The Boss

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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, disgusting 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 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.
- Ermm ... 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 switch board, 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 Miss - 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 brunetإقامة 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 clasped 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 area ...

"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 Masserati 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 carousel, 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 it's necessary but you may not read this chapter in public places, or surrounding by family or friends 😊 semantics 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.
- Hmmmm ... 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 cosy 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.
- Don't 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 proceeding 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.

- Hmmm ... 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 ... hmmm - 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 Onatari’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 orgasaming, 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.
- Hmmmm ... 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 .... , shiiiiiiit ... 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, infact 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
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 to 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 ... hmmm ... 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 as 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 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 mischievious 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.

-Thanks Echo, I'll keep it in mind. - 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.

- Ermmm .. 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 to 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 ‘I’. Do you understood?

- Yes, Miss Griffin. - Shit! And she thought that her boss had liked the action movie type trip, and had had a great time from the speed adrenaline. - Lexa nodded her head, but when she turned to walk towards the door, she began to feel dizzy.

The floor was moving horribly 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 \( \infty \) 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 ...
- Lexa ... wake up now ... Lexa

Lexa 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. Lexa 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.

Arggggg ...! 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 recieve 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, regretted 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 FUCK 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 to 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!
Strategies of Power

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 Niylah 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 authoritarism. 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 any way. 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, miauuuu. 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
- 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.

- 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...?

- Shuuuu ... 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 have 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. Hmmmm ... Clarke was thinking of seeing her in her large kitchen one night, wearing only a white shirt, no underwear of course, making her food ... Hmmmm ... 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
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, Niyalah 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 Niyalah 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 Niyalah 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.

- Ermmmm... 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 bolt of fire... making her crotch throb, she was still to 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 payed 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
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...
Finally Clarke came to her goal. Lexa had not noticed her presence, too 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.
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.
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
cloth....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.
Yeah sure...

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... hmmm... 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 Sofía 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 ... Arggg...! "

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
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 CONTROOOOOOL 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... Ohhh... 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.

- Ermmm... 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.

- Aahhhhh...... 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
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.

- Miaaaaauuuuuu

- 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 federals. 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.

Any, 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 together. Lexa wanted to be seen with Ontari involved in something else, to promote the idea that they were involved. However, she also wanted to gain the opportunity to witness small parts of the very small Clarke Griffin environment, starting with her friends.

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 chauffeur's 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.
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.

- Erm... 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 her 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 flirtatous 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?

- I...

- 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. "Arggggg...." 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..."
Clarke had prepared extensively for the occasion, which somehow disturbed her somewhat eccentric mind. She had not yet fully accepted her strange behavior regarding the new chauffeur. Although Clarke would not fully admit it to herself, she was beginning to have strong internal problems regarding Lexa Woods. There was something powerful about this damn woman that shook her wrought iron walls, causing constant mental debates on how to proceed with her, and how to control them. It was clear to Clarke that Lexa still needed a good education about who gave the orders and that she should serve without being challenging all the time, but it had actually become quite interesting and exciting for the CEO.

But she was struggling to cope with the fact that she was ‘off balance’ mentally, and she hated it. Clarke Griffin did not like it when her mind became strange and conflicting. She rarely allowed displays of emotions in her personality to rise to the surface and it was causing her headaches. These displays of frustration, jealousy, uncontrolled reactions, she was acting like a stupid hormonal teenager.

She was struggling to comprehend why their shit had transformed the whole damn business trip into a "joyride". She assumed that Lexa had no idea, and of course she had no intention of letting her know her thoughts it was simply unacceptable, and to be honest, she was furious with herself about it.

She had taken her professional makeup artist and her stylist with her to work her hair. She had selected her clothes and shoes in detail, as well as beautiful clothes for her employee to wear. ‘She was not romantic’ was being repeated like a mantra mentally, thinking about everything she had carefully selected.

She had observed more than once the brunette enjoying both her rose bushes in the mansion, so the CEO was pretty confident that it was her favorite flower. Also knowing what a red rose meant....passion and desire, she ordered the luxurious hotel staff to place the rose, especially selected for her from her garden, next to the Gucci dress and the personal note.
In all her 29 years of life, Clarke Griffin had never had a date, never felt the need to experience one, and was somewhat ignorant of what to do about it, or how to behave in one. But she did not panic, or allow herself to be tempted by the idea of asking for help in that regard. She told herself that she was perfectly capable of organising a "date", but that word was really playing havoc with her mind because a "date" was related to something romantic, and she repeatedly told herself that she "was not someone romantic" and did not feel affection for anyone.

Lexa Woods was no exception. She was a woman who simply enthralled her with her beauty and personality, but nothing more. She was also a challenge, someone to conquer, to endorse, educate. So her new employee was just that she told herself.... more than once, while preparing for the unprecedented and strange occasion. She had planned to spend these days in Las Vegas with her new chauffeur and she wanted a special occasion that she would not forget.

She had chosen a Chanel thin black silk blouse, and a black skirt with delicate white flowers prints. The length was quite short, and designed by the same classic French designer, leaving her long and well toned legs in ample sight. She chose to wear high heels of her favorite designer Christian Louboutin.

Her make-up was subtle, highlighting in particular her blue eyes and her lips. Her hair had been collected leaving a few golden curls falling subtly to the sides of her face. It was undoubtedly a very special look, serious but sensual at the same time, and she did not understand why such a large part of her wanted to appear smoking hot to Lexa's eyes. She did not understand where this stupid inner desire was coming from, and although she had tried to remove it, frustratingly, she could not.

She was dressed and groomed, and arrived at the restaurant at 8.50pm in the company of Echo. She informed her that she would dine with someone, and when her companion arrived, she wanted no one to bother them. She had reserved the balcony of the famous Chinese restaurant, so she and Lexa could be alone with the beautiful view of a lighted fountain and the sky full of stars whilst all the time repeating to herself that it had nothing to do with romanticism...

The table was set elegantly, with two roses and a burning candle. When Clarke arrived and saw all the romantic gestures, she hated everything for a moment almost panicking. This was bad she told herself, almost turning on her heels and returning back to her suite canceling everything. This was simply too much for her mind.

Echo looked a little disoriented and unsure as to why her boss had made arrangements for this dinner, that definitely looked "romantic"? The bodyguard had no record of the famous CEO seeing someone other than that bumbling lawyer Collins occasionally, but she knew full well that her boss viewed him as just a moment of pleasure and distraction.

The table had been elegantly arranged in a very romantic style, and her boss looked a little pale when she had stopped and stared from the balcony door. What the hell was going on here? Due to the static and somewhat bewildered expression on Miss Griffin’s face, Echo wondered if perhaps the restaurant had misunderstood the order or reservation, and half expected Clarke to explode anger from every pore due to the error.

- Excuse me Miss Griffin, but has there been some mistake with your reservation? Is everything okay or do you want me to call the supervisor to change something? - Echo asked... trying to help her boss.

- Ermmm what ...? Oh, no, no, it's all ... well Echo. I'm just a little distracted. - Clarke managed to respond, still feeling a little dazed.

- Okay Miss Griffin
- Echo, when my guest arrives, please send her to my table, and ensure that no one interrupts us, especially Collins.

- Of course Miss Griffin.

Clarke moved her feet to get closer to the beautifully decorated table, and took a seat to wait for Lexa. She looked at her watch a little nervously....it was 8:57 pm, and she hated the nerves that were currently taking over her body, and to her horror.... the butterflies in her stomach.

"What the fuck Griffin? Quit acting like a tremendous idiot. It’s just a simple dinner “ whispered the CEO to herself.

A kind waitress with oriental features stood beside her as if waiting for an answer of some kind. Clarke raised her eyes...confused by the presence of the girl who was smiling softly at her.

- Sorry to bother you Miss Griffin, I asked what you would like to drink ?.

- Ermmm... Oh... I’ll wait for when my pa... companion arrives, she will only be a few minutes.

- Of course, I'll be back later then- smiled the waitress before walking off.

"Shit Griffin, stop acting like a complete idiot! Echo has already noticed your nerves...” Clarke mentally scolded herself, still unable to stop her hands from shaking. She rested them on her lap, on the table....nothing worked. She picked up her cup and looked out to the water... it was perfectly clean and transparent. After watching the water from the illuminated fountain and surrounding areas, a light breeze caressed her face and played a little with her golden hair. It was a beautiful summer night, cloudless sky stars making their way out in the dark sky.

Meanwhile, outside the balcony, Lexa had walked into the restaurant to meet the CEO for dinner. She looked spectacular, similar to that of a Hollywood celebrity, and there was no one in her path that hadn’t observed this.

She felt a little intimidated with how she looked due to the attention she always attracted. She loved to attract women when she was in the night clubs or pubs environment, but the rest of the time she felt somewhat uncomfortable being seen this way, like the Queen of England.

She had acknowledged how good she looked when standing infront of the giant mirror in the huge bathroom of her suite. She had been a little shocked with what she saw. It had been a long time since Lexa had stopped to admire her own beauty, especially looking as feminine as she did now. It was just a shocking look, and even though she flatly denied it, an inner part of her wanted to make a big impact on the eyes and the whole being of Clarke. But at the same time, she excused herself by saying that obviously this was in order to aid her mission, nothing more than that. It was her responsibility with regards to the operation obviously.

Arriving at the reception of the beautiful restaurant, she announced herself as Miss Griffin’s companion and was immediately escorted to the restaurants large balcony. She could see the face of Echo, it really was a poem with her mouth gaping open. The bodyguard looked like something out of a cartoon.

Echo definitely was not blatant. Lexa smiled politely when she and the receptionist walked towards the surprised bodyguard, who out of shock at seeing such beauty approaching, stepped to the side...allowing entry to the double doors leading to the balcony.

- Good evening to you Echo - Lexa immediately said looking up at Echo’s serious face.
Where do you think are you going Woods?

It might be better if you ask our boss.... - Lexa answered with mischievous eyes, laughing at the clear astonishment and disbelief of Echo.

With that answer, Echo was left paralyzed to the world for the second time in the space of two minutes. The first was when she saw the new Chauffeur transformed into a femme fatale, and walking gracefully toward her, lifting the eyes of everyone in the restaurant. She was clearly no other but the mysterious dinner companion of her boss.

Echo could not believe it and began to curse the brunette stunner that had now raised an eyebrow. She motioned out to the balcony where her boss was expecting her.

- I... not.... Woods wait out here. I need to confirm this.

Echo went to the balcony whilst keeping an eye on Lexa who continued standing next to the receptionist in silence. She noticed immediately that Clarke's blue eyes looked around the body of her bodyguard, so she moved slightly to the side.

Lexa noticed the way the CEO was looking at her, watching her eyes light up. She knew she had struck her with her presence and was happy...

"Wait a minute, why does that shit make her happy...? It's just part of the mission Woods!! She watched Clarke nod her head at Echo, and then look away to the menu in her hands shyly.

The bodyguard came back to the restaurant, her face somewhat annoyed. Lexa couldn’t help but smile. She knew Echo was furious at the idea, and was also jealous, but what could she do? Her natural beauty and its appeal was her best weapon. Lexa’s ego was at its highest level. And though she hated to admit it, the way she looked. Clarke was the only one that really mattered in all the eyes that had risen in the restaurant. The problem was that they were also the ones that treated her horribly as well... "Shit"

- Miss Griffin awaits you, and Woods... You better behave, because I'll be very aware of what happens out there. - Echo strongly warned.

- Echo, stop worrying. We are just having dinner... dessert is perhaps elsewhere...

Echo looked like she was drinking poison, looking at her with hatred in her eyes. "Damn your wet panties Woods, don’t worry, just let the boss fuck you, then you will be out of her way like an annoying insect, the same as so many others..." she thought to herself, opening the door to come out to meet with her boss... Miss Griffin.

When Lexa finally approached the table, Clarke was still immersed in the menu. The receptionist left, closing the door behind her, with Echo following. Silence surrounded the place. The truth was that Lexa was impressed by the romanticism that surrounded every detail of what Clarke had neatly planned.

"Perhaps this was a kind of date?" She was seriously shocked, and hated the fact that she was even thinking along those lines.

- Good evening Clarke... you look very beautiful tonight, if I may say? - Lexa finally broke the silence, and prepared to flirt a little with her companion for the evening.

- The night is beautiful, very normal for this time of year here in Las Vegas... - Clarke replied somewhat nervously... to the utter astonishment of the brunette, who proceeded to sit down
smiling.

- No, I did not mean the night Clarke. I think you misheard me.... I was referring to you. You look gorgeous. - Clarified Lexa, adjusting her chair closer to the table, and looking in the somewhat confused eyes of Clarke.

-Yeah... well, nothing special... you... You look very nice also Lexa. I see that the garments were the right size. - Clarke deeply hated not being able to soothe those damn butterflies in her stomach. What the hell was wrong....?

- They are, and they are beautiful, thank you. You really shouldn’t have...

- I decide what I should or shouldn’t do Lexa, do not forget. Now... what do you want to drink? - Clarke cut all the small talk, this was getting out of hand. The CEO was not sure how to proceed and still inwardly cursing, she attempted to return the conversation back to its normal course. The shocking beauty of Lexa was wreaking havoc with her mind.

- Sorry to ask this... but what were doing? - Lexa tried to investigate what the evening was supposed to be about as she was a little surprised, but...

- Lexa, we are having dinner, so tell me what you want to drink so I can inform the waitress at once - interrupted Clarke.

- Erm... well, a glass of rosé wine please. - Lexa gave up. It was clear that if she kept pushing her "clearly nervous?" boss that it was going to put her in a bad mood.

- Excellent choice, I think I'll drink the same to start.

Clarke called the waitress over, who was waiting inside the restaurant along with Echo. The waitress immediately walked over to the balcony to take the order, and then retire again, leaving the women in an absolute uncomfortable silence.

The CEO could not look away from the gorgeous woman who was joining her this evening for dinner. It was magnificent to see her, and her heart skipped a couple of beats. She cursed herself for being so weak at this time when Lexa's eyes lit up and her lips smiled slightly. The brunette was gentle, and shit, every time she spoke her name, it shot Clarke’s libido through the roof. She was thirsty and the damn Chinese waitress was taking forever to bring their drinks.

- I need to say that this has surprised me Clarke. I was not expecting... once again though, the blonde interrupted her...

- What? To dine with me? I wanted some company, and did not want to be around Collins tonight. - Clarified Clarke, trying to sound normal and relaxed. She did not believe she had truly accomplished this though, seeing as Lexa had only blinked once and had placed her napkin on her lap, smiling somewhat flustered.

- Oh ... well I'm glad to be viewed as an alternative.
- Well I do not...

Suddenly the waitress was there smiling, leaving their glasses in front of them, before she withdrew.

- Shall we toast? - Lexa suggested raising her glass just as her sparkling green eyes caught the confused blue ones of Clarke.
- Why should we toast Lexa? - Clarke tried in vain to put some distance between them, knowing this was looking more and more like a damn "date" as the evening wore on and she was as nervous as a damn schoolgirl.

- To your natural beauty Clarke. To the red roses that you left me, and their remarkably exquisite fragrance and to a splendid evening in good company. - spoke Lexa without hesitation, whilst staring into the eyes of Clarke, who seemed impressed by everything.

God! She just wanted to take that face and kiss those beautiful lips...and that mole that sat just perfectly on the left side of her beautiful face. She wanted to taste and drink from the CEO until she were empty ...

- OK Lexa, let’s toast - Clarke gave up. She was so finished... she felt intoxicated, and that beautiful face in front of her wasn’t helping.

- Can I ask... - started Lexa, after taking a sip of her wine.

- Lexa, tonight you can leave the formalities aside...

“Wait ... what the fuck Griffin? What did you just say?. Shit, this is getting worse by the second ... SHIT" though Lexa a little bit in shock.

- Well, thank you Clarke. In that case I can now ask you how a beautiful, intelligent woman like you is still single? - Lexa dared to ask, resulting in Clarke's face becoming that of a poem.

- I don’t need anyone in my life Lexa. I don’t need to see anyone when I wake up every morning, or when I sleep at night. I do not want my personal space to be invaded each day, or to deal with those ‘couple induced’ problems. I have no time to lose myself in a relationship. com. I'm fine alone, and when I want to entertain... I do it without ridiculous strings attached. - Explained Clarke without hesitation.

- Oh I see... yes, of course. Believe me, I understand very well. - Lexa answered quite honestly at that point.

- Lexa, what about you? Why are you not engaged to someone, or living with someone? You're a beautiful woman, and I would also say intelligent. So tell me, why you live with a cat and not with a woman?

"JA! Touche " Clarke thought to herself returning the question.

- (Lexa laughed a little nervously sipping her wine before answering) First of all, my cat is a lady named Heda. Secondly, because I think you and I are somewhat similar at this point Clarke. Love is not for me, I have lived it once and I prefer not to do it again. I'm fine as I am.

- Oh yes, the old story of love going disastrously wrong as I've mentioned before, you want to tell me what happened as to why you no longer want to feel love again?

Lexa's face tensed immediately and she cursed herself for having brought the issue to the table and arousing the curiosity of the beautiful lady sitting in front of her. This was something that she had no desire to relive, let alone share with a woman who had no fucking idea what it meant to feel love. Lexa was sure that Clarke had never fallen in love in her life, so how the hell would she understand her hurt?

The waitress again appeared on the scene...serving the delicious food as both women attempted to relax. They both watched the movements of the girl, who quickly served the dishes, then left them
alone once again.

- I am not comfortable discussing my personal story with you Clarke. I don’t think you would understand as I'm almost certain that you've never felt love in your life. Well, not that kind of love - spoke Lexa gently.

Clarke could not help but feel hurt as deep down, she knew that was true. She had never felt love or loved...not because she had not wanted to, but because she was suddenly stolen by a paedophile son of a bitch. But how dare this insolent woman determine what she had or hadn’t experienced in her life?

- You have no fucking idea what I've felt or experienced in my life Lexa, so don’t you dare presume to think you know, because you have no idea. Now tell your story, I do not care if I understand it or not. I'm not your psychologist or your friend. I just want to hear it. - Clarke knew her voice had risen a few decibels, and her face had most likely looked stressed when responding, but her employee looked shocked and disoriented with that answer.

- Well, I'll tell you that I would rather change the subject for the rest of the dinner. I do not want to talk about something just to satisfy your curiosity Clarke. I am sure there are also unpleasant moments in your life that you do not want to remember or discuss- argued back the feisty brunette.

Clarke was close to flipping out from the anger she now felt.... " That fucking bitch... How dare she go responding like that? Clearly her mistake was telling her that she could talk freely tonight... shit " Suddenly a small memory of her horrific childhood by the hands of that son of a bitch Cage came to her mind ...as if a knife was penetrating her soul, as was the case in her nightmares. She hated that woman and wanted to go...

Clarke immediately frowned her eyes were cold and wounded and focused on Lexa, who was already regretting having said that comment without thinking about the effects of it really. The CEO placed her napkin on to her lap and held on to the table with a slight blow....knocking the silverware clean off, whilst still looking furiously at Lexa who immediately cursed herself for that stupid slip.

Clarke stood as if there were a spring in her back. She was ready to get out of there, but when she was about to do so, Lexa got up and grabbed her wrist, not letting her go. Immediately, the blue furious and hurt eyes met with warm green repentant ones that were clearly trying to apologize.

- I… I'm sorry Clarke. I should not have said that... It was very silly of me. Please sit down, don’t leave yet. We have been served food that looks amazing and we can just enjoy a quiet dinner. Lets just not go down the road of unpleasant memories. We clearly both have upsetting moments in our past. What do you say? I promise to behave...

Lexa smiled and winked at Clarke, trying to make her relax and sit back down. Clarke looked at her somewhat strangely, but those haunting, angry eyes had suddenly disappeared and submitted. Her blue eyes looked a little more relaxed. Clarke looked at Lexa's hand that held her right wrist, then raised her face with a more serious look, but those bright green emeralds were still smiling.

Clarke immediately loosened the grip of the brunette in a somewhat sharper manner than she would have liked, but she had retreated back into her shell again. Then, without a word, she sat down, placing her napkin back on her lap again.

- Beijing Duck is... - Clarke attempted to whisper, when she noticed Lexa looking confused at her dish.
- What thing…? - Lexa answered raising her eyes, somewhat confused by Clarke. - The food is Beijing duck is a specialty of this restaurant - Clarified the CEO in a tone of voice which was more relaxed and calm.

- Oh… well, thanks for telling me, it is exquisite. Although not surprising as you chose this place...

- What do you mean Lexa?- queried Clarke.

- That you have excellent taste in everything that you do Clarke - Lexa smiled, winked back, and carried on eating the delicious Beijing duck.

- Do not put yourself on a pedestal Lexa. The fact that you're attractive and I enjoy your company does not mean that you really interest me. You are someone very dispensable Lexa Woods, remember that forever. - Clarified Clarke in a very cold and dry manner. She would not allow the ego sat in front of her to expand even further in front of her.

- Clarke, I know that well. You do not need to keep telling me, now please tell me... what have you done with my boxers? - the question left Clarke shocked. She was just taking a sip from her glass of wine, and almost spat it out automatically, causing the brunette to laugh, who could not contain herself at the reaction of her boss.

Clarke spat the liquid out of her mouth and back into her glass immediately...taking the napkin to her lips to dry them. Lexa admired the exquisite white flesh, still looking at her with mischievous eyes. She had loved the expression on the face of her boss at such an unexpected question.

- (Clarke relaxed and finally started laughing, while Lexa was lost again in her beautiful sincere and pure smile) God you’re terrible Lexa Woods- laughed Clarke.

- (Lexa was infected by her laughter) I missed them... Sorry but I do not own many, and they are an expensive brand you know! I'm a simple chauffeur- Lexa said laughingly at the CEO.

- Well, you will not see them again so I suggest you stop mourning! You have a very good salary working for me, so you can buy a few more pairs.

- Well that sounds great, but I'm intrigued to know why you want my boxers Clarke?

- Lexa was loving teasing her boss, who already had red cheeks from being put on the spot. She resembled a child who had been caught pulling a prank. Although Lexa knew what kind of mischief Clarke had committed.

- I have no reason to explain myself Lexa. Now finish your dinner, the food is getting cold, and I do not want to be here all night. - Clarke settled the matter without further ado, the joke had been, now that was enough as far as Clarke was concerned.

- Well, though ...

- Lexa, I said to finish eating, and remain silent. - Clarke won with her dictatorial tone of voice that made Lexa understand she should stop.

Lexa turned her eyes towards her food under orders from her boss, understanding that she had made her uncomfortable. Oh Clarke like to make her felt like that, a level under her, like normally Clarke Griffin was use to do it with most of the people around her… “fuck you Griffin”

After the rest of the dinner, they resumed talking the talk but stuck to very simple and banal things,
without going into personal details, or uncomfortable issues. To end the evening, Clarke ordered a
dessert, which Lexa loved and would remember
it for some time to come. She would also remember this dinner, "date", without a doubt.

She could not deny that she was quite attracted to Clarke Griffin, not only for her beauty and
captivating personality, but because she was a woman to discover. She knew that under that mask
of hard coldness, there was a passionate woman, one that was eager to feel, but had been denied her
whole life.

She knew it was a crazy feeling, and it was unfortunate that it was the CEO that she had developed
this attraction for. If their lives had been different, and in different places, different backgrounds
and professions, perhaps, just perhaps something could have developed between them, because
clearly there was a great attraction and chemistry there.

Although Lexa knew that dinner had been incredibly stuffy for a simple dinner, it was really
nothing more and nothing less than a "date", one to which she was forced, not invited, but coming
from "Cruella no knowledge of social tact Griffin" she was therefore not surprised.

Although the CEO had tried to remain distant and elevated for most of the evening, at times she
had failed. Lexa had seen her eyes calm and relaxed, and the pleasure in them of sharing this
intimate and pleasant moment with her. She had been relaxed and chatting most of the time... they
had had an incredible view. The evening had been wonderful and the food and drink first class.

It had been to much for a "simple dinner". In addition to these details, the brunette had not failed to
notice the candle on the table and white roses. Had it meant a "truce" for one night? At the very
least, the dinner had been a truce as there were several moments where she had felt their normal
positions that were occupied daily slide. Clarke was not the CEO, and Lexa was not the new
chauffeur with a secret mission in tow.

Lexa forgot for a moment that she was an experienced FBI agent attempting to get under the skin
of the famous Clarke Griffin. And that gave her fear, immediately igniting internal alarms.

Just like the story of Cinderella, at a certain moment... the spell was over. There had been a
pleasant night on the balcony, the remarkably exquisite dinner and good conversation in such
beautiful company, but it had not lasted longer than a few hours.

After calling the waitress, Clarke informed her that the cost of the dinner was to be added to her
personal account at the hotel, and then she walked over to the elevator, followed by Echo.
Lexa felt slightly sorry for the bodyguard, having been standing there the whole dinner inside the
restaurant near the door. She imagined that her legs would be hurting by now. But Echo's gaze
toward her was not the friendliest or warm in the slightest.

Why does everyone have to be so possessive and jealous?, Lexa wondered... standing beside
Clarke and Echo on the other side of the elevator as it climbed.

The CEO stopped the elevator on Echo’s floor, effectively dismissing her for the night, leaving her
and her chauffeur alone, continuing the climb to their suites.

Neither said a word, but both madly wanted one thing... kissing until they ran out of air in their
lungs. Neither was sure if the other was bold enough to make such a move.

Clarke did not want to create a show in front of the security cameras placed in the elevator and
hallways of each floor. Lexa meanwhile thought exactly the same, and although she was dying to
slam Clarke against a wall and eat those lips that she had not yet been able to test and taste, she was
also concerned about making a terrible mistake and losing her position of work. It was like playing with fire, and there was a huge possibility of burning.

They left the hall in silence, but with their hearts beating wildly. Neither understood the strange internal event, but nor did they want to stop. When they reached the door of Clarke’s suite, Lexa was about to say goodbye but Clarke stopped her by suddenly holding her wrist, whilst with the other hand... she used her card to open the door.

Passions were ignited, and wordlessly, Lexa understood that Clarke wanted her again that night. She realised suddenly that she didn’t actually want to go through with this, she didn’t want to feel like she did again the last time they had shared something sexual, but she had no way out. She needed to play along, and unfortunately please her boss who was still holding her hand.
Upon entering Clarke's suite, the exquisite fragrance of natural roses immediately invaded the nostrils of Lexa, causing her to close her eyes for a second and delight in the aroma. Her hand was sensually released, causing a cold sensation to travel through her body.

She didn't know why but she liked the somewhat possessive touch of the CEO towards her. She opened her eyes to see Clarke standing in front of her, looking at her in a way she had never done before. Her eyes were full of desire, but they were not calculating and cold or even naughty. There was a beautiful warmth in them, and slight fear.

Lexa loved them and wished they would always look at her that way, a way in which her whole being reacted in an extraordinary way. The way Clarke was looking at her activated her physically immediately. It was one of those looks that undress you and ignite you in not time. But in addition, a pleasant sensation began to spread through her emotionally, a very deep one that she had not experienced for a long time. It was lost in an immense blue sea of prohibited sensations, but it was already too late to stop.

