.

The story of that girl was really quite horrifying, shaking Lexa's heart while rereading the detailed report, and although she felt sorry for the girl who had to survive such atrocities and torture in a world of silence and fear, she struggled to feel for the ice woman who was obsessive today with the power and technology that could destroy thousands of lives.

The story they could find out, which was both hidden and harrowing, was through Wallace himself, who was serving a sentence in a federal prison for tax evasion and negotiation with terrorist elements, unable to get out of prison in his miserable life. Collaborating with the feds had given him some advantages in his new permanent home, and the personal pleasure of helping to destroy his damn enemy bitch.

Thanks to their contacts with some terrorist groups, they had approached Clarke Griffin with tempting offers, spreading the rumors immediately, so that they could reach the ears of the world security organizations and put all their eyes on Griffin Cybernetics. In addition, Wallace already had some of his own spy's infiltrated in the famous company to precisely introduce false documents of treaties with those terrorist groups, so that the federals would believe that Griffin was a threat to world peace. Just as he had been eliminating some of the CEO's competitors, also leaving behind traces and false evidence pointing to her and her growing company benefiting from those strange recent deaths.

It was undoubtedly a master plan, orchestrated for years by the man who had sworn to take revenge on the bitch who had taken away everything he had worked so hard to obtain, when he finally liquidated that idiot partner Jake Griffin. But he had not counted on the crap of sentimentality that his partner had had for that bitch of a daughter. Her inheriting all the power and the family business, leaving Wallace with nothing and on the street. When he left, he consoled himself for the time being that at least he had enjoyed abusing that little bitch mentally and physically to his full pleasure for years, managing to keep it contained, threatening to liquidate her entire family if she talked, forcing her to take part in all the perverted sexual ideas that he had, and that he had always had with inferior and small beings.

She made her his without mercy and with pleasure. Now it was time for her to fall into a tailspin, landing hard against the asphalt or against the bars of a cell like the one that contained him.

Lexa understood Clarke's psychology, her created iceberg personality and inhumanity, her need to become that bitch without apparent feelings for anything or anyone, with thirst for power and authoritarianism. The abuse had led her to shut herself away in a dark world, where the only way to survive was to become a ruthless woman that everyone would respect and serve. She would give the orders, make people afraid, and dictate the punishments. That shit had been inserted into her brain by that son of a bitch Wallace, whom Lexa prayed would rot away from cancer in the testicles. The reports were too detailed for poorly delivered paedophiles. Wallace had even recorded meetings with Clarke, which were attached to the report. Lexa couldn’t look for more than two minutes. The horrors of the report producing terrible nausea and subsequent vomiting. There wasn’t a punishment harsh enough for that son of a bitch to pay for the horrendous things that he had inflicted on an innocent girl.

Lexa's heart was pressed in a knot, she felt an inner pain for that girl with golden hair, beautiful blue
eyes and an angel face, being tortured and sexually subjected in such a way. She understood perfectly why Clarke was as she was today, since she had not even been able to receive any kind of psychological help, by deciding to keep such a horror to herself. It had poisoned her internally, creating what she had become.

But she had to keep it clear in her mind, that she was not approaching Clarke Griffin to help her overcome her horrible tragedy, but because she was an object of great interest to world security, and if she was involved in what was rumored, she had to stop it. She could not let her feelings interfere in anyway. She had to keep a good distance from those dark memories of the CEO, and focus on what her mission was with her.

Lexa had several graduate studies in psychology in which she had specialized during the formation of her military career as a Navy Seal, decorated with the medal of valor several times for her heroic actions in dangerous and very secret missions in Iraq, Syria and other countries of the world. But one last operation in a refugee camp in Syria, pushed her in the direction of leaving the Navy, along with the advice of her lifelong friend, Anya Forrest, who was already a well-known FBI agent with superior rank in the organization.

Anya had been insistent that these missions were affecting her too much psychologically, and that it would be best for her mental health to get away from all that before she lost her good judgment permanently and irreversibly. She urged her to enlist in the ranks of the FBI, and become an agent like her. Lexa did not want to become an agent, but after several talks with her friend, she realised that she really could not continue in the military, in missions that were affecting her more and more.

Finally, she entered the FBI program, soon becoming an extraordinary agent.... recognized for her excellent results in every operation that she was assigned for. For a while, she had even come to teach psychology at the academy, since her knowledge of the subject was of a very high standard. If she had not liked the action so much and the fight for a better world, she would have been a very good psychologist. She was passionate about the study of the human mind and all its limited sides. She was also a lover of technology and had studied engineering and cybernetics, expanding her field of operations in the organization, fulfilling missions mostly involved in the world of advanced technology as it was now.

She enjoyed the action more though. She was out there in the field when she was called to be part of "Grounders", specifically to lead this important operation called "Black Swan". Her FBI colleagues had not been able to collect the information they needed from the famous CEO, and so had decided their best bet to get close to the woman was her. She possessed the knowledge, intelligence and physical beauty that could attract the famous Queen of cybernetics. They knew of her sex addiction, and although she was openly bisexual, it was well known that her inclination was towards women in particular.

So what Lexa needed to do was burst through those high walls that Clarke had built around her throughout her entire life, which were almost impenetrable. She was fully focused on the task more than ever, confident that she could do it, although at the moment everything seemed to have gone down the toilet. She had complete confidence in herself, and in being able to reunite with the CEO and propose a new battle with a completely different strategy.

There was only one small problem....she had felt something that night, after that volatile argument. She could feel that special connection with Clarke, that sudden moment in which she had lost herself in her blue eyes, so full of horror, of history, of pain, of loneliness, of hatred, of fear, of a struggle with herself and with the whole world. When she had wrapped her in her arms, she felt like the CEO had taken refuge in her chest for a brief moment of weakness, of pure human need to feel protected, perhaps as something in her life that she had never been able to enjoy. Lexa had felt her agitated
breathing on her neck, and the strong beating of that heart so destroyed. She knew that there was a trace of warmth in her in that moment and then that connection had been sidetracked very clearly.

She really admired her, without a doubt Clarke Griffin was a warrior of life, and although her methods of survival were ruthless, they helped her survive and become who she was without answering to anyone, without thanking anyone. She had built herself from the ground, and was an excellent opponent to face on the battlefield. This was something that Lexa always respected, when her opponent was worthy of her respect and all her experienced career and intelligence.

She knew she really needed to work on her self-control, both psychological and physical. This mission was too important for her to let her uncontrolled hormones affect her mental concentration again. She needed to keep in mind all the time with who she was struggling with, for whom she worked, and how important those results were.

The first thing she needed to do was to show, or make Clarke believe that she had won the battle, that she was her employee and nothing more. She needed to convince her that she would follow her orders without further idiocies, and that she would be one of her dolls... hired for whatever she wanted. She needed to enter the CEO’s trust, and that was the most precious and protected possession that the CEO had, since she did not even trust her own shadow. So Lexa more than ever needed to dress in that innocent sheep disguise, entering the field of wolves, being prudent as the snakes, patient, controlled and absolutely not reconnecting with that woman sentimentally or in any other way. She needed to maintain that cold distance seriously, and not fall into her games of seduction which Clarke used a lot in her battles, knowing perfectly how to test the people who approached her.

Lexa cursed herself for the millionth time, because she was aware of all this when the mission began, but in the process for some reason she had forgotten and had fallen into the web of spiders that Clarke perfected in how to weave. She had been a stupid fly.... flying closer to that death trap, being subtly attracted, finally being trapped by the sweet sex appeal, trapped by that expert black widow spider.

Anya had visited her in those days in her apartment, obviously not to visit her cat Heda, bringing her those good cans of Norwegian tuna that Heda loved, but to find out what the hell had happened to her that night. She wanted to know how she had been able to get carried away like an adolescent, behaving impulsively and deconcentrated in her objective.

She endured a good reprimand from her friend, who was in charge of the mission and was also her superior. Although Anya was disappointed in the actions of Agent Woods, she also tried to understand her old friend. That woman Griffin was really too clever and intelligent, but she knew that Lexa had everything that was required to move her, to defeat her and to discover what they needed to know. Anya did not understand what was happening to her friend, but gave one last warning and advice. If Lexa failed in this important operation, she assured her that she would spend the rest of her career in the FBI filing cases and doing paperwork.

For Lexa, that threat sounded very real and she feared Anya too much, since she knew that she would die if she had to sit down and write papers every day. For her, that operation had become much more important, and after her first confrontation with Griffin, she was not willing to give up. She knew how to get back into the race. Her name was Alexandria Woods.... she would do it, and she would win the trust of Clarke Griffin.

For her part, Clarke had struggled to recover from that strange and unique moment in her life in which her unbreakable walls had wavered for a moment, when without knowing how, she had managed to connect with the woman with deep green eyes. In her arms she had felt, damn it....she
had felt her heart for the first time free to feel that demonic and dangerous feeling of warmth and protection. For the first time she had felt that she could take refuge in those arms, in that beating chest, and let herself go to enjoy the beautiful feeling of not having to wear her mask of an inhuman bitch. She had allowed herself a moment of vulnerability.

That had been a giant mistake to her, and she could not and would not allow herself to make a mistake like that again. But in her mind she kept on asking that question ... Who was Lexa Woods, this woman who possessed this enormous power to destabilize her defenses so easily? How had it been possible that they had connected in such a magical way, of which she had no record in her whole life with anyone?.

That night, even after all this madness, when she had returned to the mansion, she did not want to go to bed until she saw her again . And she did... when Lexa had returned the limousine to the garage of the house . Clarke had looked at her from the window of her room...watching her talk with Echo, with whom she seemed to be having a heated conversation with. Clarke imagined that her bodyguard was insisting that she was a soulless madwoman, and that she'd better say goodbye to that job forever.

However, not surprised in the least, she noticed that Lexa did not let her face down for a moment, but that was Lexa Woods for you, and that was what attracted her to her. That woman had enormous power in those eyes, and a spirit of enormous courage. She was proud and determined to fulfill her goal without letting anyone stand in her way. She was a born leader, a dominant just like her. Clarke had no doubt that the green-eyed brunette had power inside her and used it in her daily life, just like her. She was without a doubt an excellent opponent, someone who she would have liked to get to know more deeply, more personally. But she knew the mistake she had made in going perhaps a little further with her stupid revenge of power, making her lose her head for a moment in time.

She was still debating whether she had made the right decision in not installing the chip at the last second. She hoped she was not wrong, but she was sure of one thing, she could not deny that she was going to miss her, and that scared her. Clarke Griffin did not connect with people, she did not love, she did not miss anyone, she did not need all that damn human drama which only brought problems and kept her away from her purpose in life. To remain at the top of power, to be ambitious to the extreme, to be the best and the most recognized CEO in the world, to be respected, to be feared, to be the main story in the eight o’clock news when your company revealed its new revolutionary creations. This was her purpose in life.

Lexa Woods was history to her, and although she had her prototype AI almost finished in her secret laboratory, she would not destroy it yet. She thought she would enjoy it, study it, perhaps train it to be her future chauffeur, without crazy risky races full of adrenaline, becoming the heroine at the end of madness. No, her AI would be such and what she wanted ,someone without her own thoughts, without feelings, without stupidity, someone who wouldn’t wrap her up in their arms and call her by her name . Her AI would only follow her orders, serving her without limits, or dramas, without worrying about whether she could trust the prototype.....nope, she designed it, therefore she controlled it.

But there was something that caught her attention, since she had copied the memory of the phone of her now ex-employee. She could not stop listening to the music which was stored in the device, making her smile with those strange musical mixtures, and those many songs from old times. Lexa was a foolish nostalgic apparently, but the personal music of the brunette brought to her mind those beautiful expressive eyes, that perfect body, those gestures so unique of her conquering personality and those endless questions and those impertinences. And then her mind registered the moment Lexa had called her by her first name, the way she had pronounced it so special, with that "K" marked at the end. She imagined it was because she was English and her ascendancy, but in spite of that she
was almost a common and wild American. There were certain words that she pronounced with certain English ancestry, and she had to admit that it was pleasant to listen to her. But to have heard her own name on that woman's lips had been ... special. She could not stop imagining herself having a hot night of sex with her, pronouncing her name with that particular ascent between moans and orgasms.

She regretted that she had not had the pleasure of knowing her sexually, for surely Lexa Woods would be explosive in bed she thought to herself. She felt quite controlled all the time, but with those sparks of power that she had shown with her personality, she imagined a very dominant Lexa in bed, and that was what she liked. It would have been a battle worth enjoying between both, in seeing who dominated who. "Griffin shit! What if...."

For a brief second she considered about how to recover her crazy and sexy chauffeur, she needed to see her again, she needed to realize her sexual fantasy with that woman, even if it ran some risks. Maybe....hmmm ... your faithful secretary Harper could be perfect for the plan to get her back. She had seen in the memories of Harper's brain the stupid detail of that rose, and how much Lexa had flirted with her secretary, as she also had with Echo. She had even flirted with her AI, Sofia, which had caused internal laughter, and pride, to see how a human being was not capable of realizing that Sofia was a first class AI prototype, so well realized that it had passed as a real human.

Clarke was extremely proud of that brilliant creation, her first prototype of Artificial Intelligence, five years ago. Today she had a great demand for those AI models for very select people all over the world, to be used as part of the service of a house or as private secretaries. Clarke never wanted to create destructive machines to be used in wars and other follies of the violent world in which they lived. Although millions and millions had been offered to her company for the creation of AI soldiers or militants for a terrorist sect, she was not for that damn task.

She created something that would revolutionize the world of the future, improve it, help the daily life of the human being, not machines of destruction. She would never make deals with terrorists, heads of state with dictatorial power, or sell her ideas and creations to military or secret security organizations. She did not trust any of those kind of people within those organizations.

But going back to the beauty of Lexa Woods, clearly for Clarke that woman was the equivalent of a modern day casanova. The attributes that she possessed were really exquisite and difficult to ignore. Besides that gentle personality, she was clearly educated and very nice. Those attributes could conquer the whole world ... except her of course. However, she was not interested in how good or experienced Lexa could be in conquering other women and dominating them to her liking...she, and only she would know how to handle her when the time came, she had no doubts. She knew it at the moment when the world had stopped around her, there under that torrential rain, losing one in the other. That soft hand had felt like silk whilst caressing her face, totally surrendering to her. She liked it too much, it was like having tasted a bite of that forbidden fruit, so delicious, but so deadly at the same time. But for a second, it was worth it, that woman was worth it, she needed to possess her, make her her own, and she knew how to attract her to her spiderweb again.

- Heda, do not you come with those complaints girl, I'm really not in the mood these days. If your aunt did not bring you your favorite tuna, it's not my fault, so you better eat what I put in your trough.

The cat ignored her completely, sitting next to her feeder, looking at her without moving a single hair. She was definitely not willing to eat the cheap food her adopted human mother intended her to eat. She really missed that other human that she had seen more often before....the one who came with
those Norwegian tuna cans ... hmmm ... production delight. But her complex face was not getting her far with her mistress, so she chose to curl up on her legs, show some love and some purrs, and the odd miau uuu, miau uuuu. That always helped to loosen the heart of her roommate.

- Shit Heda ... What am I going to do with you and your delicacy at lunchtime? You are all one ...

The discussion with her cat was interrupted when her phone rang. Not the new one she already owned, but the one she had acquired at Griffin Cybernetics, which appeared to have been restored to life as if by magic, or by Clarke Griffin's tech she thought, smiling. This was her lucky night she said to herself, leaving the cat as she hurried to the living room to pick up the phone that was still ringing.

She had a faint hope that it was Clarke herself who was calling her, but that faded as soon as she saw that it was the sweet secretary Harper. At least it was something, she consoled herself, that was a good sign without a doubt she thought excitedly.

- Hi Harper, what a pleasant surprise to hear from you. I see that my phone has come back to life. - Lexa answered enthusiastically, making the secretary laugh a little.

- Hello Lexa, unfortunately it is only to tell you that Miss Griffin wants you to deliver that material that was given, as well as the uniform of chauffeur tomorrow at 9:30 on my desk. I'm so sorry Lexa, I thought you had a good chance of staying.

- Oh ... yes, me too Harper. It was a stupid mistake that I made and it cost me dearly, but I always say... mistakes are learned in life. At least I'll have the pleasure of seeing you one more time. Thanks for letting me know, I'll be there with her things soon. - Lexa's mind was already creating the plan for her next move for when she went to that office the following day. Her next step would be crucial. She was convinced that it was a mere trick of the CEO to be able to see her again, she could practically smell Clarke's plan, and she liked it. The pieces on the chessboard were moving again.

- Very good Lexa, see you tomorrow then.

- Yes, goodnight Harper.

Lexa cut the communication with a smile on her face, almost jumping around the apartment shouting, celebrating the new possibility, whilst her cat looked at her somewhat strangely from the marble countertop in the kitchen. Her mom sometimes acted strange ... "humans".

The following morning, at the scheduled time, Lexa walked out of the elevator on the floor where the Office of the CEO of the company was located. She walked down the hall with a somewhat sad face already in full action, approaching the desk of a busy Harper, who was writing very quickly on her computer, while attending incoming calls, when the voice of " she " was heard through the intercom ...

- Harper bring me the AE2 documents, and a cup of coffee. Harper took over the world, stopped typing and interrupted the incoming call she was attending gently, to respond to her boss immediately. She glanced sideways at Lexa who was standing in front of her at her desk, smiling, with one hand raised, greeting her. Lexa admired her enormous capacity to do so many things at the same time.

- Yes, Miss Griffin, I immediately got it. I just have to pick them up at Parker's office on the second floor.

- Heaven Harper! You know I needed those documents this morning, why the hell are not they on your desk yet ? - Clarke was clearly irritated, something that didn’t surprise Lexa in the least. The CEO was well known for her little patience and hysteria when things, or people did not go her way.
- I'm sorry Miss Griffin, I'm on my way to look for them. It will be sorted soon.

- NOWHARPER!

- Yes, Miss Griffin

Lexa witnessed once again the unbearable authoritarianism of Cruella Griffin de Vil, but was not surprised. Harper seemed to be a “urinate in her pants” type girl and whenever Clarke gave an order, she would run to fulfill it. Maybe that girl did not have any self-respect for herself as a person. “Why the hell did she want to remain under the finger of such a dictatorship?” To make matters worse, Harper would defend her, excuse her, saying that her boss was someone "Good or who recognized the good work of her employees ". That girl was clearly implanted, the brunette had no doubts, and if so, it was frightening. Manipulate your employees to kiss your ass and run to serve you. “Shit Griffin, you're the worst! " Lexa shook her head, watching as Harper ran to the elevator with a look of horror on her face.

Lexa was now alone on the floor, standing by the secretary desk and facing the door to Clarke’s office. It was clear that the CEO had made her move, preparing the whole scene by give a specific time for her to appear there, not in the reception of the building, but there in her private workspace. Lexa didn’t believe that it was coincidence that at the same time Clarke asked for some documents from her secretary, that for strange reasons, they would not be on your desk as they should be. Clarke had made it entirely possible to make her move.

She looked at the door for a moment, deliberating her play. Take the audacity to enter that office and represent your best role, or sit in the comfortable chairs that you already knew well and wait for the efficient and sweet Harper, allowing Clarke’s fingers to stump inside that office. The problem was, that if she wanted to enter that office she really did not have much time to decide, as Harper would be back in a few minutes.

It was when the door of the office opened surprisingly.... or maybe not, that inside she smiled because Clarke's impatience was something that played against her evidently. Her eyes immediately connected with the cold blue ice ones of Griffin. The CEO stood there, looking at her without an expression that Lexa could determine very well. She just looked at her without saying a word. But after a couple of minutes of silence and no reaction from either of them, Clarke turned on her high-heeled shoes, to re-enter her office.

Lexa finally reacted, seeing the opportunity she expected to have, even though she knew it was what Clarke was looking for, but she needed to continue her game if she wanted to regain her position.

Lexa walked those seven steps to the door before it slammed in her face. She put her hand out to stop her, surprising Clarke, who turned her face in shock with her best performance. She palmed herself internally, her eyes simply piercing her, and not in a good way. But Lexa put on her best repentant dog face, one who was prepared to lick her owner's feet, seeking her forgiveness.

- Cla ... Miss Griffin, please ... I need to talk to you. I promise you I will only be a few minutes. I need to apologize to you. - Lexa pleaded with her best submissive and seductive voice, her eyes also doing their part, connecting with those hard blue spheres that had now lashed a couple of times.

- You are out of this company Lexa. I do not have to listen to you, now withdraw from my sight, from my office, from this floor and from the building right now, or I will call security. You can leave the devices and the clothes there, on the desk of my secretary.

- Clarke tried to close the door again . "God! She’s good at acting, maybe someday she may even pass
through Hollywood and visit the studios "thought Lexa. Once again she prevented her from shutting the door using her foot, causing the CEO to look at her with even more fire and ice in her eyes. That was unfair she thought, since that was exactly what she was looking for in the brunette, and she was following her game in the most fantastic way. At this moment in time she was very grateful that her office was the only one on that floor. If her employees looked at a scene like this, her image would suffer certain damage without a doubt. But she was happy with this victory, it was what she had expected, what she had sought, and Lexa was falling beautifully into her web. "Bingo! Griffin can kiss your ass thousands of times, now keep acting, do not lose your concentration"

- What the hell! How dare you stop this door ... ?! LEAVE NOW! - Roared the CEO.

- Not without first apologizing to you. Please, I need to talk to you in private. - Lexa moved her face a little closer to Clarke, crossing it with her intense green eyes pleading. Clarke was getting wet, "Shit! Why are you such a weak whore for Woods meat?"

Clarke's furious eyes did not stop, staring at her like an annoying insect about to be crushed, but her attempt to close the door finally loosened. She admired Lexa's enthusiasm for kissing her feet, it really excited her. She could feel the moisture in her panties, thank goodness she always kept some spare in her purse.

Harper went into action out of the elevator, almost running with the documents that Clarke had asked for, finding the disconcerting scene on the door of her boss's office. She reached the agitated women, looking first at Lexa, who immediately stepped away from her boss, and then at the CEO, who felt uncomfortable about the interruption by her secretary.

- Miss Griffin, here are the documents. Is everything all right ? I can attend to Woods now if you want between .. ...

- It's okay Harper, I asked Miss Woods to come to my office to talk for a few moments. Do not allow any calls or interruptions for the next ten minutes. Then I want my coffee. That is all.

- Very good Miss Griffin.

Lexa's face was a poem internally, she was back in the game and this was proving to be a piece of cake. She showed nothing on her face though, she did not want to risk this new opportunity. It surprised her a little that Clarke had been so flexible despite the hardness that always shows, but it simply confirmed what she suspected all along. It was purely and exclusively a good plan and a good performance from that lovely serpent ... woman. This attitude also indicated something to her, that she should be very attentive, and move carefully. If Clarke wanted her back after such a turbulent time the previous week, she would most certainly have something up her sleeve, of that she had no doubts. But this time she would not fall into the well prepared net, she would simply just pretend to fall to delight her opponent, and make her feel safe.

Lexa closed the door behind her, seeing the sparkling eyes of Harper, who dared to wink at her and put her thumb up as a sign of joy at such a new opportunity. Lexa appreciated her sweet support. That girl ... if she did not tap into the line of fire of that operation ... well, concentrate Lexa she told herself, before turning to face the most difficult opponent she had ever had in her life. A whole queen of manipulation, who now walked elegantly, gracefully moving that cute butt in that gray skirt, molded tight to her body.

Clarke went to her brown leather chair with a slight curve in her lips. She felt like she was the total
winner in this contest. Her little dog was there ready to kiss her feet, and she would enjoy it to the fullest. But now she needed to get back to her poker face and sit before the documents that Harper had just given her on the desk, documents that had been just an excuse and part of the performance to get Lexa on her own without the secretary involved. She wanted the reunion that way, as it was... alone.

Lexa turned her face with her mask on, the most finest that she had ever created in her career. Her eyes transmitted regret and nervousness, as did the hands clasped behind her back. She displayed complete submission, walking a couple of steps inside the very nice and wide office. The huge, well-decorated living room had huge windows with a breathtaking view of the city, you could even see the bay and the Golden Gate in the distance.

The sun penetrated through the thick crystals illuminating the white office, and its owner. It gave a special shine to those golden curls, cascading down loose on to her right shoulder, touching that light blue shirt with those buttons extra open. The sight caused the brunettes imagination to run wild. Those hidden beauties there would surely be her downfall, and to top it off, she had actually already seen them and they were wonderful.

Beyond admiring those natural wonders on Clarke's chest, Lexa took an extra minute to enjoy the beauty of this woman. She was frustrated... why the hell did she have to be who she was? At this moment, why could she not just be another common and wild girl, one that she might have met in the pub, or the club where she would sometimes dance and distract herself from her wild life of danger and adrenaline? No, she had to be the most famous CEO in the fucking technological world, and none other than her main objective in a very important mission. She really hated the miserable circumstances of her encounter in this life. But why did she want Clarke to be someone else, with another life and another personality? She was not interested in meeting women to enter into a relationship she reminded herself clearly. Her mind went back to reboot, returning to its targeted mission, determined not to be manipulated, but to subdue the enemy slowly.

Clarke was impatient. There was silence from Lexa, who seemed to be taking a great picture with the beautiful green eyes which gave Clarke so much pleasure to see and enjoy again. She especially enjoyed when those naughty eyes were somewhat distracted by the neckline of her shirt, strategically leaving open one button more than necessary, leaving a clear vision for the imagination of a wolf in heat like the one in front. Clarke knew how to play with the well-formed natural weapons of her body, and they never failed her.

She loved to observe in those emerald eyes a kind of fear, submission and nervousness. Even if Lexa was only acting, she still raised the temperature in Clarke's blood, who looked at her impatiently now... raising an eyebrow. She hit the tip of a fountain pen in her hand against the black oak desk, while her blue eyes looked Lexa up and down, waiting for her to finally speak.

- Lexa, I'm losing my precious time. You asked for a few minutes to apologize, and I'm waiting.
- I know... Miss Griffin, what happened the other night, it was a mistake... I should not... 
- No Lexa, you should not have, but you did... you put my life in danger when you were supposed to protect me, damn it! I was never as close to death as I was in that damn limo! Not only that, but you had the audacity to touch me...hugging me like your stupid friend, and calling my name. NOBODY PUTS ME A FINGER ON MY BODY WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, AND NOBODY CALLS ME BY MY NAME IF I DO NOT ORDER IT!
Clarke stood up as if she had a spring in her butt, raising the tone of her voice. Lexa was being so good in her performance right now that she congratulated herself, surprising the CEO a little by lowering her head, moving her body nervously, but her eyes did not stop connecting with those blue ones. The CEO approached the illuminated windows, looking at the city now, turning her back on the brunette. Lexa took a deep breath and approached Clarke, staying three steps away from her, close enough, but without invading her personal space.

- I'm really sorry, it was very careless of me, all my actions were. Nerves played a trick on me, and I made bad decisions. I was frantic when I saw that the man’s hand was around your neck. But if you give me another chance, I swear I will not let you down. There will be no more follies behind the wheel, no more fearful trips, no more touches without your permission, and definitely no calling you by your name. I will do everything you tell me to at face value, and I will take care of it without bothering you. Please Miss Griffin, I ask for one ...

Clarke was delighted with how things were unrolling. She curled her lips whilst gazing out the window at the big city of San Francisco, listening to the pleas coming from Lexa, to whom she felt something which still made her uneasy. She enjoyed her begging, but at the same time it disappointed her. What had attracted her to Lexa in the first place was the insolent way she had of confronting her.... she had placed herself at the same level of the CEO, showing her that power in her beautiful eyes.

That had definitely aroused her a lot. This version of Lexa who was pleading.... hmmm ... no, not so much. She did not want this Lexa ....she couldn’t stand the acted crying, Mexican novel type, and turned on her heels suddenly, finding herself in front with those emerald eyes that shined in a special way from the intense sunlight that was streaming through the windows.

She could not help but move her blue eyes slightly towards those full lips that were being nervously bitten. " Please! Stop ... " her panties were beginning to get wet even more so. She needed that woman in her bed, those beautiful plump lips giving her pleasure as she ate her sex.

A drop of sweat ran down the back of her neck, " damn sun," she cursed. She looked defiantly at Lexa, forcing every bit of power that she felt and possessed in her glacial blue eyes, taking a step towards her with determination and authority.

- If you dare again ...
- DO NOT! I will not do it.... - Suddenly cut Lexa, proceeding to lower herself down on her knees, causing Clarke's heart to shoot, her panties no longer able to contain the accumulated moisture. "WHAT A DELIGHT!" This was so much more than she had imagined!. This incredible woman kneeling in front of her.

Lexa simply leaning on her knees before her, that image simply killed her. God that image was the best that had happened in decades! The sweat on her back was older, her skin feeling drops drip down to her buttocks, trying to hold them together. Her lips parted in amazement, her blue eyes loosened in hardness and she blinked a couple of times. That woman was on her knees in front of her, as if swearing infinite loyalty, and those eyes, god she hoped that her mind would capture this moment forever and never let it go from her retina. This was a moment worthy to be filmed, and she gave thanks to all the heavens that she had a magical camera in her office pointing towards them, capturing this glorious moment.

- I solemnly swear to always fulfill your orders, and never again cause you to feel insecure during my service. I will be absolutely loyal and efficient whenever you need my services Miss Griffin. - Lexa pronounced her solemn oath with such passion and realism that the CEO felt that the world had stopped for a brief moment. But she gained focus again in less time than what it took for a couple of
fingers to click. Lexa was good, but she was better she reminded herself.

Clarke just looked at her in absolute silence, not moving a single muscle on her body. She felt the drops of sweat on her back, and now a particularly annoying one run down her forehead, sliding down the side of her blemish free face. She was so in love with this plea, this demonstration of absolute submission, of her, of Lexa Woods, that she was trembling.... hell, even her breathing had been cut off. "Very well played Woods", "now it's my turn to move".

The CEO approached with one more step to Lexa, never once removing her blue eyes from the greens of the brunette. In full silence, her left hand suddenly extended to the kneeling, to take it and pull her back up to standing. But Lexa could not help but be tempted, and kissed her mistress's hand, providing a sign of extra loyalty and submission.... making the electric impulse that her lips produced on the skin of Clarke's hand go through her whole, raising the colour in her cheeks even more so, causing her to blink again. Clarke hated her reaction with all her soul. The kiss was not expected, but it did not displease her at all, if only she could control her damn reactions. "Shit you're good Woods!" "Clear point for your cute eyes " thought Clarke.

They remained silent, neither releasing their hand whilst looking into each other's eyes for a brief moment, something similar to what had happened a week ago under the torrential rain. But this time, Lexa did not let herself get lost because of a connection that she could not prevent, no, this time when she stared at those ocular bays, which strangely ...were now somewhat warmer and more expressive, she knew that her submissive strategy had been a success.

- Just tell me Lexa ... Why does someone like you, with your high qualifications and intelligence, want so much to be my chauffeur? - The question surprised Lexa, but she had the answer, seeing the cold ice in those eyes again. Clarke had returned to Cruella mode.

- If I have to be honest, I need to confess that it is because I admire you a lot. I've always wanted to know you, and nothing would make me happier than serving you in whatever role I can, whenever you need me. - Clarke curved her lips, not removing her flushed eyes from the brunette. She had to admit that she was very good, and she could not deny that she liked hearing the false confession fall from those tempting lips, now that she could finally feel them in that delicate and exquisite kiss in the palm of her hand. Lips to which she observed a second more than needed, and then returned her stare to those sparkling and hopeful greens of which she was already addicted.

- I must admit that you are very good in your performance Lexa. You should go to Hollywood instead of trying to be my chauffeur. But I also admire your determination. - Clarke finally released her hand from Lexa's somewhat abruptly, as if her skin was burning from that slight warm touch.

- Now leave, that is all for now. - Lexa felt herself shivering at Clarke's answer.... for a second she thought her identity had been discovered, but apparently not. She sighed to herself while Clarke, after releasing her hand with that attitude of hers, now walked back to her desk, leaving her standing there without further ado.

Was it a yes or no on the part of the CEO? Something inwardly told her it was a welcome return to the ring. But she needed to continue her performance even if Clarke apparently knew what she was doing. " Shit! Had she lost her charm or talent to act? Hmmm ... well ...

- Excuse me, Miss Griffin, but ... does that mean I've regained my position?

- You just swore that you will not ask me questions!! So now leave my office, I have no more time
to lose it with you. **THAT’S IT FOR NOW LEXA**- Clarke responded whilst sitting in her chair taking documents that Harper had given her, focusing her eyes on them.

Lexa could not help but smile slightly when she heard that "For now Lexa " highlighted and with a higher tone of voice. She was again the chauffeur of Clarke Griffin. The operation continued, as well as her battle of power and seduction. It was the first time she had kneeled before someone, she was really not happy about it, but it had been necessary she told herself. Her damn honor and career was at stake, and let's not forget world security .

- And Lexa ... do not celebrate yet ... I will simply meditate if I have time- Clarke added whilst she was withdrawing .

- Thank you Miss Griffin, you have been very kind to dedicate me these minutes. Have a good day .

- Lexa turned with her hands joined at the front, showing her equality in front of the superior and not so much submission, but Clarke liked it. She wanted the rebellious and irrelevant Lexa, she wanted to punish her, to continue doing so was to be a new time of pleasure for her. She immediately raised her eyebrow in a sign of disapproval and irritation. Lexa then turned her eyes to the documents.

- Outside of my office now Woods, or I'll call security. - Lexa didn’t try her luck with Cruella, she knew that she was back onside. Internally she kept celebrating. She left the office after nodding her head.

The blue eyes of the CEO now rose to the back of the employee, and that perfect butt in those tight black jeans that were phenomenal . " Oh how I would like to give a hard slap to those hard and well shaped cheeks for being a bad girl .... " thought Clarke...smirking to herself. " Patience Griffin, good things take time, allow the desire to build, enjoy it in the process of hunting, and finally take them and make them your own ... " Her mouth drew a winning smile, raising her eyebrows and biting her lower lip. This was going to be fun she thought, remembering that she kept a pair of extra panties in her purse constantly, something that impelled her to visit the private bathroom immediately. This was a kind of fun that hadn’t happened in a long time, or maybe it had never happened in her cold and somewhat boring life.

Clarke was lost once more in the beauty from the woman who left her pride aside to kneel in front of her, and although she imagined that it had been an act, and that everything was probably part of a plan strategically played by the brunette, she must admit that she had captivated her without a doubt . "Griffin ... your panties ... " she reminded herself once more as she took her purse to her large private bathroom, which luckily, was attached to her office. She had a mischievous smile on her face, her panties weren’t the only items in her purse ... she needed a little relief ... so much sexual tension was raging in her ...

She could not deny that when she saw Lexa so submissive, kneeling in front of her with those eyes expressing so much devotion, her mind immediately fantasized about approaching slowly until she had been close to that face. She was so enlightened by its beauty and power.....she had wanted to stroke the head of the woman at her feet with some tenderness? No, correction... " sexually " is the term that she preferred to use . Tenderness did not exist in her vocabulary, nor in her sexual relationships of any kind .

Continuing with her hot fantasy, she would then draw her into her wet and needy sex, offering her the precious nectar of her body . Oh that would have been beyond pleasurable..... to feel those thick and soft lips kissing her crotch, licking her with that long warm tongue, giving her that infinite pleasure, and then feel those long fingers slowly penetrate her whilst those emeralds were still contemplating her as a goddess to serve her .... Ah, but someday that fantasy will become a reality.
thought a very aroused Clarke Griffin. She would definitely give this new opportunity to Lexa, for without doubt she would pay dearly for her audacity and daring of the previous week. Although Clarke internally had liked that crazy adrenaline, she was loathed to admit that it had also frightened her a bit, and that she would not allow.

She was not afraid of anything, and Lexa Woods would not be in charge of making her feel afraid. It was a feeling that she never would feel. She had been very young when she had made that mental promise, and it was her mantra to get ahead and be reborn as the phoenix from the ashes of what was once a sweet, happy and warm girl. Everything had been stolen from her, everything had been destroyed in her due to an evil son of a bitch who now rotted in jail, but that was not enough for her. That bastard had erased all the humanity that she once possessed... her feelings, her dreams, her first times, her innocence, leading her to become what she was today.

But now going back to her interesting new employee. She would give Lexa a very good lesson, she was determined of that in her mind, because Clarke Griffin did not forget, or apologize, but she needed her close to enjoy the sweet revenge that is always well served cold, as was her soul.
Clarke needed to be a little more certain of who Lexa Woods was, as she sensed too much doubt in both the woman and her identity, as well as her true purpose of wanting to be a close employee. "Thank God she didn’t always think with her crotch " she thought to herself. She had high intelligence and an extremely alert brain, and although that declaration of devotion and loyalty had been incredible and impressive from Lexa, Clarke has re-watched it with pleasure on her recording on the security camera from her office.

Even with her amazing theatrical performance, Woods had not done enough to convince Clarke, although, to be fair.... she was never convinced of the real purpose that people had in approaching her. She could not stop thinking about the clear factors that Lexa was a very intelligent woman, very capable; Psychology studies, several languages, and she was also a master of seduction like herself.

Yes, she really wanted to have her by her side, to discover who was behind her or her mask, and enjoy her slow revenge of seductive war. She needed to know for sure all of the angles of Lexa Woods. First she arranged a meeting with her old friend Raven. She had been quite disappointed with the previous report about the new chauffeur..... Incomplete, half way, and how was it that she had not been able to interfere with her bank accounts?.

Raven did not work for her for free or for the love of the friendship that they maintained. Raven's bank account had swelled up a lot since Clarke had hired her services officially with all the papers and she demanded more. Besides being friends, they were boss and employee, and she expected the best from her subordinates, friends or not. Raven Reyes was no exception to the rule.

So Clarke took the trouble to summon her old friend to her office for a good talk, two days after she had had that, MMM.... gradable reunion with Lexa Woods. Once the green-eyed brunette had left her office, Clarke had sent a text message to her secretary telling her that Lexa could keep the
devices and the chauffeur uniform for now, until further notice as she needed to be able to communicate with the woman if she finally decided to re-accept her to her close staff. Now she was there, once again lost with her thoughts. This beautiful and seductive woman seemed to have some kind of stupid spell on her, because she really was finding it very hard to stop thinking about this person and concentrate on her work.

Her greatest pleasure every time was being able to escape to her laboratory to admire the progress of the prototype AI copy that she had made of Lexa, which in truth was more than perfect. But despite being extremely satisfied with the prototype, she really wanted to play with the real thing... the one with flesh and bones, brilliant mind and such vivid and expressive eyes. She needed to continue with this constant sexual tension between the two of them. She had to admit that it had become her new drug ... Damn it!

Clarke did not enjoy having distractions for long periods like Lexa was turning out to be, but her body was engaged in a hard battle with her mind, and it had never happened before in her life. That's why it was very very important to know absolutely everything about sexy Lexa Woods.

Raven Reyes showed up at her office, after her secretary Harper told her she was already there. As always, Raven came in surrounded by enormous energy, showing her white teeth as if she were doing commercials for toothpaste. Clarke always wondered how the hell she did it, how she always had that extraordinary energy and that good humor. She didn’t envy her, but it did surprised her.

- Clarkie! Look at you girl! WOW, I didn’t recognise this lovely office of yours anymore! You did gave yourself nice presents huh? ...

- RAVEN! How many times have I told you that I do not like you to call me Clarkie!? We are friends and you can call me Clarke but no ridiculous nicknames, especially at work.

- Well, well... clearly we are not in the best mood this morning apparently ... So let's get to the point, what do you need from your friend who gets to call you by your nice name ... Clarke?

- You need to explain to me what the fuck happened with the mediocre report that you gave me of the new chauffeur? - Demanded the CEO.

- Wait ... I’m logging into my files my dear, because I make reports to you for many people ... you meant the new chauffeur?

- Lexa Woods, that's her name if it helps you locate her. Brunette ...

- Oh yes ... that precious little gem with the green eyes, and wow ... yes, now I remember it, what a flower of chauffeur you've found ... I've ... well, being you ...

- Shut the fuck up, Raven! Now answer my damn question!.

- Hey wait ... What do you mean mediocre? I always give you everything on what I find of people, and you know that I always infiltrate places that nobody else can. But there was no more of her on the net ... she doesn’t even have accounts on social networks. Well, only one on Instagram, and on it were three photos of her cat, and one of a nice Honda bike. I did not think it was information that would interest you, unless you are now suddenly interested in cats and motorcycles ....

- Don’t be stupid, of course I'm not interested in that ... but Raven, come on, you're an expert hacker and this is all you could find...?

- Shuuuuu ... are you crazy boss? Did you say that to the four winds, and especially ... Wait ... Don’t tell me that that damn camera is recording this meeting?
- No, I've turned it off obviously. Do you doubt my intelligence Reyes?

- No, obviously not dear, but just do not say those things anyway would you? Although it is well known that the security system of this company is one of the best ... because you know ... I'm the best ... but anyway, you have to be careful. Those annoying federals are everywhere and every time they call me, it is to ask me things or ask me the same fucking questions.

- Yes I know, don’t remind me, and what I hate the most is that I do not know what the fuck they think they will find. But well, since you mention that blessed word, "cautious", it is what I need to be with Lexa Woods, and your report does not help me to achieve this Raven .... And why the hell have you not been able to enter her bank account? Do I not pay you enough Reyes?

- Oh you know I hate it every time you talk to me about money ... You know I accepted it for the mere necessity of survival, I do not come from a rich family like you do, or do you forget that? ... Clarke?. I really hate when you throw money in my face and mention it like this ...

- Well, if you did your job as you should I wouldn’t mention it Reyes. Raven listen, this is important seriously, I need you to look much deeper, find all of it. It will be someone very close to me, witnessing people with whom I deal, places I attend, phone calls that I make when I travel in the car etc ... I grab something and I don’t like it, and with those damn federals trying to get info out of my company for months ... If that woman is an FBI bitch, I need to know so I can play the right chips.

- Already.... Calm down boss ..., I can’t promise anything, but I swear I will investigate green eyes more thoroughly ... I will ask some contacts for some extra help ... if this woman is a federal we will unmask her, don’t worry.

- Well, I hope you do not fail me again Raven. In your investigations, can you tell me to which places she attends, to whom she frequents, how is her daily life?

- Wow ... well, that's easier to find out if you put someone to follow her, don’t you think?

- Yes, I'm already on that. I've hired someone very good, who has already carried out some work for me. But the more info collected, the more protected I will be.

- Tell me something Clarke ... why are you so interested in this particular woman? And don’t come with the crap of it being because she will be working close to you ... because I do not remember so much demand for info from your other close employees ... Maybe ...

- Shut up Raven! No ... it's not that ... I just want to be sure, and her profile disturbs me ... you know how I am able to detect double-faced people, and Lexa Woods concerns me very much.

- Okay, I will not insist ... but we have been friends for many years Clarke, and the way your face changes when you hear her name says a lot ...

- What the fuck are you talking about, Raven?

- You know ... perfectly human reactions ... because my dear, in case you forget it from time to time ... you are a human being like all the subjects that you have under your feet, including me ... Now I better get to work on that special report that you need ... that is what you pay me for, is it not?

- Raven ... I ...

- Have a good day Clarke, don’t worry....you'll have that info as soon as possible.
Raven left the office, not smiling as she had on arrival, but rather hurt, without allowing Clarke to explain. The CEO frowned, somewhat regretful of the way she had handled that conversation, noting the sensitivity in the Latina. Raven was one of her very few true friends, and sometimes she forgot the human touch approach when with her. Although the Latina knew her, it wasn’t right for the CEO to speak to her like that....answers full of irony, with no social or pleasant warmth.

It wasn’t that she hammered her brain with guilt, but sometimes...only sometimes she wished she could feel that humanity that would allow her to express her very slight vestiges of feelings that she still maintained in her self.... for those beings that Clarke really cared about, like her siblings and her three unique and true friends of many years.

She knew how much Raven loved her, and not because she was the famous CEO of Griffin Cybernetics who revolutionized the world of technology at the age of 23 when she took office, no... Raven loved her for the person she was. Besides being the only person in her life who had ever seen her cry, she had allowed herself to be comforted by her arms full of warmth, love and contentment from her longtime friend.

She admired Raven somehow... the fact that she understood her hardness, her coldness in her personality, never expecting her to hold her or show her affection, not in the way that Raven was with her. She valued her friend without a doubt, her loyalty, her human warmth, her respect and also her excellent work, because she had never failed her. She desperately hoped that Lexa Woods was not going to be the first time.

Speaking of the very few affections that Clarke had in her life, there were also her younger siblings, whom she had always protected and helped in any way possible.... including financial. They were not what you could say... as smart as she was, but they had managed to pursue careers and be two excellent professionals.

Her brother Patrick, two years younger than Clarke, was a well-known professional photographer. He was always traveling the world, capturing natural wonders and diverse cultures with the expert lens of his camera. Patrick Griffin also worked for important model companies, and famous brands of clothing and cosmetics, which hired him to make their commercials. Clarke was very proud of him, and whenever he made exhibitions of his work, she tried to be there by offering her support.

As for the sweet Karolina, three years younger than Clarke... she was simply like day and night with her older sister, but the CEO was very fond of her despite not having the best relationship with her, mainly due to their different personalities.

Karolina was a brilliant child psychologist, based in Hawaii with her friend Nico . Clarke often had the impulse to visit her from time to time, and take a few days to get rid of her company and her obligations. Although her sweet sister always welcomed her, they used to keep certain distances between them or they soon ended up in discussions and dramas that Clarke really hated.

Her little sister was too sentimental, too human and despite being a well-known psychologist, it was hard to understand her personality which was so different from hers and Patrick's. For Karolina, her older sister seemed to have been shaped in a different place, in a world different from her and her brother's. But Karolina also knew that something had happened to Clarke when they were children, and her mother had practically abandoned them, leaving the older one in charge of them.

In those days Karolina remembered the sudden change in her older sister. She remembered Clarke in her childhood as a very different girl, warmer, more human, happier. Someone who had always watched over the two little ones.... protecting and sheltering them at night, or helping with school tasks.

Karolina missed her protective and affectionate older sister.... "Clarkie" was how the younger sibling
would refer to her. That Clarke that hugged her at night when she was afraid, and read her stories to help her sleep, or kissed her before leaving her in her kindergarten room, promising that she would always be there at the exit.

Karolina had known that other Clarke, and each time she attempted to speak to her, to investigate the reason that led her to transform into someone so different, was when the heated discussions began between the two. Her older sister would not allow her to try to help her deal with that obvious trauma, and she was such a difficult lady to give you permission to go through those forged steel walls that had been created around her, that neither she nor Patrick managed to cross them. Karolina had moved to Hawaii after she had finished her psychology degree at UCLA. Clarke's younger sister had always been a lover of that island paradise in the Pacific where their parents had sometimes taken them to over the summers. They will always remain some of the best memories of the true Griffin family. Then everything started to plummet, starting with the parents.... obviously affecting the children enormously, leading to the disappearance of the family so to speak.

Today, Karolina was in a relationship and had been for several happy years with the love of her life, Nico Mino ru .... a woman with Asian features, since her parents were Japanese but based in the United States from very young ages. Nico was born in America, being the eldest of two daughters of marriage. Karolina fell in love with Nico at first sight when they began to cross paths with each other on the campus of the Californian university, even though both were studying for different careers.

Karolina and Nico immediately connected, first as friends and very soon declaring themselves in love with each other, feeling that they were something like twin souls. The younger Griffin really surprised her older siblings when she announced that she was going to move in with her girlfriend, with whom they planned to move together to Hawaii when they could.

Both loved the ocean, the beaches, that freedom and the somewhat calmer life that you could feel in those wonderful islands of the Pacific. Without thinking much, both left for their dream and final home on the island of Maui, Hawaii. They had just graduated, Karolina of child psychology, and Nico of veterinary. Currently they were on the lookout for their first baby, and Karolina was going to be the first to try to get it.

Clarke had helped them settle in Hawaii, especially financially. She had given them a house on the island of Maui, near the beach, as both had always dreamed. For Clarke, although there had never been a wedding in that relationship, her younger sister and her partner were worthy of a present to help them start a new life as a couple. Although Clarke did not understand true love very well, as she had never experienced or felt it, as a couple...she had to admit that her little sister had found that special person in her life. She loved her, cared for her, and made her happy, and that gladdened the soul of the eldest.

As for Patrick, his was more of a womanizing style, something more loose like his older sister, without ties, without dramas. He had a life of much movement, parties, exhibitions, adventures around the world. It was very difficult to maintain a relationship over a long period of time, or a serious realization. Between Clarke and him, they always joked who would be the first to make the bad move one day. Both had even made a bet with a crazy amount of money, because they were both sure that neither would ever commit to the madness of entanglement with someone.

Clarke loved her siblings, it was the only love she still felt in her heart, and she was very grateful to have them in her life, even if they weren’t able to see each other very often. But she was always aware of their well-being, constantly demanding that they keep in touch with her at least once a month, and that they could always count on her financial help at all times. Clarke did not like
keeping people financially, and she was well aware that her siblings were perfectly capable of doing it on their own, but she never failed to offer them help for a project or whatever else they may need. She never begrudged helping her siblings.

As for her mother, Dr. Abigail Griffin, the woman had moved to New York many years ago when she had practically abandoned her children to the care of strangers and / or private institutions. She had fled from the pain of losing her husband, and the constant fights with the famous partner Wallace, with whom she had made the mistake of having been involved with for a while. She became tired of the unbridled life of her husband, always partying and being unfaithful. In Wallace, Abigail had found for a very brief moment some arms to wrap herself in, and to stop feeling so used. But the fantasy didn’t last long when she could see that Wallace was really nothing more than an ambitious business man, unscrupulous, and obsessed with taking over the business of her husband's family at any cost.

It was then that she decided to leave far away, and because of her emotional and psychological instability, she abandoned her husband and her three children, moving away from the Griffin circus, and flew to take refuge in her own family on Long Island. They were native, and received her with open arms despite having left her young children behind. Abigail was excused saying that the children would be much better under the care of a multi-million dollar family like the Griffins, instead of going with her to the East, to a life of lesser luxuries and future possibilities.

For Clarke and her siblings, those were just excuses from someone who had no heart, someone who did not really care about the fate of their lives. She only met them again when Jake Griffin…. lost and drunk, had killed himself in a car accident. By then too many years had passed, where visits between mother and children had been as limited as almost once a year, and were so brief that the children had almost no record of them.

Over the years Abigail was growing in name and prestige with her talent in the field of plastic surgery. Today she had a very successful private plastic surgery clinic of her own…. although she was rarely there, or even operating herself, since she had employed colleagues of a high level who worked in her clinic. Dr Griffin was more dedicated to her social life, to parties, raves and constant trips around the world.

Currently, Clarke or her siblings rarely met their mother. They had all been away from that maternal warmth when they were children, staying in the love that united them among themselves. With Clarke being the eldest, she had taken the role of surrogate mother, despite the differences in their age not being significant.

In a week, recognition would be given to the successful career of Dr. Griffin, and her enormous contribution to advances in plastic and reconstructive surgery, which would take place in the city of Los Angeles. Of course, Abigail had dreamed of the possibility that her children would be present at the special gala. Although she did not have much contact with them, she still loved them as such, they were still her children. Over the years, and having reached a certain maturity of age, life had made her see the huge mistake she had made in practically abandoning them when they were so young. She wanted to apologize for her mistakes and for the pain she had caused them, especially her elder daughter, who she knew after her departure had practically taken her place, something insane for a girl of barely twelve years of age.

Abigail knew that perhaps it was a little late to reconcile with her children as such, and to show them that their mother still loved them very much. She hoped that one day they would forgive her for abandoning them. Unfortunately, Clarke was the one with the most conflicts in their rare encounters. She was always full of coldness and irony, full of grudges and bad memories always brought to the moment. But Abigail still had hope, and desperately wished that she could take the first step in
starting a new relationship with her children.

She sent all three the special invitation with enough time so that they could organize their lives for a day to be there with her. She knew well that she should expect an absolute ‘NO’ from all three, but her heart told her that it was never too late to apologize, to restart, to heal old wounds and beg for a second chance.

Karolina was the closest to her mother, or at least the one who tried most to understand her and her mistakes of the past, in that clear abandonment of her responsibilities as a mother, delegating such a task to her older sister, when she had gone to New York. But even so, the abandonment from her mother hurt. The memories of that sweet and amusing mother that Abigail had once been, were very vague indeed. Karolina could never truly feel that biological motherly love from her, but she did feel it from her sister Clarke for sure.

Outside of her family, Clarke had a couple of other friends besides Raven, Octavia Blake, who was a much sought after personal trainer by many Hollywood celebrities and famous singers, as well as being her own. Octavia was also the younger sister of her company’s chief operating officer, Bellamy Blake, who whenever possible could throw the yews away since she had met him in her 20s, when she had become friends with Octavia. The youngest of the Blakes lived with her boyfriend Ian Barlow, who had a very popular travel agency in the city.

Her third and last friend was Nina Defilla, a business colleague like her, but in the world of fashion. Nina was the owner of a well-known modeling agency in Vancouver, Canada. She had met Nina through her brother Patrick in one of his many photography exhibitions, being in those days a temporary girlfriend of her brother. Without knowing why or how, Clarke had connected with Nina from the first minute they met, establishing a close relationship almost immediately. That was something very strange for Clarke, but really Nina was one of those beings who had been able to connect with her from the moment they met. They had become very good friends and confidants over the years.

Those three unique friends of Clarke knew her underneath the professional cover of the CEO, knew of her distant and cold personality and her eternal silences with respect to her childhood and many of her private relations. They respected her, accepted her, loved her, as well as being truly loyal. A group of girls Clarke could always count on.

The next day, Clarke received an email from the private investigator who had been following Lexa for a week. In the email was attached photos of different daily activities of the brunette. It really did not describe much, which was disappointing for Clarke. Apparently Lexa did not have much activity in her boring life. She left her apartment to attend a gym three times a week, ran every morning, and attended a swimming center twice weekly at night, explaining her excellent physical condition. Sometimes she would go on her Honda motorcycle, have breakfast at a café in the bay, and then sometimes take walks on the beach. She was never seen talking on the phone in public places, only casually writing text messages. She did not go to the cinema or the theater, but on Friday or Saturday nights, she sometimes went to an environment pub called "TonDC". Occasionally, she would be seen later with women in her company, ending the night in a dance club called "Skykru", in the eastern part of the city.