Clarke, while losing herself in those enchanted forests, took off her expensive shoes from her feet. She didn’t move an inch from where she was, three steps from the brunette, who was ravaging her internally. But from somewhere in a certain part of her mind, not yet lost to Lexa, she was able to
return to the ground, remembering why she was doing this and what might come very soon. She immediately recognised the dampness spreading in her crotch.

- Do you want me to prepare a bath for you Clarke? - Lexa asked, in a very suggestive voice.

- No Lexa, I don't want that tonight - Clarke answered without moving, using that same serious tone of sensual voice that impacted all the senses of the brunette. Lexa liked that answer, barely curving the corner of her lips.

- What do you want then Clarke? - Lexa asked staring at the delicious lips of the CEO that were moistened by that restless tongue.

- Take off your shoes Lexa - Clarke ordered in a more authoritative manner, but still in a naughty and suggestive tone whilst still licking her lips. She was hungry for that woman and that hellish body, that was already hers.

Lexa did what was ordered immediately. Things seemed to be going well, but she needed to be alert. She didn't trust this woman and her strange seduction games. She couldn't let her penetrate her mind confusing her and making her feel feelings of inferiority that she didn't want. She had never submitted to anyone, and having to do this was a difficult thing for the brunette, even though a small part of her was quite excited in anticipation of what her boss was going to propose.

Once Lexa took off her shoes, Clarke approached her slowly. The brunette was static, although she wanted to kiss her boss so much. "God, how much she wish to do that!" was a desire that enveloped her and clouded her senses. Her darkened green eyes were focused on her boss's mouth, and her dilated blue eyes, as if not to get lost and get carried away by these impulses. In part, and to her surprise, Lexa was very excited to know what the game was for the night that Clarke had planned.

The blonde edged herself even closer to Lexa completely invading her personal space, but the brunette did not move at all, awaiting the command of her boss. Clarke's hand moved up to her face, gently taking a rebellious hair that had crossed in front of Lexa's right eye, and placing it behind her ear, barely touching her sensitive skin, but making her immediately wish for more, much more. She closed her eyes for a brief moment, wanting to feel and enjoy the sensations.

Clarke now had both hands very slowly stroking the hot beating skin of Lexa. The brunette was excited from the soft touch of her fingers which now continued to caress the line of her shoulders, and down those well-marked arms where the skin was beautiful and soft.

Clarke was enjoying this much more than she imagined. She knew she had total control over the sensations that ran through the brunette's body. It was such a sublime moment, because the CEO was aware that Lexa was as dominant as she was, and yet she was letting herself be controlled beyond the pressures or threats of being fired. Clarke could feel, could see that her new employee was enjoying this game of seduction and power, and that was really driving the dominant boss mad.

When Clarke's hands reached the almost barely trembling ones of Lexa, the brunette opened her black eyes already so full of desire that they shook Clarke in such a way that she could almost feel the warning of a delicious orgasm ripping through her being. This was sincerely magnificent, Clarke thought, distracting herself in the dark emeralds. She could feel the intense throbbing in her crotch. No one in her life had made her feel what Lexa Woods made her feel just by looking at her. The brunette had supreme power over her humanity, but Clarke would never let her know that.
Finally the blonde managed to restrain herself once again, returning to what she was about to do.

She pulled Lexa towards her as she turned and began to walk towards the next room, where the huge and comfortable bed was. Lexa followed her while still looking at her, still wanting her, and feeling very wet. Her sensitive sex was in need of joining that preciousness in front of her.

When they finally reached the edge of the bed, Lexa was extremely tempted to push her towards the bed and climb on that body and work wonders with her hands and her hungry mouth. But again, she managed to contain her impulses, allowing Clarke to continue to guide her with what she wanted to do that night.

Clarke's hands stroked down the line of her arms again, rising now to her bare shoulders, where only a pair of thin strips held her suggestive and fine Gucci black dress. Clarke then lowered the straps devouring her eyes with her own lit with lust. The boss bit her own lower lip, causing the excitement to continue rising in the body of the brunette, if that was even possible.

- I want you to trust me Lexa ... Can you do that my precious? - Clarke asked, approaching Lexa's body, while those blue-black eyes looked at her lips, her dormant neck, and a little lower where her hard nipples were protruding from the fine fabric of the dress.

And there it was again those words that were already Lexa's weakness... “my precious one”, at the same time she wondered, why did it delight her so much to hear that? Why did she want to belong to that woman, when she didn't belong to anyone... But from that mouth, those words were simply magical and felt so good.

But Lexa was having a strong internal conflict, losing herself in those eyes that were so possessive and hypnotic. On the one hand, she wanted to answer Clarke "yes I trust you" but on the other hand, she sincerely wanted to say "I can't do that beautiful, I can't give myself to you because I fear you will hurt me." Lexa was in trouble. Clearly that woman had something about her, something that she simply could not counteract when she was in seduction mode.

Clarke's impatience got the better of her, insisting for an answer and bringing her lips to Lexa's exposed and sensitive neck. She kissed her eagerly, sucking hard in order to leave a mark, which immediately made the brunette melt, making her groan from the depths of her being.

- If you can't trust me Lexa, you should go and not come back.- Clarke informed her as one of her fingers slowly and dangerously lowered down towards one of the erect and hard nipples of Lexa.

- I... ahhhh... ohhhhh... Clarke, please.... - Clarke's mischievous finger go down slowly, until reached that delicious target, barely touching it but exciting it even more. The CEO's mouth was filled with saliva, she was dying to lick that hard nipple, to bite it, suck it and take care of it carefully.

- Tell me, Lexa ... do you trust me? - Clarke now played with the strips of the dress, running her fingers gently over the sensitive skin of Lexa, who just wanted to devour her wildly.

- I fear... - Everything inside Lexa was a mess, she couldn't even put her thoughts in order, let alone give that answer. She could barely breathe, feeling the touch of Clarke's expert fingers, enjoying her skin so fucking well. Her gaze clouded as well as everything in her being.

- Fear? Don't feel that beautiful ... I would never hurt you Lexa. I just want to have you, I want you to be mine completely. - Clarke explained.... depositing small kisses down the line of her left shoulder and up to her neck. The delicious torture that lexa was enjoying was driving her to madness. But she couldn't decide on the answer...
- I don’t know... – Wisper Lexa loss in the feelings

- Just trust me my precious and let me guide you, you will learn to enjoy intimacy with me... now I will ask you for the last time Lexa, can you trust me? - Clarke needed that answer to continue, she didn't want to continue if her submissive didn't trust her, it was part of her power.

- Yes, Clarke, I trust you. - Lexa finally answered almost in groans, because now Clarke was using her tongue to lick that hard nipple through the thin fabric of garment that covered it, making her shiver all over her body.

- Very well my precious, now just relax and let me guide you.

Clarke took the strips that held Lexa's dress and proceeded to slowly lower them by brushing the skin of the brunette's arms, who was already in ecstacy, thinking that maybe, just maybe, tonight she wouldn't have to only masturbate in front of her boss.

Her intense and darkened green eyes did not leave those of Clarke, who now proceeded to take off her dress, leaving her only in her panties and lycra stockings, since she was not wearing a bra. Lexa took a deep breath of air and looked at her boss, waited for Clarke to devour her.... starting with her breasts, that were totally exposed and in need of her. Anticipation wreaked havoc on the brunette, but Clarke had other plans.

Clarke's hands took Lexa's hands and lead her to the bed to sit in front of her. Silence had taken hold of the room again, with only the hectic breathing and the beating of restless hearts being heard. Lexa cursed her, feeling that the blonde was playing too much with anticipation and suggestion, and not enough action, before the CEO did something which blew the brunette's mind.

Clarke approached Lexa looking at her from above with a look that oozed pleasure and power. Lexa immediately opened her legs to receive her, unable to avoid looking at her with the devotion that she was feeling at this moment. She was an exceptional woman when she was like this. The blonde stood in front of her, and raised her hands to her face gently cradling. Lexa was so excited by the anticipation almost certain that Clarke would kiss her finally. Lexa was desperate and her lips were wet from her tongue preparing for the delicious moment.

- You are so exquisite, and I am going to make you mine Lexa, but first you will make me cum with pleasure using that dirty mouth that you have there. Will you do that for me my precious? Will you lick me and penetrate me with that long and naughty tongue you have until I cum?

- Ohhhh God... Clarke... Yes...- groaned Lexa, still unable to believe this was actually happening.

Lexa immediately felt free to raise her hands very slowly, stroking Clarke's slender legs under her skirt, which she was still wearing much to Lexa’s annoyance.

- Undress me Lexa ... - Clarke ordered, stroking Lexa's chin with that connection of mutual visual devotion. The blonde was practically delirious from the extreme surrender she could see in those black emeralds of the brunette.

She was simply the most beautiful thing her eyes had ever laid eyes on. Clarke felt like she was on top of the world, that she was going to make this preciousness belong to her completely, no matter what she had to do. She wanted this wonderful experience to be repeated many times in the future.

- I want to kiss you Clarke, will you let me kiss you? - the brunette pleaded with eyes full of devotion and dedication. And for a moment Clarke felt the enormous impulse to smash her lips against that pleading mouth satisfying her desire, but that was something that must wait for now.
Lexa sat up slowly, stroking Clarke's arms who raised her lips to the question. God she wanted to kiss Lexa, it was something she was looking forward to madly, but it was something that she just couldn’t bring herself to do yet...

- You can’t Lexa... Not… yet. Do what I’ve ordered. - Clarke answered, softly stroking her face and brushing her thumb over those thick, soft, parted lips. Lexa immediately kissed her finger, and without hesitation sucked them into her mouth licking and kissing them, making Clarke groan as she continued watching her from her pedestal. "Oh my god, it felt so fucking good", but Clarke withdrew her fingers from that restless mouth, she wanted that mouth devouring her sex now.

Lexa wet her lips anxiously, knowing that Clarke’s answer had not been a resounding "no”, she just had to wait a little. She needed to satisfy the beautiful and excited blonde, then perhaps she would gain permission to kiss her. She smiled suggestively as she got up from the bed, diving straight to Clarke's neck to kiss her, to savor that devilishly soft ivory skin, while her hands started caressing under the black silk blouse. She began to raise it, making Clarke raise her hands above her head.

Lexa loved this position, having the blonde's arms raised above her head, totally exposed to her and allowing her to do what she wanted with her body was an unbelievable turn on. She would have loved to have a pair of handcuffs handy so she could secure those beautiful arms, keeping them up there, whilst she pleased that beautiful body, making her moan as she was now. Hearing Clarke's soft groans and breathless breaths produced shocks of electricity through Lexa's body. God! She wanted to possess her so much, give her infinite pleasure, make her hers ...

As soon as the blouse fell to the floor, Lexa attached her lips and tongue to that chest, that delicious valley of wet skin between those beautiful breasts that she was finally getting to savor, and was dying to do so. Clarke’s damn bra was still in the way though. Admittedly, it was very cute, but she needed it off and out of the way right now. Her mouth was so thirsty to feel them, lick them, and give them the attention that they clearly needed.

Lexa began to attack her neck again, whilst her long fingers now searched for the clasp that held that annoying bra together, containing those precious breasts that she so wanted to stroke and suck. But to her disbelief, Clarke's authoritative voice interrupted her advances once again.

- Not yet Lexa ... now sit on the bed and open your legs for me - Clarke ordered again, putting her hands on Lexa's waist, pushing her to sit on the bed.

Lexa did what Clarke ordered, but not without expressing her annoyance. She was not really used to being ordered around during sexual intercourse, and although she was very tempted to take control, she was fighting against an incredibly stubborn superhuman force. She knew she had to be patient if she was to get what she wanted sexually she told herself. If Clarke had the strength to contain herself as she did, then she was also able to do it and would wait for her moment, because one thing she was certain of was that one day she would take this woman and make her hers.

Lexa sat on the bed somewhat frustrated and looked at Clarke with so much devotion in her eyes that it shook the blonde to her most private and wet corners, she wanted Lexa so much.

- Take off my Lexa panties, and enjoy me my precious... - Clarke continued to order as her fingers tangled in her silky brown hair.

Lexa could not stop smiling. Her fingers were already holding the elastic of those panties, and they
played a little with Clarke's belly, slowly crossing that line before finally pulling the panties down, stroking her legs with absolute dedication.

The CEO had never felt so much pleasure, or at least could not remember having done so. The sensations that Lexa was making her feel were wonderful and unique, so much so that they were making her tremble. She wanted Lexa to take her, and devour her completely. But despite the intense desire she was feeling, she stood firm in her position of command. She was ready to hand over her precious nectar, to allow Lexa to taste her and fill her mouth with her juices and and her pleasure.

Lexa climbed up her legs using her hands, stroking the skin of her legs. Her lips and tongue accompanied the slow, very slow trajectory, making Clarke's body continue to tremble. When the brunette finally arrived at the precious source of pleasure, Clarke was soaking and more than ready for her. She did not hesitate to sink her face in to her sex and savor this amazing woman for the first time.

Clarke groaned loudly, and immediately raised one of her legs to the bed opening her legs more. She held Lexa's head, keeping her there in her crotch. “Oh God! that mouth felt so good on her needy sex, and the touch of that long and expert tongue was making her delirious. Her hips began to move grinding herself against Lexa’s face, whilst her tongue licked her folds and her hard and swollen clit, giving her so much pleasure.

- Hmmm... Clarke... you are... so delicious... Hmmm...- The brunette managed to say between breaths of moans, enjoying the delicious taste of her boss. This woman tasted amazing and Lexa wanted to taste her many times in the future. Her hands held and stroked those buttocks of the blonde's, keeping her in place against her hungry mouth, feeling the ravages of those hips that accelerated in pace.

- Ohhhhh... Lexa... Yes... Keep it up.... Oh, that tongue of yours is so good...You're so good naughty girl... ohhhhh... Yes, don't stop my precious... Ahhhh.... Shit! - Clarke was lost in a sea of deep sensations, in delirium almost losing her head, losing the control of that majestic and amazing moment. It was absolutely glorious to feel that woman's mouth devouring her with the passion and dedication to satisfy her that way.

Lexa continued savoring, licking, caressing, until her long tongue slowly penetrated her boss's soft vagina, causing Clarke's pelvis to grind and move even faster. Clarke’s moans accentuated and became more intense, her hands caressed Lexa’s head with more intensity, pressing her fingers into the scalp of the brunette.

Lexa could feel the inner walls of Clarke contract more and more. She intensified the penetrations with her tongue, whilst two of her fingers repeatedly slipped over that hard and sensitive clit of the blonde’s, until finally the CEO's gasp filled the room, still holding Lexa's head tightly.

The CEO’s pleasure continued as the waves from her deep orgasm continued to attack her body, so much so that Lexa could feel her body trembling in her mouth. She felt her own crotch was about to explode If she moved. Lexa was so wet and so ready to be taken, she was desperate to enjoy a good climax too, still listening to Clarke's deep groans, who kept grinding against her mouth somewhat desperately, as if she couldn't get enough attention whilst the delicious tremors continued to flow through her in an incredible way.

Lexa was in ecstasy to experience Clarke cumming in her mouth this way, she didn't think she had ever felt anything as precious in her life. She was in her glory, this woman was so extraordinarily beautiful, unique and powerful, and she had given Lexa such a personal gift in allowing her to see her so vulnerable.
She felt the blonde's hand settle on her forehead and gently push her away from her still throbbing sex, to nail those black blue eyes. Clarke’s mouth was still gasping for air, her body was shaking, and those beautiful firm breasts rose and sunk as she struggled to regain her normal breathing.

- You are... You are ... wonderful Lexa ... - Clarke said so pleased with what she had just experienced. The CEO had never experienced such a force of pleasure in an orgasm like the one she still felt through her whole being. She needed to have this woman in her life she told herself, she wanted her with infinite madness. And for the first time in her life, she allowed herself to feel that, to feel that she needed to possess, to have this woman in her space and in her world. But she still wouldn’t allow herself to desire her beyond the physical and sexual. She could feel her eyes start to water, and a part of her brain was enraged, "What the hell is wrong with you Griffin? It's just a damn orgasm." “You can't now go getting all stupid, weak and emotional. Get a grip damn you! ”

Lexa smiled, her face soaked in the delicious juices of her boss, who was looking at her with such desire that it shook the sensitive brunette. Lexa's long and mischievous fingers immediately wanted to penetrate Clarke, but the CEO immediately stopped her thwarting her attempt.

- No, Lexa ... no ... - Clarke could barely speak, still very agitated from her amazing orgasm. But her controlling mind had reactivated, and she was taking the reins once again, eliminating that silly sentimentality for her peace of mind.

To Lexa's great astonishment, Clarke slowly knelt in front of her, and positioned herself between her open legs. She then raised her hands, and held her somewhat bewildered and still wet face. She stroked her cheeks, and wiped her lips with her fingers, whilst her eyes distilled malice, licking her own lips. Then she approached and the CEO's tongue ran across her thick, swollen lips. Lexa was freaking out not being able to return the kiss, but she didn't attempt to. She stayed in her place, allowing Clarke to continue guiding the action.

- Very good, Lexa ... you are learning to control yourself beautiful, I like that. Now turn and place your hands behind your back.

The order took Lexa a little by surprise, but she imagined what was coming. She was unbelievably aroused, and soaking wet, she only hoped that her beloved boss would have mercy on her and attend to her sexual needs in the same way she had done for her. If something went wrong, Lexa was trained to do something and stop her. She calmed down thinking about it, letting the game go on.

Lexa turned her body and put her hands behind her back as requested. Her heart plunged as the CEO walked away, but after a moment she came back behind her, pushing her a little further onto the bed so she could sit behind her.

Clarke knelt behind Lexa's back, gently taking her hands and securing them with a red bow. It was a good knot but she didn't tie Lexa's wrists too tight, the last thing she wanted was for the brunette to freak out. She wanted to enjoy the anticipation of this game which was causing her crotch to throb uncontrollably.

- Do you still trust me my precious? - Clarke asked licking her ear, with a tone so sensual that it shot all of Lexa’s senses. She had given up trying to speak, she was that aroused, so she only nodded, turning her head sideways to expose the sensitive and soft skin from her neck to Clarke, who gladly went to work with her tongue satisfied by the positive response from her submissive.

Clarke separated from her and immediately covered Lexa's eyes with another tie of the same color, securing it behind her head to make sure that the brunette could not see. Lexa had no strength left, she was so desperate to cum and having both her hands and eyes impeded had made her senses
even more sensitive to the friction and insinuations of her dominant. Clarke was now rewarding her with wet kisses and soft caresses to her neck, shoulders, arms, and back, enjoying every inch of her skin.

- Now I want you to lie down Lexa and don’t move... and most importantly, just relax beautiful, you will enjoy this....

Lexa followed the orders, letting out the air contained in her lungs. She felt Clarke move away once more and return instantly, standing beside her. The next sensation she felt was the light touch of a pinch, it seemed to be one of those red roses since she could smell the scent very clearly.

Clarke had carefully moved her hair to the side, leaving the exposed neck of Lexa where she had that tattoo with the infinity symbol. She had taken the red rose, which possessed an exquisite natural fragrance, and the CEO had pressed the part of the flower right there on that symbolic tattoo, causing the thorns to lightly brush against Lexa's back, but pressing light enough to avoid hurting the skin. She stroked the area with the flower gently in circles, then began to descend the line of the tattoo which had numerous lines and circles that Clarke would at some point find out the meaning of.

Lexa felt those thorns barely brush her skin, and then the soft, fresh petals on her burning skin, causing her body to arch like a cat. It was an indescribable sensation, but so damn good, and the wetness simply grew between her legs which were opening more by the second. Without a doubt, she was enjoying this very much.

Clarke continued to give her pleasure until she reached the hands that were tied near her waist. She bit her own lower lip enjoying the way that the brunette was arching under her hand, emitting long moans and raising her pretty ass towards her. It was clear that her sex was needing attention, and it simply fascinated her, that she was desiring her so badly.

- Now I want you to lift that beautiful ass of yours towards me Lexa. Draw your knees and lean on them, then lower your body leaving it resting on the bed and just relax beautiful. I promise I’ll take good care of you...

Lexa startled a little at that particular request, the rose felt great on her back but she didn't want it anywhere else with those thick thorns. She knew she needed to trust Clarke's words when she told her she wouldn't harm her, but her mind could no longer think well, and she had no choice but to follow the orders given.

She lifted her ass up, leaving her face resting on the bed, almost as if kneeling. That position was so submissive, never in her life had she been in that situation. On the one hand, she felt so fucking exposed to what that woman wanted to do to her, and she didn't like it very much, but on the other hand, she was surprisingly enjoying this just a little, because her excitement didn’t diminish, but was clearly increasing in her crotch. "I am so screwed," she thought and resigned herself to the hands and desire of her boss.

- Please ... please, Clarke ... no ...

- Shuuuuu ... don’t fear me my precious, I promised you that I would not harm you and I will not. Just trust me... - Clarke assured her stroking her buttocks, and leaving hot, wet kisses on both of them, making her moan.

Clarke set the rose aside and proceeded to peel Lexa's very wet panties off, who helped her a little by raising her legs one at a time. Then her sex was completely exposed and clearly very wet to the eyes of that woman that was driving her crazy, but partly, inexplicably, she was loving the
enormous anticipation and the resulting enormous sexual desire.

The CEO smiled a moment looking at that beautiful crotch that was exposed to her, so wet and ready to be taken. God! her mouth was watering. Without wasting anymore time and licking her lips in anticipation, she took the rose again, and began to brush the sensitive skin of Lexa's butt. Those two muscular buttocks immediately felt the light touch with such pleasure that the brunette began to move her hips naturally, looking for more friction, not so much of that dangerous flower, but more of the hands, of the lips, that lovely soft, wet tongue. But Clarke continued to focus on her buttocks, her spine and now her crotch with the rose. She watched as Lexa's legs began to tremble with excitement and the need to be stimulated.

Finally, Clarke put the rose aside, desperate to taste that creamy skin and the intimacy of her beautiful brunette. She positioned herself behind her, and knelt down moving her mouth straight to the soaking wet crotch that received her with such pleasure, and a loud groan of satisfaction from Lexa, who almost cum right there when she felt Clarke's tongue slowly lick through her several times. Clarke swirled her wet tongue around her clit a little, before taking the bundle of nerves into her mouth and sucking gently on it causing the brunette to squirm and grind her hips from the pleasure. It took less than a minute for Lexa to cum hard over the CEO's face, she was almost delirious from what she had just experienced, it was even painful she would say.

Clarke withdrew her mouth satisfied that she had tasted that delicious nectar from Lexa, and then penetrated her with her thumb, while two of her other fingers began to attend to her swollen and wet clit. The intensity of the sensations were so great that Lexa soon found herself in a sexual frenzy once again, groaning with enormous pleasure because the expert hand of her boss had immediately hit that glorious G-spot, and was attacking it mercilessly.

Lexa's loud moans made Clarke so excited again that she simply couldn't help but cum again herself. She switched to two of her fingers to continue penetrating her submissive, making her not only immediately cum next to her, but ensuring the brunette enjoyed a splendid female ejaculation, which soaked her completely. It was the most incredible experience that Clarke had had the pleasure of witnessing. Clarke immediately stood up and supported her sex in her own hand, covering herself with Lexa juices and began to rub herself to Lexa's ass with a frenzy.

Both groaned in despair and shuddered so hard that it ran through the deepest of their fibers. Lexa had very rarely experienced female ejaculation, and it was simply the best orgasm she had ever had. Her body contracted and released with such intensity that it almost left her unconscious. The pleasure she felt through her whole being had no comparison with anything she had felt before. She knew that Clarke herself had cum almost beside her, making this glorious moment even more special and intense.

Clarke definitely came again whilst Lexa was recovering from that masterful ejaculation. The CEO had never experienced cumming whilst watching her sexual partner orgasm, but the intensity of that ejaculation from the beautiful brunette had unleashed the power of the incredible sensations that had taken over her body. She felt the whole thing was bordering on madness, but it was simply unbeatable and delicious.

Finally, their bodies calmed down at the same time, and Clarke withdrew her fingers dropping on Lexa's sweaty back. The brunette loosened her legs, and they both wrapped around each other, feeling their hearts beat at the same pace, at the same time. Lexa loved the sensation, the warmth of this moment and knew well that she needed to enjoy it since Clarke surely didn't make a habit of collapsing like this on momentary sexual partners. What Lexa felt at that moment was something inexplicable and too strong to stand still, waiting to be fired at night. She simply could not control her natural impulse.
Clarke didn’t stop kissing the exposed skin of her precious between her neck and shoulder, making Lexa moan again. She had never felt an orgasm hit her so deeply in her life, and she had never cum at the same time as a lover. That was really extraordinary, and she felt so much for this beautiful, sweaty and perfect woman that she was still excited and wanted more.

But soon her mind began to return from its wave of exotic sensations and spasms under her belly. Slowly moving away from Lexa, she untied the knots from her wrists and then the tape that covered her eyes. Immediately, Lexa’s body surprised her, turning in a fast-moving action, and unable to do much, Clarke felt how the body of the brunette sat up placing her legs under the body of the blonde, and taking Clarke’s buttocks strongly. The blonde had no idea how she made that move so quick, but Lexa was now sitting on her wet and still throbbing sex, now moving her hips, and simply resting her face against her chest, kissing Clarke’s large breasts with need and sweetness.

The CEO opened her legs around her body when Lexa's mouth began to rise, kissing the entire contour of her chin, now trying to reach those forbidden lips of hers. The action was stopped immediately by the hand of Clarke, who didn’t want that to happen. She moved away from the exquisite lips and mouth that would still taste of her own excitement. Clarke looked straight into Lexa’s eyes, they were really begging for her to let her kiss her, and although she felt some sorrow and her own frustration, she gently stroked those delicious parted and swollen lips, biting her own which were still full of desire ...

- Not yet Lexa... the day I kiss you, you will forever be mine precious. Now I need to bathe and rest. Tomorrow I have a busy day, and you should rest too. I don't want you exhausted or distracted when driving through this crazy city. - Clarke moved away from her face, and slowly also moved away from her still agitated and very excited body.

- But... Clarke... - Lexa almost begged. She couldn't leave, leave her again like this... please nooo...

- Shhhhuuuuu... do what I order now... you have been so magnificent, but now you must rest like me. Good evening beautiful... and Lexa... Happy Birthday.

Clarke laid a chaste kiss on Lexa's trembling lips and stroked her cheeks for the last time. The brunette couldn't react, or hold her so was somewhat confused, frustrated and surprised. By now, Clarke's warm and soft body had already left her alone in that bed and headed to the bathroom.

She immediately felt the freshness on her bare skin, and her soul exposed. She knew then that she was... “DON’T! Definitely, DON’T WOODS, get out of that room right now... ” say to herself, in her confusing frustrating mind. As soon as she could, she climbed out of bed. Her legs were still shaking, but she managed to put her clothes and shoes together and put them on so she wouldn't have to walk down the hotel corridor naked. When she was ready she looked at she scrambled bed, and the wetness her ejaculation had left. Clarke was going to have to call room service most definitely. She felt a little awkward, but remembering the moment made a pleasant warmth run through her body and caused her silly sensitive heart to jump a little.

"Good night Clarke ..." She said loudly, but almost like a whisper, finally leaving the suite with a strange feeling in her being that she still could not understand.

Whilst in her bathroom, as soon as she crossed the door, Clarke closed it behind her and stopped herself from falling to her knees. Her body trembled full of new, incomprehensible sensations that only made her want to cry. "She never cried.” But the sensations that were enveloping her body were tremendously large-scale. She had never experienced these sensations after having sex with someone.
Her heart was in a wild rhythm as if a part of her being was at a fucking party. “And what the hell would she be celebrating? You stupid Griffin, get your shit together at once, and go to the bath. You enjoyed it, you made her yours, and that is it. Clean yourself now…”

Trembling, and still struggling with her emotions and strange sensations, she managed to get into the shower. This was when her retaining walls collapsed, sitting in the bathtub and allowing the water to wash away the emotional tears that finally sprang from her eyes like a waterfall. All she damn wanted at that moment was to be held by the arms of her chauffeur, feeling the strong beat of that beautiful heart in her ear...."DANM YOU LEXA WOODS, this CANNOT BE HAPPENING TO ME ....!"
The sun rays shone through the curtains of the brunette’s suite. Lexa was so sleepy, and she just wanted to shield her eyes as much as she could. After leaving Clarke’s suite with such mixed emotions, she had gone straight to take a warm shower to help her relax a little, and then immediately climbed into the huge, comfortable king size bed in only her panties.

She knew her itinerary for the day started at 09:00, and that she was required to take Clarke and Collins the lawyer to an important meeting in a building located in the center of the famous city. At 12:00pm, she was to then take them to some restaurant where they were having lunch with some local entrepreneurs, and then come back for the night, as the CEO was attending a dinner event at the same hotel where they were staying. Thus, her chauffeur duties ended in the afternoon.

As it was her her 31st birthday…. so long as Cruella gave her permission, she would go and celebrate somewhere. She had developed a taste for the entertaining city. The surprise gift that Clarke had given her the night before had destabilized her emotions well. She could not understand why her boss has been so careful in preparing everything the night before to help her celebrate her birthday.

Despite the awkward moments that had occurred, to Lexa it seemed a very sweet gesture from someone who was supposedly a cruel and heartless bully. She couldn’t really remember the last person who had prepared a surprise for her birthday, maybe her little sister Madi, but it was a long time ago when she made her 18’s. So out of some little things, the night before was without doubts something special that she wont forget.

The watch on her wrist began to vibrate, indicating it was time to open her eyes, and start the day. She needed to get out of bed, take a shower and get ready to go down for breakfast. Lexa adjusted slightly to avoid the sunlight, but suddenly felt that something was holding her by the waist. She reacted immediately, turning to understand what the hell it was.

She thought she was seeing things when her eyes turned and were met with the beauty of that face so peacefully asleep, partially covered by golden hair. Lexa’s heart stopped for a second, along
with her ability to process thoughts. Clarke was sleeping beside her, in her bed, and was holding her over her waist as though she were a teddy bear.

"What the fuck? .... What the hell is Cruella doing in my bed? Was I drunk last night? How did I not feel or remember her arriving and climbing into my bed? Shit. But look at her ... she looks so cute... I have never seen anything more beautiful than this sleeping beast ... wait, did we....?"

Lessa obviously needed to check something very important. She carefully lifted the sheet to see the wonderful body of her boss, yes, completely naked, just like she had felt with her skin. Her mind then jolted into action without question. Her face became clear, and she turned her focus back to that body to take in more detail.

"God, look at those big and beautiful breasts there, it's like they're calling me ... look ... look at those pink and hard nipples ... hard ...? While she sleeps? Oh dear, I'm so fucking ... " Lessa spoke to herself, as the brunette did not want to wake her yet.

Lessa was so tempted to feel those exposed breasts of Clarke, to touch them and taste them, as she had not been able to do last night. The thought made her salivate, and her mind was blocked. When the watch on her wrist started to sound an alarm the second time, Clarke began to stir....and a frown started to appear on her pretty face, causing Lessa to began to shake all over. She immediately pulled the sheet back up again, and covered her head. She then rested her head on her right hand, watching for a few minutes the woman sleeping beside her.

Lessa was spellbound watching Clarke. Her heart was pounding and somewhat agitated, and her crotch was waking up, although the need to pee also began to fuck her, "not now shit ... suck it up".

Clarke began to feel the warm rays of the sun on her face, making her frown more, and her face began to make different movements, including her nose, similar to that of a rabbit, and that only made Lessa’s heart flutter more. Her boss was a damn tender teddy bear when waking. The brunette could not resist the temptation to move that lock of blond hair which partially covered the beautiful face of the rabbit ... Clarke. Moving her hand carefully, she took it and placed it gently behind her ear, and almost lost her nerve when Clarke moved suddenly and woke up.

- Ermmm... Good morning Miss Griffin... - said Lessa, almost in a whisper. Lessa was a little nervous as she didn’t know the behaviour of Cruella first thing in the morning.

- Mmmm... - answered the blonde, without opening her eyes.

- I... is that... - Lessa attempted to speak again but stopped suddenly when the body of Clarke snuggled closer to her, bringing her face closer to hide from the annoying sunlight, settling just in the hollow of her chest, and hugging her body tightly.

The thousands of sensations felt by Lessa in that magical moment were indescribable. For years the brunette had not woken up with a woman by her side. She couldn’t really remember the last time, if ever there was one. But she was sure it had not felt the way it did now with Clarke.

Lessa's heart was racing after watching that face so sweet and asleep. She was desperate to wake Clarke up with soft kisses all over her face, and her chapped lips, but couldn’t since she had not been given permission to do so.

The act of doing nothing, obviously would have been inhuman, so Lessa just wrapped herself around the warm body of Clarke with her arms, and began to rub her back gently, whilst her lips kissed the top of the head of the blonde beneath her. It was such a damn tender moment, that her
mind struggled to not get used to the wonderful feeling. She wanted to shelter Clarke in her arms, after having shared such a special night with that woman.

Lexa knew that she was in to deep with this woman, but could not do anything to stop it. A tidal wave of feelings ran over her being, feeling the warm body of Clarke taking refuge on her chest. Although she knew that this was a mistake, she was only human and had a warm heart. She was allowed to enjoy this beautiful moment as she knew it was unlikely to last.

Clarke, for her part the night before, after stopping to internally vent about her foolish and weak emotions in the shower, she had retired to sleep, only to find upon reaching her large bed, that there was a clear, huge, wet stain on those sheets, clearly the remains of Lexa’s amazing ejaculation.

Immediately, all those wonderful feelings swept back over her body, which was only covered by a thin, white satin gown. She hugged her arms around herself, almost trembling, and struggled with the thoughts in her mind. She debated with herself whether to call the hotel cleaning services in order to change the sheets, as the other option was to go to sleep in the bed of the one responsible for leaving this mess.

She was exhausted, both, physically and mentally, and the weakness from the sensations experienced in her body and heart caused her to open the door to the suite of Lexa, and head straight to demand the brunette give up her bed. Her chauffeur could sleep on the large sofa that was in the next room.

But when Clarke entered into the room, she saw Lexa already asleep in the bed, face down, one leg outside the sheets, and her beautiful back fully exposed. Clarke walked over and watched in the dark, with the moonlight coming in through the pane screen for a while. She sat on the bed beside her, smiling like a silly teenager, looking at the naked body, of the preciousness of the woman who had just made her cum harder than ever before. She thought about how wonderful the experience had been, something that she would not forget in her life.

In those minutes that she watched Lexa sleeping soundly, all the negative, cold and hard memories in her mind had withdrawn from her. Clarke felt no deep wounds, no horrific past, no anger with everything and everyone in life. It was the first time for as long as she could remember that she could feel warmth in her heart. She could still feel, and she desperately wished all those feelings coursing through her at that moment would last.

Her eyes became excited, but she did not want to wake up and have Lexa find her an emotional fool. She took a deep breath, her hands very subtly rose to remove the brown hair that was partly covering her face resting on the pillow, fast asleep. She took those unruly strands and pushed them back so she could observe that face. It was just so beautiful that this woman could easily have become a model if she had wanted.

Clarke wondered again why Lexa Woods had wanted to be her chauffeur, to work for her, when she could have been so many other things. Unfortunately, her natural precautions had been activated again in her mind, and her fear about the real identity of the brunette, and her true intentions became dominant in her thoughts once again. Clarke's greatest fear was that she knew well that Lexa Woods could destabilize her emotionally, and that was too dangerous if the brunette turned out to be a spy, or a simple thief working for her enemies.

The great debate in Clarke’s head continued, wondering if maybe she should fire her before anything unpleasant happens, meaning she could retain only the pleasant memory of that unforgettable night. The blonde was aware of what Lexa had awakened in her, and that it could be fatal if the brunette betrayed her. But her head was also arguing that this ‘thing’ with Lexa was too good to let go...
“Maybe, just maybe if I really could conquer this dark plan of hers, make her really care for me, then she could change her mind about whatever secret plans she is working on” thought Clarke to herself.

Although Clarke knew Lexa was a magnificent actress, and much of what she said or did with her was feigned, she had seen in her expressive green eyes something deeper. She had sensed something good, something real towards her, a genuine interest.

Clarke generally had a feel of most people as soon as she met them. She possessed a scarily perceptive sixth sense of being able to work people out, that only her friends and siblings knew about the CEO. It was a secret weapon that she had to test people and their businesses, and she never turned out to be wrong.

She immediately knew that Lexa did not play clean. The brunette had a mission, and Raven had only almost confirmed this. But there was something about Lexa that told Clarke that she was not someone "evil or with bad intentions". She was sure that she would not hurt her for example. Something told her inside that Lexa Woods was a good person, and she need not worry about these "minor police records" that had showed up on her personal search.

Clarke understood that a person growing up in care homes often fell on harsh times, and did not always have the best of luck. They can easily fall into criminal offenses, and bad company. But mistakes do not define a person, more important is what defines that individual, what their principles are, and what was inside.

No one would believe that the CEO had this soft side to her, Clarke Griffin knew that. She had forged a persona of a forged iron mask, a cruel business woman who supposedly didn’t care about anything or anyone. But it was her only weapon of defense against the world, against anyone who tried to instill fear, or make her feel inferior like that bastard Cage had.

Only her friends and her siblings knew the true Clarke Griffin, and that was all there ever would be most likely. She had reached the pinnacle of power where she could handle everything and everyone. Nobody would ever manipulate her mind, or give her orders. Nobody would dominate or inflict fear or pain on her again.

She knew that she came across cruel and grotesque when creating her image, and hiding her true self behind a huge retaining wall made from wrought iron that no one would be successful in penetrating. She had worked hard not to think too much about some of her cruel attitudes when it came to going to bed so sleep would come. She needed to stay strong and demonstrate that strength and determination against all who were under her, or fought against her.

But now she was here, in the darkness of this suite, watching the brunettes face illuminate by the moonlight. This woman who had come into her life and made her tremble. Her presence was so powerful before her. Clarke knew she was facing a woman of strong principles, one who was determined, dominant, and so sure of every step she took, just like her. There was no doubt that they were at the same level in terms of personality. But Lexa Woods was also gentle, warm and cared for people.

She had such incredible beauty that made people turn around to look twice at her, as experienced at the restaurant they had left hours ago. Clarke knew the diners who were sat at the tables did not turn their eyes to see her, the famous CEO of Griffin Cybernetics, but to see the gorgeous woman walking beside her, with such elegance, poise and security. God, she looked like a woman of royalty itself.

Clarke immediately began to smile, thinking of the "royals" and that crazy story that Lexa had told
her in the park, making her laugh to the point that she could not remember having laughed like that in a long time. She laughed heartily, happily, and that was strange. Clarke had forgotten what it like to have fun really, to laugh with someone and spend a quiet and pleasant time with a person who liked her company as apparently did the dark brunette, despite the differences between them. It sounded strange, but the blonde could feel there was good chemistry between them, a kind of crazy special liaison, not yet understood, but that she could perceive.

Clarke was a little frightened but reached out to Lexa who suddenly turned her body and moved to the other side of the bed. The blonde immediately retracted her hand and continued watching her for a moment. She really was sorry to wake her, she looked so exhausted and asleep. She understood that after that powerful ejaculation, her body must have simply surrendered.

So Clarke ended up deciding to go to bed under the covers next to the brunette, trying as much as possible not to disturb or wake her. The bed was big enough for both of them, and she could accommodate herself perfectly well on the other side without Lexa noticing her presence. When she woke up in the morning, she would just have to think what the hell to say then as she was too tired to deal with it now.

Clarke had woken up immediately when Lexa had reached over and had moved to her side. The blonde was a one o'clock person. She did not sleep long hours and was usually awake early in the morning. She did not usually need an alarm to make open her eyes to start her day as she rarely slept deeply. Her dreaming was actually very light and very sensitive to noise, light and movement to her side. This was why she never slept with anyone in bed overnight.

But obviously Lexa did not know this, so the detail played in her favor, as she allowed the daring chauffeur to watch her naked, probably wanting to touch her breasts that she denied her last night. She knew Lexa was nosy and daring, but could restrain herself not to go further, and this was definitely a plus. She liked Lexa, knew that she could partly trust this woman, but still the blonde was not naive or silly. Yes, she liked Lexa and wanted to stay beside her, but she would not lower her guard. She would still have her alarms on high alert, especially around the brunette that she was becoming dangerously attracted to. Clarke did not have weaknesses, but Lexa Woods was becoming the first and she did not like that. It gave her confusion, fear and many internal conflicts.

Clarke was surprised to find her body had embraced the warm and inviting body of her chauffeur. Lexa had curled into her, and the blonde’s arms were around her waist as if they were the famous big spoon and little spoon. Clarke was obviously big spoon, smiling to herself. She was the dominant and the brunette her submissive. It was pretty clear to her as she thought with confidence and pride, remembering how she was doing this. Although the thoughts that were always present in her head brought her down to earth immediately, rebuking such stupidity.

"Since when had she reached a point where she was prepared to sleep with someone in a position of spoon and spoon? She shouldn’t be waking up with someone, hugging them and feeling happy about it! It was simply outrageous and unacceptable. Best she leave the silly moment and put distances up between them again, right that moment."

But her body simply had not moved. She buried her face in the soft skin on the back of Lexa, and stroked her nose against it, inhaling her perfume and natural scent. She was desperate to kiss her, to bite her, and to put her hands into action elsewhere on her body. “How had Lexa not even noticed her presence?” thought Clarke. She had simply slept like a log, and Clarke partly envied that.

When she was a child, since that bastard Wallace had began to abuse her, she could never return to sleeping deeply. She remembered the nights that he would appear in her bed and would surprise
her in the middle of the night, waking her and taking her to another room with punishing threats, of using her little siblings like he did with her, or killing her mother. Crying silently, almost dragged into another room where her worst sexual torture took place. No one realized, so no one could help. Since then, her mental sensors were always on high alert, and that often meant nightmares about that horrible time, making her dreams very light and short.

But right here, on this unusual morning, hugging Lexa for the first time, feeling that more human side, she didn’t feel that fear. Her alarms gone off, and sleep came to her like a balm. She felt the leisurely heartbeat from Lexa in her ear, and her breathing calmed. It was the closest thing to paradise that Clarke could ever imagine she would feel in her life. But paradise was not for her, she knew she could not take refuge in that magical place, and pretend to be someone she was not, or could ever be. Her whole world would fall in on her. Still, she allowed herself to continue in this paradise for a short time, knowing it was something momentary, fleeting, and simply let her soul and mind rest for a short time.

But unfortunately, a couple of hours later the body of her beautiful brunette moved and she knew it was time to wake up, not just from that wonderful moment where she had actually slept without alarms pinned in her head, but also from the dream of having someone special sleeping beside her, someone for the first time in her life that make her felt safe with, someone who could keep her safe in paradise. But her defense weapons activated again and she knew that this was just an illusion.

When Lexa tried to wake her so sweetly, Clarke could not refrain from taking refuge in that beautiful place. Shit! She still did not want to leave paradise, it was too early. She just wanted to sleep in this shelter forever like she did as those beautiful hands caressed her back and those tender lips kissed her forehead.

"Perhaps she was going crazy? Was she losing all forms of sense? " The alarms in her mind began hammering hard, making her angry. Immediately she furrowed her brow and left the shelter of the brunettes body, pulling away, whilst the head of the woman beside her retreated fast. Lexa was somewhat confused by the sudden sharp reaction from Clarke. She had only opened her arms as she felt the urge to touch Clarke, but she was fast pulling away from her body.

"What the fuck had she been thinking about?" Everything was totally out of context. Clarke cursed herself, slapping herself hard. She sat up as if embers were burning her skin, sitting for a moment and trying to breathe. Her heart was pounding like something crazy and she would not allow herself to feel that damn emotion that she had felt the night before. She felt so exposed, and it was not because her body was naked, but because her very soul had been stripped bare. She was just thankful that Lexa did not know.

But suddenly, the arms of Lexa were hugging her around the waist, and she felt the warmth of her skin, those aroused breasts pressing into her bare back, and soon the thick, soft lips brushing against her shoulders, leaving little kisses following the line of her neck, and hands gently holding her belly.

"My God, Lexa please!" She shouted desperately inside. She could not breathe, and felt that her whole being was beginning to fall apart. "That was enough! What the fuck did she think she was doing to her?! They just had sex. That was all. She was not interested in having a tender lover the morning after having sex... No fucking way she will fall in that moment of sweetness, of weakness… "

- Lexa!? What the hell are you doing ?! - She asked very cold and sharply, as Clarke was trying not to show her vulnerability, trying to ward off the body that felt so nice on contact.

- Good morning to you too Miss Griffin - Lexa whispered, close to her sensitive ear, and depositing
a sweet and gentle kiss on her neck, whilst stroking her back slowly, causing further irritation to Clarke. She did not want that tenderness. Lexa did not understand what she was feeling. Lexa should not want to continue with the pleasant "good morning". She could not be swayed by those silly emotions.

- Lexa, stay away from me right now...! What the fuck do you think you are doing ?! - Clarke abruptly withdrew her body from Lexa’s touch. Enough was enough. She stood away from the bed as if it had burnt her skin, and away from the touch and tender kisses of a very shocked brunette.

Lexa could not react, it was like an icy dagger had been embedded in her chest. She suddenly looked confused at the icy woman, her back turned to her, picking her eyes off the floor. “This could not be happening, this is not real, this woman is not real” Lexa repeated to herself. She finally made herself answer in a tone as sharp as the one her boss had used.

- Just saying good morning to my surprise bedmate? When do you...? -snarked back Lexa angrily. Despite trying to recover from the bucket of ice water she felt that had befallen her. Lexa still felt some pain in her chest, this woman could not be human. She was like a caveman, so cold... so damm...

- Lexa... call reception and ask them to prepare breakfast for two. I'll take a shower. I will be waiting on the balcony of my suite in half an hour. - Clarke took her robe, which covered her nakedness, and without looking at Lexa quickly left the suite.

The brunette stayed sitting on the bed confused, still in the same position where her body had been behind Clarke. Lexa just looked at the place, almost trembling inside, and cursed herself for the stupidity of getting too close to the cavewoman blonde, knowing Cruella had once again awakened.

“Shit Woods, you're losing objectivity of her”, “and hey, Oh by the way thanks for your non existent early-morning Cruella sweetness fucking day of my birthday, it was without a doubt unforgettable” thought Lexa, angrily.

Lexa rubbed her face and breathing deeply, she left the bed towards the bathroom, shaking her head. She could not be swayed by foolish emotions at this moment. She knew who she was dealing with, even though she felt like a whore right now. That woman had just left her bed as if her skin burned. She was just a goddamn goal that she should investigate closely. She simply should not be fucking Clarke Griffin with extreme passion, should not be sleeping with her as sweet lovers. She should not wake up with Cruella and hope her to respond to kisses and caresses.

"LEXA, DO NOT FUCKING EXPECT ANYTHING ELSE FROM CRUELLA GRIFFIN !! You do not expect anything from her like you would a normal human woman, now get the fuck sorted, you idiot "Lexa repeated like a mantra, whilst letting the hot water from the shower wash away the uncomfortable feelings that had taken over not only her body, but also her soul. After that cold reaction from her boss, her damn head felt stressed like it was about to explode.

Half an hour later and Lexa was dressed in her chauffeur's uniform with her cap in her hand. She knocked on the door of Clarke’s suite, entering only upon hearing the CEO give her permission to enter. She went straight to the balcony where the blonde was sat, already well-dressed for their meeting and for the long day ahead of her. She was reading some documents when a knock at the door sounded, announcing that breakfast had arrived.

- Lexa, arrange the items on the table so we can have breakfast, I do not want to be late and do not have much time. - ordered Clarke without lifting her eyes from the documents she had in her hands. Her indifference was quite extreme.
Lexa used great effort to show that Clarke’s attitude did not affect her, but she still churned anger. She wanted to understand why the CEO’s attitude changed to be so cold and indifferent after they had shared the night before. That woman was made of ice similar to that of the iceberg that the Titanic side cut, and no doubt inside she was feeling the same ocean liner foundering. Immersed in these thoughts, she shook her head as she went in search of breakfast, and carried it to the balcony.

- Black coffee or milk? - asked Lexa coldly, standing next to the table by Clarke. She felt like a damn waitress now. Clarke did not know what to say or how to act, and that irritated her. She always knew how to act with her staff.

- Only sugar, and two pieces of toast with jam. - she answered finally, as normal as she could. She really did not want to sound colder than she already had. She could not bear to see those green eyes so confused as she had left the suite of the brunette, because she not only saw confusion in them, but total exposure and vulnerability. For the first time in her life, she felt wrong with her behavior, but just could not... could not...

- Miss Griffin.... Here you are, your coffee... - Lexa continued her attitude as a simple waitress serving a diner. Clarke felt enough irony defensiveness from Lexa. She didn't want that to continue...

- Sit Lexa, you're not the waiter service, you are making me nervous standing there and serving as such. So sit down at once and have breakfast with me. - She ordered.

Clarke now left her papers aside, lifting her blue eyes to meet those beautiful green eyes which were full of anger, and as cold as ice itself. She did not want to see them so...

- Yes, Miss Griffin - Lexa was something else.... it was not easy for the blonde to understand Lexa’s strange attitude towards herself.

She responded to orders as usual, but did not want to be seen as her employee? So what demon was it now? The brunette was not creating the best of moods inside her head, and Clarke was finding this damn woman exasperating.

The brunette just sat. A cup of coffee was served, and some slices of toast with cheese and jam smeared. She also prepared some for Clarke and handed them over on a plate, with as much of an indifferent gaze that she could give. She poured the orange juice, and for a second, raised her green eyes to meet Clarke’s. The blonde seemed to ignore her completely, stuck in those papers again, concentrating, as if she were a mere ornament on the table.

Lexa struggled with her inner feelings... why the fuck was she bothering with the "normal" attitude that she had been exposed to this morning from Cruella? What the fuck had changed in 24 hours? God damn! No, she could not let her damned sentimentality attack, and leave her open to doubt. Immediately she pondered if perhaps it was time to relent on that rule a little? She always got a little stupidly sensitive and sentimental. But her mind told her that her rule needed to stay in place "Shit, shit, shit Woods ..."

- Lexa, stop looking at me and wasting time, just eat your breakfast. - Lexa did not realize that in those few minutes of mental decisions that her eyes had been captivated by the image of the blonde sitting in front of her and cursed herself. She was displaying far to many faults in her attempt to deal with the CEO. The Titanic had sunk, and in comparison, she felt as though her fate could be similar.

- Yes, I'm sorry Miss Griffin, it was not my intention to disturb you, but I do not understand... -
Lexa tried to excuse her wandering mind..

- What do you not understand Lexa?! Time is money for me, and I do not have time for silly talk. Eat your toast and drink your coffee before it cools... - Clarke settled the issue. She had had enough of her puppy dog eyes for one morning. She needed to concentrate on her day. No more silly sentimentality concerning this woman. Everyone should resume their positions and move on.

- Good. Well excuse me but I wonder at what point did you climb into my bed last night without me noticing? And even more so... why? - Lexa had had enough of this crap attitude from her boss. She was not about to let her boss have sole control of the issue, she wanted an answer, she was not part of the fucking bed, she was a person, for fuck sick. It was an uncomfortable question, and her boss would have to respond whether she liked it or not.

- My bed was wet Lexa. In case you forget, your large ejaculation made a mess on the sheets, and it was no hour to call housekeeping, so I decided to sleep in your bed. But you slept as if you had died, to try to warn you. But don't you dare to think that you can demand explanations for my decisions! I do not give them to you, or anyone else who works for me. I pay for the damn suite where you sleep, and if I decide I need to use your bed, I’ll do it without asking. Now just eat your bloody breakfast. I must be at the meeting at nine o'clock sharp. - Clarke spit out, pretty irritated but making Lexa simply gaze in amazement from the other side of the table. "That was a damn DECLARATION OF WAR GRIFFIN!"

- I feel sorry "for my bloody great ejaculation Miss Griffin..." - Lexa remarked wryly with those words by the imaginary quotation marks with her hands - Maybe I should remind you that you made me cum that way. We are still human and sensitive. But do not worry, it's good to know where the boundaries are marked and are not well hidden. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm on my way to prepare the limo. I'll see you at the doorstep at eight fifty. - Lexa finished her answer and stood abruptly.

Clarke's face was a fucking poem. The blonde had not the faintest idea how to answer that, she just thought of the cold breakfast that Lexa had set aside and she had not told the brunette she could retire. She would definitely have the last word about that. Who the hell did she think she was?!

- You have not finished your breakfast, and I have not told you that you can retire Lexa. So sit down right this moment! - Shouted Clarke, fixing her blue eyes on the green enraged ones of Lexa, who barely looked at her.

The brunette needed to get out of this suite, and to breathe in air outside the perimeters of this damn woman.  
- I do not feel hungry this morning. Now if you'll excuse me, I’d best prepare the limo. I need to ask where to pick it up. I do not want you to be late for your meeting Miss Griffin. And thank you for paying for me to have a suite next to yours, but it was not really necessary for a simple chauffeur to have such luxury, do you think?

Lexa simply turned on her boots and walked out of the suite, leaving Clarke with silent words in her mouth. The brunette was upset, and before losing what little control she had that morning with the attitude of the bitch Cruella, she decided it would be better to focus on her stupid role as chauffeur. "Damn bitch Griffin, I hope your fucking business deals are crap"

Clarke saw her leave, closing the door of the suite with some abruptness, cursing her as she went, but nothing came out of her mouth. Clearly that battle was over and had been won by her employee, for which she hated herself for her little response to such audacity and actions from her employee.
But Clarke also cursed herself because she knew that her conduct had clearly affected Lexa, and she did not like that. She did not like feeling something wrong and guilty by her behaviour. And then, her internal light clicked on and it came to mind that it was her damn fucking birthday. It was Lexa’s birthday and she had just treated her pretty rough.

"Damn you, fucking idiot Griffin! If you really want to conquer her, you're doing fucking shit. Just a moment... Why the fuck did you wanna conquer that woman so irritating?! God Griffin you're in serious trouble... "

That damn vulnerable part of her wanted to mend the bad start in some way that had happened during the morning, but she knew she should read those damn documents before appearing at that meeting that she no longer really wanted to attend, and that caught her attention. "Since when did business not interest her? God, that was fucking serious! She cursed, taking her cup of cold coffee… Just great! Just fucking GREAT! Arrrrggggg... Woods you have made me lose my damn mind!"