Apparently, Lexa Woods did not bring women to her apartment. There were only two photos in which Lexa was hugged with women, on different nights, leaving the disco on her motorcycle with them. Clarke imagined them to be casual hookups at the moment, nothing that indicates some kind of serious relationship. She did not come to that conclusion because she cared, she justified...she simply only meditated on the point she told herself.
It also confirmed what Raven had told her about the cat that Lexa had. She did not remember her name, nor did she care either, but there were photos of Lexa coming out of a vet with the animal in a transport box, as well as buying cat food at the supermarket. She delighted in these great photos of Lexa, walking in the street making daily purchases. Those light blue jeans, that rather open black shirt, and those black sunglasses were her new favorite image of the brunette. She looked more like a celebrity, she was so hot with that perfected look ... Flustered, Clarke preferred to continue with the information side of things, rather than the photos.

Apparently, very rarely did Lexa eat out. Once a week she ordered pizza, or Chinese or Japanese food. Apparently, the brunette liked to cook. Hmmm ... Clarke was thinking of seeing her in her large kitchen one night, wearing only a white shirt, no underwear of course, making her food ... Hmmm ... it was without a doubt an extraordinary vision in her mind, with a very special dessert included after dinner.

Continuing with the report, and not thinking about her panties, she returned to the fact that twice a week, Lexa went to a swimming club. She thought it strange that she would go at night, perhaps because there would be fewer people in the room? This, she could understand, since she could never bathe in a pool filled with unknown and annoying people. All that physical activity.... Clarke had no doubt that Lexa was beautiful evidence of a pure athlete.

That body really was a perfect sculpture... muscular but not stiff, just right and deliciously necessary, firm and marked abs, very well toned legs, arms and shoulders. And that lovely hard ass, Clarke’s mouth was beginning to water, along with her panties.

"Shit Woods, you're going to have to buy me a lot of panties in the future if I allow you to stay by my side!" She said.... smiling aloud. Feeling really that she need a new panties.

But in the short report there was a detail that caught Clarke’s attention. Her researcher informed her that on two occasions, Lexa had left her apartment with her motorcycle and headed towards the outskirts of the city. She had tried to follow her in the car from a distance, but it reached a point on the road where the woman was diverted to a dirt road that went into the lush forests of the area, and there she lost track immediately.

After three or four hours had passed, the woman had returned to the road in the opposite lane, returning to the city to her home. The place where it was lost was of lush forests, ideal for campers, lovers of nature and walks, as well as hunters, in the season enabled. A typical place where people would either rent weekend cabins, or owned them. It was this that sent Clarke's brain alarms off ...

"Where are you going or what are you doing in the middle of the woods for those three or four hours Lexa?" Clarke commented loudly, leaning in to the back of her leather armchair, looking at a photo of Lexa standing next to her motorcycle.

God, she looked so hot in those motorcycle outfits. She would find out what Lexa kept in those woods, what she did or with whom she had company. She would ask her real estate friend, John Murphy for help. He would be able to tell her about the cabins in the area, and about the owners and those who have rented them in recent months. Maybe she would get something from that angle. She would cover everything she could, nothing would be left to chance in this contest.

Clarke needed to watch her in action. She wanted to see how Lexa Woods was in certain places of environment, and although it was not exactly the nightclub that she would meet friends or acquaintances in, she really needed a bit of fun she thought, and what better than in a nightclub on a Friday night?.

Lexa was really surprised at the absence of her boss throughout the week, partly hoping that she did
not have false hopes of returning to the post of chauffeur. The silence from Griffin Cybernetics was a
fact she could not ignore and that called her attention, even though she knew well that in a game of
seduction and such strategic dominance, patience was paramount. At least the company's devices
were alive and running smoothly, so she used them and / or had them all the time with her, just in
case.

During those days she had had some nice meetings with her partner Ontari in "la villa", helping her
get rid of the sexual tension that she had been experiencing with Clarke. If the meetings were always
going to leave her so wet, she would have to be prepared with a pair of extra panties she told
herself.... somewhat smiling. But those glorious encounters with Ontari had been really useful to help
her concentrate on the operation, rather than remembering those good breasts of the CEO, and the
whole repertoire of sexual fantasies that crossed her mind, especially now that she had heard her
sexually groaning during that crazy trip in the limo....something she would surely never forget.

Ontari had proposed to go out with some acquaintances on Friday night, and go to the "Skykru" to
dance a little and have fun, especially to lower the tension of the wait. Although Lexa was somewhat
reticent at the beginning, her companion had finally convinced her while they played in the shower,
between slips of soap, hands and good penetrations under water. They would go with Luna, Anne,
Jordan, and Jasper, known especially to Ontari, who used to go often to the nightclub.

Clarke had had to travel to New York and to Vancouver, Canada that week, which had been a little
busy for her taste. But her business couldn’t be going better. Without much competition, her network
of buyers had expanded quite quickly. The only detail that she did not like was that some of the
competition had been found dead, in strange circumstances, and the damn FBI was breathing down
her neck. As if she had any hand in any of those deaths...damn it. Just because her business was
benefiting from them, she was now the number one suspect.

Her mood was not the best when it came to Friday, but she had already organized her distraction for
that night and was looking forward to it. She contacted some friends for some simple fun, to be
found in "Skykru" . "That den of mediocre ", she thought, but it was worth it to see that beauty of a
brunette with those deep green eyes move to the beat of the music.

Thinking about that night of fun had curled her lips a bit, although her sudden good humor did not
last long when Harper gave her an invitation that came from none other than Dr. Griffin. She did not
even like to think about her mother, because her life had changed drastically the day she left, fleeing
into the arms of her family, no matter the shit fate of her three children. Now the broken woman had
the gall to invite her to a stupid event that would take place in Los Angeles, for her contributions to
plastic medicine in the last decade. She smiled wryly, waving the card while breaking the middle
with ease. She would not give an answer, her silence would be more than enough for the woman
who had given birth to her 29 years ago.

"Really? You must be senile or drunk ... !? Why the fuck do you think I would be interested in
attending this?! Or rather, why on earth would I go to your stupid entertainment event? Fuck you
Abigail Griffin " snarled the CEO.

Without hesitation, the invitation having been snapped in two, went into the trash. She did not plan
on attending something that didn’t interest her, on top of having to re-enact the fucking role of the
circus of the cheerful family Griffin, and the loving daughter Mayor Clarke . " Not for whores!" She
told herself, she would never be part of a circus like that again.

That damn woman ... The last time she had been in touch had been on her brothers, Patrick's
birthday when he had turned 25. How pathetic, all the circus mounted there, and if it had not been
because it was her beloved brother's birthday, she would not have attended, knowing that Dr. Griffin
would.

All night she had spent trying to play the exemplary mother.... concerned about the lives of her children, when she had abandoned them all whilst they were children. She had had to take care of her younger siblings, whilst that son of a bitch Wallace had got his evil hands on the company, while her father Jake was lost in drinks, partying and cheap women. The icing on the cake, was that she was subjected to such atrocities, losing all her innocence, her desire to have children, and humanity at the hands of that damn bastard, and nobody.... NOBODY had heard her anguished plea every night between seas of tears and loneliness.

It was when she had to replace that monstrous woman, taking a responsibility that didn’t fucking belong to her. Clarke found herself alone, forgotten, threatened, outraged, and having to protect her little siblings. No one, NOBODY she repeated loudly to herself, was there to help her, not even the God who so many people have their faith in, she did not have that blessing. She was forgotten in the depths of hell. She always had this in mind, to remember what that woman had done to them, and Clarke did not forget, let alone forgive.

Raven had not yet given her anymore details of Lexa Woods, just informing her that she was making contacts everywhere to try to investigate more in depth the history of this woman who she had already nicknamed “Ghost Woods “. It was not proving to be an easy task... It seemed to be an identity outside of the archives, and that's when it draws attention. Raven was firmly starting to believe that Clarke had not been so hysterical and obsessive after all. There was definitely something behind this woman with the invisible past. Without hesitation, Raven assured her that by the end of the week she would have something for her. But Clarke was impatient, she needed to know more about Lexa Woods, NOW. Knowing what hid behind that mask of the secret admirer swearing loyalty on her knees.

In her mansion she had been relaxing a bit with massages performed masterfully by her Thai personal masseur, Mila, who always performed miracles on her body, and an exquisite jacuzzi in her bathroom. Then she dressed for the occasion, deciding on a low cut silver dress, with a high cut in the leg. It was a dress that was fitted tight to the body and highlighted her curves in an incredible way. Sofia helped her with her hair and professional make-up to her face.

She had asked Echo to accompany her, and they would go in the BMW. She had also asked her secretary to set up a table in the VIP section of the club that Harper knew well, since she had once gone with acquaintances. The reservation would be for her and her friends that night, but she also wanted it to be a strategic place from where she could see the dance floor and the bar. The secretary had been a bit surprised with the choice of the place since Clarke was used to frequenting a more sophisticated level of nightclubs, but she simply devoted herself as always to please her boss, getting the reservation immediately and without problems.

Echo had also been surprised by the place chosen by Clarke. She had also frequented the place, and knew it well, as Roan Azgeda was none other than her cousin. She talked to her boss, and informed her that she could talk to her cousin to be assigned a special place for that night, and that no unwanted person would come to the private table, arranging this with the security of the place.

Clarke was a little surprised at this information, but it seemed perfect that her bodyguard was familiar not only with the place, but also had family ties with the owner. It was always good to have acquaintances in places like that.

Lexa on the other hand still had doubts about whether to go to the club that night or not. The truth was that she was a little stressed from the damn wait that Clarke was giving her, and she did not feel very fun that night. She really wanted a tranquil night if she was honest with herself, watching some good movie on Netflix with Heda on her comfortable sofa. But she had promised between moans to
Ontari that she would go, and she was a woman to always keep her word.

She did not dress very particularly for the occasion... jeans, short boots, very simple white shirt and her black leather jacket. She had decided to go on her motorcycle since she did not intend to drink much, and it was a warm and starry summer night in San Francisco. She said goodbye to her feline flatmate, took her helmet and bundled her ultimate accessory... taking the phone from Griffin Cybernetics. "You never know " she told herself mentally, with a hopeful smile on her lips as she walked to the elevator that would take her to below ground level, where her beloved Honda motorcycle was parked.

For her part, Clarke was led by Echo who had also picked up a couple of the acquaintances who would accompany their boss on this night out, Niylah Green and another lady named Susan Spencer. She arrived at SkyKru at about 11:30 pm, when the club was full. Echo immediately contacted her cousin Roan, with whom she had spoken to that afternoon to give him the name of the distinguished personality that would visit the club that night, and what she wanted with regards to the VIP place and the security of the place for the sector where Clarke Griffin and her people would be all night. No photos, selfies, videos, or annoying photojournalists, or anyone who wants to approach the area where her boss was.

Roan Azgeda hooked up with a big smile to welcome the famous CEO Clarke Griffin. Her companions already seemed somewhat happy, and his cousin Echo guided them immediately with a couple of security men from the place to the VIP sector that had been reserved, where three other women were already enjoying champagne and various drinks.

The music was really raucous, along with crazy lights, dancers on stage, special balconies and thousands of people dancing unrestrained on the dance floor to the beat of good music. Clarke had to admit that the DJ was great in his mixes, and the place was not bad at all, considering the mediocre category that she had placed it in. What she didn’t appreciate was the exaggerated attention from that sloth cousin of Echo, the owner of that den. Although she attempted to ignore everything she could, it was horrible to her liking and too sticky, even Echo had to intervene a little to ensure distance, speaking in the ear of her cousin, who then immediately moved away from Clarke and her friends/staff.

The CEO was grateful to have Echo as effective as always at her side taking care of every detail. She was no doubt, a very good employee, and she felt pretty protected by her. Obviously it also helped that Echo had an implant chip, with which Clarke had access to her mind, making her easier to manage, but she had to admit that it was very rare when she needed to do it. The bodyguard was an excellent natural employee.

She sat in the reserved area that was far from what Clarke was used to in VIP places of a nightclub, but she remembered the reason why she was enduring these mediocrities, and she smiled...drinking from that first glass of champagne, also knowing it would be her last.

Now it was only a matter of combining leisure with the good company that she had chosen, except for that bloody woman Niylah Green, who she had banished from her company forever, from what she had tried to force her to do that night in the limo, trying to penetrate her from behind when she clearly told her she did not want her to. To make matters worse, the slut had helped her stupid friend to try to continue the fuck without her approval. But that rainy night, after the altercation with Lexa, when she had sat drenched and trembling in the BMW car, Clarke had watched with great interest, but somewhat confused at the scene that was unleashed next to the limo, where that Niylah woman had given a huge slap to Lexa, whom had not reacted, but looked at her with so much hatred that Clarke could have sworn that those two knew each other.

So even though she really did not like that Niylah woman, she was part of her plans for the night
with Lexa, the one who would be up and running immediately when her prey showed up on the dance floor or at the bar. She thanked her secretary for the excellent view from where she was sat. In addition, there was a giant screen that focused on people dancing on the floor closely, so one way or another, she would see Lexa. Obviously she hoped that things would go her way and that night the brunette would show up, otherwise all this would be a pure shit waste of time and energy.

After an hour and a half or so, in which drinks and laughter exaggerated by the effects of alcohol, the handling began at Clarke's table. Typically, it was that bitch Niylah, throwing it back so brazenly, as if the limo incident hadn’t happened. She really wanted to piss her off.... and maybe she would make it happen that night, killing two birds with one stone. She just needed Lexa Woods to show up.

Fuck, she was getting impatient.

When she was about to give up on her silly idea, there was her brunette with green eyes, a goddess in herself, leaning on the bar, asking for a drink and smiling with a group of people. But her blue eyes were enlarged when she saw another brunette was close to “her Lexa?”, ........, why the fuck had she said that in her head?! Griffin shit! Returning her attention to the scene, that other bitch was daring to speak in Lexa’s ear, making her laugh like a woodchuck all wet, while her hands travelled around her waist, under her shirt, surely enjoying that soft white skin, and now they traveled a little further.... to the south ... WHAT THE FUCK? Was she was putting her hands in her pants ?! BUT WHAT SHIT ...

Without knowing why, Clarke's vein inflated too much with the image, the champagne glass that was in her hands exploding as if she had thrown it to the ground, to the surprise of Niylah who looked at her somewhat bewildered, following the line of what the CEO was so focused on, when she saw them ... That bitch Lexa Woods, and none other than her new bitch of a bed companion, the Canadian Agent Fisher, doing a good show of hanging off her at the bar. Really? Was Clarke so crazy for the slut that was Lexa?! Well, the truth if she had to be honest, she did not blame her, they all fell under the damn spell of Lexa Woods ...

Clarke had not even realized that she had broken the cup, her blood boiling from watching the hot scene that was still unfolding in the bar, crossing her mind ....

"Who the fuck was that bitch playing with her merchandise, which belonged solely to her? ! "... Just a moment.... What the hell had she just said?
What happened beautiful? Are you okay? - Niylah asked worried, stroking Clarke's arm, returning the CEO back to reality. The touch of that woman bothered her immensely.

- Why should I not be? - Answered Clarke in a very cut and dry manner, still looking at Lexa and that bitch down there, who was following her around like some lap dog.

- Well you just broke a cup with your hand, and you have not even noticed. Let me help, be careful so you don’t cut it more than you have already - Niylah said, now taking Clarke’s hand and taking the rest of the broken glass from between her fingers, seeing that she already had some damage.

- What...? Oh ... shit ... ! Echo! - Clarke cursed everyone, Lexa, the bitch at her side, Niylah, and that shabby brothel that she was sat in with its ordinary drinks and champagne. Seeing her hand full of cuts and bleeding, she immediately called Echo who when she saw what had happening turned white, immediately approaching to attend to her.

- Yes Miss Griffin... Christ, are you okay?! Let me help you, my cousin has a medicine cabinet in his office, come with me. - Echo accompanied Clarke... holding her injured hand wrapped in a napkin.

Niylah tried to follow them, but Echo immediately turned around and placed her hand on her chest, stopping her instantly, much to the surprise of the woman who stared at her defiantly. If they had been in other circumstances, she would have slammed her face against the table for sure. Idiot bodyguard, they were all equal and obsessive over their boss, as if they were her most precious toy.

But Niylah could not act like the agent she was and end up in a situation with Echo where her nose would end up needing plastic surgery, so she raised her arms in a sign of surrender, understanding the message perfectly and sat back down again sipping her drink.

Echo took Clarke to her cousin's office, and led her to the poor quality office chair of Roan’s. The CEO felt nauseous. In addition to the stomach churning smell of cigarettes, she felt that the office
was disgusting, and that the vulgar place was a horror, but she just sat still whilst her attentive bodyguard went in search of the medicine cabinet.

Echo was quite concerned about the cuts, disinfecting each one carefully on the hand of her boss, who only watched how dedicated this woman was in taking care of her. She wasn’t only protecting her, she was there kneeling in front of her, extremely concerned about her welfare. The delicacy with which the bodyguard cleaned her wounds, barely brushing her skin with hers. Echo knew well that the CEO did not like or allow being touched without permission, so she made sure to ask first before beginning to attend to her. Echo had nursing knowledge from her mother, learning a lot from her throughout her life.

The cuts were not deep fortunately, but Clarke could still feel the burning from her wounds when Echo used the disinfectant, emitting slight moans, which the bodyguard immediately noticed, looking into the eyes of her boss. Echo was not made of stone, she had had sexual fantasies about the sexy Miss Griffin, but she knew that she was way out of her league, and that the CEO would never look at her that way. But God, she liked to take care of her, to serve her, and to attend to her like she was doing now. The whole package somehow created enormous pleasure for her. And she felt even better noticing that Clarke considered her important by her side, depending on her all the time.

Clarke raised her right eyebrow when she noticed one of those looks from her bodyguard, eyes darkened and full of... lust...? "Oh dear! Did Echo want her?" She never would have imagined it, it surprised her a little, but she liked that she stayed in her place, the employee had never dared to insinuate herself or show her attraction to her, and Clarke was grateful for that.

But she was irritated by the fact that those "desires" of Echo had not been detected by the chip she had implanted in her, and that she would need to correct as soon as she could.

Echo was a very beautiful woman, but Clarke wished to continue having her by her side doing her job and nothing else. If she took her to her bed, she would lose a little of that relationship, that distance with her bodyguard, in addition to the fact that she did not sleep with employees. But she could not deny that seeing the tall woman on her knees attending to her with such devotion was an image of the perfect submissive and those kind of images warmed her soul very much. Clarke's eyes darkened, feeling her temperature rise in her body for a brief moment, while Echo finished caring for her, putting a bandage around her wounds and her hand carefully. When the bodyguard had finished and was about to let go of Clarke's hand, the CEO extended her other hand to Echo's face, surprising her, stroking her chin with great care.

Echo froze when Clarke raised her face to look at her, finding her blue eyes almost black, and a very particular smile on her mouth that was wet from her tongue, then biting her lower lip.

The image wreaked havoc inside of Echo, shooting directly down to her crotch. Never had her boss looked at her like that, "with that... lust...?" In her pretty eyes. "Shit, I'm finished..." thought the bodyguard who was not sure what was happening, nor how she should act. She decided to play it safe and did not make a sound, nor move a single muscle in her body...almost stopping breathing. Clarke looked at her holding her face a little closer to hers.

- You are a good employee Echo... You always serve me so well...

Then Clarke pulled Echo to her mouth, giving her a chaste kiss on the lips. The bodyguard could not react, and by the time she did, her boss had moved away from her lips and was now caressing her face gently. Echo just closed her eyes enjoying the unprecedented moment, something she never would have imagined in her wildest dreams with her precious boss. She wondered where was all this coming from? But she didn’t really care, this was a precious moment that she would never forget.
Then Clarke's fingers moved slowly to her mouth, introducing the thumb of her right hand into that hot, wet mouth slowly, creating enormous pleasure for the woman kneeling in front of her. Echo felt white hot pleasure shoot through her body like the speed of light, her senses on fire, " what the hell was going on with her boss? " Whatever it was, she hoped it would last. She opened her slightly trembling lips a little more. Clarke now introducing two fingers into the mouth that received her with such pleasure, albeit with some fear, and that aroused her even more.

- You have a nice mouth Echo. Do you want to lick my fingers? Don’t contain that restless tongue that you have there... Do it.... Enjoy them ... Echo raised her eyes for a second to Clarke's piercing blues, who seemed to devour her with them. She was biting her lower lip, apparently enjoying what she was doing to her. Trembling, Echo began to lick, and swirl her tongue around those fingers with gusto, hurried and nervous.

- No Echo! Move slowly... That’s right... just like that.... Oh yes, you like them right? I bet you want them somewhere else. So... very wet... Penetrating you...

Echo could not contain a moan from deep in her throat as she licked those fingers slowly, like she had been ordered. She felt so much pleasure, imagining them exactly as her mistress said, penetrating another very wet hole in her body.

Clarke smiled with malice, approaching the mouth that was sucking her fingers and making her light up. She enjoyed watching the body of her bodyguard begin to tremble, and a drop of sweat fell down her beautiful face. Those shameful, fearful moans, struggling to be contained, because she knew Echo did not understand what was happening, and she did not know how to act. She loved that the woman did not do anything more than what she ordered. She was so obedient and submissive, clearly enjoying being the CEO’s devoted mistress.

Clarke shortened the distance from that restless mouth, removing her fingers from it to inject her tongue, kissing the woman who was so devoted to her, causing her to moan again . But when Echo dared to raise her hand to caress her neck, not wanting Clarke to move away, the boss immediately put distance between them, wiping her mouth with the napkin that had covered her bleeding hand.

Echo looked at her in bewilderment, her breathing very agitated and her crotch so sensitive that if she moved she would orgasm for sure. Her confused and lighted eyes followed her mistress who now stood up, looking at her as if she were something very small there kneeling in front of her. Echo was static, lowering her eyes to the now empty chair that was in front of her, feeling quite confused, and so hot and aroused at the same time.

Clarke could see the tremor in those lips, her confusion, her submission to try to control herself, when she had cut her off from advancing her desire. The image was exquisite in the eyes of the powerful CEO, the power that she used to exert on others. For a second she almost felt sorry for Echo, she felt something akin to compassion. After all, the woman was an obedient and respectful submissive.

- Look at me Echo... - Echo raised her head and her still darkened brown eyes to her boss - I always appreciate loyalty and good service... But don’t dream too much that this will go anywhere... Now I want to return to my table. - Clarke clarified from the heights of her power. Echo's throat tightened. She did not regret having tried to move their moment forward, but she was restrained, especially with that enormous urge to cum, and Clarke could read it in her eyes very clearly, making the side of her lip barely bend.

- Ermmm... yes... of course Miss Griffin, immediately...

Echo tried to shake off all her thoughts. The enormous fever which had run through her body like a
brazilian wax... making her crotch throb, she was still too sensitive. With her legs still somewhat trembling, she tried to stand up.

Clarke looked at her intensely, the smirk still on her lips. Echo was simply extraordinary. The woman could not even look her in the eye whilst she got up from the floor with difficulty. Clarke knew that Echo was struggling with bringing down her body temperature, and she was doing great. Her concentration was impressive.

Clarke followed her with her eyes full of malice. She had just given permission to her submissive to finish what she had started. She did not want her bodyguard to be distracted by containing her orgasm. She had enjoyed that moment, and knew that she had satisfied the desire of her bodyguard a little, but it would be only that.

You can take a few minutes in the bathroom if you need Echo. - offered Clarke, taking the hand of her bodyguard, caressing it with her thumb to skin that already felt very ignited.

- Yes, thank you Miss Griffin, I think I'll go wash my hands. - Echo looked at the hand of her boss which was caressing her's and sighed. The caresses were not helping at all, the ache in her crotch was almost painful, and she appreciated the CEO offering her those minutes to visit the bathroom.

- And Echo... don't take too long... I want to return to my table... - Echo nodded her head and moved towards the bathroom, walking with some difficulty, when her boss's voice detonated for a second again.

- Do not worry, I will not Miss Griffin.

- Yes, I hope you don't Echo, now do it right and fast. And yes, remember to clean your hands well - Echo swallowed hard and with difficulty. She could barely walk into the small bathroom that her cousin owned next to his office.

Clarke followed Echo with her eyes full of malice, she had just given permission to her submissive to finish what she had started and then to leave, also she did not want her bodyguard to be distracted by achieving her orgasm. She had enjoyed that moment, and knew that she had satisfied the desire of her bodyguard a little, but it would be just that.

Clarke took a piece of gauze with disinfectant, and wiped the fingers that Echo had licked. Clarke's wickedly perverted mind returned to the annoying image that had brought on her unfortunate accident with the glass, which she was now cursing for having lost the control. "What the hell is wrong with you, Griffin? She's a damn employee ... Even if she's your property ... Concentrate ... "

Echo left the bathroom after about five minutes, having recovered, and very urgently finishing what her boss had started. She had literally been granted that permission, and felt a lot better after washing her hands and face with cold water, whilst her pulse returned to normal.

She was still not understanding what all that had been about with the CEO, but as her boss had told her, it was better that her mind did not make much of it. Clearly Clarke was playing with her, although she could not deny that she had enjoyed it.

Echo was able to experience that famous power that her boss had over so many people, to understand many of those that her boss seduced and from whom she derived all kinds of advantages, using that very sensitive part in human beings, sexuality, weakness of the flesh. She was 100% sure that she would have done anything her boss had asked for at that moment.... it was incredibly intoxicating and pleasurable to please her. But she was grateful for the mercy she had given her when she let her run to the bathroom. It had been really refreshing, and obviously in her mind, she had allowed the image of the young lady to become very present while a strong orgasm lashed her,
leaving her almost without air.

Clarke looked her up and down with that mischievous smile on her face, taking Echo's hand suddenly, taking two of her fingers and introducing them into her own mouth to lick them very slowly before Echo's exorbitant eyes. She felt that her panties were feeling the moment immediately. God, that night she would not overpower her boss, but she was already feeling the need to visit that filthy and small bathroom again.

- Hmmm... You washed them very well... Good girl. I hope you have not thought about me while you were touching yourself Echo, I would not like to have to say goodbye because you can not stop thinking about me. Now come on, I've wasted a lot of time here.

- I did not.... Yes, Miss Griffin ... - Echo replied, her legs trembling again, thinking of being fired was the worst thing that could ever happen to her.

They left and Echo had a hard time concentrating again, her boss really had been unleashed that night, maybe the alcohol was affecting her actions? She could only follow her wishes and attend to them without protest. She knew that the CEO hated when her orders would not be fulfilled. And let's say that she took pleasure in that in some way. She held her lips a little while she was positioned behind her boss, with her arms moving forward to push away the body of the CEO from the many people who had suddenly crowded to get back to the VIP area.

In the air, she could hear the sensual voice of Madonna with her song "Like it or not" and Echo felt that everything had turned in slow motion. She watched the people who stood aside letting her boss through, who so majestically and elegantly walked in front of her. She immediately paid attention to that particular lyric, which undoubtedly described her precious Miss Griffin to a tee.