Lexa walked towards the lift foaming at the mouth. Breakfast had been a disaster, and she was unable to control the frustration that that woman made her felt. She really could not define what she was doing with Clarke, but due to the previous night, something had changed that would undoubtedly interfere with her mission.

Arriving at the front desk to ask where she was to pick the limo up that she would use that day, she was met by the beautiful and friendly swedish Frida. That woman was so damn good, thought Lexa, trying to ward off thoughts of her damn boss and the bad mood she found herself in, and suddenly she knew how she would celebrate her birthday and remove the fucking shit Griffin effect. Nothing like one of those Nordic beauties to heal the poison inflicted on you by Cruella.

- Good morning Miss Woods - Said Frida looking at her with such joy, causing the brunette to smile.

- Good morning to you too Frida, and please call me Lexa. I'm not like the boss. - spoke Lexa, putting her best conquering weapons in action.

- Well, I like that. How are you? I can see you are working... - Frida said flirting a little and giving her a mischievous look as she eyed Lexa up and down.

- Oh yeah, I was about to ask where should I pick the limo up that I will be handling today? Also, and I hope you don’t think this is to forward of me, but I was wondering if you would be free this afternoon and maybe we could have a drink somewhere together? - asked Lexa, looking at the swedish blonde who immediately caught that the invitation meant a little more than a simple drink.

- You know I was thinking the same thing, and was hoping you would propose a drink today. Tell me, what time are you free? - said Frida approaching a step towards Lexa, who was quite excited by the invitation.

- I think I can be free of Cruella by about 5 this afternoon... I mean, the boss... - corrected Lexa smiling. She had actually said that with full intention as she imagined that the flight attendant also did not feel very happy working for Griffin, and apparently, she was not wrong, as Frida immediately burst out laughing, covering her mouth.

- Lexa, Oh God, better not listen to the flames as well. But I know what you mean. One year I have worked for her, and believe me she is not the easiest boss with whom I have worked for. Although
I'm not complaining, I get paid good wages, and occasionally a good... - Frida explained just as both were interrupted suddenly by the authoritative voice of Echo, stopping suddenly by their side. Both looked at her as if they saw a ghost. Lexa cursed her so much.

- Woods, where is the limo for Miss Griffin? You know that we have to go in five minutes or we will be late for the meeting. - Echo ordered directly, looking into the eyes of Lexa. She ignored the stewardess as she moved a step aside, watching carefully the interaction of the bodyguard who seemed pretty upset with the chauffeur.

- Echo, good morning to you too. Yes, I'm on it. I was about to ask where to pick the limo up. - Clarified Lexa without losing her good regained humor, grateful to have found Frida at the reception.

It had really helped to ground her and bring her back to reality after the bloody early morning she had had with Cruella, who incidentally was in the hotel lobby together with that idiot lawyer Collins. They were chatting, but the blonde looked pretty distracted, who looked furtively towards her and Echo. This was her bloody revenge thought Lexa.

- Woods.... move, or do you want the boss to be late? I assure you you'll pay for a plane ticket back to San Francisco and be jobless. - She returned to chide Echo determinedly, bringing back pleasant conversation with the bodyguard. She was more than sure that Echo had eaten breakfast with vinegar instead of orange juice.

- Jesus Christ! How is everyone this morning...?! Frida, we can meet here at five in the lobby, will that suit you? - Lexa said seriously, turning her eyes toward Frida, who smiled to loosen the tension that the huge bad mood of the bodyguard had brought with her presence.

- Lexa, that’s great. Until then, have a good day...

- You too precious... - Lexa did not hesitate a second when she noticed that Clarke could not take her eyes off her. She walked up to Frida and gave her a kiss very close to the corner of her lips, whilst holding her by the waist with both hands. The stewardess smiled, a little flustered but happy with the gesture.

- Woods, move the fuck on... - Growled Echo, clearly in a very bad temper. She knew her boss was waiting and was not having one of her best mornings. She did not want to pay the price for the slowness of the damn new chauffeur who flirted with every woman she crossed.

- I wonder if you really did eat breakfast this morning with vinegar Echo...? Simle a little bit, your face wont get damage… - Lexa answered, starting to walk towards the elevator that would take her to the garage where the limo was parked.

In the distance, Clarke stood with her lawyer Finn Collins who would not stop talking, but she was only aware of the interesting talk between Lexa, and that damn swedish whore flight attendant who she would be issuing with a dismissal, and Echo. The way the Chauffeur had kissed that nordic bitch, so near to her parted lips, made Clarke neurons set on fire with anger, whilst Collins continued moving his mouth, trying to get her attention.

Clarke was angry. Did Lexa have problems understanding simple instructions? She had instructed her that whilst she worked for her, that she was not to enter into relations with any other woman. "Damn Woods, I'll teach you that nobody disobey me. Wait until you have a new sexual encounter with me, I'll make you beg on your knees before I allow you to cum... "

- Clarke, are you okay? - asked Collins, becoming worried but inwardly cursing the blonde, as he
had noticed her total concentration was on what was happening at the reception with her employees.

- Why wouldn't I be? - Clarke answered sharply, looking into his eyes and making him feel like the smaller attorney at her side.

- It’s just that you seem very distracted and I was talking to you about how we should close the meeting with the Chinese entrepreneurs. The details were in the documents that I left with you, so that you could study them and tell me if everything is ok. - Clarified the lawyer, trying to sound as calm and normal as possible.

- They will be fine. Just do not bother me too much, I have not slept very well Collins - sighed Clarke

- Well if I had known, I'd have called you last night and I could have helped you to rest... - He said suggestively, with a sly smile on his face feeling like a somewhat important lawyer and sometimes good lover. Clarke looked at him with disgust.

- I have already told you this Collins, but I do not want to be with you... I have certainly heard this stupid rumor among these people that you and I will end up married. I'll clarify now for you once again, so that you understand and save yourself the idiocy. I only fuck you when I please Finn. We are nothing more than boss and employee. I hope that you stop with your stupid illusions, or you will seek another company to work for by tomorrow. Is that understood? - Growled Clarke, who was fast losing patience by the second after what she had just witnessed with Lexa.

- I... I.... Clarke.... - Collins world stopped on its hinges. He was somewhat dislocated, his eyes wide and his lips trembling.

- Enough Collins… Come on... our limo is ready, I don’t want to be late... - Clarke brought him to the ground suddenly, and started to walk in front of him towards the door of the hotel.

- Yeah... yeah right... Clarke. And excuse me... - the lawyer stood in his place, trying to think how to save the situation. He knew he had to be very careful with his movements as Clarke approached, but he had just received such an icy slap from the woman walking in front of him with elegance and presence, that he was still dazed.

- Finn, learn your place. You're my lawyer, my employee, and absolutely nothing else. Now move your feet... - Ordered Clarke stopping her steps immediately, and turning her head to look over her left shoulder to see her shocked lawyer when she noticed he had not followed.

Collins had almost stopped breathing with the threat that Clarke had just given him. He had never felt so irritated, and could only imagine how this would reach people’s ears through the rumor mill. He had assured everyone that winning over the CEO would be a cinch. Damn bitch! Now he had to bow his head and become the ever faithful lapdog even more than what he had done before. At least she had not fired him yet.

He needed to be careful if he wanted to continue the business he had with them. His bank balance was getting very good thanks to the contributions of Wallace in the last year. He had proposed a good business plan, working in parallel with the clandestine organization, betraying the famous CEO.

Although Wallace was serving a life sentence with no possibility of retrial or pardon, he was allowed to continue running his businesses. Working all those years for Griffin Cybernetics, he had made a good fortune, which he had invested well, especially with his friends in the Mexican drug
cartel and other contacts with terrorist cells in the Middle East. He had increased his bank account balance by hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Now, Wallace from prison had the means to pay police officers, prison guards, hire killers who eliminated anyone who got into his way, corrupt politicians, and others in order to continue his business from prison. It was not bad after all. Nobody bothered him, and he was protected by justice and given food. He had now even managed to get even more extra benefits after talking to the feds about the secrets of Clarke Griffin and her beautiful childhood with him. He did wonder what the federal dogs would do with that info, but honestly, he wasn’t really interested much. Wallace wanted to see that woman buried in the mud, and if possible in a prison like he was.

That bitch would pay for what she did the day she inherited her stupid fathers company. But eliminating her was not what he had in mind, Wallace had contacted the bumbling lawyer of Griffin, the so called Finn Collins, through contacts that he had made outside. The criminal had proposed business work for him, informing him of inside negotiations, and also making Collins tuck false contracts and documents that would imply that Griffin was dealing with terrorist cells and criminal organizations when the federals started investigating the Griffin's. So far, the lawyer had done very well and was well rewarded.

But Collins was not satisfied with the good pay that both Wallace and Griffin Cybernetics rewarded him with. He also sought to keep the fortune of Clarke Griffin, and needed to try to bring her to the altar for it. But now with what the CEO had said, his plans were somewhat at a standstill, and he was more than irritated. He knew that he needed to swallow his anger for now though, and silently walked behind his boss, keeping his head lowered. He needed to find a good new plan and soon, or the multibillion bitch would escape like water through his fingers.....

Chapter End Notes

Hi everybody. 🙏

First THANKS SO MUCH, for keep reading this story, keep giving me kudos and great comments so positive. Means a lot to me and mis amazing friends translators!❤

I just wanna introduce you a new character, Frida, the swedish stewardess, who i imaging for that role, the beautiful swedish actress Malin Åkerman. She is a very interesting new character that captured Lexa's attention after her terrible morning with her boss, and she will be a woman that will have a kind of important part in Lexa's mission初三, but i stop there... no spoilers...
The day developed without interruption from either Lexa or Clarke. Both were devoted in ‘trying’ to concentrate on their work, and avoided eye contact whenever their paths collided. Even Echo noticed the strange silence and indifference between the two women, and assumed that the previous night had not gone to well. If the bodyguard was honest with herself, she didn’t really want to think about them or allow her imagination to go down that road of uncomfortable thinking. She would prefer to act blind to it all and stay closed-minded.

But the truth was, that this state of affairs was affecting Clarke’s concentration horrifically where her business was concerned. Collins was not to happy about it, and struggled to remember a day where he had seen the CEO so preoccupied in her thoughts. He had also sensed the tension between the CEO and her new chauffeur, she was someone that Finn wanted to eliminate, and fast. The lawyer had noticed the cute brunette with green eyes and a phenomenal body, and was also fast picking up on Clarke’s infatuation with her, despite her trying to hide it. He could see that Clarke had been hard hit, as she had lost all interest in him and his sexual advances, and that did not suit him at all.

From Lexa’s side of thinking, she made a firm mental decision to retake the reins where this matter was concerned. She was on a very important mission in which she was the central axis and could not afford to fail. She needed to get a firm hold on the strong emotions that were produced whenever she was in the company of Clarke Griffin. She knew that opportunities for fiery moments of sex with each other would keep occurring, but she needed to tuck them under her skin and stop allowing herself to become as affected as she clearly was being.

“When the fuck had she lost her objectivity, and accountability of duty?” Lexa wondered to herself frustratingly.

Lexa was angry with herself. She was acting unprofessional like a rookie, and was getting carried away by the physical moments that she should absolutely not be sharing with her target. She needed to find a way to nullify her senses, and not having Ontari around to help keep her sexual needs in check was hard, as Lexa hated being dependent on others
She managed to get through the day fully intact by thinking about the cute Swedish flight attendant that she would be spending the afternoon with, and hopefully the evening, depending on luck! Although Frida seemed to hold back in her actions, Lexa suspected that she would have a good time in her company. Thinking about it helped her not dwell too much on Cruella, who chanced occasional glances at her here and there whilst driving, or when she had opened the door of the limo for her.

She had also noticed that that idiot of a lawyer had tried to get too close to the CEO on a number of occasions, with bold behaviour and kisses that were dangerously close to the lips of Clarke, who simply dodged them. Lexa had heard Clarke asking him to behave, and informing him that she was not in the mood as she turned away from Collins.

His obvious pursuit of the blonde was not going down well with Lexa, who had subtly observed them from time to time. She told herself repeatedly that it didn’t matter what they did, but deep down, she did care and she couldn’t hide the curve of her lips whenever Clarke pushed the idiot lawyer away from her. The man's face was an absolute poem.

When Clarke and her lawyer arrived at the place where they were to carry out the closure of this important deal, Echo accompanied them as security, whilst Lexa parked the limo in the most secure area available. That morning, Lexa had entered Clarke’s suite and had placed a tiny microphone in the portfolio of the CEO that she took everywhere with her. She wanted to make sure she heard what happened at that meeting and what the deal involved.

She also had with her a device that interfered with the components in the Griffin Cybernetics gadgets that Clarke had given her, that is: the wristwatch and phone. Lexa wasn’t stupid and knew that the gadgets contained hidden devices that would activate when she wore them recording all her calls and texts most likely.

Lexa had spoken to the genius Monty about it, who had managed to neutralize the components during that first week when Lexa did not know if she would continue to work for Griffin or not after their rough start. They had studied the components, which admittedly were amazing in terms of advanced technology, and after a great deal of effort and good teamwork, they had finally managed to find a way to block those hidden extra components.

She could now take out the blocking components when she wanted privacy when communicating with her head office, other agents, or like now when she was about to work on the Griffin case. Sitting inside the limo, Lexa pulled out the listening gadgets that Monty had given her so she could then communicate with him in the middle, both listening to what was happening in this important meeting and recording it’s content.

Upon listening in to the meeting, it was clear there was talk of technologically advanced components and prototypes that would be exported in a month, and then it would be a regular shipment to be carried out every three months, depending on the demand of buyers in the East. Lexa definitely needed to know more about that cargo if possible, and before it was sent to China. Maybe she could get a copy of those documents that were in the suite of her boss at some point she thought to herself.

They seemed to finish the tour of the building before walking back to the limo. Lexa listened to the discussion intently as conversation between Clarke and her lawyer heated up immensely.....

-Clarke, What the hell happened back at that meeting? - Collins asked irritably.... surprising Clarke who was looking out the window looking lost in thought.
- What do you mean Collins? - Answered an upset Clarke, who was now turning her head to face the man. Who the hell did he think he was to speak to her like that?

- You were not at all concentrated back there. Your mind was not there, and had it not been for me being with you when you signed, you could have quite easily signed your death sentence and not even have been aware what damn name you wrote.. - he replied even more irritated. Collins was coming dangerously close to the CEO whilst raising his voice, and Clarke was struggling to believe his stupidity and obscene attitude. What the fuck had happened to her lawyer?

- Don’t talk shit Collins. I am always aware when I sign contracts. What the fuck is wrong with you today? In case you forget, you're talking to your boss, so I'd advise you to get the fuck out of this car immediately.

- No Clarke, I wont. I know you and your mind was completely elsewhere and I would bet that it has something to do with you panties being soaking wet ...

Collins did not get the chance to finish his sentence because his face was slammed hard against the window. Clarke held him by the neck, almost pouncing on the man who was clearly in shock. The other who looked on amazed was Lexa, as the force that Clarke had was amazing and the way she held the lawyer, almost choking him, indicated she knew martial arts and self defense extremely well. But what surprised Lexa most, was the speed of the movement, and the fury in the eyes of the blonde. It was as if she had suddenly become someone else, and was completely out of it. She would not have imagined Clarke Griffin to be violent, at least not in the way she had just witnessed. She could only be grateful that so far, she had not been on the receiving end. Her poor lawyer was turning blue in the face from shortness of breath...

- You ever talk back to me, or mention my private life like that again and I will put you in the middle of the ocean Collins. Don’t you ever question my ways. You're a good for nothing shit, whom I pay very well to do your job and be attentive to the documents that I sign. That's your only DAMN JOB YOU PIECE OF SHIT. Is that clear?

- I.... Cla ... - Finn tried to answer, but couldn’t. He was totally paralyzed from shock. Clarke's hand was holding his neck pressed against the window and he could not believe it. It was the first time the CEO had shown such violence, and the lawyer was close to pissing his pants.

- I asked if that was clear Collins?! - Shouted Clarke in his ear, who was almost beside herself in anger, but realised that she needed to loosen her grip on the man so that he could answer.

- Yes ... i... yes clear ... You... STOP the limo please ... I need to get out .... - asked Finn, trying to breathe. His eyes were irritated as if he had been crying, and his neck and face were completely red. Clarke had dropped her arm from his neck, and the lawyer just wanted to get out of that limo, and away from this insane woman that he did not recognize.

Collins coughed, and held his neck, whilst Clarke sat as if nothing had happened. She didn’t appear agitated, not even a tense expression upon her face. She pressed up her white coat and pressed the button to communicate with Lexa.

- Lexa, pull over in the next possible place to park - ordered the very calm voice of the CEO

- Yes Miss Griffin - Replied Lexa, a little in shock yet for what she just witnness back there, but sure some part of her was happy and proud of her boss.

Hearing the request of the CEO, Echo turned her head back to see what was happening behind her. Lexa had heard the whole discussion due to the microphone, she had strategically placed earlier in the back of the limo, which was connected to her special headphones.
After passing a couple of streets, the chauffeur parked the limo, and Collins immediately jumped out, holding his neck and loosening his tie. Lexa also climbed out of the car to check that he was well, although deep down, she really did not care. As far as she was concerned, he was a piece of shit who got what he deserved, even if perhaps Clarke was somewhat extreme in her reaction. Lexa did not notice the surprised eyes of both Clarke and Echo who watched carefully, as to why she had so quickly come to help the lawyer.

- Mr Collins, are you all right? Do you need a drink, or would you like me to get you a taxi? - offered Lexa when approaching the man who was still trying to recover, and felt even more upset with the fact that the chauffeur could see what a state he was in.

- Lexa leave me alone, and go back to being the chauffeur. Who the hell asked you for help? - Answered Collins abruptly and removing the hand that Lexa had placed on his shoulder. He practically spat the words surprising the brunette, who wished only for the CEO to finish the task that she had begun. Lexa immediately cursed herself for being so stupid as to rush out to help him.

Clarke had wound her window down, and had heard the short conversation between the lawyer and her chauffeur not liking his reaction to Lexa at all.

- Lexa, climb immediately back into the limo and take us to the restaurant. My lawyer can do what he wants in terms of returning back to the hotel - ordered Clarke in a clear and authoritative tone. Lexa was an idiot to go running to help him, and Finn was an ungrateful son of a bitch.

- Yes Miss Griffin - Lexa answered without moving. Her intense eyes stared at the lawyer who was still bent over a little from Clarke’s brutal attack
- And Collins, the next time you speak to my employees that way, you will look hard for a new job, because I will be sure you dont even get a job as cutting tickets in a train line. Now go back to the hotel and reconstruct your damn picture of how tonight will go, and I'll excuse you from lunch. - Clarke added with determination.

The lawyer immediately approached her window with his hand raised in a clear sign of wanting to give a slap to the damn woman who had already tested his patience. That crazy bitch...

Suddenly, Finn's hand was going for the face of Clarke, but was blocked by the body of Lexa who obstructed his way. The chauffeur looked pretty threatening, whilst Echo added to the fierce image infront of him by standing next to Lexa. Clarke had been completely blocked by the cute ass and back of Lexa.

Was really the chauffeur protecting her? And really, what the hell happened to that idiot Collins? Was he really going to attempt to slap her? Thought Clarke with numerous questions racing around her head.

- Is there a problem here? - asked Echo, whilst looking into the angry eyes of the lawyer, who did not know who he wanted to attack first. He knew deep down though that he would lose...

- I think not Echo. Mr Collins does not feel well and will return to the hotel in a taxi - replied Lexa, not taking her intense green eyes off the lawyer for even a second, challenging him in the same way that the bodyguard to her side was.

- What the hell's going on out there? - Shouted Clarke. - Lexa I have given an order, I do not want to be late. Echo, get into the limo right now, and Collins, we'll talk about this later, now fuck off away from me. Come on now, it's getting late…

Finn Collins finally retired from the scene, cursing the women. Both Echo and Lexa watched him
leave and then met eyes and nodded at the same time, before climbing back into the limo again. Clarke shook her head and raised the window again. Was she losing control over all her employees? she cursed to herself.

The CEO could not quite process what was happening, but it was very clear that she did not like it when Collins had dared to mention something related to her attraction to her new chauffeur. She supposed that her reaction had been a little over the top and aggressive, but he had simply pressed an internal explosion button that Clarke did not know she possessed. She was surprised at the force that she had used to capture and hold his neck, even leaving marks. Something was not right with her, and she needed to find that control again or she would be in serious trouble.

Lunch lasted for two long hours, after which Lexa took Clarke and Echo back to the hotel where they were staying. When she dropped them at the door, Clarke approached her window to talk.

- Lexa, you need to come up to my suite in ten minutes, and do not be late. I'm very busy this afternoon.

- Yes Miss Griffin.

Lexa could not imagine what the hell her boss wanted now, but simply returned the limousine back to the luxury hotel garage, then caught the elevator up to the floor of her’s and Clark’s suite. She first went to her own room and removed the bloody uniform jacket that was drowning her. She kept on her open white shirt, but also stripped off her tie.

Entering the suite of her boss, after the CEO gave her permission, she found Clarke sitting on the balcony of her suite, wearing only the white coat she wore from last night and this morning. She was sipping what looked like a fresh fruit juice. It was pretty hot that afternoon in the city of Las Vegas.

Lexa approached the balcony, stopping at the door of it, and watched the CEO for a moment.

- Sit Lexa, do you want to drink a tropical fruit juice? It’s very good and refreshing. It's hot, you should hydrate better. I have not see you drinking enough fluids today. - Clarke said, looking over her shoulder and motioning with her hand towards the pitcher containing refreshing juice next to an empty glass.

- Yes, I’d love to. Thank you Miss Griffin, but please don’t worry about me- spoke Lexa softly.

The brunette was beginning to like this side of her boss. She knew the CEO tried to hide it, but she knew she cared for her. She smiled and sat in the empty chair opposite Clarke, pouring herself a glass of juice.

- Do not take it personally, I just want my staff in good condition, and in your case, so you do not have an accident because you are dehydrated whilst driving- Clarified Clarke a little nervously. She would not let Lexa misinterpret her actions.

- Of course, I understand. You wanted to talk to me about something? - Lexa smiled to himself, watching as the CEO doubled her efforts not to show the great interest she had in her.

- Look Lexa... It's about what happened this morning. I need you to understand something, and will explain this now for you due to the simple fact that you working for me is very new still. I still do not know enough about you, and you might be somewhat confused. I just wanted to talk about what happened last night between us, and wanted to explain to you why you found me in your bed this morning. I never sleep with anyone, it was really just about me not wanting to call housekeeping... and.... - explained Clarke trying to sound very calm and normal. Actually, she wanted very much to apologize for being so rude to Lexa, but that definitely was not going to happen, so she opted for a better explanation instead. But she was suddenly interrupted by
Lexa, who immediately noticed her intentions, and how much it was paining her to express them.

- No need to explain yourself Miss Griffin, I understand perfectly. It was not a bother for me to share my bed with you. I just found you rude in the way you stated the reasons. - Clarified the brunette. She felt it was very cute of Clarke to "stoop" to giving explanations apologetically, but she wasn’t going to let things be that easy. She immediately noticed though how Clarke’s brow furrowed.... Ohhh ohhhh ....

- I... Lexa, you just need time to get to know me and my ways of doing and saying things. I know some things I say may sound harsh but it's nothing personal. You must always remember that you and I have nothing but a boss and employee relationship. I imagine you understand that... yes? - Clarke was continuing to maintain her position at any cost.

- Yes, I understand things well. I have not imagined anything else Miss Griffin if that's what worries you.

- What worries me Lexa is that this will be a problem for our working relationship. If you want to work for me, you must simply obey my rules, and not question them, certainly not to my face. If you can follow these rules and learn not to take anything personally, then there will be no future problems between us. Both will get our own benefits if you can accept this – Keep explained Clarke, who really did not want her chauffeur to give up on her.

- From my side, there will be no problem Miss Griffin. You have explained everything to me, and sometimes I need some time to know my limits. But nothing that will cause problems in the future. - Lexa called the truce in mental strife, noting that Clarke was actually urging her not to give up on her so easily. She wanted her to give her time for their strange relationship to develop, like that of "mutual benefits". Her lips curled, sending a clear message to the crotch of Clarke, who immediately poured another glass of juice. The heat was playing havoc with her body.

- Well, I'm glad to hear that. Now drink the juice. And Lexa.... You've done well today with the inept of Collins. Christ knows what happened to him, but I guess the heat sometimes wreaks havoc on some more than others. - Clarke wanted to say a simple "thank you" but that word was out of her vocabulary.

She did her best to express it in other words. She had really liked the way that Lexa had protected her with her own body from that hand of Finn who was aiming for her cheek. That reminded her that she had to speak to the idiot lawyer. There would be no repeat of his earlier attitude.

- Yes, I imagine. However, if you'll excuse me, I did not like the somewhat violent attitude of your lawyer towards you.

- Oh ... don’t give importance to that Lexa. He can never hurt me. He knows that he would lose everything if he dared to touch one hair on my head without my permission. Now I have to keep to my day, I just wanted to clarify certain points with you - spoke Clarke, moving restlessly in her chair and ending the conversation with her chauffeur.

- Yes, of course Miss Griffin. Excuse me for asking, but perhaps you might need me for the rest of the day? - asked Lexa. She wanted to be sure that she would not have to rush to a call from the CEO requesting her assistance.

- Why Lexa?- questioned Clarke suspiciously. - Do you have something to do that is more important than being attentive to what I might need? - Clarke looked at her maliciously, raising her left eyebrow, intrigued to know what Lexa’s plans for the rest of the day were.
- No, of course not. It's just that it's my birthday as well... I wanted to get out a little, maybe do a little shopping around town. - Lexa explained a little nervously, still trying to put in a good performance as a submissive and responsible employee.

- Oh... yeah, right, it is your birthday Lexa. Well, you can have the rest of the day off. But take your watch with you, just in case I might need you later. Actually... I really would have liked to invite you to the event tonight. - Clarke immediately cursed herself for not controlling the impulses that caused her to say such a stupid thing.

Lexa immediately looked surprised, raising her eyebrow and curling the corners of her lips. Clarke knew she had made the foolish mistake of raising the ego of this woman.

- With me..? Do you not think it would be strange to turn up to an event like that with your chauffeur Miss Griffin? - Lexa was enjoying this mistake from Clarke, and she had to admit that listening to that desire had made her heart skip a beat. Clarke wanted them to go as a her partner, or at least show it in public.

- It’s obvious why I have not invited you Lexa, it would be unprecedented.... it was just an expression. Well, no matter... you can now retire and enjoy your free afternoon and your birthday... maybe... no, that's all.

"fucking hell Clarke, you're so fucking ..." she shouted at herself internally after stammering when responding to her employee, who still held that sparkling glint in those green eyes and that damn curve in the corner of those lips. God! She wanted to kiss her right there.

- Miss Griffin ermmm... well, have fun at the event. Do not worry if you need me, just send me a text message. - Lexa replied as she stood to leave. Her ego felt inflated to the maximum from the short time that she had shared with the CEO in her suite.

- So I will Lexa. Have a good afternoon - replied Clarke with a smile.

Lexa was about to leave when suddenly she was stopped by the hand of Clarke, who had stood up and now held her forearm, pulling her to her utter surprise to place a kiss on her cheek near the corner of her lips. The brunette smiled, not really expecting it.

- Happy Birthday Lexa - Clarke said, just clearing her lips from the soft skin from the beautiful face of the somewhat flustered brunette. She spoke almost whispering suggestively. The CEO would certainly have liked to have done more with those tempting lips, right and then.

- Thanks Cla... Miss Griffin - Lexa was a little dazed, and about to devour her boss’s mouth but knew that she simply could not do that. Clarke knew how much she wanted to kiss her on the mouth, but control was important to Clarke. For now the brunette would follow the play of desire. She was learning fast with the blonde, and they were jousting. It seemed to be a question of who fell first into temptation.

- Lexa just go now... I'm late... - Clarke said looking at her lips with darkened eager eyes, dampening her lower lip. This woman made her lose control so easily that she was afraid. She was pleased to acknowledge though that the chauffeur learned quickly regarding the desire content and she was enjoying that very much.

Lexa left Clarke’s suite somewhat surprised from the cordial and pleasant chat. Incredibly Cruella had calmed down, and even given explanations for her bloody rude actions that morning. She knew that it was the CEO’S way of apologizing without actually saying it, but the explanation was enough, and had left the brunette shocked. And then there was that sudden kiss, so close to her lips.
Lexa had felt a lot of strength and emotion from Clarke when she felt those lips on her cheek. Was she finally getting under the skin of hard Clarke griffin? She felt happy about it, because it would make her operation a whole lot easier to fulfill, when the air was not filled with tension between them.

Lexa was noticing certain details of how slyly Clarke took care of her, even though she constantly told her that it was nothing personal. She had defended her not only to Niylah and Echo, but now also against her idiot lawyer. And where did that desire come from to invite her to such an important event as her partner?

Lexa’s foolish heart started racing away, followed very quickly by her mind. She now had several things that she should celebrate for her birthday and her apparent success in conquering the CEO. Her cute new Swedish girlfriend would be waiting for her in half an hour, so she decided to get a move on in getting ready.

Meanwhile in Clarke’s suite, the CEO had been biting her lips after kissing Lexa so close to her lips for her birthday. She was actually desperate to have kissed her so hard and directly on that tempting mouth, and to take her back to her bed, but she wanted to wait for the right moment to devour those fleshy and soft lips, and it was still too early for that. She needed to be more sure of Lexa and learn her true story and intentions.

Leaving her impending momentary fever, she dialed a number that she had in her phone. The call was answered immediately by the voice of a man on the other side.

- I just sent the photos of the woman I need you to follow. Wait immediately in front of the hotel Caesars. I want you to follow her and see where she goes. Take photos and videos, especially if she is with someone, and report back to me immediately- ordered Clarke precisely to the man on the other side of the line.

- As you say Miss Griffin. Do not worry about anything. I will communicate any activity of this women back to you. - The man answered with a firm voice.

- Very well, and Miller... be very careful. She is very perceptive and can easily notice if someone is following. - Clarified the CEO, knowing that Lexa was very thorough and attentive in everything that she did. In the limo, Clarke had noticed that the chauffeur had been very attentive to her altercation with the lawyer, witnessing also, her brutal reaction.

- Yes Miss Griffin. I promise you, she will not notice my presence - Miller said before hanging up.

Clarke ended the conversation by holding the phone to her chin. She prayed that this informant would have nothing to send her and that Lexa had understood her orders that whilst she worked for her, she was not to have any kind of sexual relations with neither men or women. But beyond that, the CEO needed to know the level of loyalty that Lexa had towards her, and the privacy they had begun sharing clearly among themselves. Clarke needed to know how much she could trust that woman.

Next, she called her secretary, the ever effective Harper...

- Hello Harper

- Hello Miss Griffin. Is everything okay out there? How is business going? - Harper asked, a little worried on the other side of the line. She was somewhat surprised by the call from her boss.
- Yes Harper, all very well here. Listen, I need you to get me two first class plane tickets to the island of Maui in Hawaii, coming out of there from San Francisco in the afternoon.
- Okay Miss Griffin. Are the tickets for you and Mr Collins?

- No, they are for me and... Alexandria Woods. Harper held her breath thinking she had misunderstood. Was her boss about to go to Hawaii with her beautiful new chauffeur? Well, she wasn’t one to judge, Harper had also felt the enormous attraction that green-eyed brunette produced whenever she was around women, and her boss was not a robot.

There was a sudden silence on the other side of the line that bothered Clarke. She knew that Harper was somewhat surprised when she was given the name of her chauffeur to travel with her, and it bothered a bit, she felt exposed somehow.

- Harper! Are you there? What the hell is wrong with you?! - hissed Clarke, raising her voice, clearly irritated and bringing Harper back to the mainland.

- Ermمم... Yes, excuse me Miss Griffin, so sorry. I will order the tickets and send them straight to your email. Excuse me, but should I arrange for a third ticket for your bodyguard? - Harper asked quietly, hoping to somehow confirm what kind of trip her boss was planning in her head. She knew she was being nosy, but was dying to know, although she immediately regretted being so, knowing the CEO would not appreciate it.

- Not Harper, only will I be travelling with Miss Woods, we will be spending all week visiting my sister. Cancel my meetings this week, and that trip to New York on Thursday. Tell them that I had to travel urgently, but do not say where or with whom. Is that clear? - snapped Clarke, somewhat annoyed. She was no fool and knew her secretary had only offered to get a ticket for Echo, simply to try to learn more about this unexpected trip with her chauffeur. Since when had Harper become so nosy about her private affairs? She needed to review her chip when she returned to her mansion something was going wrong.

- Yes Miss Griffin. When will you you return? - Harper asked, showing some nervousness in her voice.

- Saturday afternoon will be fine. That's all Harper, now send the tickets later. - Said the CEO rather cuttingly to her gossipy secretary.

- I will send them as soon as I have possession of them Miss Griffin. You have a good night and a safe trip to Hawaii. - Harper attempted to sound friendly and regretful, although she knew she had angered her boss.

- Yes, good evening to you too Harper, and I’m sure that I don’t need to remind you that my private affairs are purely and exclusively mine right?

- No Miss Griffin, please excuse me...

- Goodbye Harper - finished Clarke, before abruptly cutting the call short.

Clarke had decided to take Lexa to meet her younger sister. Why? Because she needed her beloved sister to help her unmask this woman if she could. She knew there was something about Lexa, and for the first time in her life, she was not able to decipher what that was on her own. Clarke felt that she had reached a true crossroads, and was heading straight for a brick wall. Karolina also had a very sharp sixth sense when it came to working people out, and was rarely wrong either. Studying psychology had also helped her discover people’s hidden personalities.

If Clarke was honest with herself though, there was another reason for her wanting to make that trip, far from the world around them currently. She wanted to spend time with the brunette in a
completely different setting, obviously only for the purposes of trying to get her trust, sharing another side of herself more “human” “family side” and with that maybe make Lexa open up to her, knowing who she really was, Clarke told herself.

She decided to ignore the other reason which kept flashing up in her mind several times. She simply hoped that her employee would expose her true self once she was relaxed and see that Clarke wasn’t that cold mind bitch after all. In San Francisco, the work environment that they were surrounded by, was making things more difficult than what they needed to be she justified to herself.

She decided to push the irritating thoughts to the back of her mind, and to take a nice relaxing bath, then be served by a masseuse. Later she would be visited by a costume designer, makeup artist and hairstylist to prepare her for the evening event that was taking place in the hotel where she was staying.
Half an hour later, at five o'clock, the elevator doors opened, allowing Lexa to step out and immediately spotted the beautiful Frida sitting in the hotel lobby on her iPhone, entertaining herself whilst smiling. The brunette watched her for a moment before approaching. Lexa felt a soft spot for this woman, she seemed a warm individual, nice and very pleasant to talk to, most likely open to everything, but she also knew that the evening would be lacking that true intimacy, as Lexa was not seeking affection or warmth of tenderness from this woman, when celebrating her birthday, she was looking for a good fuck, without thinking to much about anything else but enjoying sexual pleasure.

Finally, she approached Frida, they smiled at each other when she appeared startled and greeting her with kisses on both cheeks and rather flirtatious glances. Both knew how they really wanted the evening to end.

They left the hotel and headed towards the city center, walking along busy streets, and chatting generally about random stuff. After a nice coffee they both decided to get a drink. The sunset was falling in Las Vegas, with an array of colors in the sky in shades of reds, and oranges. It was a real spectacle for the eyes.

They sat at a somewhat remote table which was intimate and cozy, with dimmed lights. Immediately they were served by a waitress who asked about cocktails. Lexa decided on a Mojito and Frida a Sex on the Beach. Then the real talk started between the two...

- Well... I must tell you Agent Woods, it is a real pleasure to finally meet you - blurted out Frida, causing Lexa to spit out her drink of mojito that she had just sipped into her mouth.

- Sorry? What did you say? I believe that.... - Lexa was somewhat shocked, and continued to stare at the beautiful woman who continued drinking from her glass.

- Don’t worry Lexa, we work for the same team. Secret Service Agent Royal Danish Mette Jensen. Again it's a pleasure to meet you, I've heard a lot about you in recent years. - she said stretching her hand out to the brunette, still not convinced that Lexa really believed her.
- I... sorry, but I really do... - Lexa was still in denial about her real identity, but Mette Jensen understood her position so took a small object from her bag, before looking over at the brunette.

- Wait, we need to make this legal or suspicion will keep in your mind and I understand you - she hurriedly said to Lexa.

Frida, or rather the Mette Jensen agent pulled out a small device with which she communicated immediately, calling for the US Inspector FBI agent Anya Forrest, leaving Lexa open mouthed. Apparently, the cute Swedish stewardess really was Danish nationality and was clearly not a simple stewardess, but a secret agent like Lexa, called Mette Jensen.

- Inspector Forrest? Yes, I am here and communicating with your Woods Agent. Yes, I think she need to hear that from yourself. - Mette said, speaking on the device with the voice of none other than the true boss of Lexa, and her lifelong friend.

- Anya!!?! What the hell is this? Why...? - Lexa was becoming more and more infuriated by the second. She was livid that no one had informed her about her Nordic colleague, causing her to look like a complete idiot.

- Lexa, shut up and listen to me. Agent Jensen will be informing the Danish secret service of developments. She is part of the operation like you. She started working for Griffin a year ago when we first started attempting to infiltrate, trying at first to get under the skin of Griffin, but we had no luck with that, so we chose you for the task. Now you know I want to stay informed about all respective positions. - Clarified Anya, cutting all questions from Lexa. Knowing her old friend, she knew that the brunette was upset by the lack of information. But knowing she was on a date with Agent Jensen also indicated to Anya that her friend could never stay away from her carnal weakness.

- Fine Anya... But could you not have told me the truth and warned me that other agents were working on the mission alongside me? Excuse me but I feel like a fucking idiot because of you... - answered a very upset Lexa, whilst the Jensen agent looked on, somewhat amused.

- Lexa! Do not talk to me like that, remember I'm your fucking boss, and Lexa... dont fuck with her! Understood? You just need to focus your crotch on the goal you have been ordered, to conquer and get under Griffin’s skin. Stop looking for other agents to fuck in order to calm your fever... - answered her irritated boss, angering Lexa even more, although her friend knew deep down that what Anya had said was right.

- Anya! How dare you think I... ?! - Lexa vainly tried to defend her honor, but only succeeded in producing a slight laugh from the Danish agent who was listening to all the conversation. Agent Woods was well known in the world of secret agents, along with her great weakness for sex. Agent Jensen had heard very interesting rumors about Woods and her enthusiasm in exchanging sexual fluids and couldn’t deny that she was desperate to experience bedding the brunette herself.

- Lexa....just remember... You have a severe weakness for blondes. Do not mix work with pleasure or you will be exposed. I need you to focus on the goal and do not tease the CEO. If she know’s that you're fucking the hostess, Griffin will dismiss you both. And that goes for you to agent Jensen. I hope you both show decorum and responsibility whilst on the field. Remember the importance of this mission.

- Hell, Anya! You're a fucking nightmare... Anya? Anya?....

Inspector Forrest had cut communication, leaving Lexa with the words in her mouth, while the Danish agent sat in front of her with smiling and mischievous eyes, taking the small device from
her hands.

- Well, do you think we can maintain decorum and responsibility Agent Woods?

- I ... hmmm ... I do not know ...- smirked Lexa

- Well, you know, Agent Forrest is in Washington ... we can always be discreet you and I Agent Woods? From what I’ve heard about you is that you’re pretty quiet... and very good too...

- Hey hey hey... Agent Jensen, do you like me or are you insinuating that we should disobey our boss for one night? You heard what Anya said - Lexa replied smirking. She was delighted with the Danish agent for what she was implying. Agent Jensen simply laughed and leant forward, taking a sip of her drink...

- If you say so Agent Woods! So, how about we have dinner at a nice restaurant I know not far from here, and then... then we’ll see... Besides, I understand that it is your birthday, correct?

- Yes, you’re correct Mette...it is my birthday. Do you by any chance have a special treat for me? Whispered Lexa suggestively...

- Hmmmm... maybe, who knows. But I have no doubt that we will celebrate. Now tell me, how are you doing with your mission so far today with Cruella?

- Yes, Cruella... this woman is a real case, but I guess you already know that? - laughed Lexa. - A year ago you began working for her? Tell me about that, and how have you managed to cope for so long? - Lexa became very interested in what Jensen had to say. The girl had already put her in a better mood since Anya’s reveal, and she was looking forward to celebrating her birthday with an intense orgasm.

- Oh, well I was on a trip with Griffin that she made to Sweden to close a business deal, and on her way back to America I infiltrated. We got chatting and I told her that I worked for an airline. We flirted a lot.... and you know how long those trips are, so at some point during the night, she asked me to visit the bathroom with her to convince me to work for her. - Lexa was left open-mouthed. So Clarkie liked to fuck women in small bathrooms on airplanes ... interesting!

- Are you saying you fucked Griffin on a commercial airliner? - Asked Lexa not sure if she really wanted to know the answer.

- Yep, I did! I too was surprised by her sudden desire, but the experience was hot as hell. She ordered me as to what she wanted me to do to her in that small bathroom and...

- Okay, I think we can skip the details don’t you think? They are irrelevant. So how did you end up on the small privately owned Jet? - Lexa cut the story from her colleague short. She really did not want to hear too many details of the sexual encounter between Clarke and Mette.

- Well, Griffin proposed that I work for her in her private plane and obviously I accepted, as after all... that was the goal. I hope you have more luck in conquering her, and getting under her skin than I did, because obviously, I couldn’t manage it. So now I get to watch her on flights, bug her seat, and in particular I am dedicated to investigating that idiot lawyer Collins, who is a damn shit.

- Collins... Oh yeah? Don’t talk to me about that prat ... what have you learned from him? - asked Lexa. That guy smelled bad and she was even more suspicious of him now.

- Well, I managed to get into his pants, but aside from that this guy plays well. It seems that the guy is playing both ends. A few months ago he was seen connecting with someone and passing on
sensitive information about Griffin Cybernetics. He is very careful, but hopefully we will soon
know who is the person for whom he is also working for, and clearly betraying Griffin.
I believe his goal is to get hold of the company and the family fortune. He is both naive and idiotic
in his thinking though, if he believes that Clarke will fall in his network so easily.
Since you have infiltrated, it has become very clear if I may say, that this guy has had his options
cut off with the CEO since you arrived on the scene. Looks like Clarke has cut her links to the
lawyer. It seems that you've accomplished what no one could yet manage, and she has developed a
full sexual obsession with you. Congratulations Woods... good job - spoke the Danish agent
smiling raising her cocktail to clink with the glass of Lexa, toasting the apparent triumph.

Lexa had listened attentively to her colleague wanting to know all the details of Agent Jensen’s
relationship with Clarke, but for some reason the brunette did not want to hear the details of that
single encounter in the bathroom of the airplane between her colleague and the CEO. It made her
feel nauseous and annoyed, so she decided to pay more attention to what Agent Jensen had told her
about the attorney playing for both ends. ‘Interesting’, she thought to herself, trying to imagine
who Collins might be working for. The list could be huge since Clarke had many enemies in
business as competitors who had died from infiltrating her company and stealing the secrets from
robotic and advanced projects.

The officers continued chatting about their progress during dinner. They didn’t talk much about
their private lives, and agreed that they definitely would not leave Vegas without exchanging more
information of the mission in which they were involved. They had decided that both needed a good
night of sex and entertainment.

Trying to be discreet, they moved away a little from the city, and moved more towards the desert
to get a motel on one of the routes. There, they paid for a
room and left the warm summer night for the privacy of their temporary accommodation. They
were both blissfully unaware of the man that Clarke had hired to follow Lexa that he had been
watching and taking pictures of their suggestive attitude, especially the moment where they had
entered the motel and were unable to keep their hands off of each other between heated kisses.

Photos and videos had immediately been sent to Clarke, who at that time was in the middle of an
event that she had to attend with her lawyer Collins. He still had some visible marks on his neck
that he had tried to hide with some makeup. Clarke was somewhat surprised with herself to have
left those marks on Finn. Normally she was not someone violent who reached such extremes, but
the lawyer had foul mouthed Lexa, and she was not going to allow it.

She was in the midst of a very boring talk with one of the Chinese entrepreneurs, when her phone
vibrated in her briefcase. She immediately excused herself to go to the bathroom and once she was
in the huge ladies toilets she sat herself down on one of the closed toilet lids to review what Miller
had sent her. He was the only one to be sending her something during those hours.

Her face immediately became so tense that she was worried her jaw may break as she looked at the
photos and videos of Lexa and that damn Swedish flight attendant. They had clearly spent the
evening together laughing, toasting, talking animatedly, and exchanging flirtatious glances that
said it all. And the grand finale was the entrance into that motel in the desert, where their hands and
passionate kisses were all over each other.

Clarke was so furious that she immediately raised her leg and gave such a fierce kick to the closed
door infront of her that it flew off its hinges falling precipitously to the ground, leaving the CEO in

"SHIT GRIFFIN, control yourself damn you! FUCKING SON OF BICH WOODS YOU WILL
PAY FOR THIS!

Meanwhile, in the motel room.... Lexa and Mette had closed the door and attacked each others mouths furiously. Lexa immediately grabbed the Danish agent blonde's waist, pushing her against the wall to expose her neck hungry to feel that passion.

Mette allowed Lexa to have her way, understanding that she was with another dominant similar to how Griffin had been. It actually amused her as she tried to imagine how Lexa would grapple with the CEO with them both being sexually dominant. But at that time, she honestly she did not care. She had heard so many rumors about the dark green eyed agent that was at present ravishing her neck with kisses, that she was just desperate to know if the rumours fell short. She was feeling aroused in so many places from the wondering hands of Lexa that it was as though the incredible woman had more than two hands, and she was already bordering on delirious.

Wasting no time, Lexa's hands unbuttoned Mette’s trousers and lowered them slightly, introducing her nimble hands to the warm and wet vagina that she had exposed. She started to stroke and rub the swollen clit whilst Mette started to grind against her hand and moan in pleasure burying her face in Lexa’s neck. Mette felt tight, but that didn’t stop Lexa from penetrating her with two of her long, skilled fingers. It was perhaps more than she would have wished for as initially the sensation felt somewhat sharp, but Mette let her know immediately that she had liked it and encouraged her to continue.

The Danish blonde immediately removed her black shirt, with Lexa helping her to lower her pants even more whilst she kept frantically moving her hips against the body of Lexa and those hands that were building her up towards a powerful orgasm. The brunette was rubbing her G-spot masterfully, and the shrieks and groans that were being released from her mouth made it obvious that she was going to cum at any moment.

Suddenly, Lexa pulled out. She wanted to feel more, she was to restricted by the soaked panties of her companion, and her trousers which were still only halfway down so she wasted no time in pulling both items of clothing down urgently, as the blonde agent helped her take off the remaining clothes, and then helped Lexa do the same with her own.

Once they were both finally naked, the brunette looked at Mette with such enormous mischief in her eyes that it shook the blonde to her core. Her eyes were full of desire, dark, almost black. Lexa started to walk them both back to the bed that was situated in the middle of the small room.

- Sit down gorgeous and open those legs for me... - ordered Lexa in a very suggestive and husky voice.

- Oh... Agent Woods, the rumours are true I see... - answered Mette smirking, whilst sitting on the bed and opening her legs wide eager to feel the brunette that had taken her to the brink of orgasming, and who was making her clit throb even harder from only the intense gaze that Lexa was piercing her with.

- Oh yeah? Well, I'm glad I haven’t disappointed you beautiful... God! Look at you... You're so wet for me... let me prove that...

The blonde did exactly what was asked, smiling and very excited. Those long fingers of Lexa had done wonders already and she was desperate to cum in that beautiful mouth. Lexa approached her and knelt.... opening her legs a little more, looking up at her full of desire and lust, before burying her face in those beautiful blond curls. The brunette started licking soft and long strokes up her warm slit and around the swollen clit of the Danish beauty. It felt amazing and wild, and Lexa could feel the pressure of Mette’s hands on her scalp, and those nails digging into her head.

But whilst she was in the midst of feasting from the blonde beauty, Lexa’s mind started interfering
and bringing up images of Clarke from when her face had been buried deep in her sex making her cum so strong in her mouth. The brunette began to lose concentration on what she was doing, whilst her lover demanded her attention desperate to cum.

Lexa felt something seriously disturbing in that very moment, all she wanted was for it to be Clarke that she was kneeling before, not the blonde agent that was moaning and grinding into her. Lexa felt a huge void, the need to rush out of the room, and she wondered what the fuck was she doing???. Everything going through her head was so damn confusing, and at that moment, she hated herself but even more so Clarke. She was disturbed and stood up abruptly her companion looked at her completely confused, not understanding what the hell was going on.

Mette somehow guessed what was happening with her partner, but her body desperately needed to release the pressure between her legs. Unfortunately, the symptoms of Griffin's footprints were very clear, this woman had definitely got inside Lexa's head.

The blonde immediately stretched out her hands to touch Lexa, pulling her towards her. The brunette seemed lost in thought, but moved closer. Mette took her face with both hands and kissed her lips with passion, trying to bring Lexa back down to earth.

Lexa was finally able to react to the kiss, waking from her momentary blackout. She separated her lips from Mette, hungry to watch these Nordic blue eyes twinkling. Immediately Lexa turned to her and without wasting time took two of her fingers to penetrate her wet, silky vagina again a little more rude than she really wish, but her nordic lover seemed to liked. She was rewarded with cries of pleasure until finally Mette came hard and threw herself back on the bed still shaking with spasms from the great climax that Lexa had given her.

Even though she was still struggling internally with those crazy feelings, Lexa began to climb onto the bed, opening her legs and pulling her dripping fingers from the blondes soaking vagina. She draped her body along Mette’s, and looked up to her beautiful face with a sly smile.

The left hand of the brunette took the face of the Danish agent, squeezing her cheeks and making her mouth open in an "O" shape. The blonde's eyes were mischievous, and her body still aroused lost in the intense green eyes of agent Woods. She was getting more and more excited again from the anticipation of what was coming next.

Lexa curled the corners of her lips, in that sexy smirk, feeling powerful, and proceeded to introduce her wet fingers in to the blondes open mouth....

- Mette, clean my fingers now... Oh yeah, like that.... You are such a good girl... Ohhhhh I can see that you like that huh?... I bet that you want them penetrating you in another wet place don’t you? - Lexa asked excitedly whilst slowly thrusting her fingers with delight into the mouth that was devouring them with pleasure, resulting in delicious spasms shooting through her underbelly, feeling her groin so ready to cum.

Mette continued to taste those long fingers soaked in her own vaginal juices, making her body shudder, and listening to the deep groans from her dominant lover. She could only nod her head, and smile at her lewd questions, knowing what Lexa meant with penetrating in another wet place, whilst sucking those expert fingers, which a moment ago had made her delirious from pleasure. She definitely wanted them in all the places in her body that they would fit, she thought to herself, lusting after them madly.

- I figured that beautiful... but first, you will make me cum hard in that sexy mouth of yours - groaned Lexa with lust.
Lexa didn’t wait for an answer, and couldn’t wait a moment longer. She withdrew her fingers and immediately moved her body up the bed, straddling Mette and hovering her sex over the blonde’s waiting mouth. The excited woman immediately grabbed Lexa’s smooth ass with both hands, and began the delightful task of licking and swirling her soft tongue all through Lexa’s wet folds, and working her way up to her swollen clit. Lexa let out deep groans, and for a moment closed her eyes allowing images once again to drift through her mind.

Once again, Clarke’s face was the first image that came to her mind, but this time it was different. This time it simply raised her pleasure to the highest level, and she began to grind her hips with intensity pleasure...

- Ohhhhh... God... Cla... Mette... That feels sooo good babe.... You are so beautiful..... You're great.... Ahhhhhhh... I'm ready.... I will..... Ohhhhhhhhhhh....

Lexa came with great pleasure, carried away by the waves of an intense orgasm, rubbing her sex over that expert mouth of the Danish beauty. She could not help imagining Clarke under her crotch and bringing her to paradise without limits. But her enthusiasm soon faded, causing her to land hard. She lowered her eyes and was met with mischievous blue eyes that looked up at her from between her trembling legs. Noting with some frustration that this definitely was not Clarke’s face. Lexa felt a lump in her stomach, a strange feeling that she could not explain and cursed. She did not understand why she could not shake the image of the CEO from her head, but did not want to discuss it either. Even worst she was trying to hide that suddenly humidity that she was feeling in her green intensive eyes, looking up the ceiling of that room, desperatly trying to concentrate in breath, in fight those sensitive stupid stranger feelings.

Her companion continued to caress her with licks and passionate kisses, nipping those hard and needy nipples and sucking them into her mouth, making her moan once again. Mette was eager and slipped her own bra off to reveal firm breasts almost as large as those of Clarke.

"Damn you Griffin, get out of my fucking head and let me enjoy this!" Lexa shouted to herself, getting even more frustrated. She didn’t want to be thinking in Clarke, she wanted to focus only in the gorgeous women that was lying beneath her in this bed right now.

Not allowing her mind to run riot again with the image of her boss, she grabbed the exhausted body of Mette and tried to turn her, something her lover understood immediately and helped her with pleasure, lying herself face down on the bed. Lexa then put a pillow under the belly of the blonde, raising her ass up towards her.

- Now I want you to lifter up a little more that cute butt Mette. Yeah.... That's right, you’re such a good girl..... Now beauty, do you wanna feel agent Woods's good reputation?

- Oh..... shiiiiit... Yes Lexaaaaaa. But before you continue... please look in my bag, you will find a lubricant gel... - That surprised Lexa, causing her to lose a bit of concentration but at the same time making her smile. Without pondering, she proceeded to slap one of Mette’s ass cheeks, punishing her for being so forward and mischievous.

- Oh... look how preventive was my good collage, agent Jensen… So she likes to be finger fucking her pretty ass with enough lubricant?

- (Mette laugh mischievous) Well Agent Woods.... What can I say? I have heard many rumors of your good talents and tastes...