"You can call me to sinner
You can call me a saint
Celebrate me for who I am
Dislike me for what I is not
Put me up on a pedestal
Or drag me down in the dirt
Sticks and stones will break my bones
But your names will never hurt
I'll be the garden You be the snake
All of my fruit is yours to take
Better the devil that you know
Your love for me will grow Because
This is who I am You can
Like it or not You can
Love me or leave me
Cus I'm never gonna stop No no
Cleopatra had her way Matahari too
If they were good or bad Is strictly up to you
Life is a paradox and it does not make much sense
Can not have the Femme without the Fatale
Please do not take offense
Do not let the fruit rot under the vine
Fill up your cup and let's drink the wine
Better the devil that you know
Your love for me will grow
Because
no no you know
I'll be garden
You'll be the snake
All of my fruit are yours to take
Better the devil that you know
Your love for me will grow
Because
no no you know...

Clarke, for her part paid attention to the details of the song that sounded on the record, and she could not help but smile, feeling so identified. She would remember to look for that song later in her house to download it onto her device. Yes, everyone under her could love her or hate her, but she was like that and would not stop at anything.

Now returning to her goal of the night, she needed to look for Lexa again because when she returned to her table the brunette and that slut by her side were no longer at the bar. Shit! But her eyes soon spotted her target again after scanning the place for a few good minutes, she found herself on the dance floor. The music of the legendary Madonna filled the place, with its theme "Hung Up" remixed by the excellent DJ.

Clarke's feet moved. She really wanted to dance, especially when she saw the green-eyed brunette goddess move with that cheap bitch by her side. They were making quite a show with their dancing, and she was about to interrupt them.

- Hey Clarke, are you feeling better? - Niylah asked with false emotion in her tone of voice that Clarke immediately perceived. "Damn bitch" she thought about the woman. She still needed to make her pay for her bad time in that bloody limousine.

- Let's dance... - Clarke suddenly said as she stood, walking towards the stairs, surprising Niylah who was still drinking.

- Ermmm... Oh yeah, sure... Let's go... - Niylah swallowed the strong alcohol almost coughing, whilst half answering Clarke, jumping from her seat to follow her.

Niylah saw on the giant screen that those pair of bitches, Lexa and Ontari were the center of attraction. They were dancing so cool and so hot, moving their bodies to the rhythm of the music in a way that Niylah envied. And now Clarke was taking her to dance right beside them, to the side of fucking Lexa... “Shit! This is going to be memorable”, she told himself...

Lexa loved to dance with Ontari, they were both very good dancers, and as they understood each other so well sexually, their dancing was hot, making the people around them observe them with a "WOW " in their mouth. They were provocative and did not mind giving an entertaining show, while they were having a really good time. The public around them became more and more excited, screaming whilst their hands applauded in the air.

Clarke looked at the giant screen as she walked among the people, her eyes became darker with each step, the blood returning to her, going through every part of her body. " Oh what the fuck Griffin... Let's be stupid... Make her suffer... Let's go... !"

Echo who walked in front, tried to make a free area for her boss, pushing people aside with two security of the place posted behind Clarke and Niylah. But as they neared the dance floor, it became more and more difficult. People danced tight and were excited with the sensual show that was taking place nearby, jumping and pushing people around them. It was madness, but her boss was determined to follow through with her plan, leaving her bodyguard cursing her.

Niylah swore.... walking behind Clarke, as if she were a lapdog after her owner. She hated it,
especially knowing that Clarke was only going to her target, fucking Lexa Woods. She understood that the CEO was using her to irritate that Woods dog. She had seen the scene among them that night outside the limo, so she knew something was going on between them.

Finally Clarke came to her goal. Lexa had not noticed her presence, to busy moving and curling up to that bitch in a way that could almost be said that they were having sex right there in front of everyone, and no way was she going to continue allowing it. She looked at them for a brief moment, before climbing to the same level of platform to get behind Lexa's back, beginning to move in front of her dancing companion Niylah. Niylah was smiling like an idiot, moving alongside her but to her own liking. Clarke was not happy at all with Niylah’s moves, but continued to allow it.

Lexa was so submerged in her heated dance with Ontari that she did not even realize who was behind her moving until she noticed people beginning to look at the CEO. Clarke knew how to dance and move very well, even surprising Echo who had stepped to the side. She could not believe that her boss could move her body as she did. She tried to be attentive at the same time, looking everywhere along with the two security whom had created a circle so that nobody would approach the CEO. She noticed that her boss was turning her head to see the woman who was dancing behind her back, and that was when she could see who the woman in question was, moving almost as perfectly as Clarke.

BINGO! Echo thought wryly. It was nobody less than Lexa Woods! And by God how she moved with that brunette. Echo did not have the eyes to watch both of them, so she tried to get behind Clarke, to put distance between the body of the CEO and Lexa, but her boss made negative signs with her head. Echo with some displeasure nodded, and immediately took a step back.

Clarke turned her body, and without hesitation took the arms of Lexa, who was somewhat concentrated in her exotic dance with Ontari, even though they were both a little further apart at that moment. Lexa felt like someone was pulling her and spinning her... her concentration immediately went to shit and frowning she turned to find nothing less than those funny blue oceans, and now she felt Clarke's hands taking her by the waist.

The faces of Niylah, Ontari and not least Echo, were a poem, looking at the surprising scene.

Clarke approached the warm and somewhat sweaty body of Lexa, who was more than lost by the surprise presence of her... "boss?" Clarke looked at her smiling, while suddenly placing her leg between Lexa’s. She felt her arm move around her waist tightly, her mouth approaching dangerously to whisper in her ear. To Lexa her heart was pounding in a hurry, and the heat spread through her body, now feeling Clarke's pelvis moving suggestively against the hard muscle of her left leg. The movements aroused her even more, feeling the crazy throbbing in her crotch as she now rubbed back against Clarke's leg.

- Hello Lexa. I see you're having a great time with that little bitch over there ... but you know what?. I do not remember giving you permission..... - All of Lexa's internal senses went off straight away. Did she hear wrong or was Clarke implying that she was something like her mistress? Her submissive? What the fuck ...? But the seductive and serious voice of her boss, and the work she was doing with the parts of her body against her own as she moved to the beat of the music, were ending her serious concentration.

- Miss Griffin... what a pleasure to see you... Well, I didn’t realize I needed to ask permission to do what I want in my free time?.

- Lexa... when you are my employee, you are for 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and you must ask for my permission for everything you want to do. Now move with me.
Lexa was thirsty for this... Really Clarke thought she could dominate her? Well, she had already showed her a little of her power then. She parted from Clarke's face, which was looking at her as if in a trance, biting her lower lip while continuing to move lower, now introducing her nails under her white shirt, scratching her back with desire. She was sure there would be marks left. But she dug her green and darkened eyes into the fiery blues, and her hands flew to Clarke's bare shoulders, surprising the woman a little. She could not help but feel a faint heat in her body, as if the energy transmitted from those beautiful hands of the blonde injected her, piercing her skin like fire.

Lexa looked at her for a second, then her body began to move along with Clarke's. Her waist took on a life of its own, making the blonde almost moan with pleasure. She could see as those blue eyes became as dark as black. Her hands were slowly descending over the burning skin of Clarke's exposed arms, still looking at her intensely in the eyes and now at her mouth, beholding that beautiful mole on the lip of the CEO that were responsible for emitting the moans that reached her throat, feeling deliciously wet. Lexa and Clarke were at the same height because of the high heels that the CEO wore that night, otherwise Lexa would tower over her.

The brunette's hands descended down her arms, lighting every inch of skin they touched, until they reached Clarke's wrists, holding them suddenly with force, while the corner of her lips curved. Clarke was carried away for a very brief moment... it was so hot, that woman took her out of any form of self-control. Clarke did not know at what moment her hands had loosened their hold on Lexa's waist, but now they were separated from that wonderful hot and sweaty body, and were being slowly lifted by the hands of Lexa who held her by the wrists tightly.

Lexa held Clarke's hands, still looking at her and raised them to the top of her head, holding them there and shamelessly bringing her face close to that of her boss, who thought that her employee was going to actually dare to kiss her. But Lexa slowed to within a tiny inch from Clarke's mouth, while her body began to move much closer to that of the blonde. Clarke was not going to be outdone so began to follow her in the dance and the exotic movements of hips and pelvis, without separating her legs from between those of Lexa’s.

Echo's face was really something, she just could not stop looking at the dance partners, because it was clear from what she was witnessing that this was something more than a simple dance rhythm. Echo envied Lexa a little, but she admired the brunette's nerve, dominating on a par with her boss.

Lexa let go the hands that held Clarke's arms over their heads, to traverse the line of her arms underneath with her long fingers, lighting up more of the skin of the blonde, who already felt strong spasms in her lower belly. Her panties were soaked, she was extremely grateful to have had the foresight to bring an extra pair in her wallet that night.

Lexa continued to gently brush her fingers along the line of Clarke's sweaty body, without taking her piercing eyes off the defiant CEO, who did not intend to show her mercy, only enjoying what the brunette proposed in that heated dance, which she had to admit to herself, was the best of her life. But when Lexa's beautiful hands reached her waist and began to go in the direction of her ass, this was when Clarke said that it was enough, regaining control and dominance, immediately lowering her hands to Lexa's. The brunette was approaching dangerously with those tempting and fleshy lips to her wet throbbing neck.

The CEO smiled wickedly once more, and holding Lexa's wrists tightly, she suddenly separated herself from the enticing body heat of the brunette, and from those exquisite lips from which she could feel the warm breath a millimeter from her exposed neck.

Lexa suddenly felt the cold run through her sweaty and very hot body, looking at those blue eyes that were willing to leave her like this, in the midst of her delirium. She knew that Clarke was a
dazzling opponent and was by nature, a dominant like she was, and she expected nothing less than that reaction to take command again.... she would not object, this time. They were dancing in a public place, surrounded by many people, and the cameras on the phones were already on them, although the security that was helping Echo and the bodyguard were warning people to keep their phones away.

Lexa could not help but look at Clarke defiantly with a smile, which somehow moved Clarke's interior control a bit, but obviously the CEO just used her cold mask to be in total control. She smiled back at her, now leaving her to start dancing with Niylah again without saying a word.

Clarke took Niylah's body suddenly, and turned it hard to Lexa's body, causing them to crash and both fall, leaving one on top of the other. Clarke laughed watching the hilarious scene, while Ontari who also almost lost her balance, immediately looked at Lexa on the floor with Niylah on top of her trying to recover. When her eyes went up, they met the intense blues of Clarke Griffin, who was still laughing.

"That woman is crazy" thought the Canadian agent. Ontari immediately bent down to give Lexa a hand to stand up, while Lexa's eyes were now on the very embarrassed ones of an irritated Niylah.

The whole scene was one of chaos. Nobody really understood what had happened and to top it off, the three agents had to interact as if they didn’t know each other, especially Lexa and Niylah, who immediately stood up without looking or touching each other, arranging their clothes.

- Shit! What is your problem? Was there not enough space for you to move you idiot?! - Clarke shouted to Lexa who was about to smash all five fingers in Niylah’s face. But she immediately looked at Clarke laughing behind Niylah, and her mind returned to the concentration of the operation in which they were working for their misfortunes together.

- I... - Lexa immediately put a little irritated and confused face on, trying to answer, but Niylah did not give her time, cutting her off in her response. Oh her former lover enjoyed that moment, she could see it in her eyes full of hate and revenge.

- Oh! but wait a minute... look... if it is none other than your crazy former chauffeur Clarke. It just had to be her, so clumsy in all situations apparently. Like any cheap bitch... - Niylah said with pleasure, smiling further to challenge Lexa, who looked at her with a clear message in her eyes. She was not going to let that go.

- Hey! Crazy! Who the fuck do you think you are calling crazy?! - Shouted Lexa

Lexa again saw the smiling face of Clarke appear behind Niylah, whilst she was being called “cheap slut..." Clearly the CEO was enjoying the spectacle and this filled her with even more fury. She was sure she was going to choke Niylah there herself if she kept taunting her, with or without people as witness, acting or not, she would now have to redo her makeup, fucking crazy bitch.

But seeing Clarke having fun also caused her mind to activate immediately in cold, calculating mode. She had to act, she had to return to her role, and stop Niylah's stupidity from provoking her. She needed to leave her differences with that crazy woman behind for a moment, but seriously her blood and anger had risen to dangerous levels after her derogatory comments.

- Is everthing ok Miss Griffin? - Echo asked intervening, wanting to know if Clarke wanted her to intervene in the fight or if she wanted to leave the place, since she had made signs to her about the cameras that were raised in the air trying to catch the incident, meaning she would be exposed.

Clarke caught saw them immediately, and decided she needed to end her fun. She did not want to be the subject of bad publicity and to top it off in a place as seedy as this. She needed to take care of her
image. But as she was about to say something, Niylah continued...

- Oh please Echo, do not bother your boss. And remove this annoying idiot from our presence. - Ordered Niylah with airs of superiority, which immediately injected Clarke's eye with blood. She had had enough of this stupid woman, who now wanted to order about HER employees.

- Echo did not move a centimeter looking immediately to her boss, who smiled from the crazy situation. That stupid bitch was not going to give orders to her bodyguard and she thanked Echo for immediately having searched for her with that look. But Clarke's eyes immediately turned and embedded themselves into the ignitions of Lexa, who stood behind Niylah, ignoring the now very shocked idiot that separated them.

- Lexa, apologise to Niylah right now... - ordered Clarke to Lexa, who glowered hearing such an order. She began to count internally, containing the foam that accumulated in her mouth. But shit! she needed to continue acting, she needed to keep making her believe that she was under Clarke’s rule. “SHIT CRAP!!!”

- I... - Lexa took a brief moment to breathe, her anger boiled running down her body somewhat agitated, but she took too long to respond for the taste of her demanding boss.

- Lexa, I don’t usually repeat my orders and you know it, you do what I say. - Clarke said with determination and authority, approaching a step towards both women. Niylah felt immense pleasure from the scene of submission that Lexa was having to fulfill.

- I'm sorry ... - Lexa said with a serious face and a frown. Those two words had cost her blood and sweat, watching as that fucking Niylah rejoiced from the fucking situation in which she was in. And obviously she was not going to leave it to be that simple, she was going to keep fucking with her of course...

- It’s Miss Green, you damn idiot!, it's "I'm so sorry Miss Green"

- I’m so… - Lexa did not have a fucking exit in the game of this whore... Niylah.... whilst Clarke was there observing the situation, but to her surprise the firm and imperious voice of her boss cut her answer. Oh she wanted to kiss her ass, her feet and whatever it was at that moment.

- You do not give orders to my employees Niylah! My chauffeur has already apologized. Lexa can retire - Clarke finally ordered posing her eyes onto Lexa, but there was no hardness in them for her, which was nice and a little more than she expected in all honesty.

- Clarke, that is not enough, I demand that you ask her for a proper apology. - Niylah demanded in a very haughty tone, taking a very dangerous step towards Clarke... almost daring her. Clarke immediately looked at her up and down, despising her as if she were a mere insect , causing Niylah to automatically move back a little, causing Lexa to start enjoying the show now.

- Niylah, don’t bother, now go back to the table. - Answered Clarke clear and decisive, turning at the same time to leave the place.
- Clarke... - But Niylah was immediately put firmly in her place without interruption. She was really testing the patience of Clarke now, who had already had enough of that piece of shit.

- Am I speaking in Chinese perhaps?! I said get back to the table right now Niylah or fucking leave. - Clarke stopped short and turned her body to Niylah, who was facing her with her arms crossed. That posture irritated the CEO even more, approaching her face with two long and firm steps, while Echo also approached.
- Do you think I do not know that you are a brainless opportunist, a high-class little whore around business people who are on a level similar to me, to get your tickets for the day? You do not belong on my level Niylah, and you are bothering me... worse still, you are boring, so you better get out of my sight at this very moment.

- Oh no you will not call me... - Niylah tried to take the arm of Clarke who had turned to leave again, when the hand of Lexa grabbed the arm of Niylah.

Niylah immediately turned to face Lexa, who looked at her with raised eyebrows as a sign of triumph in the contest, and hoping that her companion, the furious agent Green, did not forget that they had a mission ahead, and that she was losing her mind.

Niylah had had enough. She was furious that Lexa always came out triumphant in everything. She seemed to be forgetting that it was part of a mission, that it was pure and simple work. She was fast losing the opportunity to continue approaching the CEO. Niylah left all self-control and professionalism aside, turning furiously to give another similar slap to Lexa, but this time Clarke's hand reached out, holding her wrist tightly, before the eyes of both Echo and Lexa. Niylah immediately stopped, realization hitting her as to what she was on the verge of losing, knowing that she should leave the scene, before continuing to fuck up the entire operation and eventually end up in a federal prison.

- Don’t you dare to raise your hand to my employee. I told you to go, and as I see you have not heard me right, these gentlemen will gladly escort you out now. - The CEO said in a very calm tone, but with her blue eyes lit and full of coldness.

- But Clarke... - Niylah felt in the middle of a storm in the ocean and she was sinking, trying desperately not to drown, but not achieving it very well.
- Echo, escort the security to this... woman... get her out of my sight and out of this place. Lexa... You come with me to the VIP section. You will replace Echo for the moment. - Clarke gave orders to her employees who immediately moved in compliance with her directives. Lexa was having an internal party, but in part she was thinking about what an idiotic way to be out of the operation on the part of Green's. She was clearly a madwoman. Clearly that woman needed rest and psychological help.

- Yes Miss Griffin - said Lexa and Echo, both at the same time, smiling at each other from the perfect coincidence, while Niylah foamed at the mouth both security men taking her by the arms, causing her to start walking with Echo towards the door of the premises.

Ontari stood aside watching the crazy spectacle, shaking her head, thinking of how unprofessional the FBI agent Niylah Green had acted in the situation. It was likely now that she had not only been kicked out of the nightclub, but also out of the operation "Black Swan". She was also silently celebrating that the CEO had clearly fallen into the network web of her partner Woods, even defending her like she had this had really surprised her. She would surely have to at some point have a very warm and small celebration party with Lexa. She admired Agent Woods, she was really very good in the field of operations, a teacher. Although the way Clarke Griffin had taken possession of her partner had not been so funny. She did not understand why it bothered her so much, but decided to go and grab a magazine, retiring to the bar to calm the tremendous thirst she had.

Lexa walked in front of Clarke, making room so that she could accompany the CEO without being pushed. Entering the VIP section to the table where the rest of Clarke’s companions had seen the show on the big screen, they asked Clarke how she was. The CEO smiled, explaining that everything was fine and that the party was still without problems.

She then asked everyone to leave her alone with Lexa at the table, while they went dancing or
looking for a drink, all added to her personal account of course. The women very happily followed the orders of the CEO with whom they had enjoyed the night, the good music and the alcohol, on behalf of the multi-billionaire. While Lexa tried to imagine why Clarke wished to be alone with her in that rather private place, even though she knew that the CEO loved to surprise her and clearly did so all the time.....
Hi my dear readers!
Just a little reminder here... Clarke's character in this story “AT THE MOMENT” is really one to hate, i know that, and I'm sorry about that. But please be patience, you'll see how things aren’t what it looks like at first! AND Lexa's character is NOT WEAK at all! But she must play a little submissive ONLY in a way to get Clarke's trust. Remember is part of her mission! This saying without give spoilers, i hope you all have that in mind and enjoy the journey of discovering the complex Clarke's personality through Lexa's eyes 😃
Thanks for all your support and nice comments!!❤️✍
Sangabrielle

Lexa took her place after Clarke sat down, who gestured to her where she should sit. Clarke herself was sat in the most ordinary red chair that the CEO had ever sat on in her life. She really hoped she would not catch anything, or collect an unpleasant odor on her clothes or her beautiful skin.

Lexa looked at her somewhat confused, trying to make sense of the nights events. One thing she was certain of, and that was that Clarke Griffin felt her, and could read her emotions better than she was comfortable with. "From what moment did that happen?" she thought to herself, feeling somewhat uncomfortable, frowning slightly. She was careful not to appear too thoughtful, drawing conclusions in front of the CEO ... "But she certainly did not belong to anyone", and she could not deny that she was very irritated by that statement when it had left the CEO’s mouth, but she needed to continue her
concentration solely on the objective, the agent repeated to herself like a mantra.

When she looked back up, she instantly met Clarke's intense eyes. The CEO took her hand.... almost making her jump, feeling like an electric shock from the touch of the CEO, who was observing her, obviously noticing her distraction somewhere in her mind.

- Hello Lexa ... Are you here with me or elsewhere? I would prefer that you pay attention to me when you are in my company- spoke Clarke in a gentle, but stern voice.

- Sorry Miss Griffin, excuse me ... it’s just that.... I really did not expect to see you here. I'm still somewhat ... surprised.

- Well, what can I say, that stupid woman convinced me to come and have fun here, in this ... foul place ... anyway ... Now tell me Lexa, do you know that Niylah from somewhere else? - Lexa’s blood suddenly froze, it seemed that Clarke's eyes were scanning her brain... paying very close attention to her answer. She did not like that, but didn’t really have time to ponder why Clarke suspected that Niylah and she knew each other ... Maybe ... just maybe Clarke had witnessed the scene of the altercation that night outside the limo ...?

- No Miss Griffin, I just remember her being with you in the limo the other night, and then she got a little hysterical about my handling and gave me a slap round the face before leaving with her friend. But nothing more ... - Lexa sounded quite convincing and confident in her tone of voice.

- Oh, I'm sure you remember her being with me in that limo Lexa ... well, what a waste of time this was. Go back and have fun Lexa ... the DJ is good here, but the rest is far below my level ... - Clarke added, with a face full of total displeasure.

- Well ... - Lexa wanted to add, but ...

- Yes, I imagine that this place is fine for you. You don’t have to feel bad about it Lexa. It is clear that we belong to different social levels, you and me. - Clarke clarified making clear the social differences between the two.

Lexa felt her heart clench, irritated at the assumptions the CEO was making, because Lexa really belonged to a high social level, perhaps even higher than that of Clarke Griffin herself. But obviously the CEO would never know that she belonged to one of those British millionaire families who had crossed the Atlantic from England to America in the early 1900s, and even today the Woodson family fortune was enormous. Lexa was the future heiress, who could spend her entire life vacationing on an island surrounded by servants until she died, if that is what she wished.

Growing up in huge mansions, vacationing in the Pacific islands, the south of France and skiing in the Swiss Alps.... always surrounded by servitude, private teachers and attending private education establishments there in San Francisco....this was where she had spent most of her life.

Alicia Jasmin Woodson was born in Washington DC, on July 20, 1987. When she was six years old, her parents and her little sister Madison had moved to a huge mansion in San Francisco, in search of better weather for her sister's health, who was three years younger than her and had serious problems with her delicate lungs.

It had been a miracle that Lexa had not already come across Clarke Griffin in one of those high-level private institutes in the State of California. But for her luck, and that of her current operation, her family had never crossed paths with the Griffin family.

When Lexa left the military to join the FBI, she asked to be renamed to either Alexandria Woods or
Lexa Woods, (as she was mostly known), so her family would be protected from her risky life or career as a Secret Agent of the FBI.

Her parents accepted her decision, but were somewhat frightened by the possible fate of the life of their eldest daughter. They loved and fully supported Lexa, but missed her terribly, since Alicia had put great distance between herself and them and Madison, simply to protect them to the fullest.

***Clarification***

Regarding the chapter where Lexa and her first love were discussed, and her enormous effort of working to collect money so she could be reunited with her great love Costia.

Lexa always had enormous problems with her family, not only because she had almost always renounced the life and ways of millionaires surrounded by servitudes, but because she was a free spirit... very different from her lineage. She was a faithful copy of her paternal grandfather Richard Woodson, who had almost taken the family to ruin with his liberal ideas and extreme help to the neighbors with numerous charitable actions. He had brought about the almost total reduction of the servitude in the mansion that they lived, and had sold many possessions.

Lexa was almost his copy, and her parents always saw her as a renewed threat. But the real horror came when her parents also learned that Lexa was a lesbian, and was dating her lifelong friend, Costia. They felt that it was too much and that they had to reform their derailed daughter in some way.

The Woodsons paid Costia Green's parents a huge amount of money to move away, to separate their daughter from Costia, and see if they could put her back on what they thought to be the normal path. When Lexa tried to maintain the relationship at a distance, she was constantly sabotaged by her parents, them not even letting her get money out of her pockets.

These actions were when Lexa decided to go out and work wherever it was she could, hiding from her parents. But when she had achieved the sum she needed to travel, Costia had rejected her. Not because she had stopped loving her, but because she was under enormous pressure from her parents. They had been severely threatened and paid off by Lexa's parents, at a time in their lives when they really needed the money, and Costia had no choice but to sacrifice her great love for the survival of her family.

The truth was that it took a long time for Costia and her broken young heart to recover. She spent many nights crying and grieving after having left Lexa, trying to find her soul in a lovely young man who had become a good friend. She found peace with him, and someone whom she could entrust her secret, and heal her wounded soul. This friend knew how to shelter her, and slowly, she fell in love with him. They eventually married, and formed a family, happy together.

The tremendous sacrifice that Costia had to make was a secret that Niylah never knew. Only the parents of Costia, her current husband and Lexa's parents, were aware of what happened. Lexa was never told the truth behind that sudden rejection from Costia in continuing to maintain their romantic relationship. Her parents feared what their rebellious daughter would be capable of if she were to ever find out.

Lexa's parents were horrified when they found out that their daughter.... the great heiress of the Woodson fortune, had been working as a waitress, and cleaning rooms in motels for hours on end, raising money to go and look for Costia Green on the other side of the country. They thought it was madness, and they really could not get over their shock, but they understood that their daughter had
inherited the nature of her paternal grandfather in her blood and that it was impossible to change her, it was in her nature.

Over the years, Lexa's parents finally accepted her sexuality, her decisions to join the military, and later... the FBI. Over time, Lexa taught them to stop fearing for the future of the blessed family's inheritance, since life meant much more than material capital.

*** End of clarification ***

Lexa did not even care about the fact that part of her family in England were even linked to the British royal family. She was a born rebel, a woman of simple spirit and principles, who loved and lived life beyond lineage, possessions, and money.

But that was not the case now, she reminded herself. She simply followed the line of action that her duty dictated at this time, in front of this woman who radiated power and clearly enjoyed it, making the rest of the simple mortals around her feel that they were on a level far below her precious queenly feet.

- Yes, of course Miss Griffin - Lexa answered, blinking a couple of times, lowering her gaze to the table. She had been completely sidetracked with her thoughts.

- But let's cheer up a little Lexa, don’t show me that disapproving face, the truth must be accepted. Some of us are more privileged than others in life, it’s a simple fact - the arrogance of that woman reached incredible extremes, thought Lexa, observing her with attention.

But Lexa had known people like the CEO throughout her life, people who believed they were on a pedestal just because they had money and power. Lexa always saw them as very ignorant of life, empty beings, lacking in the knowledge of what was really important in human existence.

Although, deep down she had in mind that Clarke was a different case after reading her case file. The CEO really did have a terrible story. Lexa felt sorry for the woman deep inside her warm heart, and somehow, she could not help but wish that someday she could have help to recover her sensitivity and humanity, feelings that had been stolen from her when she was so small.

- Now drink with me ... you must be thirsty Lexa? I saw you dancing quite a lot down there ... you must be thirsty like me ... and surely also very wet ... - Clarke interrupted her distant thoughts and good wishes.

Lexa swallowed her saliva with difficulty when she heard that word... It was clearly meant in a double sense, pronounced with too much malice on Clarke's curved lips. She was no longer looking at her, but pouring champagne into the glasses, when she focused on the bandaged hand of the CEO. She had noticed it when they danced, but her mind and concentration were really somewhere else at the time. She decided to change the subject fast, and leave thirst and wetness aside since her panties were in a state, and she did not want to think about them, especially when she didn’t have a change any near... “Shit Griffin!”