- Aha... well, you'll feel my talents in every sense of the word soon Mette... give me a second - boasted Lexa, very confident of her sexual prowess...
Lexa moved quickly. She did not want to lose her concentration again, so hurriedly reached into the bag to find the lubricating gel and finding it immediately. She quickly returned to the scene, her eyes full of excitement. This, she thought, was going to be an amazing experience.

Without another word, she returned to give Mette another slap on the other ass cheek, making the Danish woman jump and moan at the same time. She then took both hands to that nice ass and gently pulled her cheeks apart, opening her tight entrance up to her. Lexa looked at that pretty ass with uncontrolled lust dropping enough of the transparent lubricant into the anal entrance to then be able to work her fingers slowly inside.

- Oh that's right girl… relax those muscles there… just let me in babe… trust me… it's gonna be so great… Agent Woods knows well… yeah… like that… oh you really are such a good girl… - Lexa penetrated the entrance slowly, first with her thumb, feeling the walls of the woman dilating from her penetration.

Feeling Mette start to relax, she changed to two of her long and soaked fingers, stepping up the pace, making her partner scream with pleasure. Lexa upped the show even more by moving her other hand to her soaking sex, and rubbing her clit hard as she continued to penetrate the other tight opening of Mette....

- Oh SHIT! Shit… Lexa.... don’t stop... yes… please… more.... Give me more... - begged the desperate blonde, only for Lexa to respond by adding another finger to the penetration. At this moment, the brunette wished she had her harness and dildo to hand to really go full force with the kink...

- You are opening yourself up to me wonderfully my good dirty girl .... Give me that cute little ass you have, because I want to make it mine... I want you to come for me Mette.... And you’re gonna cum for me hard.... Now...... - demanded Lexa with a very husky and demanding voice.

Following the orders of her dominant lover, the submissive side to her, forced her into an overwhelming and strong orgasm, resulting in her screaming out in pleasure from both cumming at the same time. Lexa was blinded by lust and the power of that moment, feeling the waves of the blonde’s strong climax that ripped through her body. Her fingers did not stop penetrating the blonde, who grinded back into her at the same time, wanting to feel more than those three long, delicious fingers penetrating her so fervently, making her feel the glory of the sensations, a strong anal orgasm.

Undoubtedly Lexa Woods was a master of sex and was enjoying the experience with great pleasure, but honestly, the blonde agent did wish that they had had a small toy with which to enjoy the experience even more, but the agent did not complain as Lexa had been fantastic, and she was very honored to have experienced Lexa, given her reputation a huge plus A.

Lexa felt when the wave of strong spasms from that good orgasm passed, and an empty feeling began to take over her body again, leaving her feeling dismayed. That exposed ass that she had the pleasure of penetrating with her fingers, making hers, was beautiful, but as she withdrew her fingers carefully, the previous feelings came rushing to her again, this woman was not the one whose slender back she wanted to be draped over, it didn’t belong to the CEO who was currently back at their hotel....

The darkened green eyes of Lexa closed, lost again in her fantasies that led her to the back that she had kissed that morning in the bed of her suite. Her hands now caressed Mette’s waist, not noticing that the woman was not Clarke. But she felt so similar to the CEO, and for some strange reason she leaned back gently on to Mette's back and began kissing her gently, rubbing her nose in to her skin and trying to breathe the scent of Clarke’s ivory skin.
She felt extremely frustrated when realization came flooding back that it was not Clarke she was snuggling up to, but her Danish colleague Mette, who was now totally relaxed and lying in bed, enjoying Lexa’s soft attentions.

Lexa cursed, knowing that without a doubt, Clarke had buried in to her mind, under her skin, and it was very difficult to counteract those feelings of desire, of being alone with her, and feeling them with someone else.

After both had rested for a while, the agents took a warm, relaxing bath, where they caressed each other and laughed. Both had enjoyed the moment, and although Mette could not complain, she could not leave aside her concerns whilst now dressed and standing next to the rumpled bed.

- Lexa... I know it's not my place to say this, but I'm afraid I must warn you to be careful with that woman.

- What do you mean Mette? - Lexa wasn’t to keen on the approach of her colleague. She cursed herself for having been so transparent with what had happened during the sex that they had enjoyed.

- Clarke Griffin is getting into your mind, and under your skin... Look, I'm not insinuating anything, but I know that woman, and she can be dangerous if you let her manipulate you psychologically and sexually. - spoke Mette in a worried tone, whilst sitting closer to Lexa and stroking her brown hair.

- Clarke Griffin does not manipulate me sexually, you're wrong there Mette, but I appreciate your concern. - Lexa answered somewhat irritated.

She stood up from the bed, and away from the touch of Mette, who looked at her with some regret. She could see how much Clarke Griffin had wormed her way into the head of her sexy partner, and she also understood that due to simple pride Lexa would never admit to it.

- Lexa... look at me.... - spoke Mette gently, while Lexa stood by the window of the room with her back to her. The brunette felt too exposed to her colleague and honestly was in no mood for personal therapy at this time.

- Believe me, that woman will make you lose your mind if you're not careful. I noticed when we were getting intimate that suddenly your mind was absent ... and Lexa, I can guess whom you were thinking about... am I right? - Mette pressed a little, but for Lexa it was enough. She cursed herself for being so obvious.

- Mette.... look, you're a great girl, and I have really loved spending time with you, but I'm just not interested in this therapy attempt. Do not worry, I know how to handle people like Clarke Griffin, and no, she has not wormed herself into my mind or under my skin. I just need to find my way back, that's all. I’m sorry for my distractions... have been a little stress time lately, that's all. - Lexa apologized

- Do not apologize Lexa... It has not bothered me at all. I've also had a great time tonight and you have helped me to vent a little. Nothing like good consensual sex, right? Now come on, we both need to get up early tomorrow to fly back to San Francisco. - Mette finally realized it was not her place to try to psychoanalyze her partner, but she was still worried. She knew that Agent Lexa Woods was one of the best in the world, so surely she would know how not to get involved with the target.

Suddenly, the watch Lexa wore began to vibrate. She knew straight away who it was, and was grateful that she had not interrupted them during their time of pleasure, since celebrating her
birthday had clearly come to an end.

<< Clarke Griffin

Lexa, I hope you have enjoyed your free time. Tomorrow we are leaving for the airport at 12 noon. Goodnight. >>

<< Lexa Woods

Okay thanks, I have done. I hope you enjoyed the event you attended. Good evening Miss Griffin. >>

Lexa communicated the message, and then both her and Mette left the room, taking a taxi back to the city, but separating once they neared the hotel in order to arrive separately. Lexa walked a few blocks arriving later, so she wouldn’t be seen entering the hotel reception with the other agent. Clarke wanted to give a lesson to her new employee, one she will never forget, but there would be no drama, just the good old Griffin style punishment. She had stupidly thought Lexa would respect her early wish of no contact with either sex but Lexa had clearly followed her carnal instincts and fucked her fellow employee in some seedy motel in the desert. At this moment in time, she felt very stupid for attempting to trust Lexa, and hoping that she did not disappoint, but Lexa obviously had, and as far as Clarke was concerned her submissive would pay handsomely for having such little loyalty.

Lexa entered the floor where hers and Clarke’s suite was, and without knowing why she was very much tempted to knock on the door of her boss, but she gave up on the idea knowing it was late and Clarke was most likely asleep.

She finally retired to her suite, got rid of her clothes and threw them in a plastic bag to wash them. She felt strangely dirty and did not know why, because she had bathed in the motel. She immediately got back into the shower, which definitely felt better than the seedy motel in the desert, and let the hot water and refreshing shower gel clean up what was needed.

Once out of the bathroom, she still had those weird feelings of emptiness and even treason running through her body.

"How long has it been since you have felt this way after fucking someone masterfully like you have done tonight with Mette?"

Lexa wondered to herself. Something was not right, and she was dying to open the door leading to the suite where Clarke was, needing to see her desperately, not understanding why in the hell she will wish to do that.

After several long minutes of thinking about what to do, she came to the decision that she needed to find the documents from the Chinese entrepreneurs and this was the perfect opportunity to enter her suite, find them and make copies. So she took her camera, and slowly opened the door to the suite of her boss.

It was dark and she could not hear anything at all, she searched for several minutes for the damn documents very carefully. Finally finding them on the couch, under Clarke's bag.

She immediately proceeded to open them and take pictures of each page without stopping to read,
as she simply had no time for that, it would be too risky. She just dedicated herself to photographing the pages and instantly sending them to Monty, then eliminating copies from her camera, as she did not want to take risks if she was caught.

Suddenly, she caught movement from the room where Clarke slept, her heart beats rise, putting out her small flashlight and camera immediately without being heard. Lexa placed the documents back exactly as they were to avoid suspicion. She knew the CEO was very thorough, and if she found the papers in a different position, it would attract attention and she would be the most likely suspect as she slept in the suite next door.

Although Lexa knew her job was over and she had to return to her suite before Clarke got up and found her snooping in her suite, the brunette did not want to leave. She needed her, needed to see the blonde, although it was completely crazy. Cursing herself for the stupid and unprofessional decision she was about to make, she walked towards the bedroom and carefully opening the door, to see Clarke asleep in her bed.

God! she thought, Clarke was so beautiful, and so peaceful, just as she had seen that morning. It was the most beautiful sight that her eyes had seen. She wanted to get under the sheets of the bed and hold her, hold her in her arms, kissing her body, and apologize for what she had just done with Mette...

“What….?! Wait…?! What the fuck she just though?! Since when does she have to feel guilty for fucking?! “ thought Lexa to herself, shacking her head, shocked as to her line of thought...

Anyway surprisingly her feet keep walked to the bed against her mental will. She sat by the sleeping body of the blonde, very careful not to wake her. The light of the bright moon coming through the large window, it lit the angelic face of the CEO. The woman who had unfortunately crawled into her mind and under her skin.

Lexa was well aware that this was happening, and knew she was totally screwed. She wondered how things were going to move forward, how would she counteract these feelings that cursed through her, making her want to hug the CEO and take her away from everything and everyone.

Her mind, thank God, finally could reacted to the crazy moment, and upon realizing the danger she was running, and what might happen if her boss woke up and found her looking at her like some crazy loon, she shook her head, closing her eyes tightly and began to stand very slowly, turning her body to walk out of the room.

But suddenly a hand grabbed her arm tightly pulling her, causing her to turn around in absolute panic. Their eyes met face to face with the piercing gaze from Clarke, making her whole being trembled at that inexplicably but very intense look.....
My dear readers, please take a second or two and read this note!!

This chapter is kind of very very especial. I know some probably will truly hate me or Clarke or Lexa, after reading.

But please if you didn’t read the others 16 Chapters, you will not understand what the heck is going on here for real. Understand the situation in all the content. Especially why Lexa allow this, which is not other than just a matter of save her butt, because she knows she fu...ed up, and also save the mission from fail, that mission so important she is in it.

Please also remember they are NOT a romantic couple, they are still in other stage of this crazy relationship. But what happen in this, i repeat, very important chapter and moment between them, will be that remarkable break/start point of a before and after. Hope you’ll be patience, not dissapointed, and just wait, see how the story goes, slowly burn... because this is Chapter 17 out of 50, so lot of twist and turns will happen yet between these two strong women, fighting their feelings for each other, denied what is very clear.

Thanks for be there keep reading this fic, commenting, and gave me those kudos that i and my two amazing friends translators so much we appreciated❤

Sangabrielle

- What are you doing here Lexa, what do you want? - Clarke snapped with intense eyes glaring at Lexa. Oddly enough, the brunette no longer feared her fate in the hands of this woman. She knew what she wanted, and why she was there.
Silence again flooded the darkened room, only the sound of them both breathing could be heard. Neither sounded agitated, both were actually amazingly calm. But Lexa needed to answer Clarke’s question. And even when her mind was blocked, lost in the depths of the ocean chill that had her hypnotized. Her response was simply dictated from another part of her body that took over…

- I want you Clarke... - whispered Lexa, keeping her passionate eyes on the blonde, who felt an electric shock go through her whole body with those four simple words, expressed so intense and so determined in order to convince Clarke that she was genuine.

Clarke had felt betrayed and humiliated when she had seen the evidence of the disloyalty from her chauffeur. She was really lost in anger, and even she could feel hurt somehow. The CEO wanted revenge, she wanted Lexa to feel what she was feeling, she wanted her kneeling on the floor begging her to accept her apology. She wanted to see her mourn and suffer and agonize when begging for forgiveness. She wanted to give a good lesson in power, and learn that nobody betrayed Clarke Griffin.

But the CEO had never expected to find Lexa sitting on her bed in the middle of the night, with eyes full of regret and mixed emotions. She could not fully capture the emotion because they were all foreign to Clarke, but she could sense Lexa’s deep regret, and maybe even some embarrassment? Clarke was struggling to understand how someone who was as much of a womanizer as Lexa Woods, could feel this way so soon after fucking a woman as she had with that bitch stewardess, who would be heading back for Sweden early in the morning as far as Clarke was concerned.

Clarke managed to see and feel the deep honesty in those words that sounded so strong in her mind and the rest of her anatomy which still trembled. “What the hell was she thinking? How could the anger and thirst for revenge that she had since she had seen the photos and videos that Miller sent her start to subside from simply looking in this woman’s eyes?”

Clarke was confused and stunned and knew that she should urgently get Lexa out of her room as she could, not handle a battle right now with the way her defences were crumbling.

Similar to Lexa, Clarke could not avoid being carried away by her impulses when she was around the brunette, not when her mind kept feeling emotions that were so deep. She loosened her grip on the arm of the brunette, her eyes turning warm, and she looked at the beautiful face of the woman who was causing havoc in her perfect and orderly world.

Clarke raised her hand to Lexa’s forehead stroking gently like a little girl. The CEO didn’t really understand what she was doing….

But her mind somehow kicked back into some facts… “Do you just wanted to show some tenderness to that piece of shitty woman who betrayed you? What the fuck is wrong with you Griffin? Wake the hell up! That bitch just fucked another woman, and now she comes to you like a damn dog sorry for her betrayal just like that? She is a disloyal bitch, do not let ... "

Something kicked in again though for the CEO and defused the negative components of self-defense in her mind. Her hand followed the contour of the brunettes beautiful face, still staring and lost in those woods eyes that invited her to look deeper and deeper into them without fear. When she reached the end of that long, well-defined chin, Clarke stood there... her blue eyes now looking down to those open lips, and back to green eyes that had turned as dark as hers.

She looked at those thick, soft lips with such desire, the same that she had felt in her groin last night when she had kissed her body so sweetly and so intensely at the same time. She was desperate to devour her lips, but her mind slipped back to those damn pictures and videos of Lexa.
passionately kissing the Swedish whore a couple of hours ago. Her blue eyes immediately cooled, and a look of a wry smile crept over her face, feeling the edge of the betrayal of the brunette in her very soul. It reminded her that she was still hurt, still bleeding, and she could not forgive her...

- Lexa, tell me... did you misbehave with your new Swedish girlfriend?

The question took Lexa by surprise, whose mind felt fuzzy and blocked, and that silly muscle pounding in her chest, taking control of her actions and responses. She had however felt the very sudden change in attitude and the eyes of Clarke. She knew the blonde was struggling internally. All Lexa could do was nod her head, unable to control this stupid attitude of a submissive sorry, naughty girl, who had disobeyed and caused mischief. "What the hell was happening to her?" She pondered the question seriously for a few seconds. She knew she had fucked up and knew that Anya would also be after her, if she was to survive the rest of the night... and of course her whole mission going to the drench in those minutes, right there…

- You're a very naughty girl Lexa, I'm so disappointed in you. Now I have to punish you... severely... do you realise that? - A cold chill suddenly ran down Lexa’s back, and she had difficulty swallowing the accumulated saliva in her mouth.

Clarke immediately lowered her hand to one of Lexa's breasts, above the thin fabric of her white shirt, pinching the erect nipple hard. The pain caused Lexa to widen her eyes even further and gasp..."What the hell will Clarke doing to her?" she thought as her mind raced a hundred miles an hour.

The CEO’s other hand than mimicked the first, closing around the other breast and also pinching that nipple hard. Clarke was now using both hands, playing with both nipples that were now hard as rocks, while Lexa began to heavy breathe and groan quietly. She didn’t dare move from her position, just kept her gaze on Clarke who smiled somewhat maliciously, licking her lips as if what she really wanted was to devour her breasts, and the brunette would not have stopped her.

Lexa was getting more and more excited, her breasts were like her Achilles heel, they were a very sensitive part of her anatomy, and those wonderful hands of Clarke were doing amazing things to her breasts by stroking and attending her nipples with amazing softness after those two strong pinches.

Lexa was very puzzled, not knowing what kind of morbid game Clarke had in mind for her, but it was clear that somehow Clarke knew that she had a good fuck hours before with Mette. She wondered how the CEO knew this shit? They had been very careful to avoid possible witnesses, or anyone following them. Hell, that was the only reason that they ended up so far away from the city, and almost in the middle of the fucking desert in that sleazy motel. If it hadn’t been for the huge need that Lexa had in unburdening her sexual frustrations, she would never have paid a penny for that grotty place.

Clarke suddenly swapped her hands for her tongue, bringing her face up close to those breasts where she began to lick those hard nipples through the fine white cloth, barely biting, but sucking hard. Lexa had given up trying to contain her moans and her erratic breaths. Her hands automatically moved to Clarke's head, stroking and digging her fingers through her blonde soft hair and holding her there to her chest. The care that Clarke was giving to her breasts felt so damn good and was making her panties soaking wet, that if this was her bloody punishment then she would be sinning a hell of a lot more often.

Clarke removed Lexa’s hands from her head, not abruptly, she simply pulled away, now looking at the fully aroused brunette with quite an evil smile, who looked surprised and desperate. Clarke knew Lexa needed more, she needed to continue stimulating her so she could cum, but Clarke sat on the bed, legs hanging over the side beside a totally confused and desperate Lexa, who just
watched her silently.

- Now you're going to take off your clothes and you're going to kneel in front of me Lexa, with your back to me. Hands and knees on the floor. - Lexa's face was a picture… her mind screamed:

"YOU ARE NOT GOING TO LOWER YOURSELF AND GIVE YOURSELF TO THIS WOMAN IN THIS WAY... ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR DAMN MIND WOODS? Do not, I repeat... do not lower yourself... this is going to make you feel even worse. "

Lexa unfortunately knew that she had no choice. She was almost certain that Clarke knew about her fucking romp with Mette, and she knew that she had fucked up, and was teetering on a very loose rope. She needed to fix this and do as commanded. She now wished that she had listened to her good friend and true chief Anya, and had controlled her need for sex. Now she needed to follow suit and do as Clarke asked or all was basically lost. It was her only chance to save her neck and keep in that fucking mission of hers, but she was not so sure of what would become of her ass after the CEO had finished. She definitely needed to accept the consequences of fucking Mette with as much dignity that she could manage. Shit, shit, shit!

Taking a deep breath, and wordlessly, she did what Clarke told her. Completely naked, she moved into position on all four limbs, fully exposed to the mercy of this woman, whom at present, she did not trust at all, but strangely felt very excited with the anticipation of what would happen next. Lexa was sure that after this mission was completed, she would need good psychiatric and psychological assistance. Her mind and her body were screwed, so damn screwed…

Clarke watched her for a moment the position Lexa was crouched in was extremely arousing with that perfect body, her skin so soft and smooth, and that tattoo along the spine was so fucking sexy. And that ass, Good Lord! her mouth was watering, she was so muscular, and her crotch was soaking wet, so in need of attention, it was all there and exposed at her disposal. The blonde felt excitedly powerful, as she have ever felt in her life.

The CEO stretched a little, opening her legs, and with one hand stroked Lexa very slowly over her tattoo with two fingers, starting from the neck of the brunette and down to her waist, then further down to the sensitive point of the beginning of that somewhat restless ass. Clarke could sense the nervousness from Lexa and that was exactly what she wanted, for her to feel exposed and at the mercy of her punishment.

Clarke then opened the drawer of the table next to her bed, taking out several items. Lexa only heard noises and did not like to say too much, but they sounded like metal chains. This was so fucked up, she thought to herself, as she turned her head to see what the hell Clarke was planning for her punishment, but she was immediately reprimanded, feeling a strong slap on her butt that really hurt. Lexa couldn’t believe how hard that hand had impacted on her right cheek of her exposed ass, making her jump immediately. She could feel the heat, and was sure her ass cheek would be as red as those monkeys in the zoo right now.

- Did I tell you that you could move Lexa? - asked Clarke firmly, whilst now stroking her red ass with the same hand that had whipped it.

- I’m sorry... - Lexa tried to apologize, feeling a little nervous but wasn’t given chance to finish.

- Oh, I assure you, that you will feel far more than that if you don’t behave... now hold still in that position. – Order Clarke, making Lexa shiver. She realised that the threat was very real.

Lexa knew this was going to hurt, but she had no fucking chance to get away without throwing the whole operation down the toilet, and protecting the little dignity that she had left. For the first time ever, she sincerely hated her job and this damn mission. Her ego was on the floor, and this damn
guilty feeling that kept following her around like the plague, she just wished that it would fuck off. She was a proud woman and here she was crouched on all fours like a dog who had violated an order and was now preparing for her punishment. "Damn you're crazy bitch Griffin"

Clarke took the black leather collar and immediately proceeded to place it around Lexa’s neck, who looked like she was about to run out of there. She adjusted and closed the collar, without actually tightening it. It was a somewhat heavy necklace with metal inside, but the remaining part was soft fabric, with the outside being lined with black leather. Clarke then adjusted the chain between the collar by pulling it to test whether it was well secured, causing Lexa’s head to rise suddenly. The brunette felt the collar adjusting around her neck and jumped, startled… she was so fucked…

- Cla... - She tried to ask for mercy, but it was to no avail from the CEO.

- Shuuuu.... - Another strong slap was felt against the other cheek of her ass even stronger than the last. Shit! She was starting to get rather pissed off, this was far beyond her permitted limits, and she really wasn’t impressed.

- You will close that fucking mouth of yours Lexa and if you dare to try to pronounce a fucking sound I swear you'll regret it. - Lexa gulped, knowing not to challenge the CEO, at least not whilst in these positions, even though she knew she could dominate her if things got really ugly. But for now, the brunette followed the bloody punishment game, and nodded her head. This was the first time that she seriously considered whether or not she had made the right decision to enlist in the fucking FBI.

Clarke left the cold chain neatly placed on the back of Lexa’s tattoo, whilst she stood to put on the harness with a good sized dildo attached as a second accessory punishment. Her damn submissive would soon know how to behave, she would learn to respect her and to be faithful to only her.

Once ready, the blonde took some lubricant gel and spread it over the dildo with her hands. Clarke knew that Lexa was already soaking wet and excited, but a little gel on the dildo would not hurt. Clarke wanted to teach her a lesson, but she certainly did not want to hurt her.

- Now walk two steps forward Lexa and stay still. Whatever you do, you will not move from that position. And you dont fucking dare cum…

Lexus did as she was told as adrenaline pumped through her veins. The anticipation of what was to come was driving her crazy and the desperate pounding in her crotch just wasn’t relenting. She was surprised with herself, as pain had never really given her waves of pleasure through her body. She never was a fan of SM. Sure, she enjoyed tying hands, blind eyes, but nothing beyond that, no punishment, no blows, or anything that could inflict pain, hurt, or psychological humiliation.

Clarke looked at her deeply, rubbing that black dildo which was hanging from her harness, with both hands. She felt powerful and excited, as if the toy was part of her body even, and she was very eager to get started. She admired Lexa’s courage, and almost absolute submission right now. The blonde knew she was dominating another dominant woman, and that was the glory of victory.

Clarke knelt behind Lexa, resting her hands on those red cheeks and that perfectly toned ass. She pressed those muscles, massaging them a little to separate those cute and round cheeks, wanting to devour her whole.

Lexus was enjoying the attention to her ass, but at the same time feared what would follow. Clarke was providing a very, very nice touch though and ohhhhhh...
Clarke moved her face down to that beautiful ass and began licking the cheeks with her tongue up and down, with absolute dedication, savoring the reddened skin and sucking on it with some “bops”. She moved to licking up Lexa thighs, and ended up very close to her anal opening, making the excitement and anticipation grow even more.

But whilst falling into the enjoyment from that wonderful tongue, an open hand came crashing down hard on Lexa’s right cheek, then another hand on her left cheek, continuing a mad succession of very strong slaps, making her jump every time, while Clarke practically shouted. Lexa was desperate to scream, or even moan, but she held back any noises as she feared to much what might happen if she emitted even a sound, as had warned her boss.

Clarke, after tasting the skin of Lexa settled down and began to become aroused from the very strong slaps that she was landing on those cheeks, that were red and getting hotter. Oh, she was certainly enjoying this lesson, and she would not forget ever in her damn life...

- (A strong slap on the right cheek) You... will learn... to respect me Lexa - ordered Clarke
- (Another slap on the left cheek) You'll learn to be faithful to me..
- (Another strong slap on the right cheek) You will learn to pleasure me, and receive pleasure from me... and only me.... no one else
- (Another slap on the left) You will feel you belong to me, and you'll be only mine Lexa
- (Another slap on the right) Is this clear Lexa? Do you understand what I am ordering?

Lexa tried to contain her impulses from her wounded soul. Her eyes were irritated, her breathing was erratic and she was thoroughly pissed off. She was only two seconds away from slamming Clarke Griffin against the wall, and making her pay for this. Never in her whole fucking life had she felt so damn humiliated as she was feeling at this time. She needed to scream so loudly that she was worried the sound would come out of her lungs, rather than her mouth. She was in full mental and physical shock. She just nodded her head, gritting her teeth strongly until she felt she was foaming from the sides of her mouth. “CRUELLA, fucking damn you!”

Clarke immediately took the dildo and unceremoniously entered Lexa’s soaking vagina tightly, pushing her forward from the impact of the penetration. With one hand, she had taken the chain that was attached to the collar around the neck of Lexa and pulled it to keep her head upright, whilst with the other hand, she had a firm grip on the right cheek of the brunette’s very hot and red ass. She thrusted again, hard, really hard, penetrating Lexa’s soaking vagina, again and again.... clinging on to the brunette.

Lexa felt no pain from the penetration, she simply felt the force with which Clarke entered her. She was surprised and shocked especially by the dildo, which fortunately was not too big. Lexa was one hundred percent lesbian, had never been with a man, and these toys did not do much for her body, or at least hadn’t up to yet. She did not like being penetrated by them herself, she was far happier being the one to use them to give pleasure to her casual partners, especially those who were bisexual.

Lexa was pretty upset with the sudden penetration from Clarke with that dildo, but then began to adapt to the pace that Clarke was setting, and enjoy the sensations that were increasing within her lower tummy and crotch. She began to move her hips slightly, forgetting the small detail that she wasn’t supposed to move, and even less dare to cum…. but right now... she really didn’t care, and she paid the consequences…. Shit!

A hard slap hit her sore right cheek that was already burning.... Shit!
Lexa nodded, doing what was humanly possible to not follow the delicious rhythm of penetrations. Her excitement was so extreme... it felt so good to be taken by Clarke though it were generally something totally against her lesbian dominant nature. Strange or not though, she was definitely enjoying being penetrated by this woman who was carrying the key to a paradise, that she did not know existed before now. She was so close to coming as hard as she had done the night before, that she feared a good ejaculation brought on again from her dominant boss, and then have to pay once again for the consequences of that.

But again, she was left surprised by Clarke when without warning, she pulled the dildo from her vagina rudely, and released the grip of the chain which was attached to the collar around her neck. The chain felt cold on her back, and she at once felt the cool breeze coming through the window, caressing her whole body, as Clarke had suddenly pulled away from her with utter ruthlessness.

Lexa’s mind was nearly lost, her heartbeats where hight as her breaths. She could feel her sex throb desperately, needing to feel some kind of stimulation, needing to cum so strong. What the fuck was going on? She did not dare to move though, or turn her face to see what was happening. She was left shaking with need and mental confusion, breathing as quietly as she could so as not to make the slightest of noises. She concentrated solely on the orders of her boss who it appeared had finished with her, and was going to leave her frustrated, and with no outlet for the thousands of pleasant sensations that were now wrapped around her body.

Clarke knew that Lexa was desperate to cum, but she simply would not allow it. This was the greatest punishment for that miserable, faithless and ungrateful bitch. She would excite her to madness and not let her cum, even though she was struggling herself to walk away. She remembered the wild orgasm that Lexa had coaxed from her body earlier and struggled not to cave in to that wonderful body and the madness that was crouched infront of her.

Masterfully, she had managed to stop exactly at the right time, leaving Lexa completely frustrated. She stood immediately, leaving the harness lying on the bed. She looked at Lexa for a few seconds, bent over very still, her legs and arms trembling with excitement clearly aroused to the highest level, with her cute rear as red as an apple from the spankings. Suddenly a slight feeling of guilt shot through her...

"What the fuck is wrong with you Griffin? She deserved it, she betrayed you remember? She fucked that Swedish bitch after spending the night with you. She is a very ungrateful bitch... "

But her chest felt heavy as she returned to kneel behind Lexa, and carefully removed the collar from around her neck, caressing the somewhat red skin, making sure she had not hurt the brunette. The CEO was impressed she had to admit as Lexa under her orders, did not move a muscle in her body, only her beautiful green eyes followed her as far as they could. Clarke made the mistake of watching them for one second after removing the collar, stroking her neck.

The blonde was so excited, she could feel the mad throbbing in her groin. She wanted so badly to feel Lexa’s body against hers, giving her pleasure. But she restrained herself with great powers of control, as this was not a night of sex, she reminded herself, this was a punishment, a lesson that her submissive should accept and learn. But nevertheless, she could not resist to hold Lexa’s neck and place a soft, damp kiss on the sensitive place between the neck and shoulder, creating a shudder from Lexa.

The brunette immediately closed her eyes, feeling the warm kiss that she imagined was Clarke’s idea of an "apology". It sounded crazy, but she knew that was what it was. She saw the warmth in
the eyes of Clarke, and possibly even a touch of regret that reached out to touch her soul. That woman was maybe a little crazy, but she had no malice, she hadn’t wanted to hurt her, because even when Clarke had been angry she still paid attention to ensure she lubricated the dildo to ensure she didn’t hurt her in any way.

Lexa understood that this woman had just wanted to teach her a lesson. Clarke wanted her to be completely faithful, she wanted her to belong to only the CEO, and completely. The strange thing was that Lexa felt ok about that. She felt that she belonged to Clarke and it was nice to feel like she belonged to someone for the first time in her life, allowing her to briefly forget how much she needed to cum right now.

Clarke moved away from the warm body, trying to ignore the strange sensations that were shooting through her. She felt like she needed to hold the brunette and not let go, but she needed to recover, she needed to maintain control. That woman on the floor in front of her was not anyone or anything important in her life, she was just a moment entertainment. She was a submissive, that was all. They were two a penny she desperately repeated in her mind, as she struggled with a sea of sensations that she just could not stop. Her legs felt unsteady as she stood up, throwing the necklace away, feeling even more frustrated and angry than before.

- Now get out Lexa. Go…. You still fucking smell of her... - ordered Clarke as she turned to climb into her bed again, stopping as she stood there looking at the rumpled sheets and the dildo still lying there wet on top of them.

Lexa could sense the terrible debate going through the mind of the blonde, though she was not so sure about the firm tone of voice coming from the CEO. She knew in that moment that Clarke was struggling with the same feelings as her. Lexa did not want to leave that room, not before ...

The brunette sat up as well as she could given that her body was on fire, and her sex felt so sensitive. She looked up at Clarke, who was still staring at the bed, her hands to her sides which were shaking. Without thinking, Lexa took the harness off the bed, and started to put it on.

Clarke was shocked when she saw what Lexa was doing, this was not what she had ordered. Was this woman crazy? Or was she just seriously stupid and looking for more punishment? What the fuck did she think she was doing with that harness? The harness was great she had to admit, it had left her soaking with how much it had turned her on, and she would certainly be using it again in any sexual encounters in the future.

Lexa finished putting on the harness and sat on the bed in front of that beautiful woman, her green darkness eyes were deep into the shaking ocean dark blue lost in it, Lexa knew right that moment something changed between them, something extraordinary happend, but she were not allow yet to say it. Clarke, who could not utter a word, knowing she was in trouble if she didn’t find the strength to walk away fast, try one more time to take the lead and the control, but deep inside she knew she was really in troubles.

- Come here Clarke ... - spoke Lexa with a sweet and calm voice, reaching towards one of the trembling hands of Clarke, who was still standing there stunned. Lexa pulled her forwards slightly, hoping Clarke would take a few steps towards her...

- What.... What do you think you're doing Lexa? I... I gave you an order... - Clarke tried to control herself, trying to make herself feel safer by the tone of her voice, even though she was stammering. The invitation had shook her to the core, but she could not, just could not....

- I just want to give you pleasure Clarke... come ... sit on my lap ho ... Clarke ... - "Oh my God Lexa, are you stupid? You almost called Clarke" honey "? Fuck, you are so fucked girl ... " speak
desperately Lexa to herself, open a little more big her eyes.

Clarke was in shock, but her mind was lost in a pond. Her eyes were lost in those green darkened forests, which enveloped her in a warm and inviting invitation that she was permitted to attend, despite all the reasons against it, she just had to do so. She felt Lexa take the other free hand and pull her towards her, and the truth was that she wanted this so badly...

Clarke was guided towards Lexa, and as she got even more carried away by that naked body sitting on her bed, she opened her legs being almost at the height of the beautiful face of Lexa. The brunette let go of her hands and placed them on Clarke’s butt to lift it a little more and draw her nearer to her mouth, then started to lick her tender and wet clit. Lexa quickly took Clarke's right leg and raised it over her own left shoulder to give her more access to the soaking wet sex that she was so desperate to care for and give great pleasure to.

Clarke closed her eyes and allowed her head to fall back, letting herself savour those luscious lips and that long expert soft tongue that was now penetrating her very slowly, in and out of her clenching vagina, while Lexa’s thumb gently massaged her sensitive clit at the same time. Clarke immediately began to grind at the same pace as she groaned deeply from the pleasure, gripping her right shoulder and the head of her expert lover.

Lexa then turned away from her soaked sex, and gently lowered her leg. Clarke immediately protested, wanting to cum in the mouth of her lover, but the brunette gently stroked her back, reaching her, just supporting her waist.

- Clarke look at me.... look at me... please...

Clarke dropped her fiery eyes to Lexa. She was met with such devotion in those intense eyes that it shook the entire being of Clarke. The blonde knew she was so lost, so fucking desperate for that woman. They looked at each other for a few long seconds, both were so hectic with their hearts beating at almost the same frantic pace. Lexa's fingers tightened over the blondes waist.....

- I want you to enjoy this, i want you to feel pleasure... I want you to take from me all what you want Clarke... I belong only to you...

Clarke felt a strong twinge in her lower abdomen, one that increased in strength by the second, causing her mouth to open a little, whilst she focused on her breathing. The beautiful brunette continued to work her way down... leaving a trail of wet kisses burning her naked body.

Lexa was obviously receiving great pleasure from being intimate with Clarke and spent a generous amount of time at her beautiful large breasts, kissing, biting and sucking them. Clarke smiled for a moment.... her hands caressing the long, silky brown hair. She knew that Lexa had finally achieved her goal, "the damn hussy" which was to take advantage of the time and circumstances, to finally taste her large breasts, and from the sensations that the brunette was creating, Clarke could only cuss herself for denying her for so long. She was in heaven from the attention that her beautiful submissive was delivering.

Lexa’s wicked left hand left Clarke’s waist and went straight to her swollen and sensitive clit again, returning to give it special attention, causing the blonde to arch her body in to her and moan. Clarke continued to grind hard into her hand, whilst Lexa held the dildo with her other hand, erect and very ready for it to penetrate slowly into Clarke, who sat on it gently.... feeling the dildo penetrate and fill her deliciously, causing her to completely lose her mind.

Lexa was in her glory, having Clarke sat on that dildo she was holding and began to move her hips up and down.... thrusting into Clarke... determined to provide her with as much pleasure as possible, amid the deep groans that were coming from the blondes open mouth.
Lexa continued to move the dildo with expertise within Clarke’s tight, soaking vagina. Nothing was more wonderful than to have sex with Clarke, knowing that she was sending huge waves of pleasure through her, whilst giving kisses and long licks to the beautiful blondes skin, to whom she belonged.

- Ohhhhh ... Lexa. Don’t fucking stop.... Yesss... Ahh Yes.... Ahh Yes.... Oh Shit, how you move inside me... I need more... so .... - Clarke was on the brink of madness from the pleasure, not even a male lover had ever given her the pleasure that she was receiving from Lexa’s penetration. It was amazing how this woman knew how to move inside her with the dildo, rubbing that delicious G-spot perfectly.

- Clarke you're so beautiful... Clarke….yes that’s right…. Clarke... feel it… feel me inside you… Ohhhhh

Lexa was struggling not to come undone herself, she was that aroused, but she felt that she did not deserve it, and she wanted to show Clarke that she could trust her somehow, that she will obey her order to the fullest, because she was hers. She exercised enormous restraint to her own body in containing her orgasm, devoting herself to giving Clarke absolute pleasure and nothing else. But at the same time, Lexa felt that she was making Clarke’s hers, in her own way. She knew that was a moment that will make a different, a before and after.

Clarke finally reached a strong, whole body orgasm that Lexa could perceive from Clarke’s strong ejaculation. She gently lifted the quivering body of Clarke off the dildo, but continued stroking her fingers over Clarke’s throbbing clit, resulting in the CEO letting out a guttural scream as she came again, a huge amount of liquid gushing out from her vagina and onto the already wet legs of Lexa, who smiled happily, feeling very special right now…. Just “feeling….”

Immediately, Lexa started kissing her body, caressing her sweetly to prolong the strong spasms from Clarke’s deep climax, who was still moaning and arching her body, rolling her hips towards Lexa, wanting to return to penetration from the dildo to enjoy it a little more if she could.

The brunette wanted to give her the maximum pleasure, she needed to redeem herself. She spoke to herself internally that she hadn’t really wanted to fuck with anyone but Clarke anyway deep down, she was just struggling to admit that to herself, but her body and her soul were screaming it deeply. She knew then that she was completely lost.

Her sweaty hands caressed Clarke’s back, pulling her to her in order to hold her in a tight embrace. She pressed her ear to the chest of the blonde, feeling with pleasure the pounding of her heart, uncontrolled like her own. Lexa had never felt so close to an earthly paradise in her life as she did right now, holding the trembling body of her beautiful blonde, her absolute and sole owner.

- Clarke... you're so beautiful... so... - Lexa was completely out of her mind, just needing to express what she felt at that moment. But she was suddenly awakened, and dumped unceremoniously back down to earth with no warning, losing her soul once again.

- Let me go Lexa... - ordered the agitated voice of Clarke, feeling the sensations shoot through her body from the tenderness shown by this woman, who simply took her to a place so beautiful that she felt to exposed, and her small component of self-defense could not allow it. She simply could not risk it...

Lexa felt a sharp pang in her chest. She knew deep down that that cold order would come sooner or later, and it had done viciously. But hell, she wanted to stay all night, subject to the body of the woman whom she belonged to and owed absolute loyalty, despite Clarke not showing any tenderness in return.
Lexa was frustrated, she wanted Clarke to show her her soul, her heart, but she had it virtually ripped away from her, when she was still a child, she reminded herself bitterly. But perhaps, just perhaps... if she could show patience, then maybe she could teach Clarke how to love again, how to allow herself to feel again....

"Stop dreaming Woods... that woman is simply an objective on a mission... wake the fuck up and do not be put off by your stupid sentimentality" screamed the component of self-defense in the mind of Lexa, trying to bring her back down to earth and damn reality. They were not a couple and never would be. Lexa had not come into her life to heal her wounds, to teach her how to feel, to be warm and caring... and... who knows what else. No, she had a damn job to do, not only with the government but with the fucking damn world. This operation left no room for vulnerability, to feel for each other and indulge in the senses, left... "... no... no... Lexa just accept it... and follow the game, get ahead..."

Lexa released her grip and opened her arms, falling back to the facts of the bloody reality, but not before depositing a sweet, sweet kiss on the beating heart in Clarke’s chest. She felt it was a beautiful movement, knowing Clarke’s was a wounded heart, a heart in pieces that she wanted so much to unite and heal…

That emotional kiss made Clarke feel beyond anything she knew in her life. It made her feel so damn vulnerable, and she desperately wanted to cup Lexa’s beautiful face and finally kiss those lips that looked so full of passion, sweetness, and something else that Clarke did not dare to name.

Clarke immediately grabbed Lexa’s shoulders to push herself away and help her to stand as her entire body was still shaking. She had never experienced an ejaculation from her own body, it was her first time, and although she tried to regain her posture, her eyes were wide from seeing Lexa’s soaked legs and the wet carpet. She felt somewhat embarrassed, but when their eyes met, Lexa was wearing something of a mischievous smile. She could not avoid biting her lower lip and smiling her cheeks flushed as if she knew what a naughty girl she had been.

- You're so wonderful Clarke. Was this your first ejaculation? - Lexa asked timidly... taking her hands and gently caressing Clarke’s palms with her thumbs. She stood in front of the blonde, who only responded by closing her eyes and nodding her head in silence. Lexa felt foolish the way her heart started racing, she could not help but to feel hope in her chest, making her smile.

Lexa took the harness and withdrew immediately, throwing it to the side and then bringing her hands up to Clarke’s face, who was still standing there looking at the wet carpet. She looked so damn vulnerable, more than Lexa could ever have imagined, but she was afraid to approach her, even though she desperately wanted to hug her, to kiss her and make her feel safe. But instead, she simply raised her hands and guided that shy face to look at her.

- You're a wonderful woman Clarke, and I promise you that I will never be unfaithful again... You can trust me. - Lexa was struggling to contain her hands now but moved one from Clarke’s face, who looked a bit confused, not reacting to anything. She felt paralyzed and she hated it.

However, Clarke did not feel like the brunette was making fun of her or anything, she was being extremely gentle and obviously trying to make her feel better and less embarrassed.

Lexa moved the blonde's hand to her lips and kissed it gently, then lowered it to her chest, laying it over her restless heart.

- Believe me, this racing heart is very sincere. It is beating for you Clarke. Really, I feel my disrespect, my lack of loyalty today, and I understand if you ask me to leave and stay away from your life Clarke, but I can assure you that I already belong to you, even if you ask me to move
away from you. You made me yours, and nobody has ever managed that with me. I honestly do not want to be with anyone else. Let me serve you, give you pleasure whenever you want... I can take care of you, and will take you wherever you please. I'll not disappoint you again Clarke.

Clarke's eyes were moist, how the fuck was this happening? Listening to this new promise from Lexa, shuddering from the feeling of the pounding from the brunettes heart. She was lost in those green eyes that oozed security and honesty. Somehow, she did not doubt what Lexa was promising. But she could not afford to let her guard down either, and allow herself to trust this woman, not for a second. But for now, she would give her time to prove her loyalty and faithfulness.

Clarke immediately withdrew her hand abruptly from Lexa and that warm chest that she really wanted to shelter in for the rest of the night and early morning. Taking a step back, Lexa looked at her.... furrowing her brow slightly, and returning to herself. This was just a silly notion, and she had to stop allowing this woman to affect her emotions so much before she ended up badly hurt.

Clarke just did not feel, she reminded herself. She would not let anyone betray her as Lexa had done. But at the same time ... no one is Lexa Woods ... she said to herself.

- Get out of my room ... that ... is...all… Goodnight Lexa - Again, Clarke tried to be an authoritarian, to be distant and cold, but she knew that she wasn’t sounding very convincing.

- Goodnight Clarke - Lexa smiled faintly with luminous eyes, nodding her head at the same time. Lexa retired without saying or attempting to do more, her fate was now in the hands of Clarke. She had done her best to make amends with her boss. She felt relatively better, and had relieved herself from her stupid "guilt". She sensed that the blonde would not let her go. She had done her best to stay with the CEO, had made promises beyond her damn duty of the mission and its goal. What she had told Clarke with her hand on her chest had been the truth.... pure, crazy and simple... straight from the depths of her heart. She had no doubt that she was seriously in trouble after closing the door that connected the suites, leaning on it and dropping to the ground, breathing deeply at the ceiling, with some tears in her eyes, that she would not allow them to fall.

Clarke meanwhile watched Lexa leaving her room after picking up her white shirt and panties that had been discarded on the floor. As soon as the door closed, her chest tightened and she felt a cold chill that reached through her soul. Her arms tightened around her sensitive body, and she felt exhausted. She walked to the bathroom to take a quick shower, refusing to allow anymore vulnerability to be exposed. She felt almost as though she was in mourning, and slapped herself several times in order to react. She cancelled all her thoughts, her feelings and simply returned to her room and crawled under the covers of her bed, snuggling into a long pillow beside her, imagining it was the warm body of her brunette... she knew she was in trouble, but it was too late to stop or remedy...

The next morning, neither dared to knock on the door of the other. They both woke up wanting to be in each others bed together. And immediately both the wishes of their minds were shaken out in order to start the day.

Clarke took a shower and asked for her breakfast in her room. Lexa went down to the hotel where breakfast was served in the restaurant, and in the distance she saw Mette sitting at a table... chatting animatedly with the pilots from the private jet. They made eye contact immediately, greeting each other with smiles, but then Lexa moved to sit alone on a fairly secluded table.

Mette assumed that Lexa had sat away by herself in order not to arouse suspicion, in the same way that they had arrived back at the hotel separately in order to not disturb Clarke. But now Lexa felt like she wanted to keep her distance for other deeper reasons. It was strange but her words to Clarke had been real, partly because she was feeling bad having to hide who she really was.
Lexa immediately thought she was crazy, and tried to reflect on her stupidity. She did not hesitate to stand firm in her goal though, she was adamant that she wouldn’t engage in anymore careless behaviour to jeopardize that. Later, she would meet Monty at the factory when they returned to San Francisco, and study the documents she had copied and sent away. She needed to get her mind back onto the mission.... her real work.... even if it killed her.

Lexa let her mind get lost in the passing images outside the hotel windows, the lives of casual people, that normal life that she could never hope to enjoy like these happy families vacationing in the famous state of Nevada. Couples were embracing being in love, they held hands enjoying the madness of what they felt, what they shared freely, no strings attached, no special and delicate personalities. No bloody missions to focus on or creations that were likely to jeopardize the future of the world.

Lexa was sad to admit that she was jealous of the women embracing whilst walking, smiling, giving sweet glances, kisses and affectionate caresses. She watched them for a short time, whilst her breakfast was cooling at her table, but she could not take her eyes off the picture, wishing deeply that it could be her and Cl... maybe. Immediately stopping this mad desire, her boss's voice was heard in front of her, as she sat abruptly in the empty chair opposite. Lexa's eyes moved in slow motion away from the romantic couple, and focused on the wonderful blue and miraculously warm eyes of Clarke.

The CEO had remained silent as Lexa was lost in the smiling women walking very, very close, and showing their love freely. Does Lexa...? No, she couldn’t... besides, Clarke did not want that, it would simply be out of context, but she could not deny that her heart rhythm skipped a few beats with the image, feeling warmer than usual, especially when those green eyes filled with so many sensations when they focused on her.....
Weakness

They looked at each other for a brief moment with warm eyes, both feeling for the first time a certain connection between them, a connection that was different from before, or that at least they had not yet noticed. It was pleasant, it felt familiar, and the silence was not uncomfortable, since their eyes spoke a language that only their souls understood.

But as always, one or the other came back to reality, confronting it in the best way they could manage, whilst both were still refusing to let go and accept what was happening between them.

- Good morning Lexa - spoke Clarke kindly

- Good morning Miss Griffin

- I need to speak with you. When we return to San Francisco, we will continue traveling on to Hawaii. I wanted to give you advance notice as I was thinking about your... cat... so you can tell your pet care, or whoever takes care of it, that you will return to the city just after the weekend. - Clarke explained, whilst Lexa opened her eyes wide at the news of the surprise trip wondering really why she needed to be a part of it?

- Hawaii? Wow... well I must say that I’m surprised. Will you close any other business on the islands? - Lexa wanted to know. She was curious about the reasons behind such a sudden trip to the beautiful islands of the Pacific.

- That's not of your... No. I will be visiting my sister. She lives there with her partner. - Clarke did not know why she was answering these questions from her employee, but she did it without
allowing herself to second guess any motives.

- Oh... Well Miss Griffin, thank you for letting me know and thinking about Heda, you have been very kind. - Lexa replied somewhat distant, surprising Clarke a little. The cold treatment from the brunette bothered her a little.

- I... well, you don't have clothes to travel in, so… here, take my card and go to the shops the hotel have, and buy what you need. Tell them that you are my employee,

and that they can contact me if there is any doubt about it. You have an hour, and then come to my suite. We will be leaving in two and a half hours for San Francisco. - Ordered Clarke in such speed that she barely managed to breathe, whilst Lexa looked at her even more confused and surprised. She watched Clarke's hands struggle not to shake as she reached into her purse for her credit card, clearly a platinum American Express.

Lexa was a little concerned about how Clarke was thinking right now. She barely knew her and suddenly was offering her credit card to her, without limits of how much to spend, just to go shopping in a place where the boutiques are renowned for their expensive brands. Obviously the brunette was aware that Clarke Griffin had an enormous personal fortune, and probably never worried about money. Lexa stopped herself for a minute, realising that she also had a lot of money, even more than Clarke, most likely from her place in the royal Scottish English lineage. This wasn’t the point though she was simply surprised to see the card on the table and the somewhat nervous face of her boss, who could barely look at her.

- Are you sure Miss Griffin? I mean, with me using your card...? I have mine, I can use it without problem. Anything I buy, I can pass the purchase receipts to Harper to claim my money back. I think otherwise, businesses are going to assume I have stolen your credit card. - Lexa wanted to drive home the madness of simply giving your credit card to an almost perfect stranger. Clarke looked at her somewhat nervous and strange, but paid attention to what the brunette was saying understanding her point.

- Yes... maybe it's for the best. Well do that, and then come see me Lexa. And I guess isn’t necessary to ask you not to be distracted whilst shopping today, right? - Clarke said wryly raising her left eyebrow, and making Lexa smile and blush. She lowered her eyes a little before raising them and answering her, biting her lips like the naughty girl who was bursting to jump out from inside.

- No Miss Griffin, don't worry, shopping without distractions. - Lexa answered spreading that little embarrassing giggle to Clarke, who was trying to keep her face serious, although not to successfully.

- Well, I’ll see you later Lexa. - Clarke simply replied, before standing up to leave.
- I was wondering... if you would perhaps like to join me Miss Griffin...? Obviously I understand if you don’t have time, or maybe you think it is out of place... - Lexa asked somewhat shy and nervously stopping Clarke immediately.

- I... no... - Clarke felt surprised and shocked by the invitation from the brunette. She wondered how inappropriate it would be to do something like that. After all, the brunette was not a friend, she was her employee. But a part of her was desperate to accompany Lexa. And as always that debate in her mind occurred in silence.

- Ignore me Miss Griffin, don't be bothered by my stupid request. It was totally out of... - Lexa immediately noticed Clarke's mental debate and didn't want to make her feel pressured, but as always her boss surprised her.
Okay... I'll go with you Lexa, I could also do with getting a few things for myself. I didn't plan to go to the island, it just came up. - Clarke surrendered to the temptation of the invitation, pushed by the simple fact that it was true, she didn’t own any costumes to go to Hawaii with for a week, and the shops on the islands were not of the quality that she would find in Las Vegas. In addition, she could personally supervise that the purchases of the chauffeur were not excessive.

Oh… ok, well then I think in order not to waste time, we should probably get going don’t you think? And thank you for accepting the invitation. - Lexa was surprised with Clarke's answer and could not deny that it had cheered her up. She was sure that the CEO rarely went shopping, if ever.

Yes... we had better go... - Clarke looked at her, then started to walk towards the door of the restaurant, immediately followed by a smiling Lexa.

Lexa could not hide her inner joy. Her heart skipped beats whilst her mind rolled her eyes as if to say "what an idiot muscle, calm down now.", rrefering to her heart. But the brunette was happy, even though she did not understand the sudden trip to Hawaii, or why she was included, when it seemed to just be a family visit trip.

She had planned that afternoon to work with Monty on those documents she had copied and sent, and to see if they could discover anything. She was also missing her dear four-legged friend who would surely be living it up a treat with Doña Rosa, and conveniently forgetting her owner. "Heda you little bastard... Treacherous...
” But when duty called, she would always go. She really liked the fact that Cruella (Clarke) had told her about the trip early in order to organize things for Heda. She was pleasantly surprised that Clarke had thought about that. She was not supposed to give a damn about her life, only that she served her 24 hours a day, seven days a week. But clearly something had changed with the CEO and her actions, or at least Clarke had done with all that was concerned about Lexa, she clarified in her mind, making a face of satisfaction with her lips.

On the other hand, Clarke also felt a positive energy that filled her completely, making her smile a little more than normal. She wouldn't have imagined going shopping with her chauffeur really, but she simply couldn't refuse the unexpected invitation. She attempted to convince herself mentally, that she was only going to make sure that Lexa was not distracted by someone, like the day before. Her brow furrowed as she remembered it for a brief moment, as she walked alongside the brunette through the enormous shopping department of the famous hotel.

The problem for Lexa of having had the spontaneous idea of inviting her boss was that Clarke practically dedicated herself to choosing her clothes. She did not get the chance to have much of an opinion in what clothes were brought for her, most being very expensive pants, shorts, shirts, dresses, bikinis, and propene clothes after Clarke had asked her if she liked to surf, to which Lexa had answered yes. Shoes, sandals and sports shoes were not lacking, as well as a pair of summer pajamas.

But the best part was when they entered the underwear boutique. In this shop Lexa would happily devote herself to taking the clothes that Clarke chose for her, and what happened to her in the fitting room, when the CEO ordered her to parade for her. As soon as they entered the store, the CEO had spoken briefly with the supervisor, paying her a good amount of money to close the store for an hour, while she and Lexa chose to try and buy.

Obviously, when you are Clarke Griffin, things like this are possible without any problem, in addition to the detail of receiving the exclusive attention and dedication from the employees and store supervisor, with glasses of champagne and snacks. Clarke was delighted with the champagne bubbles in the glass cup, but Lexa preferred a good glass of zero Cola with lots of ice.
Lexa was amused by Clarke's special selection of her underwear. It was almost purely and exclusively Calvin Klein underwear, and a pair of Victoria Secrets which were quite sexy and suggestive. Evidently her boxers had left a good memory in the CEO, who bought different selections of the well-known brand for her.