- What happened? Are you okay?. I could not ask you when we were dancing - Lexa said, taking Clarke's bandaged hand with care, resulting in Clarke immediately piercing her with her slightly mischievous blue eyes.

- You mean... when we were rubbing against each other in public...? - Lexa swallowed again with difficulty, but deep down she agreed. That dancing had been a delicious friction of burning bodies.
But Clarke's low voice continued to interrupt her thoughts again.

Rihanna's song "S & M" played in the club.... in the duo version with Britney Spears, Clarke loved that song, and Lexa felt that the DJ had been paid by Clarke that night.

- Yes, it was fun, and I’m sure you agree with me Lexa, but don’t be ashamed, it was a mutual thing, do you not think? Oh, and the hand... that stupid woman Niylah broke a glass of champagne, and I ended up with some shallow cuts. Echo gave me first aid in a very efficient way. It's nothing, they're just scratches. Be careful in worrying about me Lexa... Now drink, you look quite thirsty... - Expressed Clarke with eyes full of lust, handing the glass to her chauffeur, who had drops of sweat falling down the side of her beautiful face. The expression of those beautiful eyes was of total confusion.... oh she loved making people nervous.

- Thank you Miss Griffin, also for defending me down there, I... - Lexa stopped, unsure of what to say, she desperately needed to divert from the sexual themes "For God's sake! Change the fucking song" she pleaded mentally to herself.

- Lexa, don’t take this personally, but I didn’t do it for you. I did it because nobody, and I repeat "NOBODY" gives orders to my employees other than me. That little fox was totally out of her field. – Clarify Clarke determined looking into Lexa’s eyes after placing her glass on the table.

- Well, does that mean I'm your chauffeur again then? - Lexa asked, putting her best face on of a hopeful lap dog licking the feet of its owner. The act itself was creating a knot in her stomach, but she needed to do it she reminded herself.

That damn song was giving her very bad ideas of what she really wanted to do with Clarke to get her off the pedestal that she placed herself on. Oh yes, crouched in front of her, giving her a good spanking and her fingers ... "Lexa ... for the love of your holy crotch, calm down and fucking concentrate "she begged herself like a mantra, hoping to return to earth.

- Let's say that at the moment you're Lexa, and you're going to take me back home. - "BINGO!" Lexa shouted happily internally, trying to hide her excitement... not only of triumph but of all kinds.

- Very well Miss Griffin, I would just like to inform my friends that I am leaving if that is ok with you- smiled Lexa.

- No, that is not ok with me Lexa. I don’t care who you came with. I am giving you an order and I want you to fulfill it. I want to leave now, and I do not want to waste time. Surely they will notice your absence and realize you have left? You are not essential Lexa. Now finish your drink and let's go. - Clarke’s pleasant mood and chatter had changed the minute Lexa had mentioned her friends..."Interesting” she smirked to herself.

Her mind continued to smile... thinking ... "Oh Clarkie, were you jealous of the show me and Ontari were giving?" But she refrained from smiling with irony, returning to her Dalmatian puppy manner with Cruella Griffin De Vil, who was already frowning at her.

- Ermmm ... yes, of course Miss Griffin, as you order. - she answered as she nodded obediently with her little head. If she had a tail, she’s sure she would also be shaking it stupidly. "Agrrrrr... I hate you, Griffin!"

- Very good Lexa ... You see, you learn fast ... I like that. - I am content that as your owner ... shit...I mean as your boss ...- stuttered Clarke, clearly flustered from slipping up and referring to herself as Lexa’s owner...

Lexa frowned to herself as she drew a rather fake smile on her face, nodding silently, while Clarke
stood up contentedly and grabbed her wallet. Lexa finished her drink quickly, and watched from the balcony looking for Ontari amongst all the people. Almost at once she spotted her standing at the bar with her friends, and a stranger who was hanging around her neck. Yes, Clarke was definitely right, Agent Fisher would not notice her absence, and would be fine with being abandoned when the Canadian agent saw that she was leaving with the purpose of the mission, Clarke Griffin.

She immediately followed Clarke, walking with Echo. They approached the dressing room where the CEO gave Lexa her number to retrieve her coat, who also had to remove her own black leather jacket and her motorcycle helmet.

Lexa cursed to herself, she would have to leave her precious baby here in this undesirable place. Surely it would be stolen in less time than a rooster sings, but if she told Clarke about her problem, she knew the CEO would tell her that she did not give a damn and it was not her problem.

As she approached the nice girl in the locker room and gave her the numbers, she thought about what the hell she could do. She knew she had no choice but to carry out the very crazy idea that came to mind. She had to take Clarke home, BUT...the CEO had not clarified what kind of vehicle, or how ... Lexa smiled. The girl gave her the coats and helmet while blushing, thinking that Lexa was flirting with her.

In the background, the Latin hit of Luis Fonsi "Despacito" was playing, and Lexa thanked that they were leaving the place. She did not doubt that she would love to dance to that song with Clarke's powerful curves pressing into her, similar to the way they had danced earlier that night. God! But she needed to go back to the nice girl who had misinterpreted her smile... “Danmit!”

Lexa gave a good tip to the pretty employee, and winked at her. She had seen the same beauty several times when she had gone to the club, and noticed that she always looked at her with some interest, but unfortunately, she was not Lexa’s type. She was cute, but the red haired girls didn’t really do it for her.

The girl felt like she was in paradise for a moment, knowing that dark goddess of Lexa well. She had seen her several nights at the club, and knew of her great dancing skills, having watched her and delighting in the sexy show that she always gave people. God! That woman turned her temperature up!! But taking self-control, she just thanked Lexa for the generous tip, squeezing her long fingers. ... "God, those fingers must feel amazing!" she thought to herself shamelessly.

Lexa was still smiling mischievously, when she heard the voice of her irritated boss to close to her ear, "Damn Griffin, give me some space baby...!" she thought to herself.

- Is there a problem Lexa? Why are you taking so long? - Clarke demanded to know, scanning from top to bottom the girl in front of Lexa, who suddenly felt uncomfortable about the situation. "Damn you Lexa, you are always accompanied by someone, and today by some cocky idiot"
- No, no problem Miss Griffin. I feel the delay also, here is your coat. - Lexa immediately responded, turning to the serious face of her impatient boss who had focused her eyes on the girl who was attending the coat room. If looks were able to kill, Lexa was sure there would be daggers coming out of her fierce blue eyes.

- And what the hell are you looking at?! Do you get paid to stare at people, or to accommodate coats? - Clarke suddenly faced the girl, who looked so embarrassed that that she could not react immediately...that woman distilled power through her damn pores.

- I ... I'm sorry ... - the girl stuttered, but Clarke did not want to hear her stupid excuses for flirting with "her Lexa"... "Again Griffin...? Shit!" Your EMPLOYEE! "she corrected herself mentally annoyed, very annoyed.
- For God's sake... get me out of this place once and for all Lexa... I do not understand how you can come to this dump, with these kind of people who are so incompetent and ignorant... - Clarke snapped. She was making annoyed gestures with her hands, and pointing to the girl behind the counter without even looking at her, just sneering like she was some petty and annoying thing.

The girl in the coat room was about to jump the table and put her fist to the nose of the arrogant CEO, having already endured too much. But the pretty eyes of Lexa's rested on her, beckoning her with her head to not do anything silly.

At the same time that Clarke began to walk towards the exit, Echo was approaching Lexa and the girl in a threatening manner. The girl understood immediately why Lexa had stopped her... that damn bitch was someone important if she walked with a bodyguard. This woman was a giant, and the expression on her face was not very friendly. The girl decided that she would stay in her place behind the table.

- Don’t worry Echo, everything is fine here, is it not beautiful? Have a nice night, see you... - Lexa said smiling, giving a pat on the arm to Echo who immediately looked at her like she was some kind of insect. The girl followed the greeting of the beautiful Lexa, raising her hand to say goodbye and something else...

- Yes... goodbye Lexa... Try not to bring the cocky rats the next time you come ... - The girl, unfortunately, could not contain the comment about Clarke.... who unfortunately heard her, stopping and spinning on her Christian Louboutin high heels, which cost more than all the ridiculous collection of coats that were hanging in the closet. She faced back to the miserable human...

- You fucking dare to call me an ignorant idiot?! - Clarke was surprised when suddenly Lexa intervened between her and her target with pleading eyes.

- She... did not mean that Miss Griffin, it's best to ignore her, don’t you think so...? - Lexa went a little closer to her boss's angry face to speak to her more quietly. - It's not worthwhile for you to enter into a discussion as low as this, with someone so inferior to you... Please come with me, I'll take you home.

Clarke looked at her for a brief moment, directing her sight to those bright green eyes, that for some fucking reason calmed her anger immediately, and those lips that were moving too close to her face. She could smell the minty, champagne breath from the beautiful mouth of her chauffeur, who had a good point as to the foolish contest with that stupid girl who was stood behind Lexa, smiling.

Clarke could see that she was chewing gum with her mouth open, in a pose similar to that of a gangster, waiting for her to react. Lexa was right, that mediocre idiot did not deserve her saliva, her time, or her precious energy.

She looked a second longer at the thick and tempting lips of Lexa, loosening her face to immediately turn towards the door, followed by Lexa breathing in with relief, and Echo who had a serious face on but was internally smiling to herself from the hilarious situation.

Once they were out on the street, Clarke had noticed the helmet that Lexa was carrying in her hand, along with her black leather jacket that she was now putting on. Echo had gone ahead a few steps to go in search of the car that they had parked almost in the door of the premises. However, when she approached it, a few guys were running off in the opposite direction, after having slit the wheels of the BMW, leaving it almost completely flat on the pavement, with three of its wheels destroyed. Echo wanted to kill them, but they had already run away, celebrating their act of vandalism, leaving the bodyguard to curse loudly.
Lexa, walking with Clarke... saw the scene, and then approached Echo to check out the barbaric damage done to the cute German car. They were joined not a second later by a very shocked and angry Clarke, who upon seeing what had happened to the wheels of her car, looked like she was about to erupt given the anguished look on her face.

- Oh, this is fucking great! Why did I expect anything less from hanging around these kind of shitty places! Now I have to fucking wait until they come out with another car from the mansion. Echo, have you already communicated with the house? How long to send a spare car?

- I'm on to that now Miss Griffin. I'm so sorry, I should have asked where to park the car so this kind of thing wouldn’t happen.

- Yes, that was a bloody stupid mistake Echo! If you were to masturbate less thinking about me, and dedicate yourself to doing the work for which I pay you, this would not have happened. Damn you, how incompetent! - Echo's face turned pale.... Her hand was clutching her phone, trembling slightly. Lexa froze at the accusation from the CEO and the hysterical treatment. “Well shit... just come out with it straight” she thought to herself, immediately feeling some compassion for her colleague. She couldn’t deny though feeling happy that the barbaric event had happened... it now gave her the perfect excuse to save her precious two wheels.

- Miss Griffin, if you do not mind ... ermmm ... well, I have a means of transport here, and if you don’t mind the trip on two wheels, I could take you home immediately. I promise that we will go at a low speed. - When Echo had finished listening to Lexa's crazy proposal, her face was a poem, completely distorted. "The precious life of her boss in the hands of that maniac on a motorcycle ?! Over her dead body ..."

- Two-wheeled transportation? Are you referring to that thing that is standing there? Do you really think that I will get on that and allow you to take me to my house? - Clarke asked with irony in her voice. She was so upset with the stupidity of Echo, and now Lexa was proposing some crazy trip on her motorcycle, as if she were one of those little whores the employee used to carry.

- Miss Griffin, please do not do it, this is crazy. The new car is on the way, it will be here in 15 minutes. - Echo intervened, hoping that her boss did not have the ridiculous idea to actually consider it.

- I do not want to wait 15 fucking minutes because of your stupid mistake! I want to go home now Echo! Where the hell are the taxis in this place ?! - Demanded Clarke, looking in all directions down an empty street. It was past two in the morning, and Lexa was beyond grateful for her luck.

- There are no taxis in the area at this time of morning Miss Griffin. I repeat my offer, I promise that I will drive safely. I have driven that bike for many years. Nothing will happen to you, I assure you, and in 15 minutes you will be in your bed. - Lexa assured in a very calm tone of voice, that in some way transmitted security to Clarke, who looked at her intensely.

- Miss... - Echo tried to intervene again, noticing that the expression on the face of the CEO had loosened as if she was seriously considering the crazy proposal. "Woods, I'm going to kill you, damn you"

Clarke's hand raised in the air, stopping whatever it was that Echo was about to say. She knew this was crazy, and she knew the high risks of getting on that bike. But Lexa's eyes inspired confidence in her, and the CEO knew that the brunette knew how to handle the two-wheeled thing and that she was experienced enough, so on that side of things, she was sure there were no problems. But what Clarke was secretly thinking was where she would really like Lexa to take her, instead of her house. And that secret place in the woods came to mind immediately.
- Echo will wait for the car that comes from the mansion. Make sure they tow this car to a mechanic. I warn you now that the costs will be paid for out of your salary, simply for your damn incompetence. Now I hope Lexa, that you take me in that ... two-wheeled vehicle, on a trip that is without problems.

- Yes Miss Griffin

Echo and Lexa looked at each other because they had answered in unison again, while Clarke was already walking toward Lexa's motorcycle. Lexa smiled to herself triumphantly. At least her dear two wheeled friend would not be the victim of a robbery. And she would have the pleasure of feeling the arms of her boss holding her around the waist.... for about 13 minutes she estimated, the time it would take her to reach the CEO's mansion.

When they reached Lexa's motorcycle, the brunette opened the seat of it, taking out the extra helmet she always stored, while Clarke watched in silence. She was a little surprised that Lexa was taking off her leather jacket and then beckoning her for her white fur coat.

- If you will excuse me, Miss Griffin, I think it's better to put my jacket on. You are not used to riding a motorcycle, and it can be a bit windy and cool the first time. I can put your coat carefully here next to your wallet. - Lexa explained as she looked to her boss with her jacket, but immediately Clarke moved sharply to one side....implying she would not.

- Lexa don’t be ridiculous. Do you honestly expect me to put on your jacket? This coat that I have cost a hundred times more than a... that jacket of yours.

- Miss Griffin, I must insist. I am aware that it is not a jacket in your preferred category, but it is clean, I sent it to the cleaners a few days ago. I have only used it again today. Your coat is too long, it would be dangerous and it could be ruined. It will not help you against the wind. If you wish, you could leave it with Echo if it bothers you keeping it here, I don’t want to ruin it.

Clarke looked at her for a moment, very intensely. Without being able to avoid it again, her eyes were diverted to those fleshy, curved lips. "Why on earth do her eyes always end up lost in them? Demons Woods!" But Mmmm... it was not a bad idea to feel the nice perfume from the brunette on her skin, covered by her jacket. It did not seem too high in quality, but she understood that it was probably more cosy and warm than her long fur coat.

She turned immediately to Echo, who ran to where they were. Clarke handed her the expensive, Italian designed coat, ordering her to take good care of it and take it to the mansion. Echo took the coat....nodding her head in the classic "yes Miss Griffin" action. Echo then glanced at Lexa, almost with a severe threat in her eyes as to what she would do to her if something happened to the CEO on the trip. Echo prayed that the brunette has learned her fucking lesson of not putting their boss at risk once again.

Lexa returned Echo a look full of confidence and understanding, nodding silently. She knew that Echo was threatening to kill her with her gaze. She completely understood that it was very difficult for the bodyguard to delegate such responsibility, when on her first day of work she had demonstrated that she was a little crazy about speed and risk. Lexa understood perfectly the fears and doubts of Echo, but anyway she think was a little too much histery from the bodyguard.

Clarke observed the interesting silent chatter of looks amongst her employees, it was pleasant to see how these women cared about her life, competing to protect and please her, she thought.

- Now let me help you Miss Griffin with my jacket if I may...? - Lexa offered herself kindly, while Echo walked away with the CEO's coat, cursing herself for her damn stupidity.
- Do you think I don’t know how to wear one of these Lexa? You underestimate my wardrobe. I have several leather jackets of this type of design, although of much higher quality of course. - the CEO clarified somewhat annoyingly, snatching the jacket from Lexa's hands to put it on herself.

- Well, I'm sorry, I was just trying to help. Now please put on this helmet. - Explained Lexa... showing the extra helmet to her boss, who immediately paled at "that grubby thing called a helmet".

- Are you fucking crazy Lexa?, I have no idea who the hell else has put their face in that thing. How dare you offer me something like this...? 

- I'm so sorry Miss Griffin, but I can not... - Lexa tried to explain, but her words would not leave her.

- I have already told you, I WILL NOT WEAR THAT...THAT... foul helmet Lexa, now enough talking. Take me away from here at once. This is too much. I've accepted this vehicle is taking me home, but it's only because I want to leave this stinking place right away.

- It's only for your protection Miss Griffin. If you want, you can use mine? Nobody else has used it, I assure you. - Offered Lexa, the last option left available to her.

- And why do you think my answer will be any different Lexa? Why should I use something that you have breathed in, and what will contain thousands of bacteria? I hope you do not think that there is anything special going on here just because I'm accepting this trip with you. I repeat, that it is only because I do not want to wait here another fucking minute.

- All right....whatever you order Miss Griffin. - Lexa gave up... her patience had reached marked limits. If Cruella's damn smirk did not want to breathe in her bacteria, than fuck her.

Lexa wanted to put the helmet on her with a single push. This damn woman was so egocentric, it was unreal. Sadly it was something that she was becoming well accustomed to. But if her boss was not going to wear a helmet, she wouldn’t either, so she put the replacement helmet back in the compartment, next to Cruella's little wallet, and hung her own helmet on her forearm. She then climbed onto the motorcycle, and gave it a start.

Clarke meanwhile hated having to reject the helmet of the brunette. She really wanted to use it, breathe in its bacteria, her breath, and that exquisite smell of skin belonging to the sexy chauffeur. But she just couldn’t do it. She could not show Lexa that maybe she was something interesting to her. She should stay in her position as she would with any other employee.

She put on the leather jacket.... closing it to breathe in deeply that personal aroma that now embraced her whole body... burning it by the way. "For all the Greek gods, this woman smells good!" She imagined if she would feel the same taste if her tongue traced that soft white skin. But her daring imagination was suddenly interrupted by the voice of Lexa, who was already sitting on her motorcycle on fire ... "at what moment did you do all that?" Clarke thought, looking at her somewhat confused.

- Miss Griffin, can you can come up and sit behind me, please.

Clarke shook her head a little, looking at her somewhat puzzled and cursing herself for looking like a complete fool for a moment, unable to react. That exquisite odor in Lexa's jacket was invading her, what perfume was it? Whatever it was practically burned her. And now those beautiful green eyes.... sparkling and smiling, looked at her and waiting for her to react ... "WAKE YOURSELF UP GRIFFIN"! she shouted mentally, trying to stop breathing in this personal Lexa fragrance, and put a stop to these stupidly hot fantasies that were swirling around her head.
Lexa felt Clarke slowly lean into her back. The feeling was amazing, she waited for those arms to wrap around her waist with cravings, but they never came.

- Excuse me Miss Griffin, you can put your feet here and here. Please be careful with the exhaust pipe which is situated here. You should not rest your foot on it or touch it with your leg or you will burn yourself. Please be very careful with it. And I am afraid I will have to ask you to hold on to me around my waist. The momentum when traveling by motorcycle can be a bit strong and unstable, and I would not want you to fall off.

- I'm not so sure about this Lexa... but as you say, I certainly don’t want to fall off this thing either.

Finally, Clarke put her feet where Lexa had indicated and her arms around the waist of Lexa. The blonde felt something nice hugging this amazing body of Lexa’s. It was so firm and smelled so good. It was a strange situation for Clarke, who had not only never traveled on a motorcycle, but had never held on to someone else's body in this way, almost as if she was seeking protection and warmth, finding it in the most exquisite way.

Lexa, on the other hand, could not hide the huge smile drawn on her face. She felt as Clarke leaned closer in to her body and held on, feeling those magnificent breasts resting against her back. She could even feel the strong heartbeat of her boss, producing a tingling sensation that ran through her completely... "Calm down, Lexa... Just concentrate on where you are going to drive on this motorbike..."

- Very well Miss Griffin, are you ready? - Lexa asked... turning her face a little after having pulled her head back slightly, almost leaning on Clarke's shoulder.

- Yes Lexa, and I'm getting impatient. And why are you not wearing your helmet? - Clarke followed the game and lightly supported her chin on the brunette's right shoulder.... speaking very close to her ear. She immediately felt the magnificent abs of Lexa's stomach tense.

- Because you aren’t either. Now hold on, but don’t panic. I promise to go slowly and safely. - Lexa finally managed to respond, after noticing how her skin burned when she felt that warm breath in her ear, and those tempting lips almost touching her sensitive skin.

- Lexa... I have changed my mind. I don’t want to go to the mansion... - Again, her dear boss surprising her, thought Lexa. She really did not want to imagine what Clarke wanted to do now, or where she wanted to go.

- Oh... and where do you want me to take you...?

- Mmmm... maybe... you can surprise me... - Clarke spoke again, touching the skin of her ear with a very suggestive voice that Lexa could not ignore, releasing a beam of energetic heat all over her body immediately. "Please, your panties were drying up..." she lamented.

- Well, Miss Griffin, let me surprise you then...
Hi my dear readers
Here a new chapter a little bit longer than the others, but i'm pretty sure you wont complain, especially with the last part that many were waiting for 😊 Enjoy...
And thanks for keep reading, voting and comment!! 🌼 😈❤️

Clarke was really enjoying the bike ride. They were traveling at a low speed, and Lexa really was an excellent driver, safely taking her around the city. Clarke’s arms fastened around her waist, her chin lightly resting on Lexa's right shoulder feeling the wind of the warm summer night caressing her face, and playing with her golden hair. She felt it was almost a scene from a romantic movie, although she had never been romantic.

All that silly nonsense of romance and eternal love she felt it was just shit in humans. Those feelings brought only problems, dramas, lack of concentration, suffering, etc, etc, etc… and she did not have the time or desire to put herself at risk of any of those issues.

Clarke's mind was one of constant creativity, and that was enough in her life. She did not really feel the lack of a companion. Either in her bedroom or everyday life. She felt she was better off alone, indulging in carnal pleasure when she felt like it, and precious solitude when she wanted to. For
affections, she had what she needed from her brothers and her three friends.

Now she was here, subjected to the woman who disturbed her in so many ways. She intrigued her and wet her panties, she couldn’t deny that, and she liked her personality. She knew very well that Lexa was not a quick-witted slut with no brain. Yes, she was a woman who conquered what her eyes saw, but she had defined limits. Lexa did not fuck different people all the time, she was careful and intelligent someone who maintained that dominant natural spirit. Even when she was glued to her side, and in the moments where she had knelt and swore absolute loyalty, Clarke could still see in her eyes that spark of not letting herself be dominated, of not looking down with her eyes. She remained at the same level of power. And what she had also immediately perceived, was that Lexa had extraordinary handling of people of all kinds. She knew how to behave with people of a high level like her, and with people from the underworld as well, conquering everyone immediately.

Another interesting detail that Clarke had immediately noticed in her new employee was that she had a fairly high level of education, a little too high for her apparent working social middle class. The way she handled herself, the precision she had with her words, the way she gestured and even in the movements of her body the way she walked with a certain elegance. Clarke would say that Lexa Woods was raised in the high society like her, but how was that possible? It was killing her to know the secret behind that brunette with green eyes.

After a nice tour through the streets of beautiful San Francisco, on that rather silent motorcycle, Lexa was now stopping in a beautiful park that Clarke knew very well. She adored going there and feeding the beautiful swans that swam in the waters of the lake.

Clarke was surprised by her chauffeur. She imagined that perhaps Lexa would have taken her to the bay or to the beach. She never imagined that she would take her to the beautiful theater "Palace of Fine Arts" in the Marina district. At night it was really magical and beautiful since the building was next to the lake. It was completely illuminated, becoming one of the points of tourist attraction where inhabitants of the city and couples in love enjoyed romantic night walks.

At this time it was deserted. The only living creatures about were the beautiful swans swimming peacefully in the waters of the lake. The water barely stirred by the elegant movement of the animals, and by the light breeze that blew. The night was completely clear, and a brightly lit crescent reflected in the darkness of the waters beside the swans. Clarke had discovered something more about her chauffeur....she was without a doubt, a lost romantic fool ...

Clarke climbed off the motorcycle after Lexa turned off the engine. Without saying a word, she left the vehicle behind the CEO. Clarke immediately approached the shore of the lake embracing her arms around her own body. Even wearing that jacket, she was still cold. She observed, almost hypnotically, the beautiful pair of white swans swimming in the lake. Her mind immediately returned to a moment many many years ago, when her parents took her there whilst she was still that sweet and happy girl with golden hair and blue eyes like the sky. A little girl who loved to watch for hours those magical animals, so elegant and majestic.
Lexa stood still, watching the magical moment of the CEO lost in watching these beautiful swans. For a brief moment, the situation was different... she was not the FBI agent in full operation, and the woman standing in front of her with her back to her wearing her jacket, was not her current mission goal, she was not the famous queen of cold and inhuman behavior. She was simply a beautiful woman, one that in other circumstances perhaps, just maybe, she could have fallen in love with. It sounded crazy, because in truth they were like water and oil, day and night. But even knowing this, something inside told Lexa that Clarke was someone to whom love simply eluded, and she would swear that the blonde had probably never felt what it was like to be in love what it was like to feel part of the other, to live and dream together and fill your existence with wonderful things, good and bad experiences. Ironically, she had left all that behind with Costia and had no desire to feel them again for anyone, so she smiled to herself recognizing the slight similarity between them after all.

Lexa was carried away by the beautiful image of Clarke, now crouching on the shore of the lake. Those magnificent swans had miraculously approached the CEO without fear, and with that elegance and tranquility that characterized them. The CEO, to Lexa's surprise, was stretching out her hand and smiling like a little girl. She was managing to caress the neck of one of those swans, so pure in their essence that it was incredibly precious to observe.

Lexa was so tempted to take out her phone and take photos to capture the magical moment and the connection that she was witnessing. Watching Clarke interacting with those majestic animals that Lexa had always adored was wonderful. This was not Cruella, this was just a girl full of life and feelings that still existed very deep inside the CEO. Lexa could not help but smile from the soul, happy to see that in spite of everything, all was not lost in this woman, and without knowing why her heart gave a small jump.

The agent didn’t really understand why she was interested in what she was witnessing, or what had happened to this woman during her life. She was not anyone who meant anything in her life she reminded herself, frowning. This was not the time to get stupidly sentimental with her goal, because the CEO was just that, and always would be. She must not cross the fine boundaries between them
for any reason. She regretted what had happened to Clarke, but it was not her place to try to help her, or to recover the humanity in her person. She was by her side to investigate her she was a damn spy, and no more.

Lexa knew that her thoughts had taken her away when Clarke's lit and smiling face appeared in front of her, observing her with special eyes Lexa would say. It was a look that was full of other emotions rather than the usual ones that were full of irony, malice, and egocentrism. They were the beautiful eyes of a woman who had not been completely destroyed after so much poison, she was still beating inside that cold body of wrought iron. Lexa cursed herself for falling crashingly into the image of this real woman stood before her without mask, which for a moment seemed to appear before her in complete nude. But once again she was surprised by Cruella who was taking possession of that beautiful face again.

- Lexa, I hope you haven’t brought me here because you are entertaining certain romantic fantasies about me, have you? I would not like to say goodbye again tonight.

- I.... what? How...? No ... Absolutely not Miss Griffin - Stuttered Lexa, hoping her blushing didn’t give the fact away that she was lying.

- Then why did you want to surprise me by bringing me here Lexa? For these hours, only lovers come to walk here ... Is that what you want? Would you like us to be lovers and walk stupidly, linking hands?

- How...? No... no, Miss Griffin, you're wrong and by a lot. I came up with this place because sometimes I like to come here at night and walk by the lake, or sit down to watch the swans it transmits a lot of peace. Why do you believe that everyone who approaches you has fantasies involving you as a person?

The question destabilized Clarke's neurons. She was not prepared for that bold response from the woman who flashed honesty in her intense green eyes, and was surprised that she had had the nerve to respond like that to her question... "How the hell did that woman dare to ask her something like that?? "

- It's simple Lexa... in my experience, everyone does it sooner or later. Everyone wants me. It may be for different reasons, but everyone does, and I don’t think you're so different from the rest. Now let's walk a bit... I want to exercises my legs...

- Excuse me Miss Griffin, but I'm not like everyone else... - Lexa answered without moving her feet to follow the CEO... who had already turned to start walking. The CEO immediately stopped, turning around again in the direction of the employee who still had the nerve to confront her.

- You are not Lexa...? Do you not want to be by my side? To be my chauffeur? To serve me loyally as you swore whilst on your knees? Why Lexa? Tell me the truth.... why do you want to do this? - Clarke spat the words irritably whilst approaching her slowly. Lexa kept her position static. Keeping her eyes static and meditating her response.

- I know very well that your qualities and intelligence allow you to be much more than a simple chauffeur. Do you really believe me to be an idiot and not distinguish people with the naked eye? Take off the Lexa Woods mask, because it's shaking and doesn’t suit your face. - Clarke’s face stopped five centimeters short of a tense Lexa, invading her personal space.

Clarke's direct, cutting and very sure words had invaded Lexa’s mind harshly and she did not understand what the hell was happening to her. She was a little beyond her limits with this woman, who was now so close to her face and demanding the truth of why she was there, that she felt naked for a moment, in both body and soul.
Her deep green eyes were lost for a few seconds in those bright blue ones. She could see that they were full of curiosity that and fear of trying to work out who Lexa Woods really was. The soft breeze caressed the expressionless face of the brunette, causing her hair to blow behind her as if the wind was caressing it. Clarke fell in love with this magnificent image in front of her. Lexa's eyes became warm and bright, gaining attention and something else from the CEO, who suddenly felt her walls collapsing around her, leaving her weak.

For one stupid moment, Lexa felt her walls of concentration and responsibility fall wildly, losing herself in that almost pleading look for the truth behind her mask, something that had never happened to her in any other mission. "Shit Griffin! What the hell are you doing to me? God! I cannot be weak, I can not tell you who I am... I wish I could..."

- I... I do not have masks, or any other reasons other than the clear desire to work for you. I regret that you distrust everyone who approaches you, it must be difficult for you to live like that. But we're not all the same Miss Griffin - Spoke Lexa gently.

Clarke came a little closer to the brunette, if that was even possible at that point. Lexa had looked very deeply into her eyes while giving her that answer, she felt it was meant sincerely, but she still distrusted those emeralds that flashed courage, loyalty and something kept behind and sooner or later she was going to discover what it was. She reminded herself to press Raven the next day and demand that damned report. With this powerful woman in front of her, she could not blindly walk into this contest. She needed that bloody report.

- If I trusted people Lexa, I would never have survived, I would never have become who I am. I am warning you that it will take time for you to gain my trust. Now I don’t want to continue talking about it. I said I want to walk, so let's go.

Lexa released the heavy air that had accumulated in her lungs discreetly, taking care that Clarke did not notice. The CEO was already walking in front of her, wrapping her arms around her body again. The brunette just wanted to run and hug her, give her warmth, not let her feel the cold in her soul again...

"What the hell is Clarke doing to you? Since when have you become so stupidly sentimental? She is your objective, someone you must investigate closely, and get information on. You need to verify whether she is becoming a tremendous threat to the peace of the world. Get rid of these shitty thoughts and focus on what is important " She scolded herself frowning and shaking her head, beginning to hurry to catch up with her boss.

They walked around the lake for a few minutes in a silence that did not bother either of them it felt worrying natural. Both were immersed in their own minds and in their own internal movements.

They eventually reached a bench which Clarke decided to sit down on, followed by Lexa, who sat down next to her. Both admired the majestic, illuminated view of a beautiful pair of swans that had followed them on their walk, both were amazed at the fact, but neither mentioned it, only watching them as they swam smoothly in front of them. For a moment, Lexa thought that they reflected their people, immediately giving her internal blows, thinking with irony that the mission was called "Black Swan" because it was supposed that this was who Clarke Griffin was, and these beautiful two creatures were purely white. The swans clearly, were also very much in love... Clarke's voice suddenly interrupted the deep silence and her foolish thoughts...

- Tell me something that I do not know about you Lexa, something that you have not written in your file, or that I have not discovered by my means... - Clarke asked without looking at her, still focused on the beautiful animals swimming in the lake.
- Something about me...? Hmmm... my second name is Jasmin? - Replied a somewhat smiling
Lexa... looking at her sideways, somewhat surprised by the question that came out of nowhere.

- Jasmin? Interesting.... And tell me Alexandria Jasmin, how come you speak so many languages? - Clarke continued investigating, now settling on the bench properly so she could look at her employee, who simply smiled without looking at her. "Oh her profile is so beautiful, so perfect,” thought Clarke.

- I have always enjoyed learning other languages, and when I have the opportunity to learn, I do. - Lexa answered, turning her face towards Clarke.

- Hmmm... maybe you'll be useful when I travel for my business in the future. Now tell me the biggest secret of your life Lexa - Clarke followed the scrutiny, something which Lexa was starting to feel uneasy about, mainly because the CEO seemed quite excited. All the gesticulations and her somewhat restless bodily movements indicated it. The image made Lexa feel funny, and she decided to confide something that, yes, was born in that rare moment of trust between boss and employee.

- My family is tied to British royalty... and the inept cousin Edward, is the Duke of Albany, Scotland. - Lexa told her. She knew that Clarke would not believe her, but she loved to see the automatic reaction from her boss.

- Oh, God, Lexa! (Clarke could not contain her laughter) - Lexa was standing on her feet, raising her hands and looking at her smiling. She had never seen Clarke Griffin laugh so honestly so pure and nice. The laughter lasted a few long seconds, an image that the brunette enjoyed, who started to laugh with her at her side.

- Oh god Lexa, you have made me laugh... now tell me, are you a kind of Lady Mary, like the Downton Abbey? - Clarke was cheerful and wanted to pass that emotion to her employee, who clearly had a great sense of humor thought the CEO.

- Well, I think I would be someone more like the rebel of the sisters, the youngest... Lady Sybil, who fell in love with a person who did not belong to her lineage and then died. I also fell in love with the wrong person, but here I am, alive and driving for you Miss Griffin... - Despite Clarke continuing to laugh, she took note of the detail that Lexa explained of having fallen in love with someone who did not belong to her lineage.

-Oh I see... so Lady Sybil, my apologies then for not recognizing your lineage before... - Cackled Clarke, cleaning the tears that had accumulated in her eyes from laughing. Lexa thought to herself that she would do everything possible to see Clarke Griffin laughing like that more often, so eagerly, just like her. To an outsider, they would have just looked like two friends sitting there in the night sharing a good time, a good talk. It hit Lexa again at that moment that this was all supposed to be an act from her side, another chance to break down the CEO’s defenses, bit at a time. She was getting angrier at herself for failing to stop her emotions from becoming involved. “Shit Woods! Go down to earth for once!!”

- Oh well... you have been excellent with your tales Lexa, I must admit that you have made me laugh more than I have in a long time. But now I want to go home, I'm tired.

- Of course Miss Griffin. But if you don’t mind me saying, it feels really good to laugh like this. - Lexa added, standing up next to her boss, who unfortunately put her mask back in place again, her tears of laughter replaced with irritated eyes, cold and dry once again.

- So you think? But you know, I do not need your adulations to earn my trust. You do the work for which I pay you, now take me home Lexa. - the coldness in the response of the CEO impacted somehow in the chest of Lexa, who cursed herself for saying stupid things.
- Yes Miss Griffin

They went back to the motorcycle and set off towards the mansion in total silence, returning to their own thoughts, analyzing the moment lived in that park. The sensations experienced in that brief moment of getting lost and enjoying yourself. But soon they returned to their centre, their position, their performance, at that distance, and put on their good masks.

When they finally reached the mansion, Lexa parked her motorcycle and helped Clarke down, handing her her wallet to say goodnight, but her boss surprised her again.

- You better get that inside the mansion Lexa - Clarke suggested before turning around and walking around the gate of the house, pressing the call button.

-Oh... do you still need me Miss Griffin? - Lexa was not really expecting that, "what the hell did her boss have in mind now?"
- Your work ends when I order it Lexa, keep that in mind, now lets go inside. - Clarke clarified with a wry smile, looking over her left shoulder before entering the mansion.

-Yes, Miss Griffin.

When they passed through the mansions gate, Echo's face was disheveled.... her eyes wide open to both her boss and Lexa who entered with her motorcycle. She did not know whom to murder first, her boss for not informing her that she would be visiting another place before coming back to the mansion, or Lexa who had that stupid expression on her face as though she had triumphed.

The bodyguard had been about to start calling the CEO's phone, noting the enormous amount of time it was taking them to get to the mansion. She had started to fear the worst, especially with Woods at the wheel. Her heart rate had not lowered and her breathing was agitated.

- Hi Echo... what's wrong with you? You look like you have seen a pair of ghosts? - Clarke commented with malice, looking her up and down.

- Ermmm... I'm sorry Miss Griffin, I was... hmmmm... a little worried about your safety. I say for... - Echo tried to explain, feeling somewhat stupid due to the expression on her boss's face.

- Echo, if we had crashed into a post you would have found out in less than five minutes. You know who I am and the news that would create. So quit your foolish thinking and go back to your position. I am perfectly fine with Lexa. - Clarke turned to start walking after answering her bodyguard, but stopped short when she heard the voice of Echo addressing Lexa behind her.

- Yes Miss Griffin. It's okay Woods, you can go. - Said Echo, resting a hand on the shoulder of Lexa, guiding her in the opposite direction to which her boss had taken. The brunette looked at her with surprise, then looked at the hand resting on her shoulder. She had a slight smile on her face, but could not answer as her boss approached them immediately.

- You do not give orders to my employees Echo. What the hell is wrong with you tonight? Do you want me to remind you of your place again? I order Lexa when she can retire and I hope that is clear to you. I would not like to do without you in the next few days Echo, now get out of my sight... that's all for now. - Clarke had had enough of Echo's nonsense for one night.

- I'm sorry Miss Griffin. Goodnight.

-Come on Lexa, I need you to help me with something. - the CEO spoke to Lexa, with a very
disheveled face, returning to the short path to the house.

- Yes Miss Griffin

Lexa followed Clarke, but the brunette had a knot in her stomach after watching Echo retire with her eyes so wounded. Was that woman really in love with Cruella? thought Lexa to herself...."Dear God, you would have to be some kind of a masochist!"

But now Lexa's thoughts focused on what else her boss might want at that hour, at almost three thirty in the morning. She had parked her precious two wheels on the road between the entrance gate to the property and the door of the house, walking down the street surrounded by those beautiful rosebushes. They emitted such an exquisite fragrance that she simply dedicated herself to breathe deeply the aroma, closing her eyes at times. Oh, she really wish she could take some that night and perfume her apartment.

They stopped at the door and Clarke pressed the bell, which immediately made the door open and the smiling face of the AI Sofia appeared behind it, receiving them cordially as always.

- Good evening Miss Clarke and Miss Woods. Welcome

- Sofia you can retire for tonight - Clarke ordered as soon as she crossed the door, without looking at her servant. She simply walked towards the interior of the house.

- Shall I prepare the guest room for Miss Woods? - Sofia asked.

- It will not be necessary, you can leave Sofia. Goodnight.

- Good night Sofia - Lexa said with a kind smile when she passed Sofia. - Good night, ladies. As soon as Sofia left her view, Clarke walked to the elevator. Lexa followed her because her boss still had not told her what else she needed. Clarke turned after entering the elevator, moving to the side to make space for Lexa.

- Excuse me Miss Griffin, but you have not told me yet why you need me? - Lexa commented, while Clarke activated the elevator and the door closed in front of them.

- Oh, no...? Well, you'll know soon enough Lexa, do not be impatient. Everything comes to those who wait. - the CEO responded by curling her lips, without looking at her.

- Yes Miss Griffin

They left the elevator, heading down a long corridor of several closed doors to the last one, which Lexa guessed was the main room.... Clarke's great suite. Her crotch was starting to play a very bad trick and was holding her imagination. "Shit....! Did her boss really intend to have sex with her?"

Clarke walked into the huge room, the light coming on immediately when Clarke's voice asked the house commander to dim the light, and that only the tables on the sides of the big king-size bed would remain lit. Lexa remained standing. As soon as she had crossed the door, her hands had joined in front of her body, observing every detail of the room that seemed to coordinate with the personality of its owner, cold and empty. No pictures, no paintings, walls in white and gray tones, cream carpet at your feet. There were four doors, one to go out onto a balcony, another one to the bathroom, another one that was probably the entrance to the clothes closet, and the last one through which they had entered.

- Take those boots out of my room Lexa, and then prepare the bathtub for me. That door will take you there... I like scented candles, and aromatic salts in the foamy water at medium temperature. -
Clarke ordered as she left her wallet and pulled out her Louboutin scent cream.

"Was Lexa listening right? It struck Clarke that she had made her chauffeur into her servant in less than... how many minutes? When the fuck did that happen? Shit Griffin, you're really good... Argegg...!

The brunette nodded like a lapdog. She was pissed at this request but knew that she had to act, although she was burning fire from her ears as she went back out of the room to take off her damn boots. At the same time, Clarke went directly into the living room attached to her room, entering the giant wardrobe she owned, while a big smile of pleasure filled her face. She knew well that Lexa was foaming at the mouth, but could not help but obey her, she was really enjoying this she was ashamed to admit.

Lexa entered the luxurious and enormous bathroom, where the marble was simply ingrained into everything. The faucets were pure silver, and the tiles shipped from France. There were also a couple of luxurious rugs here and there. The room felt somewhat cold but immediately she could feel that something was lit by the light, and she began to feel the heat a little, making it more pleasant. In the distance, next to a window with a beautiful view of the city, was the great tub that she was to start preparing for Cruella fucking Griffin. She looked for the salts in a white cupboard with glass doors that had a delicate engraving of flowers. In the same closet, she found the candles, mostly from the Dutch organic brand "Rituals...", she smiled thinking that she also liked her fragrances and products.

She took the salts and poured them into the water, and hmm... they smelled really great. And then she distributed the vanilla fragrance candles everywhere, whilst the tub continued to fill with hot water. Lexa thought for a moment how she would have liked it to be boiling, so she could submerge the witch, but immediately she inwardly cursed herself for thinking such tremendous barbarity.

When the tub was almost full, she heard the voice of her boss... too close to her back for her liking, immediately bringing back her thoughts of how to kill her, slowly, very slowly. The CEO had made her jump, almost resulting in her ending up inside the damn tub. She rested her hands against the tiles, leaving her nice butt exposed to her boss who did not miss the entertaining view, even though it was covered by black tight jeans.

Behind Lexa, Clarke was smiling with far too much malice. "Oh, I’m going to really enjoy this," she told herself.

- I asked if the tub was ready Lexa? - Clarke repeated with a serious and impatient tone after Lexa recovered herself and began to turn towards her.

- Ermmm... yes miss... - Gulp, Lexa swallowed hard - Miss Griffin
  - Very good - Lexa had turned to answer her boss, only to find her wearing a far too suggestive short silk robe in a light blue colour. "Christ Griffin, you're going to kill me!" thought Lexa to herself.

Lexa glanced more closely, not being able to take her eyes away from those hard nipples marking the fine fabric. She swallowed hard with difficulty. Clarke looked at her with a slightly mischievous smile as her fingers approached those ribbons that held her robe together, and Lexa's eyes followed her in total panic. "NO, do not do it ..." But before Lexa could manage to spit the words out, that unfortunate robe fell slowly, caressing the beautiful body of her boss. Lexa lost her line of thought completely, she was no longer the owner of her actions she told herself with regret. Her panties were already soaking, her crotch smiling at her from below, covered by her boxers and trousers.

Clarke looked at her slowly, watching her chauffeur's panic stricken face turn into one of enormous pleasure. Lexa was looking at her breasts and where her fingers were going, and before Lexa could blink, Clarke proceeded to release those strips, and open her robe in front of her. The brunette could
not help but open her lips in search of clear air when the robe suddenly fell to the ground, her eyes following the fall of the robe, scanning every inch of her body with appreciation.

- Lexa ... here ... up ... my eyes ... Very good ... now step aside will you? If the water cools, I will be pissed. - Clarke demanded serious, containing the huge laugh that the vision of Lexa was causing her.

- Ermmm... I.... Yes, of course... Miss Griffin... good night... - Finally, with a supreme act of control, Lexa answered by pulling herself aside to start walking towards the door, trying to walk as straight as she could, her damn sex down there was desperately screaming for attention.

- Ermmm... Lexa? Who told you that you could retire? I don’t think I gave that order yet. - Clarke answered... entering her nice tub and stopping Lexa who closed her eyes and clenched her fists. "Of course Cruella was not going to let her go that easy, of course not… shit."

- Oh..., I'm sorry Miss Griffin, I thought that was it. - Lexa answered, looking at the door that was only a step away from her, which she desperately wanted to reach.
- Well, it's not Lexa, now turn around and come here. Don’t be shy, I have nothing you have not seen or I must say… tasted in your life before... - Clarke said ironically, settling herself inside the tub, under the pleasant water.

- Yes, of course... I... no... yes, Miss Griffin - Lexa turned back to the tub, finding with enormous relief that the body of her boss was now totally covered by the white foam. She breathed again not trusting her body. Clarke was going to kill her that night. She approached the CEO in a somewhat shy manner, those uncontrollable thoughts inside her head were beginning to do their thing again, and fantasies were released... "No no no Woods, damn you, concentrate. You can not go in there and fuck her until she can not walk... " "Breathe, just breathe, concentrate..."

Clarke played a little with the foam, delighting in the pleasant feeling of everything around her, especially the baffled face of her employee who was standing by the tub at a considered distance, with her hands joined to the front, waiting for her next order. She was looking out the window noticed Clarke, anything to avoid looking at her. Suddenly, her blue eyes searched that beautiful face that was now looking at how interesting the view of the city was from the window next to the bathtub. The CEO bit her lower lip as her sharp eyes roamed that body... Hmm... too many clothes, those tight black jeans fit so well to that body and that white shirt, but I need them to vanish from my sight...

- Take off your clothes Lexa - the brunettes head snapped back to the CEO in an instant, listening to the unprecedented order of her boss which was clear and concise. "What the fuck did she say ?! Woods your mind is betraying you... she did not say...

- Lexa, do you have hearing problems? I asked you to take off your clothes. - Clarke repeated looking at her with raised eyebrows, somewhat irritated by her slowness.

- I... Miss Griffin.... I don’t... - Lexa simply could not find a good excuse for not doing what her boss had just ordered...

"You're a fucking torturer Griffin... I did not sign for this...!" thought Lexa. Her thoughts verging on disbelief of what she had just been told to do.

- Lexa, I'm giving you a damn order and I hope you'll meet it right now. - Lexa wondered if this was a dream.

"YES! this is... a fucking dream..."
- LEXA! - Clarke raised the tone of her voice a decibel.... making Lexa practically jump since she was so immersed in her thoughts...

- Yes... I... yes Miss Griffin

Lexa finally reacted, realizing that unfortunately, this was not a fucking dream, it was the damn reality. "Control yourself, Woods... she has only asked you to undress. Show this conceited woman what a good body is....she clearly wants it "

Clarke was still playing with the foam, smiling sideways and staring at Lexa. This was a must-see she told herself, and she cursed at not having security cameras in the bathroom to film this moment so she could go back to it.

"Shit Griffin, keep this idiot in mind! Now sit back and enjoy the live act. God, God.... That body was simply divine, and she did not have to worry about her fucking wet panties. She was in the water, and she hoped it would boil soon... "

Lexa's eyes could not help but meet Clarke's somewhat darkened ones. She now only had on her white boxer Calvin Klein pants covering her athletic marked body. Seeing that lust in the eyes of her boss, her delighted eyes scanning her anatomy from top to bottom, only served to unleash the heat that had been gathering since she entered the bathroom, making a strong impact there in the warm south.... still covered but wet, too wet. Her green eyes darkened and the look that returned to Clarke was simply one of mutual desire. Her long fingers worked to pull down the elastic of her white boxers slowly.

"Oh, Clarke...you are more than welcome to enjoy this body." "Clarke are you thirsty? Do you like what you see beautiful?" "No no no Lexa no.... concentrate! Stop looking at me like that Clarke or you're going to end up with your face against the window looking at the landscape of the city at night, whilst my fingers work their magic inside of you"

Clarke looked at the naked body of Lexa from her feet to her eyes... "HOLY FUCKING MOTHER OF GOD, Lexa was hot .... SHIT, CONTROL GRIFFIN CONTROOOOOL YOUR THOUGHTS! " The CEO scream inside her hear, but her body was already in flames.

- Lexa, stop staring at me. You are acting like you have not eaten in weeks... I'm not your damn dinner, I'm your boss. Now get in the tub. I need you to help me bathe, as with my injured hand I can not. - Clarke had cut off the heated moment and the strange return of insinuating looks. For Lexa was like a suddenly cold ice water over her.

- I... yes, of course Miss Griffin... - Lexa reacted internally to sexy Cruella.

"But fucking shit, did she always have to be so damn derogatory and cool it down like she was throwing a bucket of ice water at me? Damn you Griffin, you're going to beg for me to make you cum you..."

- And Lexa... just for tonight you can call me Clarke, but do not get used to it. - Lexa entered the tub carefully, being extra cautious regarding her movements...

"Did you hear right Woods...? Oh this was getting too good to be real... " Says Lexa in her mind

Clarke turned around as she stood up showing her blessed perfect ass to Lexa's insatiable eyes, which were already taking too much in, causing her to breathe hard. The beating of her heart betrayed her, as well as the wetness that was beginning to pool between her legs.

"Clarke, do not do that... Please... Don’t you dare wake up the beast… Danmit! I’m of flesh and
bones and of a sensitive nature... " Lexa implored in vain, feeling that now her hands were trembling, wanting to take control of that ivory beauty before her eager eyes.

The CEO gave her a special sponge with which she should lather her exposed back. Lexa immediately took what her boss gave her, her hand somewhat shaky "Shit you're acting like a rookie Woods...". Then she took the shower gel bottle of the natural products "Rituals", in what Lexa immediately thought, "yes, this seems like a damn ritual... one where she was the servant, or the victim to torture"

Clarke was getting a little impatient, feeling the freshness on her wet and exposed skin. But the hot breath of her pretty employee on her back was taking her breath away. Finally the sponge began to be rubbed on her body slowly, very carefully.... timidly she would say, and it was getting hot, this was too nice. Lexa began counting lambs mentally. It was a method she used when she needed to concentrate on something, and not on the extreme symptoms of her body that was vilely betraying her.

"Oh my God, how she wanted to touch her sex, which was so excited already. She thought about that perfect ass and rubbing herself to orgasm, while her lips licked and bit softly on those white shoulders, that neck, and that beautiful slender back that looked so exquisite, the skin so soft to the touch. "

- It's ok Lexa, now leave the sponge and massage me with your hands. I have tightened my muscles along my back, and especially in my waist. - Lexa took a deep breath. She was still counting lambs, and she already had too many of them locked away that they were about to skip the fence.

"God... God... calm down Woods, you can do this, you've done it thousands of times before... you can give good massages with your magic hands... Make her moan..."

- Hmm... You have good hands Lexa, and you know the exact points... you're as good as my Thai masseuse. Maybe I'll replace her with you... Ohhhh... mmmm... Delicious.... Now go down a little... there... down there is the problem area... - Clarke ordered, almost between moans that only served to increase the heat in Lexa’s body, this was real torture. The imp in her mind then suddenly took possession of her mouth, she was unable to stop it in time.

- You should lean a little on the wall so I can work that area Clarke. - she suggested with slight fear "Because shit, why did I suggest that damn position ...? It was that damn demon in there, that fucking wolf leaping that fence and savagely attacking the poor thousands of little sheep inside... oh fucking dear God....THAT BEAUTIFUL ASS! "

- Like this...? - Asked Clarke in a very serious and suggestive voice, after bending over and stretching her arms towards the wall and resting her hands on it, openly giving that ass to Lexa.

- Ermmmm... Yes so... Clarke... very... well... - Lexa's tone of voice was so serious and clumsy, that Clarke could not contain a small and subtle giggle, while she felt those exquisite fingers that were making her moan internally, now slowly working her waist, and deviating a little further south...

"How daring are you Lex ...?" Though Clarke totally in heaven or hell, because everything was burning there.

Lexa's hands worked while she fought so that the fierce wolf would not eat all the poor sheep in her thoughts, there were not many left in the corral alive. “Shit! shit...! Shit...!” Her crotch was playing tricks on her when Clarke started moving slowly. Her buttocks opened a little, and suddenly a moan escaped her pretty mouth that Lexa wanted to devour. She needed to devour that ass, working it very deeply with her magical fingers.
When she was about to boil over, the body of the blonde became tense, controlling her latent sex. Her breathing became more controlled in order to not fall victim to the delicious feeling of those long and delicate fingers inside of her. She turned to Lexa, who was left with all the dead lambs inside the corral, and the wolf still hungry, about to mercilessly attack the only prey she really wanted to taste.

Her eyes were lost without mercy in those big and fluffy deities, those hard nipples needing attention... perhaps a massage?... No... lips... teeth....... "GOD THIS WAS TORTURE!" And when her green eyes met the jet blue, the CEO raised an eyebrow in a sign of "What the fuck do you see Woods, are you daring enough girl?" Lexa managed to swallow the ball of saliva she had accumulated in her mouth.

- Now soap the front Lexa, and do not keep allowing yourself to be distracted from the task you have to fulfill. - Clarke ordered again, holding back the laughter and her amusement at the same time. She silently congratulated herself on the task so far. She would make sure Lexa would learn who was in charge by the time she let her retire.

- No... of course Cla... Clarke... let me...

Clarke did not take her eyes off Lexa’s hand, watching it tremble slightly whilst she added more gel to the organic sponge. Lexa’s problem increased further when her eyes fixed on Clarke's. The desire exuded by those very obscured eyes was incredible, as well as the way in which the CEO contained it. It was something that Lexa admired. The power of control of this woman with respect to her hormones was simply something she had never seen before. She was capable of it also she reminded herself, but seriously it was something so powerful that her head flew away.

- Are you going to start Lexa, or do you need a better incentive?

- No... Yes...

Lexa began to gently rub the sponge on Clarke's neck, who stretched her head slightly back, exposing that delicious skin to Lexa, who helplessly began to wet her lips with her restless tongue. The accumulation of saliva in her mouth was impressive, like the moisture in her crotch. She felt possessed as she continued on her way, rubbing in circles very very delicately. Her eyes shone even more when her hand reached that preciousness, so devilishly excited. God she wanted to eat her, taste her, give her the good attention she needed so eagerly...

Clarke devoured her with her eyes, her tongue wetting her lips. She was desperate to feel those thick lips which were constantly moistened by that long tongue. Everything in her employee was extra long and that was making her desperate. She was slowly losing the battle against her impulses for the first time in her fucking life.

"You'll be damned bitch Woods ... but you will not beat me, I will not let you get swept up with the idea of dominating me beautiful"

- You can wash them too Lexa... Do it gently.... be careful, do not pinch my nipples or I'll have to punish you. - Lexa felt her heart beat.

"Punishment...? Fuck...yes!" – Lexa was staring losing focus in the big scala.

Lexa did what she was told to the letter, she could do this, she could concentrate, she could avoid the urge in her body that cried out for immediate attention. She could rub them gently with the sponge and enjoy that, without trying to pinch those cute hard nipples, or lick them, or play with them with the tip of her tongue...
"NO Woods! You can only enjoy that moment so brief and so exquisite with permission ".

Lexa imagined her hand stroking those hard nipples, rubbing them with just her thumb and making Clarke moan, the black eyes of the brunette looked for those blues, shooting what little self-control she had left down the pan.

Immediately the body of Lexa moved a step forward, but the CEO stopped her, grabbing Lexa’s wrist with her hand. The grip had been so abrupt and so strong that it made the brunette jump, raising her blazing eyes again to Clarke's blues.

- I said do not linger Lexa ... Now do as I ask ... - Clarke placed Lexa's trembling hand under her breasts, making the brunette want to cry for having pulled the candy out of her mouth when she was about to taste it.

"Damn you Clarke... you are playing with fucking fire and you are going to burn alive"

Lexa continued scrubbing Clarke's well-worked abdomen, who could see the sadness, so to speak, in Lexa's darkened eyes. She felt some compassion for the brunette who was clearly struggling to follow her orders and maintain control over her clear enormous excitement.

Suddenly and almost without realizing, Clarke’s hands were taken by force by Lexa.... who raised them above her head and advanced with her body towards Clarke, pushing her against the cold wall of tiles behind her. She immediately put her mouth on that delicious neck, allowing her tongue to lick that skin with pleasure, while her leg was strategically and shamelessly pushed between the open ones of Clarke, who had a hard time resisting from such dominance.

"God, what a savage, and what an extraordinary master she had dominating her! But she could not allow it, she was the one in charge in this contest, and her subordinate had behaved very badly. Now she had to punish her, and hard... "

- LEXA!! WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING??!! - Clarke managed to scream, trying to get out of the strong hold that had Lexa had over her.

- WHAT YOU ARE WISHING CLARKE... - She answered between wet kisses on her neck, with a voice so serious that she hardly recognized it.

- DON'T! STOP NOW! IS AN ORDER! - Clarke raised her voice even more irritably, trying to make the brunette reign in her moment of uncontrol. In the background, she recognized that she was enjoying this attention in her crotch, while her neck was devoured by delicious lips, and this tongue that felt wonderful on her warm skin. But she needed to give the order, she could not let Lexa believe that she could possess her, master her.

Lexa did not know how to react to her savagery, feeling horrified immediately. She separated slowly from the beautiful and warm body of the CEO, her eyes still clouded with the desire she felt for Clarke. The CEO was frowning, her eyes alight and her breathing as agitated as her own. As Lexa's body trembled, she thought that she really was finished this time. She was terribly and insanely excited by this beautiful woman, whom she wanted so much to possess, to make her hers, but the strangest thing was that she wanted to "love" her and that ignited all the alarms in her mind.

Silence filled the place suddenly, their eyes did not stop looking at each other, both trying to control their pulsations.

- I... I'm so sorry Cla.. Clarke... - Lexa said, beginning to move to get out of the tub, that room, and that mansion as fast as her feet would allow. But before she could get her foot out of the tub, Clarke's hand caught her arm, surprising her.
- I have not told you yet that you can leave Lexa...? Come... Sit with me in the water. You need to relax and I also...

Lexa looked at her, sincerely very confused and surprised. Clarke's eyes did not flash fury and a "GET THE FUCK OUT OF THIS HOUSE NOW!" Those eyes were as dazed as hers, and that brought some reassurance to her dazed mind.Lexa put her foot back into the water, while Clarke sat down and spread her legs so that she would sit right in front of the CEO.

- Sit with your back to me Lexa. I'm going to scrub your back and wash your hair. - Clarke could not understand her subtle reaction to the wild attack from the brunette. It was almost one of... "sweetness?".

She knew well that if anyone else had dared to do that then they would have already left the mansion immediately. But she knew that she was provoking Lexa to the limit of her strength, and she admired the fact that the brunette immediately defected and apologized. This woman was not a wild soul, despite her passion and natural need. She knew how to position herself and respect when the other person said "No". It was really nice, and she was beginning to believe that she could trust her, although she reminded herself to be more careful in their movements and pressures.

Clarke wanted Lexa to relax a little as she was not finished with her for that night yet. She needed the brunette to regain her sanity, the pulsations, calming her voracious sexual appetite. She rubbed her back gently, then left the sponge on her side and took the shower, beginning to wet the long brown hair of the brunette.

Lexa was sitting in front of her, trying to recover from the uncontrolled moment, hating herself for having finally let her impulses go. She knew that could not happen again, not when there were rules, clear limits and not complete freedom of mutual agreement between them. She cursed herself and thanked God at the same time that the CEO had not immediately thrown her out of there. She would admit to herself that this act caught her attention and confused her a little.

When Lexa felt the jet of warm water on her head, and Clarke's hand caressing her scalp, intertwining her fingers in her hair and massaging her head, it was the glory itself. The pleasurable feelings were amazing, and she relaxed little by little, feeling the water intermingle with Clarke's fingers and her hair. Pulling her head back a little, she loosened her stressed shoulders, letting them fall. Her head ended resting practically on the left shoulder of the blonde.

Clarke put shampoo in the silky hair, her fingers massaged gently and carefully. It was such a pleasant feeling that she did not remember experiencing this with any lover before. Well, to be honest, she had never washed anyone's hair. The feeling was so wonderful, that it had no precedent in her memory, and it was an experience that she definitely wanted to repeat, especially seeing and feeling how Lexa's body relaxed. She let herself be carried by her hands, and by the brunettes body that felt so relaxed that she swore she could almost fall asleep in her arms. She was completely at her mercy and that was the best Clarke could feel in this moment, to be her absolute mistress.

Clarke began to feel too excited by the sensations that this moment had aroused in her body. To have and taste that power in her hands, to have Lexa like this, completely devoted to her, to her hands, to her body, to do what she wants. But Clarke wanted to restrain herself. She wanted to desire this forbidden fruit for long periods of time, to make her cravings rise to the point of madness, and that was what she had in mind with this preciousness that she held in her arms.

Eventually, Clarke’s voice invaded the perpetual silence of the room, where for several minutes only the sound of deep breaths and agitated hearts was heard.

- Control.... Execute the music of the Swan Lake - Ordered the CEO.
Clarke's voice immediately awoke the lethargy into which Lexa had submerged, after such delicious attention from her incredible boss. She could hear the soft tones playing of one of her favorite songs by the composer Tchaikovsky, "The Swan Lake".

The chords of the beautiful composition surrounded the room, just as Clarke moved her lips to the ear of Lexa, who now had her eyes closed again. She was afraid to open them... this was paradise. It was so relaxing, feeling that twitching from the beating body of her boss... naked behind her. Oh God, what a pleasure thought Lexa, when the very serious and sensual voice of Clarke burst into her peace...

- Lexa, I want you to move those beautiful and long fingers of yours to your breasts and caress them gently, play with those hard nipples... I want you to imagine that they are my hands giving you pleasure.

Immediately Lexa's body tensed again, like the chords that sounded at that moment from the masterful composition. "Obviously all the good needed to end just because Clarke Fucking Griffin wanted it. And what the hell she was asking her now?!"

Clarke immediately felt the sudden tension all over the brunette's body resting on her, and she did not want that...

- I do not want you to feel tense Lexa... I want you to enjoy this... Now do what I tell you... just let yourself be carried away by my voice. - Lexa thought that this woman was missing something seriously, but her body had experienced intense pleasure with that commanding voice in her ear, like it was almost possessing her in the most sensual way possible. It was exciting her too much. She definitely needed therapy urgently.

Clarke took hold of Lexa’s hands, taking those long and beautiful fingers directly to her mouth and began to lick them, causing Lexa to utter an uncontrolled moan, opening her lips in search of air. Her body lit up like a burning flame in a wick, feeling her fingers being devoured by the mouth that she herself wanted to taste.

"God! Those licks were making her tremble. The feeling of Clarke licking her fingers gave her enormous pleasure, and the CEO herself looked like she was struggling to contain her excitement. Clarke stopped licking, pulling them out of her mouth, bringing both hands to her own breasts, pressing her hands over Lexa's that now covered her aroused breasts."

Lexa dropped all her mental defenses, telling herself that she needed to experience this, live it, enjoy it, with the reverent permission of her boss, who was directing her moves as the orchestra played in the background, she wanted her to keep doing it.

- Touch yourself Lexa... caress these hard nipples, you are so needy... feel that they are my hands that are caressing your skin, giving you this pleasure, pinch them gently.... Don’t stop until I say, do not stop moaning, just enjoy the sensations...

Clarke released her hands and Lexa began to do what the blonde ordered, stroking her breasts gently, arousing them even more if that was possible, causing the internal fire to grow. She imagined that they were really Clarke's hands, feeling those large breasts against her back become firm, and those nipples as hard as rocks as they were being stimulated. When Clarke's soft moans invaded her ears, it took her beyond the limits of her control.

- Ohhhhhhh... Yes.... You are a god Lexa... You're so good... Keep touching yourself... Yes.... - Clarke's naughty tongue could not help but slip out, teasing that hot skin around her neck and ear, licking at ease, following the neckline to the base of her head, where she paused... taking a good breath of air.
- Ahhhhhh...... Cla... Clarke...... ahhhhhh - Lexa's still-contained moans filled the place next to Clarke's, who accompanied her, but without losing control. While Tchaikovsky accompanied them masterfully in the background.

- Now I want you to descend Lexa ... I want your hands to reach your wet sex... so hot and so needy. I want you to rub it your clit, as if it was I doing it. Do it my precious.... - The mind of Lexa exploded with that "precious me" at the end, letting go beyond all the senses of sanity, feeling the warm lips of Clarke devouring every inch of skin of her throbbing neck.

Lexa brought her hands slowly to her sex so needy, so throbbing, so sensitive, opening her legs as wide as she could. Oh yes, she could feel Clarke's hands on her skin, leaving a trail of fire along the way, and her mouth devouring her neck and her ears. Her fingers opened her folds, so intensely sensitive, and she began stroking her swollen clit, intensifying the rhythm, grinding her hips forward, which were accompanied by Clarke's at the same rhythm behind her.

- Now I want you to penetrate yourself Lexa, as if it were me penetrating you with desire, making you mine and only mine... Do you want to be mine, Lexa...? Do you want me to make you mine beautiful? I know you want me, I know you're dying to do it... to feel it, do it... now... two of those beautiful fingers inside your wet sex... so needy... Oh yeah.... Do it Lexa...

Clarke could not help but lean her hand on Lexa's, which was penetrating with force coming and going at ease whilst moaning. Her body did not stop moving. Clarke was so close to running next to her, feeling that body on fire, so devoted to her. But she did not count on what would happen next.

Lexa's body turned suddenly, in a very quick and unexpected movement, climbing on top of her and moving with fury as she continued to moan deeply. Lexa had managed to get their sexes united, and now they rubbed in unison, filling the room now not with Tchaikovsky, but with groans and gasps names in the air barely heard.

Clarke tried to stop her sensing her dominance slipping away fast. They were both about to explode when the blonde found inner strength and pushed hard away from the crazed body of Lexa to the other side of the tub. Lexa barely had time to hold on to the sides with her trembling hands and arms, her legs could not hold her and she let herself fall slowly in front of Clarke who stared at her full of lust, completely clouded by desire her breathing as agitated as hers was.

They looked at each other with fire in their eyes, barely breathing....both so ready to cum.

Lexa lowered her hand to her crotch to continue imagining that this was Clarke's hand, but she wanted more. She wanted the blonde to accompany her in that mournful and sweet madness when Clarke's voice came back to guide her on this roller coaster of sex and passion...

- Do it now Lexa ... Cum for me precious! Cum…

- Do it with me, Clarke... Cum with me…

Lexa's hand slipped between Clarke's legs, leaving that long finger there, playing.... barely caressing suggestively at the entrance to Clarke's excited sex. Her eyes lit up...full of desire and pleasure, not once breaking contact from the passionate deep greens.

But she could not allow Lexa to induce her to be a more active part of this, it couldn’t be a mutual surrender. She needed enough control to not get carried away by the urge to enjoy this exquisite penetration. The CEO didn’t dare move and Lexa's hand stayed still. She did not dare move either. The brunette was reaching a strong orgasm that she could no longer stop, losing herself in Clarke's blue eyes that looked at her with satisfaction.
Finally, Lexa reached the most intense climax that her body had ever experienced, leaving her almost without breath, throwing her head back and allowing herself to be carried away by the deep waves of pleasure that were expanding wonderfully throughout her body.

A very pleased Clarke sat up and approached Lexa's face, having enjoyed witnessing her strong orgasm. That was without a doubt, the most precious thing the CEO had seen in a long time. She took the sharp chin that was still shaking, and pulled Lexa to her face, watching her eyes for a few seconds that exuded so much pleasure. Lexa was still feeling the aftershocks from her amazing climax that had happened in front of the woman whom she wanted so much in fact, she did not remember ever wanting someone so much in her whole life. It almost took her to madness.

- You are magnificent Lexa, now I want you to think of me every time you orgasm, because you are just mine, precious mine... - Clarke moved her mouth closer to Lexa and spoke in a very serious and seductive voice. She made a movement, as though she was going to swipe her tongue over those parting lips.

Lexa wanted to kiss her so much in that moment, but as she went to react. Clarke abruptly rose from the water, standing in front of her and watched her with a satisfied smile on her face and eyes full of desire. The water was dripping deliciously over her ivory skin. Lexa felt enormous frustration, to see the CEO climb out of the tub. After drying her magnificent body, she covered herself with her fine silk dressing gown.

Lexa did not even have the air in her lungs to be able to talk to her, "Shit Clarke, you can not leave me like this, damn you!" Lexa thought to herself. But her effort was in vain, and she mentally knew that her time with the CEO that night was over. Feeling so damned frustrated in every way, she raised her hand to her wet hair and moved her eyes away from her boss's figure, to look out the window, observing the palette of dark orange and blue colors in the somewhat lighter sky that now covered San Francisco. The dawn was wonderful, and Lexa felt a huge and uncomfortable cold suddenly whip through her body. It would have been nice to feel Clarke's body next to hers she thought for a very brief moment, only to quickly curse herself.

- Now you can retire Lexa. I'll let you know when I need you. You can have breakfast before you leave, just talk to Sofia in the kitchen. Oh, and here you can have a pair of clean panties. Yours I will keep. - Ordered the very cold and distant Clarke, with a clear triumph in her eyes.

- Yes... thank you Clarke. - Lexa answered dryly, without even looking at her boss. She was lost in the beautiful sky in front of her. She did not want to feel what it was she was feeling, she did not want to obsess over what had happened. She only wanted to clear her mind, and get away from there.

- Lexa... look at me... - Lexa breathed to herself and turned her eyes somewhat tired towards her boss, who was standing at the door, with one hand on her waist, and the other holding her boxers.

- I hope you have it clear... there is no "you and I" Is that clear? But anytime you cum... you think of me. When you leave after breakfast, go through the other door, I do not want to be disturbed when I sleep - Lexa swallowed her saliva with hatred, and nodded her head turning her eyes back towards the dawn. "Fuck you Griffin" added Lexa mentally, curving her lips slightly now.

Clarke looked at her for a moment. She liked the beautiful image, and although she felt satisfied, something was pressing internally against her damned chest. She felt something empty, and a light freshness ran through her body. She did not understand what had happened but she was exhausted and now she just wanted to sleep.

Her chauffeur was splendid and very obedient, and she had her wet boxers to enjoy before going to
sleep. That made her heart beat with strength... making her smile, whilst her mind returned to project the sublime moment when Lexa had cum so intensely in front of her. With that pleasant thought, her body was filled with heat, leaving the bathroom to go to her bed which received something cold, but interesting to play with.
- Hello Clarke, I must say you’re looking radiant this morning chica.. Is your new employee making you happy?

- Good morning to you too Raven... and do not start with trivialities... Sit down and eat something, you look hungry. Are you not eating enough lately? - Clarke asked wryly, talking back at her friend.

- Touche dear.... - Raven started laughing with Clarke – you are so sweet Clarke… thank you.

- So I see you have something for me, I hope it’s interesting. - Spoke the CEO , whilst pouring coffee for her and her friend. She pointed to the folder that Raven had placed on the table beside her.

- Oh I have something that is very interesting regarding your new sexy chauffeur... - laughed Raven.

At the same time, in another part of town, Lexa opened her eyes after an entertaining and warm Saturday night with Ontari in "the cabin". She had vented out all her restraints, her frustrations and some of her wild spirit. At one point, Ontari had pointed out that she was being a little too aggressive, stopping her immediately. Lexa reacted quickly by apologizing, and by mutual agreement, they stopped and sat chatting a little about what was happening to agent Woods, who was clearly disturbed with what had happened in the mansion with the CEO.

Ontari understood Lexa immediately and simultaneously began to hate this crazy Clarke Griffin. Although the Canadian agent was very open about the numerous different ways that people practice sex, the famous CEO had obviously performed some kind of sadistic morbid sexual torture, that if you let affect you psychologically, it could cause unrest. Ontari knew very well the qualities, training and experience of Lexa, but she feared the later side effects that such cruel behaviour could cause in the long term, if not handled well.
Although the agents only shared amazing sex and companionship moments, somehow Ontari had developed a certain affection for Lexa. She never showed this, for fear of Lexa running away from her, thinking maybe she was in love, which was far from the reality. Ontari however, would not hesitate a second to defend Lexa, care for her if she needed it, and give her friendship and understanding. She definitely did not appreciate Clarke Griffin playing mentally and physically with her friend, causing her discomfort.

Lexa had insisted that she could handle Clarke Griffin and her antics, because she was strong psychologically, but due to the early side effects that Ontari was noticing in Lexa, she was having doubts, and she didn’t like it.

Lexa had been internally struggling as she fucked Ontari. She had been struggling not to allow the image and voice of Clarke Griffin to invade her privacy...her life, but was struggling to achieve this. Somehow, Clarke Griffin had entered her head, and now this bitch was fucking with her. She could not let her boss have this psychological effect on her. She needed to work herself thoroughly to avoid the kind of stupid side effects that presented themselves with Ontari.

Lexa was no fool, and she had noticed that Ontari cared for her a little bit more than necessary. She could not be sure that the brunette had feelings for her, but she maybe felt a little closer due to them knowing each other a long time, and then there were those good moments of sex. They always had pleasant conversation and understood and supported each other in difficult times. They were, so to speak, ‘friends with benefits’.

It helped Lexa to have Ontari by her side, not only physically but psychologically to let off steam and let the pressure out of her mind. It surprised her that Clarke could have influenced her in this way. Although the alarms had sounded in her head, she was full of confidence in her ability that she could reverse the situation.

She was pleased that Ontari cared for her, and would help her as a good friend, but hoped the Canadian agent limited it only to that, to help her as a friend, a companion and nothing else. She did not want to deal with another case type similar to that of Niylah Green, although she noticed that between Ontari and Niylah, there was a huge difference and it was really appreciated.

It was Sunday, and thank the Lord, Lexa had not heard from her boss since she had left the mansion on Saturday morning. She had eaten a hearty breakfast prepared by the efficient Sofia, who had not engaged in a lot of talk, especially not of the irritating Cruella.

Lexa had watched Sofia for a while as she unfolded efficiently in the kitchen. It was amazing how real a human being she looked. Without a doubt, Clarke was a genius of creation who was sought after for her advanced technology by world powers. Lexa did not want to imagine if Griffin Cybernetics was creating AI soldiers, or simply agents which could infiltrate anywhere and explode like devices, or even worse. It was really concerning to think about the possibility.

Lexa had reminded herself again that this mission was too important to be ruined by the seductive stupid games of the CEO. She was there to spy, to investigate from within, and to finally find out if Griffin was in talks with world power criminals or terrorist cells. And if so, she had orders to arrest the CEO immediately, so as to capture all the information in their reach. She reminded herself that she was only just entering her lair, and that she should be patient before attempting to gain access to that secret and private extra basement of the mansion. She needed to find a way to reach this restricted place as soon as she could, though she knew it would not be easy. There were control security cameras in many places in this huge and modern house, but she was also an expert in gaining entry to these places without being seen. She just needed to find out where these cameras and hidden microphones were, because she knew well that nothing escaped the obsessive control of
Clarke Griffin.

She slowly opened her eyes. They felt heavy from the noise of purring close to her face Heda, who was already asking for her damn breakfast. Her roommate obviously did not understand the difference between weekends and weekdays. She hated her at this moment in time, especially since she had only arrived home just after four o'clock, and now it was 9:05 by the illuminated clock on the nightstand next to her bed.

- Yes, damn.... good morning to you too. This is called cruelty heda! Please ... Mommy needs to sleep ... - she begged, whilst trying to hide herself under the sheets. It didn’t make a lot of difference though as Heda was determined to make herself heard.

- Miaaaaaauuuuuuu

- HEDA! Have some compassion really...!

After a few more minutes of "meow meow meow" and purrs in her face, Lexa gave up. She cursed her adoptive furry daughter on four legs, who was currently wrapping herself between her legs as the brunette walked somewhat awkward toward the kitchen. But despite everything, she loved the cat with all her heart.

Meanwhile, at the Griffin mansion, Raven and Clarke were having breakfast next to the large pool ...

- Oh Raven, now this is what I call a good job! - Said the CEO... pleased with what she was reading in the documents.

Clarke was reading the new report with great interest. "How interesting our beautiful friend... Jasmin, real name Emily Carey," Emily... huh?, interesting. Born in New Jersey. Her parents abandoned her at a church when she was just a few months old. She grew up in orphanages and homes of adoptive parents. Had problems with the law from a young age shoplifting, petty theft, nothing important. Between 18 and 20 years of age, she moved to Los Angeles, where after a while she was arrested for participating in clandestine racing cars. Hmmm... that explains her experience in managing cars.

Apparently, her Lexa Woods was a kind of Dominik Toretto in Fast and Furious movies. Clarke smiled thinking about it. Although obviously Lexa was much more attractive than a hulk of muscle. She viewed Lexa as more of a kind of Letty Ortiz, the character personifying the actress Michelle Rodriguez, but still, Lexa was sexier mentally thought Clarke, and even more precious when she orgasmed as she had the other night, remembering that moment with a mischievous smile that she simply could not hide. God, she had enjoyed herself afterwards in her own bed, rubbing herself using the cute boxer shorts that she had kept of Lexa’s, which still retained their innermost essence...

hmmm... "

The CEO suddenly needed a drink from her glass of freshly squeezed oranges.

And how is it you've now got her true record Raven? And finally her other bank account?!, Which... incidentally... has a nice sum of money in there. Hmmm... For a hardworking middle-class... - Clarke asked her friend with a raised eyebrow.

- I told you, I had to ask for some help from some acquaintances on the net. And indeed, I have had to pay a generous sum for a hacker who was almost as good as me. Apparently, your Lexa girl paid to have a false record, which was the one I gave you at the beginning, so that when you did investigate, nothing would show up. A mistake I regret, as I should have noticed that, but it was seriously very well done I must admit. I'm still pretty angry with myself for it, but I don’t suspect that your new Chauffeur is working with the police. They are not exactly friends, nor with the feds, but
she could be a good thief or spy for one of your enemies. Regarding that bank account... it is the sum of thousands hidden in that account, that leads me to think that she has been paid by someone, so I warn you... be careful. - Raven reported in detail.

- Hmmm... I see... but I'll tell you Raven, I feel that this girl, even if she grew up on the streets or at home unwelcomed, she has been educated in a very special way.... I do not know how ... and yes, it is clear that someone has paid a good sum of money to her for some reason. I am going to make it my mission to find out who it was. Sons of bitches! Are they so poor that they need to pay someone to steal my ideas...? They are going to have a nice surprise when I unmask the cute Chauffeur.

- Well, since I failed you the first time, I have something more on your pretty spy - Raven handed her another folder with some pictures attached.

- Raven, What's this? - Clarke asked intrigued, taking another folder from Raven and laying it on the table.

- Open it... maybe you will be interested, or it will serve you for something...

Clarke opened the folder to find photos of Lexa and that fucking bitch who she had seen by her side in the club the other night. The photos showed them drinking coffee at a public cafeteria in the morning, and other much more interesting situations. It showed them kissing at the entrance to a cabin in the woods...

"Damn Lexa !!, what is this place? A secluded cabin to take your whores to?"

Seeing photos of Lexa kissing and touching that woman did not sit well with Clarke. Her brow furrowed automatically, and she could not hide her anger and irritation. She quickly removed those particular photos away from her eyes abruptly, drawing the attention of her friend, who smiled after noticing her discomfort. It was clear that Clarke was jealous, and Raven was really surprised, but simply took her coffee and continued the conversation with her friend and boss.

- Hmmm... yes, that cheap whore. I saw her the other night at a nightclub. Who the fuck is that you followed and has she also been investigated? - Clarke asked. Raven was intrigued as to why Clarke was interested in this woman in particular.

- It's all there my dear Clarke. She has also been watched over the last few weeks by my own people. They were often together.... particularly in that little cabin buried in the woods. It's as if they want to keep their relationship under the radar if you ask me.

- Soooo... let's see... Ontari Flink, 28 years old, born in Washington DC, freelance professional photographer, and.... "Bodyguard?!" What the fuck Raven? Two living parents, all Washington residents, younger siblings. She moved to San Francisco at the age of 22.

And she was there... mused Clarke in detail. She was also arrested for participating in clandestine racing cars and motorbikes. Lexa was probably familiar with that life, she imagined.

"But why the hell did she care who this bitch was?"

Although... hmmm... could be interesting to have such knowledge, you never know when you might need to use it. Raven had served her well this time, all this extra info was always good to have.

- Well, I can tell you Raven, you've been very effective this time. Very good job, so let's drink to it. - Clarke was really pleased with the good information that her friend had retrieved for her.

- It was a pleasure Clarke, and I am delighted that she is not a federal. But just be alert and stay careful. I will inform you if I find out who has hired her and what is her mission.
- Thank you Raven, and do not worry... I’m sure we will find out soon. There is still something
bugging me with that woman, something hidden behind that mask.

The friends settled in each others company whilst enjoying coffee and toast, while the mid morning
Sunday sun embraced them. Clarke was happy now she knew that Lexa was most likely only a thief,
or some kind of spy, most likely for one of her stupid competitors. She wondered if it was possibly
that damn "Apple" company...? Well, whoever it was Clarke did not care, as long as it was not for
the damn federalss. And with respect to the Vixen in the pictures, who the CEO assumed was Lexa’s
love interest Clarke was making plans to delete her from any former pictures with her chauffeur.

What Clarke and Raven did not know, was that everything had been very well hidden by Lexa and
her people, especially Informatics agent, Monty. Raven was well known as an expert hacker who
worked for Griffin, so Monty had passed by a hacker, who for a good sum of money had dropped
the "true and secret information from Lexa Woods" files, ready for Reyes to uncover. They had
purposely added Ontari as additional information, implying her as a potential partner of Lexa.

Agent Woods wanted to create unrest in her new boss, and having noticed her jealousy and
possessiveness, she wanted to create instability in her mind by implying that she was not single,
knowing full well that would upset and anger Clarke.

Anya, Ontari and her boss had agreed to include the Canadian actor in Lexa file, introducing her as a
potential romantic partner. Lexa had noticed that Clarke was someone very possessive... not only of
her material possessions, but also of any humans that interested her. Lexa would use the distraction
of irritation and jealousy in her favor, so that Clarke did not focus to much on her personally or in the
truth behind her. It was a matter of strategies on both sides, and also...if she was honest, Lexa wanted
revenge for that night of submission that the blonde had put her through.

Lexa also thought that showing "the cabin" to the eyes of Clarke Griffin was a good idea, since
Ontari had noticed that someone had been following Lexa lately when the brunette had made her
way to the cabin to meet her.

Lexa imagined that Clarke would place some kind of undercover investigator to follow her and find
out about her life, her movements, activities, and her relatives. But everything had been very well
covered by the federal agent and her people. But still, Lexa knew she had to be alert to every move
made by the smart CEO. It was essential to be extremely cautious with every detail when it came to
staying close to Clarke Griffin, and not being forced purely under her power.

After breakfast with heda, Lexa went jogging to clear her mind a little, and to sweat and burn some
calories off. She had a new gym to attend later a gym ran by none other than one of the few friends
of Clarke Griffin, Octavia Blake.

Lexa and Ontari decided it was a good idea to be seen by Octavia Blake, nicknamed the "Skyrippa"
. They had both attended an interview with the owner of the premises, in order to start training

Both Lexa and Ontari had studied the report on Octavia Blake, and not really found anything
relevant. But this part would be more Ontari’s department to try to approach Octavia in a friendly
way. They knew from certain sources that although Octavia Blake did not declare openly that she
was bisexual, she was. They had also learned that her long term relationship with the travel agent,
Ian Barlow, was in quite poor shape due to some slip-ups that the man had made here and there.
Octavia kept her life busy with frequent trips to Los Angeles and New York. Sources close to the
couple claimed their relationship was certainly no idyllic romantic story, and would most likely
finally separate soon.
Lexa had a good plan to destabilize the small world of Clarke Griffin. If she wanted to weaken her, then she needed to attack on several fronts, and to start creating conflicts amongst her dearest friends would be a good starting point.

Lexa and Ontari had had a nice introduction with Octavia Blake, who showed them round the spacious gym. It had the latest modern equipment to work with as far as the body was concerned, and they both left with an individual work plan Ontari having specifically asked to be personally trained by Octavia.

Blake had accepted without problems, seeming a little too pleased with the friendly and very beautiful Ontari Flink, even though the first impression Octavia had received from these two new clients was that they were in some kind of intimate, beyond a friendship relationship.

Lexa returned home at roughly 4pm, almost dead from having engaged in so much physical activity. The weekend was proving to be a little too much dare she say, and now after taking a very relaxing shower, she was about to make popcorn and sit and watch one of her favorite series, "Orange is the New Black" with her beloved Heda, who had already settled in her blanket on the comfortable sofa in front of the TV.

Lexa was busy preparing the rich popcorn in her kitchen when her watch GC (Griffin Cybernetics) sounded. The name of her boss appeared, alongside a text message... "Fuck no Griffin, not now..." Is Cruella really so insatiable? Or do you miss me too... "she smirked to herself, talking loudly and fetching her phone to read the text that her boss had sent her.

>>Clarke Griffin
Lexa, I need you to be at my house by six this afternoon.>>

"SHIT! I was about to have a marathon watching OITNB!! I have like...a thousand episodes outstanding! "

>>Lexa Woods
Yes Miss Griffin.>>

Lexa snorted bitterly, turning the microwave off where her popcorn was about to finish being cooked. She cursed her boss for the ever ability to ruin her plans. She went to change clothes to put on her hated uniform, and then left her dinner ready for Heda. She decided to take a taxi to go to the Griffin Mansion.

Upon entering, Echo did not look pleased to see her. Could she know what Clarke and she had been doing the other night and was jealous? Lexa wondered for a moment if perhaps the CEO was doing the same with her other employees that were so close to her in person sexual submission. It was a good question she told herself as she walked silently along the road leading from the gate to the front door.

Echo informed her quite accurately and dry, that she should drive the Mercedes Benz today, and that she would take Miss Griffin and her to the airport as they were traveling to Las Vegas in her private jet to attend a business meeting on the Monday morning, and one in the evening at an event in the same city. She would then receive a message from the bodyguard with an arrival time, so she was prepared to pick them up again from the airport.

Lexa nodded and went in search of the black Mercedes Benz that was parked instead of the BMW. She left the garage and parked at the door of the mansion where she was waiting for Echo and Clarke. There were two suitcases, one for the bodyguard, and one for the CEO.
The chauffeur got out immediately to open the back door for her boss, who she noticed was quite cold and serious in her manner.

- Good afternoon Miss Griffin

-Hi Lexa, I imagine Echo has already informed you that you need to take me to the airport.

- Yes Miss Griffin. You will travel to Las Vegas, and will return on Tuesday afternoon.

- If so, you will also travel Lexa. You too will come. I wish to have a chauffeur with me in this crazy city. - Clarke answered before entering the car and sitting down, pulling the seat belt across her lap.

Lexa cursed to herself, "Las Vegas? And why the fuck did she not say this in the text message?! Now she had no change of clothes, and nothing to travel in so suddenly. Fucking Cruella, she cursed."

- Oh sorry, but you did not mention that in your text message, I would have prepared a small travel bag. - commented Lexa... taking a seat on the driver's seat, making sure of the seat belt while Echo did the same without looking at her.

- That's not necessary Lexa. You can buy clothes in Las Vegas, then just pass the bill to Harper for your expenses. Now come on, I do not want to be late. - Clarke turned, having answered without looking in the rearview mirror.

- Miss Griffin, I need to make a phone call to my neighbor, Vera. I have a cat... - Lexa tried to explain, when she was suddenly cut off from her explanation by her boss.

- Lexa I don't care what fucking animal lives with you, it's not my problem. You have an obligation to comply. Dedicate yourself only to driving this car and take me to the local airport. - Clarke was in no mood to listen to her chauffeurs tiny problems. She was never amused when she had to fly on a plane and that put her in a bad mood and her irritation skin deep. Lexa blew her stack when she heard Clarke call Heda a "bloody animal". Shit, there was no way she was going to keep quiet after this, no sir, not a chance.

- Excuse me, but Heda is not just some "damn animal that lives with me." I'm sorry that you do not know what it is like to have the affection of a living creature at your side, but I do, and do not worry... I can make the call whilst I drive Miss Griffin - Lexa could not help her anger, she could accept anything from Cruella, but not this.

- I will not have you talk about Heda as though she was some worthless whore, you get that Griffin?. Echo stared at the bold and courageous Chauffeur with a stone face.

-How dare you say something like that ?? Do I need to remind you of your place Lexa? From now on take heed with your disrespectful comments, or you will be fired immediately. And I assure you, there will be no third chances ... now shut up and pay attention to the traffic instead of talking on the phone. - answered Clarke, whilst settling into her seat, moving slightly forward to be closer to her subject. Echo leered at the battle from the side line, barely breathing.

- Yes Miss Griffin - spat Lexa.

Lexa drove chewing anger to herself while sitting beside Echo, whose lips were curled as she enjoyed the clashes between her boss and the new chauffeur.

Lexa silently cursed her as well. She immediately called her neighbor, Doña Rosa, to look after Heda until she returned.
After a short journey, they were entering the car park to the exclusive VIP area for the private jet travelers. Lexa parked the Mercedes and got out to open the door for her boss, who looked at her with a frown... clearly still upset with her and her reply.

Lexa was also quite angry, not even looking at her, but keeping the car door open for the CEO to descend. At the same time, Echo had gone down in search of the luggage for Miss Griffin and hers. She still could not believe the nerve that the new employee had shown, thinking that she could speak to her famous boss like that. "The naive bitch has no idea how little time she will last in her post if she carries on defying Miss Griffin" Echo thought to herself, walking with the luggage onto the plane.

Clarke climbed out of the Mercedes, meeting a very distant and cold Lexa, who would not even look at her. She was just standing there with a mad look on her face.

- Someone will indicate where you should leave the car parked, then hurry up. We are leaving in ten minutes. Oh, and Lexa, remember that I give the orders, and your priority is to assist me first. Everything else in your life is in the background. That is what you have been hired for - clarified the CEO looking at angry green eyes that barely attended.

-Yes Miss Griffin

Lexa pushed the car door with a tiny bit more force than she would have liked... not only her but also her boss, who looked a little surprised. Clarke was amazed that the brunette was so bothered just for how she spoke over some stupid animal. This told the CEO that Lexa was also jealous and protective of her prized possessions, and living materials. So the thought of disturbing the Chauffeur who appeared to be in some kind of relationship, Clarke would enjoy this a lot.

Lexa even munched rage, bringing the Mercedes to the parking area where Echo had told her she should leave the car. "Damn fucking Cruella Griffin," she raged as she trotted down the runway to the aircraft as the private jet became ready to taxi. As soon as she boarded the plane, the flight attendant greeted her smiling, welcoming her on board, then immediately shutting the door behind her.

Inside the plane besides Clarke and Echo, were two women and a man, who Lexa had identified immediately as Finn Collins, one of the firm's attorneys and alleged lover of the CEO. Some close to the lawyer, had claimed that the man had plans to commit to the famous CEO. Some close to the lawyer, had claimed that the man had plans to commit to the famous CEO. It was a rumor that Lexa found amusing, as she did not see that happening anytime soon. But she recognized that the man knew how to stay close to Clarke, at least to sexually please her. He was the typical climber...one of those that serve only to plan on how to get above others heads, feet licking, playing it fair and submissive. "Damn lame ass" Lexa thought, watching him while passing through the seat where he sat smiling next to Clarke, chatting animatedly.

But just at that moment, Clarke's voice became high pitched, much higher than her companion Finn, who clearly was being ignored by the CEO.

- Lexa, you will sit next to me on the trip. Finn, leave this seat for my new chauffeur, Miss Woods, with whom I need to talk. Do you understand? - she asked politely. Clarke's lawyer, who was a little surprised, stopped talking to look to his side and follow the slender female figure dressed in uniform with her cap chauffeur in hand. He looked at her seriously, without moving a step.

- Ermmmm, of course Clarke, no problem. It's nice to meet you Lexa. I'm Finn Collins, law... - she tried to appear sympathetic as he said lawyer, but Clarke was up to ther neck of his stupid gallantries and flirtations with any beautiful woman he crossed. Clarke called it "lame ass loose closure" to herself.
- Finn, enough with the pleasantries. If you'll excuse me, the plane is about to take off and Lexa
needs to take her seat.

- Yes, of course Clarke. - he answered somewhat stunned by the cold and sharp attitude of his lover.
Collins moved aside, while Lexa approached and stretched out her hand to greet him politely.

- Hello Mr. Collins

Lexa greeting briefly with her hand outstretched. He was clearly some idiot lawyer, who was
somewhat misplaced by the unexpected order of their positions in the CEO’s life right now thought
Lexa, who could not help but smile as she greeted him. It was apparent to her that Collins was under
the impression that she was flirting... she actually laughed at how naive he was, "dream idiot ..." she
thought as she dropped his hand, hoping it had been sanitized. She sat next to Clarke, who just rolled
her eyes towards the window, sipping a glass of whisky that they had just been served with ice.

Lexa adjusted her belt and relaxed. She was not feeling very humorous to talk or start a conversation
with her boss. She had also heard the CEO say that she needed to talk to her, so she referred to the
"You do not speak, just listen when I speak and fulfill what I command you "that Clarke had told her
once, merely keeping silent and waiting for Cruella to talk about what she wanted.

As the small, modern luxury jet began to taxi down the runway taking speed, she noticed the face of
Clarke looked pretty tense and now her hands were gripping strongly to the support arms at her side.
Her knuckles and hands were both whiter than white. Lexa guessed that Griffin was not fond of
flying apparently.

Surprising herself how naturally it felt, Lexa did not hesitate to gently place her right hand over the
tensioned left hand of Clarke’s, just before the plane took off. The frightened blue eyes of the CEO
immediately looked down to her hand, and then her face connecting with its green tranquilizers,
staying a little lost in them whilst the plane climbed.

Lexa, unlike Clarke, loved flying and had a certain amount of flying hours to her credit, after taking
flying lessons at the military academy. She had even flown fighter jets during her time in her military
career aboard an aircraft carrier of the US Navy in the Persian Gulf, before she joined the Navy
Seals.

Being a former airline pilot and Navy lieutenant, she understood people like the CEO who had fear
once off the ground, and somehow wanted to help her divert her concentration off the plane. She had
obviously achieved this if the captivating look her boss was giving her was anything to go by.

Clarke however, even though she was grateful for the support from her employee, she knew she
could not afford for Lexa to see her with some weakness. She immediately withdrew her hand from
the nice and warm friction that Lexa had created. Internally though, she had appreciated the gesture,
wishing that Lexa could always be with her whenever she had to board a damn plane, because her
beautiful eyes had helped her a lot in overcoming this tension that she always felt when planes were
taking off or landing.

She didn’t have a problem when they had reached their flight height. Her mind was captivated by the
peaceful and safe green gaze for a second.... meditating on that kind gesture from her chauffeur,
though clearly she was upset with her. “Is Lexa starting to worry seriously about me...? Interesting...
very interesting... "

- I’m... Sorry Miss Griffin, I thought... - Lexa tried to apologise when she noticed the sudden
movement of Clarke removing her hand from her touch.
- No... I... I do not feel comfortable with takeoffs and landings of any type of aircraft. But do not take liberties Lexa. You do not touch me simply as you please. I say when you do, I hope I make that clear to you.

- Clarke was disgusted with herself for saying that to Lexa...it wasn’t what she really wanted. She knew that her employee had only tried to help her and she had achieved that, but she was upset with herself for allowing Lexa to see her fear...her weakness, and her anger was more about herself. She could never control the tension in her body when getting on a plane.

- Of course Miss Griffin, whatever you order. Excuse me, but you said earlier that you wanted to talk to me? - Lexa cut to the matter in hand. The reaction was so fucking Cruella, that she was not surprised by the anger that the CEO had shown, but was also not against it. She knew Clarke was more angry by the simple fact that she had witnessed a weakness, and that the CEO could not afford anyone seeing her weak, even if only for a brief moment like that.

The brunette just did not take the dismissal personally. She knew her distraction had helped, and the word "Thanks" did not exist in the vocabulary of Clarke Griffin.

- I only said that to get that jerk to fuck off that I unfortunately have to bring with me to the business meeting that we have tomorrow. - Clarke was sincere, surprising a Lexa a little.

- Oh I see. - she simply answered Clarke....without looking at her, putting her hands to her sides and now looking a little distracted at the very beautiful and friendly assistant. Something not lost on the jealous eyes of Clarke, who immediately huffed to herself and started to stare out of the window immediately.

There was complete silence between them when the craft reached the height of cruise flight, and the flight attendant in question approached politely to ask them if they wanted something to drink, smiling at Lexa in the process. Clarke could feel the jealous smoke pouring from her ears, wanting the attendant to stop eyeing up ‘her Lexa’, but reminded herself after all, that the pleasant attendant was not even aware that a pair of green eyes had installed in her back and looked over the rest of her figure. Clarke rolled her eyes... slightly less furious, and attempting to sound relaxed and normal when responding

- Get me a glass of red wine malbec Frida.

- Of course Miss Griffin. And you lady? - asked Frida, now stooping a little closer to the beautiful face of this brunette with green eyes. She had noticed her the minute she entered the plane and was hoping to enjoy the bathroom on the plane with her, regardless of how unprofessional she knew it was. She wanted to get to know this woman who was sat next to the famous CEO.

- I... I’m not sure....- stammered Lexa clearly intimidated by the proximity of the assistant whose shirt was too open...giving good vision and enormous fantasy. The irritating problem was that her blonde boss was very attentive to the interaction and flirtation between her and the lindona stewardess.

- Feel free to have whatever you like Lexa, even alcohol, but only one cup. - Intervened Clarke in her cutting manner, who could clearly see that both Lexa and Frida were seriously looking for a good time with each other with the stupid flirtatious looks and pinkish hands.

- A glass of Cola Zero please, thank you. - Lexa finally said, somewhat uncomfortable by the possessive woman at her side.

- Okay, I can get that for you. - answered Frida, noting the hostility of Miss Griffin who was clearly disgusted with her exaggerated kindness to her companion.
- Lexa, tell me, do you have a partner? - asked Clarke, who was now looking into her eyes.

The question took Lexa a little by surprise. She was immersed in meditation due to losing the ass cute stewardess, and having only the Cruella beside her. "Here begins the show," she thought to herself, hearing the interesting question from a very private Clarke. "Bingo!"

- Don’t you think that’s a very private question Miss Griffin? - answered Lexa, showing some discomfort in the very personal question her boss had asked, who immediately raised an eyebrow.

- You just do not seem to understand things Lexa, I ask and command. You just respond and fulfill. So no, I do not think I’m asking a personal question, and I am still waiting for your answer. - Clarke was clear and concise, making eyes with Lexa a few times before she answered the unexpected question.

- Okay Miss Griffin. Well, no, I'm single. - Lexa replied with some annoyance in her voice.

- Hmmm... are you sure Lexa? I do not like to be lied to by my employees. So what do you have to tell me ?. - Clarke insisted in a somewhat friendlier manner than bossy, but the demand was still quite present.

- I... no - Lexa deliberately showed nerves, and applauded herself for the brilliant performance. -Is that definitely the truth Lexa?

- Well she’s not my partner, but there is a girl that I frequent. It’s nothing serious though, we are like friends with benefits you know? No strings attached.

-Oh... I understand... what is the name of your friend with benefits? - she continued to insist. Clarke wanted to know if her employee could be honest at least in this case.

- Ontari, but why do you want to know her name Miss Griffin? -Just answer Lexa. How long have you been with her?

"Heavens Griffin! Did you ever learn the meaning of the phrase "respect for privacy" in your life you demonized queen ?! "

- We're not dating, just... - Lexa attempted again to explain, with discomfort and nervousness in her voice, but was again interrupted by her rude and irritating boss Cruella.

- Lexa answer the damn question.

- I do not know really, a few months... I do not keep count, because this is really nothing serious, just something casual.

- Well, I want any relationship you have with this woman to be finished tomorrow. - ordered an undeterred Clarke.

The brunette's eyes opened wide in shock. "Really Griffin...? You are seriously crazy shot dear, but I can tell all you want to do is catch me... "

- What did you say Miss... ?! - Lexa performed her role impeccably showing upset and shock on her face she would really have to consider going to Hollywood when she finished with Cruella, who now approached her face, invading her personal space.

- Lexa, while you work for me, I do not want to see you in close contact with other women or men. Is that clear for you?
Lexa Is that clear?
- Yes Miss Griffin. Now if you'll excuse me I need to go to the bathroom.

Clarke could not say anything back, simply watching the back of her very shocked and upset employee leave her seat to go in search of the bathroom, clearly affected by the request of her boss.

The CEO smiled as she followed the path that Lexa made, when suddenly, the brunette was joined in the narrow aisle with the beautiful Swedish flight attendant. They were both too close together, smiling, after a sudden movement of the aircraft had attracted turbulence suddenly. Lexa's quick hands had flown around the stewardess waist to hold onto her and stop her from falling, who immediately looked at her with sparkling eyes and a flushed face.

Clarke watched Lexa wink at the woman who was now holding and stroking her long fingers slyly round that waist. Clarke felt the neurons in her head set on fire, and the smoke come from her ears, watching the fucking scene before her eyes. "You bitch Lexa. You wont be getting wet panties, I'll make sure of that. Are you enjoying flirting with this stewardess fucking bitch? You wont make a fool out of me. What bothers me is that now I must dismiss a good assistant. Shit, I also enjoy watching that cute Swedish ass!"

Clarke was so focused with her blue eyes shooting fire arrows at those two bitches, that she did not pay attention when her lawyer sat down beside her again, as annoying as a fly wake.

- Well, you seem to have much interest in the new employee Clarke. - commented Finn subtly, observing the scene infront of him.

- I'm going to kill.... what...? What the hell are you doing here Finn? - asked an annoyed Clarke, finally noticing his heavy presence.

- I thought you were done talked to your employee and... - Finn was also a good actor, hoping to catch the damn bitch that was full of money and fame. If he could marry her, he would live like a king for the rest of his life. But the fox made it difficult. He hated this game with all his strength, and was just waiting for the day that he managed to get her demonic figure into a tailspin. Meanwhile, he had to keep the charade up of being a lame ass.

- No, I'm not done with it. What do you want Finn? I'm busy now.

- Well, I... nothing Clarke, I just wanted a little company. I do not imagine that you and the employee...

- Well I don’t Finn, so don’t be an idiot and please go back to your seat. I do not want to be in the company of anyone right now. I need to check the documents for that meeting tomorrow, and I imagine that you do too. Perhaps we should meet tonight, now go. - Finn knew that it was best to leave on good terms. Fuck knows what had got her in such a bad mood.

- Yes, of course Clarke, well then tell me later. If you want to discuss some points of the meeting tonight, no problem, you know I always have time for you when you need me.

-Yes, I know Finn. Goodbye

Clarke did not even look up after the short conversation had finished. She kept her eyes fixed on the small and very pleasant chat that Lexa was still having with her assistant next to the bathroom door. "Argggggge...." Clarke was in a very bad mood. Without warning, she pressed the button to call Frida, just to cut that stupid conversation short.
The stewardess immediately paid attention to the red light, indicating that the famous CEO was needing attention. She apologized to Lexa, and ran off to meet her ever rude and demanding boss. Not before arranging though with the cute new chauffeur to meet at some point outside working hours, giving her a napkin where she had neatly written her phone number. Maybe later they could hook up in the hotel bar, where staff aboard the plane also stay in the majestic and famous Caesars Palace hotel in Las Vegas.

Lexa was not really interested in hooking up with the beautiful and very sensual blue eyed Swedish pursuer called Frida Lingström. But honestly, she loved watching Clarke beside herself with extreme possessive jealousy. She couldn’t believe that the witch had just ordered that she could not maintain relationships with other people while working for her. Well, she would taste and flirt with every possible woman who crossed her, right before the eyes of the CEO, "fuck you Griffin..."

The rest of the trip was in absolute silence. At one point, Clarke pulled out the folder with the documents for the meeting of the next day. Lexa listened to music and relaxed. She could not believe she was going to Las Vegas.... it was not a city she would not miss much either, but it was OK. She just hated going back to the crazy city of casinos, luxury hotels, and newly married couples in the desert of Nevada.

In no time at all, they were checked into the famous hotel, and were going up in the elevator. All except the CEO showed a little surprise at the locations of the reserved rooms. Clarke and Lexa had their rooms on the same floor and were adjacent to each other both having two huge suites in luxury. The lawyer, who believed that he would soon achieve an engagement to Griffin, was one floor below. Frida, who was clearly moved by the striking beauty of the new chauffeur, also had a room to herself. Clarke knew she was someone she had to remove from her path, before it was too late.

Echo was finally installed in a room three floors below. The bodyguard was pissed that her place had been given to the new employee. It was clear that her boss was very hot with her. She cursed them both.

Lexa did not really do strange locations. It was evident that she was the new toy of Clarke Griffin though, and she wanted to get as close as possible. This was getting good, she thought to herself, smiling triumphantly.

She said goodbye to her boss and went to get settled in to her suite without waiting for Clarke to answer her or to give her chance to order her to do anything. She had simply ignored her since she had returned to her seat next to her on the plane. It was all part of her great performance. Be openly, extremely uncomfortable with such a crazy request from her boss to end her relationship/friends with benefits with her friend Ontari. "You’re a very jealous and possessive woman Clarke, and you're falling slowly... and I'm enjoying it..." smirked Lexa to herself.

Upon entering the luxurious suite, Lexa began to look at all the details. It was really impressive since she was only supposed to be the chauffeur. In those moments, Echo’s face came into her mind.... She looked very upset with the relocation of her room. Poor Echo, she thought to herself. It was obvious the bodyguard was fuming by the look in her eyes, but refused to express anything. Lexa was sure that this was the moment she lost a good ally maybe. Echo clearly hated her arrival into the Miss Griffin team.

When Lexa entered the room where she was, there was a huge king size bed, and on it she found different clothes. There was a black evening dress, which was long, quite low-cut, very elegant, but also suggestive which Lexa liked without question. Beside the dress was a set of black lace underwear...brand of Victoria Secrets, and their size and fit also suited very well. A pair of black lycra tights, and finally a thin high-heeled pair of shoes, also black in color, famous brand Gucci,
matching the Italian designer dress. There was also a pink satin robe, shorts and pajamas and sleep shirt set also from Victoria Secrets. Very cute and very feminine thought Lexa, but they were all amazingly suited to her liking. She was surprised by how fast Clarke learn to know her taste, even when that night she wore an unisex Calvin Klein boxer.

Lexa smiled at the clothes one by one. She was in no doubt that everything had been neatly planned by Clarke. Not only had she given her a luxury suite next to hers, she had also bought her designer clothes and shoes. "Shit Griffin, you definitely make me feel like I belong in the good whore category type of the movie" Pretty Woman "Lexa thought. Evidently, her time of masturbating in front of her boss had gave her good fruits, but then in short, she had basically been prostituting at a high level, which did not make her feel very good about herself at all. But she immediately remembered why she was doing all that bloody sacrifice stuff, and how important it was to continue pleasing her new "Mistress..."

Lexa looked under the black Gucci dress, and was surprised to find a handwritten note by Clarke with a beautiful natural red rose, which Lexa took to her hands breathing in the beautiful flower. She enjoyed the remarkably exquisite fragrance. Obviously her boss had also noticed her weakness for that flower...

"Lexa, clothe yourself with these garments. Let your hair loose. When you arrive down to the hotel restaurant, show Mr.Chow the list, and ask for me at the reception at 9:00 pm.

Clarke"

Lexa smiled holding the flower in her hand, smelling the intoxicating perfume. The note was written in a fine and delicate detail, especially coming from someone who supposedly is clearly the ice maiden. Had her arrival already produced some slight changes in her famous boss? Interesting...

"Well, good my ice lady... I assume this pleasant surprise was your way of apologizing to your new favorite employee... I'm impressed with the detail and I would almost say something romantic Clarke.... So tonight, you want a seductive woman who hits you with her presence? That you will have my dear... "

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