Both began to leave behind their real roles, and enjoyed the moment of being two women shopping, and laughing from jokes they cracked, and funny faces they both pulled when Lexa was parading. She couldn’t help but add a subtle sexy swing to her hips, knowing that the CEO’s eyes were firmly on her at all times, but also catching her frowning jealously when she noticed the employees also glancing over and watching the show, which amused the brunette greatly.

Clarke had warned them that if her visit to the boutique was registered by any personal telephone cameras, she would personally take care of closing the boutique forever, and her employees would not find work in the entire state of California. The nervous supervisor and all the employees silently nodded to Clarke's clear warning, whilst Lexa inwardly cringed at the extreme of that threat, but it was the price that sometimes people at Clarke's level had to pay for privacy. She was not a normal individual who could go completely unnoticed in a store, she had been immediately captured by the cameras of those who recognized her as the annoying paparazzi were always everywhere.

They returned to their suites after a good hour of enjoyable shopping. Clarke couldn’t really remember having such a great time, as she had spent with Lexa going shopping. She had delighted in buying lots of clothes for the brunette. The blonde had been fascinated by buying all kinds of modelled clothing that looked perfect on her submissive, and on more than one occasion, the CEO had had to hold herself back from boldly attacking the brunette in a dressing room, especially when they ended up in that boutique of undergarments.

Clarke had sweated a lot watching Lexa parade the modelled underwear of CK and VS that were so hot... It was a delight for the blue eyes that became somewhat darker by the moment, sat there drinking champagne on that exclusive single sofa, that the supervisor immediately led her to, so that Clarke could sit comfortably to enjoy that fantastic parade exclusive to her companion.

The CEO had sat with her glass of champagne in her hand, crossing her legs and watching Lexa with lewd eyes whilst parading for her, sometimes moving her hips in an exaggerated way making her laugh, and at others, in a very very suggestive way making her want to take her back to the suite immediately. Lexa’s magnificent body was walking in front of her like a Greek goddess, a goddess that only she would get to enjoy from now on, she thought to herself proudly.

Obviously, Lexa's credit card did not come out of her pocket since Clarke delivered her platinum in each store as soon as they entered, and immediately supervisors and vendors were raining clothes and special attention to both. Clarke acknowledged that she had not left much room for the opinion of her chauffeur in terms of outfits, but she knew what looked better without a doubt. Lexa did not belong to her level, and could not know what outfits from these famous exclusive brands were best, Clarke repeated to herself. She was a middle class woman, with no possibility of certain knowledge like her. Besides, Lexa had not uttered a word of protest, rather she seemed at ease with her choices. That told Clarke that she was doing the right thing.

Lexa left her various shopping bags in her suite, along with a suitcase that they also purchased for her to use on the trip, and headed to Clarke's suite immediately, as the boss had ordered. She now wore more relaxed clothes than that chauffeur uniform, a pair of blue Calvin Klein jeans, and a white Ralph Lauren polo shirt, on the orders of the CEO.

Upon entering, Clarke was sitting on the sofa reading the documents from the apparent agreement
she had signed the previous day with the Chinese. To Lexa's surprise, she wore only a beige satin robe covering her beautiful body.

Clarke, upon sensing that the brunette had entered the living room, put aside the documents and stood up, starting to walk barefoot in the direction of the room.

- What are you standing there for Lexa? Come with me to my room - Clarke said as she passed her side after looking her up and down with a grimace of satisfaction on her face liking what she saw.

- I.... Erm... Yes Miss Griffin... - Lexa wasn't sure what this was all about, but she followed her to the room where the bed was already neatly made.

- Now take off your pants, and your boxers and lie on the bed Lexa... - the brunette stayed still, looking stony, ”Oh shit, not again” she thought to herself. The lashes on her poor ass still hurt from yesterday, and she had done nothing, she had behaved well, she thought a little nervously, whilst finding it hard to swallow the accumulated saliva in her mouth, which now felt a little dry all of a sudden.

- (Clarke laughed slightly and looked at her with a raised eyebrow) Lexa, I will not punish you, do not fear me. Just do what I command you. - Clarke clarified amused at the clear nervousness from her employee.

- Oh, of course, yes Miss Griffin, I... excuse me... - Lexa really wanted to run from this, but remained firm facing courageously what would undoubtedly come, reminding herself that everything was to protect the world in her mission. She had no doubt though, that this fucking mission was costing her not less than her pretty good ass.

- Clarke... Lexa, when we are alone you can call me Clarke. - the boss suddenly interrupted, leaving Lexa somewhat off the hook, although if she was honest, she wasn’t particularly worried about what to call her in these critical moments when she was exposed to her mercy. She was more worried about what was to come.

- Yeah... sure... Clarke...

Lexa had noticed a change in Clarke. She had already noticed it earlier when the CEO had appeared at her breakfast table in the restaurant a few hours earlier. She had a lighter face, and her eyes were somewhat warmer than usual. And although she still kept barking orders, they weren’t so hard and stricter. And then agreeing to go shopping with her had really impressed her. Lexa had offered the invitation on impulse, almost without thinking about who the blonde really was, no other than her boss, but Clarke had surprised her by accepting.

Lexa later regretted it a little, since the dynamics started off more like mother and daughter, she obviously being the daughter, and Clarke awarding herself the mother role, since the CEO was obviously intent on dressing her to her liking. Lexa had initially felt very sorry the day that woman became a mother, her children would hate her with their soul, she had laughed at the thought. She had prepared by convincing herself that she wasn’t to bothered about it, as she had no right to decide her clothes due to her position, but she was left very surprised as she had liked every outfit that Clarke had chosen for her. The blonde had certainly succeeded in guessing her tastes.

But what Lexa had started to love the most was the fact that she had felt a moment where both had felt so relaxed. Her relationship with Clarke had felt so wonderfully different, seeing her laugh naturally and eagerly, making jokes and behaving so differently. The blonde appeared as though she was really enjoying this time with her in total freedom, without charges, without powers and without missions. This had simply been two women enjoying shopping together, like any others.
The brunette would have wished that it could have lasted forever, but she was learning fast to enjoy these moments properly with Clarke as they were rare and limited. Those incredible, magical moments, those in which they were simply themselves.

Now she found herself once again in this suite, and again in a position that didn't cause her much grace, but she trusted Clarke's words. Suddenly, the blonde knelt behind her as she had when she was going to punish her the night before, and Lexa couldn't help but take a deep, nervous breath that made the blonde smile.

Clarke immediately stroked those cheeks with both hands, seeing that they were still marked from the lashes she had given a few hours ago. She felt a feeling of guilt, one of regret, but she told herself that it was ok, as Lexa had afterall sought her out, because she had been unfaithful. Even if it had hurt her to teach her a lesson the hard way, she knew that it would make a mental impact on the brunette. She was already noticing it and was satisfied by the result, although not the fact that the brunette was afraid of her, she didn't want that. She didn't want to hurt her, her employee... She just wanted her to understand what it meant to belong only to her, to respect her, to be faithful, loyal and exclusive.

Lexa on the other hand let out the air contained in her lungs, when she suddenly felt those soft caresses on the cheeks of her butt, which still felt very sensitive. The skin still burned a little, and she knew that marks had been left by those fingers that now caressed her with some dedication, which she greatly appreciated it, felt exquisitely fine. But the pleasant sensations were interrupted, when a cold gel was applied to her irritated skin, relieving the burning almost immediately.

Clarke applied the gel with great care. Something in her chest was still tightening, something she could not understand, but it was not pleasant, but at the same time she was pleased to massage those buttocks, that perfect butt. She really liked what she was doing now, healing her brunette, her submissive, and taking care of that soft skin that she didn't want to punish again, just savor it at ease.

The boss massaged enough of the gel in with her hands, until it was completely absorbed into Lexa's skin. It caused her some grace that the brunette reacted to her touch with sounds of pleasure leaving Lexa’s mouth. She would ensure that she remembered it for a future night of pleasure with her.

(NOTE* to imagine & inspired me to write the scene that comes, i was listening the song from Fleurie, call “Hurts like hell”, just in case you guys wanna feel a little more the moment)

When Clarke finally noticed that the gel had penetrated the skin, she laid her hands on both cheeks, looking at the exposed waist of Lexa. Her hands taking control extended upward, raising the white shirt that covered that beautiful back, and exposing the tattoo that Clarke loved, but still did not know the meaning of.

Letting herself be carried away by her feelings, she rested her own body on Lexa's very slowly, and deposited a sweet kiss at the base of her spine, where her brunette's cute bottom began, while holding her by the waist.

Lexa almost groaned from the soft kiss she felt so special. Clarke was being so affectionate, so "apologetic" again, that it made her shiver. Clarke was healing her, wanting to take care of her.
- I don't want to do this to you again Lexa... I don't want to punish you... you do understand that right? I needed you to understand... I needed... - Clarke’s tone of voice was distressed, her words barely leaving her lips, not wanting to tear them away from that skin that smelt so good, already loving how familiar it felt.

- I know Clarke... no... you don’t have to worry... I know you don't want to hurt me, I know it was my own fault... And I assure you, you won’t have to punish me again.

Clarke moved from her position, to sit on the bed next to Lexa who was still in the same position, but looking at her now, still surprised by Clarke’s attitude, so… Especial, making her heart skip a beat. Lexa began to stand up, but the blonde stopped her, holding her chin with one hand gently.

- Not yet... don't get up... let the gel penetrate your skin a little more Lexa. I will apply it twice a day for the next three days. It’s very good for healing wounds and burns. I will apply it to you in the morning and in the afternoon. - Clarke explained with eyes full of sweetness, Lexa would say, making her silly heart skip a couple of beats more. She would never have imagined seeing that sweetness and worry in those intense blue seas that invited her to dive into them. But her eyes continued a little lower toward that tempting mole on Clarke's upper lip.

- Thank you Clarke... but... No... you don't need to do that. If you tell me how much I should apply, I can do it myself. - Lexa wanted to take the pressure off Clarke noting that the blonde felt somewhat guilty from having punished her.

- No, I will... it's... it's better if I do... It doesn't bother me to do it... But promise me I will never have to do that again Lexa... I don't want to hurt you... - Clarke asked, now stroking Lexa's head with her hand, returning her eyes to meet Lexa’s.

- I promise Clarke... thank you for taking care of me...

- Just...

- I know... Clarke... - Lexa took her hand and stroked it gently, keeping her green eyes focused on those blue seas that looked at her with so many sensations running through them. They looked somewhat confused, somewhat distressed.

God, she wanted to kiss her so badly, but Lexa didn't dare to move, so she slowly brought the hands that had taken care of her, to her lips, kissing them gently slowly, making Clarke purse her lips.

- Thank you for shopping with me, it was fun. - Said Lexa smiling, leaving Clarke's hand on her warm lips. She was dying to suck those fingers, to be able to lick them at ease.

- (Clarke relaxed with a pretty smile that cradled Lexa's heart) Yes, it was fun. But don't get used to it... I... I don't usually... go shopping... I don't have time for those things... - Clarke clarified, trying to maintain the distances, and the command position.

- I won't, and I know... that's why I thank you for giving me that nice moment, despite not deserving it.

- I.... I think... it's better that we pack and start preparing... the gel has completely absorbed, you can dress now Lexa.

Clarke was about to move from the bed, after having somewhat nervously removed her hand from Lexa's mouth. But the brunette's hand on her left knee caught her. Clarke immediately looked at her, somewhat surprised in the eyes and then at that hand that gently held her knee, and back to
those eyes that were darkening, so intensely lost in hers.

Without letting go of Clarke's knee, Lexa positioned herself in front of the blonde, and with her other hand resting on the CEO's right knee, she opened her legs slowly, still looking at her eyes. Clarke's heart felt agitated, unable to react to what the brunette was inviting her to do. Her breathing was somewhat erratic, even more so when Lexa's hands began to move down her bare legs, under her thin satin robe, that raised up as those long fingers ran over her inner naked thighs, sending electric shocks to her entire body.

Lexa's body moved very slowly getting closer to Clarke, who was somewhat lost in those green forest eyes once more, feeling like those expert hands and their soft touch, lit her skin. When the brunette's fingers reached her soft folds, they suddenly left the path, leaving the blonde feeling somewhat disappointed.

Lexa's hands went to the ties that held that satin robe, proceeding to untie the knot and slowly open the garment, exposing the exotic skin of the blonde, although she felt a little disappointed seeing that she was wearing underwear underneath.

Clarke was in another universe, waking up a little and emerging from the spell of those darkened emerald greens. She watched Lexa's eyes roam her body with desire, and saw the disappointment flicker, causing her slightly laughter, since she knew that Lexa had hoped to see her large breasts. But they were very delicately protected by the black lace bra, which raised them a little. She couldn't resist but to raise an eyebrow with a smirk in her lips, loving that she felt so desired.

Now Lexa's hands caressed her abdomen, sliding towards her back as the brunette moved deeper between her legs and closer to her body. After stroking her back for a few seconds, her hands reached up to her neck, to finally hold her face, whilst Lexa approached her dangerously. Clarke stressed that the brunette was going to kiss her, and she had not allowed it, she suddenly remembered, getting somewhat tense, although she did nothing to move Lexa away from her body.

Lexa approached her face, brushing her nostrils tenderly, to then deposit a very sweet and soft kiss on the corner of her lips. After a few seconds she barely parted, stroking her cheek with Clarke's, who was absolutely in another galaxy, with no return, until Lexa lips reached that reddened ear.

- Can I do something for you before I go Clarke? - whispered Lexa, in an extremely suggestive and serious voice, igniting all the senses of Clarke.

Oh yes, Clarke wanted EVERYTHING that Lexa could do to her at that point, she wanted her so much, so damn badly. She knew she had already reached the obsessive point, and after that previous fever in the underwear boutique, with those suggestive parades for her, the blonde was sincerely lost in the warmth of her body, and in the enormous excitement that this woman produced so easily.

But Lexa was crossing the established limits. She hadn't ordered her to do anything. Lexa was taunting her, seducing her by touching her like that and kissing her so close to her lips, that she was almost ready to devour her right now.

Clearly Lexa was attempting to take control, and that would never happen. The brunette really didn't know who she was dealing with, Clarke told herself with a malicious smile. Out of the warm and romantic spell, "romantic ?!" the alarms went off in Clarke's head immediately as if there was a totally uncontrolled fire all over her body. She felt Lexa's daring hands now slowly descend from her face, and down her neck, where they were re-introduced under the satin robe, discovering very subtly her shoulders. Clarke immediately stopped them, holding Lexa's hands without hesitation, surprising the brunette a little, who looked her straight in the eye, somewhat confused.
- No Lexa... I... no... you better get dressed and return to your suite to prepare your luggage, I don't want to be late. - Clarke looked at her intensely in the eyes, not with a hard posture, but with determination. She was the one who decided when they would have these debaucheries or sexual games, not Lexa. They were not in a relationship, Clarke reminded herself. And she needed to show her the limits.

- Very well Clarke - Lexa could not resist leaving a small kiss under that sensitive ear, making Clarke's skin react with goosebumps immediately.

When Lexa finally separated her face from Clarke's, their eyes came back together. They were dark, clouded with desire in both. The blonde's hand rose to the forehead of the brunette, stroking her hair, following the contour of her face, then stroking her cheek with her thumb.

- You can not.... Do what I have ordered Lexa. When you're ready to go, down to the lobby, I'll meet you. - Clarke finally ordered, trying to control herself with superhuman effort. She needed to stand firm in her position.

Lexa couldn't answer, she was lost in deep blue eyes. She seemed to be under some kind of spell and her gesture made Clarke smile once more. But the brunette finally nodded her head once, then grabbed her pants and left for her suite, with her heart very agitated, but a smile on her face.

Clarke sat on the bed, biting her lower lip, and softly moving her hand over the spot that Lexa had delicately touched with her lips. She felt restless, and her heart was pumping far to fast. What happened had been inexplicable, but she needed to wake up at once.

In the last hour and a half she had become, and behaved like someone else. She didn't want that to happen, she didn't need to feel those warm feelings, she didn't want to feel vulnerable, or sweet, or in need of being around Lexa all the time. She didn't need to laugh with her, have fun, or even share anything the brunette proposed. She just needed to rule the actions between them, and take whatever she needed to fulfill herself.

She needed to get away from those feelings that had a tight hold over her, causing her mind to become cloudy. It was dangerous, especially knowing that Lexa was still in the investigation and knowledge stage, and despite everything that had occurred in the last 24 hours between them, she still couldn't trust her completely. She was still convinced that Lexa was hiding something, and she needed to find out what as soon as possible. She felt the control slipping out of her hands for the first time in her life, she felt that she could no longer control her impulses, her senses were lost with this damn woman so easily, that she really hated her at times which was messing with her head.

How was it possible to feel so drawn to someone, yet feel like you hate them both at the same time??, she asked in her mind, with worries filling up… Not wishing to think anymore on the matter, or deal with those damn sensations still creeping through her body, she went to take a cold bath to clear her mind.

Upon leaving Clarke’s suite, Lexa was really lost. She cursed herself that she could not control herself in front of those blue eyes, that she had already noticed looked at her differently and were also clearly lost in her. Her mind began to overthink everything too much.

Lexa was scared, and was beginning to feel very fearful as to what she suspected was happening. She just couldn’t have this happen again, this sensitive person hadn’t existed for years, and it was like going back to her fucking teenage self for a moment and she hated it, feeling stunned, in almost absolute panic. It would be a real catastrophe if her fearsome suspicions were confirmed soon. If she developed true feelings for Clarke, it was clear that she could not continue with the mission, not when her heart was involved so deeply with this woman. It was extremely dangerous,
and if that time arrived then she would have to talk to Anya and get away from the mission, or everything could really go to hell.

The care Clarke had given her a few minutes ago had simply touched her deep inside her soul, even though Cruella's crazy possessiveness had whipped her ass with desire. Today, Clarke had shown her the other side of her, and she had been simply beautiful. Her foolish heart had not stopped beating agitatedly while she laughed at her side, and she had been left paralyzed parading in her inner clothes, raising her body temperature with very suggestive and sensual movements, as if she were one of those hot Victoria Secrets models. It had mesmerised her seeing that beautiful and true smile of the blonde, and those eyes full of desire, wetting her lips, and devouring her with her darkened eyes. Discovering this side to Clarke, this woman with sensations, and having fun with her had been magnificent.

She was struggling to imagine that such a woman could be a danger to the world. And that scared her, to begin to doubt the dangers of a super intelligent woman, who she knew damn well, had managed to create this important advanced technology, so advanced in fact that they really did not know where the ideas had come from, and what she planned to do with it, and that was scary, very scary. She could not lose focus on reality, and get carried away by sensitivities. "Damn you Lexa!"

She was beginning to prayer desperate that what she would discover about Clarke was not going to be something terrible, and that she wasn’t infact making deals with gangsters or terrorist cells. She did not want the blonde to be one of the ambitious evils blinded by power and money. She did not want to put handcuffs on her and tell her that everything she said could be used against her, having the right to remain silent. No, she didn't want that to happen. Lexa knew well that if the time came, she would do it no matter how involved she was with the CEO. Her duty and responsibility to her country was above everything, even herself.

She took a deep breath, stopping on the balcony of her suite, and looking out at the skyline of the city of fortune and crazy marriages. She told herself that she should call Doña Rosa, so she would know that she was not going to be back until the weekend. She knew that she would find Heda in a similar state to that Garfield cat when she returned. She laughed thinking about it, moving away a little from her fears and thoughts of what the future held with this woman who was clearly wreaking havoc with her whole being.

The woman who now thought it a good idea to take her suddenly to Hawaii to visit her younger sister. Lexa knew Karolina and her girlfriend Nico very well, she had read about Clarke's entire family in the extensive documents that were given to her when she was called up for the important mission. She knew that Karolina was three years younger than Clarke, and had moved with her girlfriend to the island of Maui to live their life together a few years ago. She also knew that Karolina was a recognized Child Psychologist and that Nico was a Veterinarian.

Lexa still wondered why the hell Clarke was taking her on a trip like this? What was the purpose of it? She smiled, grimacing with her lips, thinking that perhaps Clarke wanted her sister to discover her secret through her Psychologist profession, inquiring into her personality sneakily. But the Brunette had Psychology studies as well and knew very well how to play that hidden Psychoanalysis game.

Suddenly, her meditations and suspicions were interrupted by the serious voice of her boss walking out to the balcony of her suite. Clarke was talking on the phone without noticing the brunette's presence on the balcony next door. Agent Woods immediately hid behind some plants, interested in hearing that call to see if it was relevant to her operation.

- Yes Harper... you must do the summary and put it in your account. Add about ten thousand more
and close it. Tell her thank you for the services provided and that I do not want her to come back to my company, nor near my staff.

- Yes, that's all Harper. Keep me informed when she comes to the office to collect the cheque. If she asks to speak with me, tell her that I will no longer be available, and that I have nothing more to talk about with her.

- Bye Harper.

Lexa was listening, and again starting to feel quite fearful. Everything she was hearing, led her to believe that the person Clarke was referring to was none other than her colleague, Agent Jensen, or Swedish hostess Frida Lingström, for the CEO.

SHIT! How could she repair that damage?! Anya really would kill her for this, especially now that Mette was investigating the idiot or not so idiot of lawyer Collins, to find out who he was betraying Clarke with.

“Damn you Woods! You've ruined everything with that fucking lust you couldn't contain! NO NO NO, SHIT STUPID BITCH! WHAT A FUCKING IDIOT YOU ARE!”

Panic seized her mind, and she held her head trying to figure out how to fix this mess. How could she do it without making Clarke doubt her faithfulness if she came out in Mette's defense? And now that she was beginning to gain the trust of the CEO, it was essential not to arouse suspicion. Her whipped ass also reminded her of the consequences of making her boss angry, and she really didn’t want her thinking badly of her or she would pay dearly. Beyond her damn ass though, everything was hanging by a thread in the operation. It was important that Mette was still able to investigate Collins.

It wasn’t even possible for her to warn Mette in any way she could not see her or approach her without Clarke noticing, or somehow fucking knowing as she had learned the day before. Unfortunately, she admitted defeat after pacing a thousand laps, as for the moment she could not stop the dismissal. She would not sit idly by though, she told herself with confidence. She would do whatever it took to get her colleague back. She would look for ways for Mette to remain in her post so that she could at least continue investigating the damn lawyer. Lexa felt that there was something important hovering behind that ambitious traitor she sensed something very very rotten with him.

Shaking herself back to her senses so as not to be late, she grabbed her luggage and rushed down to the lobby where Clarke and Echo were already signing out of the hotel. She signed herself out and then joined the three of them to get into the car that was to take them to the airport. She was surprised not to see Collins anywhere around, but she imagined that the relationship between the lawyer and the CEO was not at its best at the moment.

When they got into the airplane, Clarke took her seat telling Lexa to seat beside her. The brunette knew why and she just please her boss after she nooded once with a lightly smile. When the airplane started to move, Lexa took Clarke's hand gently stroking it with her thumb. The action made the blonde turn her eyes to the soothing and illuminated greens of Lexa, almost not noticing when she was pushed back in her seat when the plane finally took off.

Clarke smiled slightly at the brunette, slowly withdrawing her hand and nodding her head in thanks. Lexa had already learned her silent tongue, she knew the details on Clarke’s face were what she didn’t feel able to communicate verbally. She smiled back, pulling her hand away also nodding silently.

A few minutes later, Clarke turned around and spoke kindly to ask Lexa to go and sit with Echo,
since she wanted to speak with her lawyer Finn Collins during the trip back to San Francisco. Although it pricked the brunette a little, she didn't take it personally, as she knew that those two needed to talk seriously about what had happened between them in Las Vegas, as clearly, they hadn’t yet done so.

During the trip, Lexa could not help but observe the CEO and that lawyer Collins in their discussion. There were no sudden movements or anything heated, just an extensive chat which was sometimes interrupted by Mette, with whom Lexa was still desperate to warn somehow of Clarke’s plans, but still didn’t have a clue as to how with minimal fucking words. The problem was that every time Lexa moved from her seat, Clarke's watchful eyes followed her, even though she was still immersed in that conversation with the man next to her. The same happened when Mette approached her seat and Echo's to ask if they needed anything or to serve them.

At one point, Lexa had visited the bathroom with the idea of writing a note on a paper napkin, and somehow passing it to Mette at some possible time, to warn her of the damn impending dismissal, and to let her know that she would find a way to help her regain her position.

After having gulped down a glass of Coke Zero, she secretly took the napkin from her pocket and screwed it into the plastic cup, which she immediately handed to Mette, making a slight, very slight gesture with her eyes towards the screwed paper. Luckily, her colleague managed to perceive the gesture immediately without Clarke being able to see her, since her body was turned away from her.

The hostess walked to the small kitchen of the plane immediately to retrieve the napkin and open it quickly due to the panicked look on Lexa’s face. She wanted to die, she couldn't believe it, all her long and arduous one-year work thrown down the damn toilet because of a fucking cheap romp with Agent Woods. She cursed her immediately and cursed herself even more, because it was clear that they would both be in the shit, after what Inspector Forrest had warned regarding her level of expectations.

“ARRRGGG....! NEJ! FOR HELVEDE HVOR NOGET LORT! (danish language)
“ARRRGGGG...! NO! FUCK! WHAT A FUCKING SHIT!”- Agent Jensen screamed to herself in her danish natural language. She was so damn angry at everything. But she could not get out of this situation by firing off with her mouth, or she would end up incriminating her colleague, and then even more shit would hit the fan. The damage was done, it was too late to take recent events back, and clearly the damn CEO had discovered them somehow.

So she just simply took a deep breath trying to recover before leaving the planes small kitchen and continuing to act normal. But she really wanted to strangle Lexa Woods with all her might, because if Griffin had heard about the fiery encounter between them both, it was simply and insanely the brunette's fault. She had almost no doubts about it, and that was not good for the future of that operation. Agent Woods clearly was compromise with the CEO, more than she should be really.

Mette had guessed that Lexa was having trouble managing the CEO, she knew that she was not wrong. She knew she had no choice but to accept her withdrawal, but she would certainly speak seriously with the head of the operation, Inspector Forrest about the somewhat wobbly state of Agent Woods. Mette was extremely concerned that it could be fatal if Lexa was really being subdued, and managed by that manipulative and authoritarian woman.

Lexa was still silently thinking about how the hell she was going to help Mette return to the team without becoming apparent, or creating jealousy in Clarke. Her mind was too busy, and she had also noticed that Echo hadn’t given her the fucking time of day since she had sat next to her. The bodyguard had looked at her once when the brunette greeted her when she sat down, and had not received any response aside from a turn of her face.
During the flight Echo had only dedicated herself to look out the small window, listen to music through her headphones, and move only to go to the bathroom a couple of times. Lexa imagined that the woman had some jealousy from her special proximity to the CEO. It must be hard to witness for a newcomer like her, to be kept so close to the boss, whilst Echo had worked for Clarke for many years, and the blonde kept her at a far distance, treating her no differently than just another employee.

Lexa really did not care about Echo's jealous or envious attitude, but it was always good to keep those characters close and on good terms. Being enemies would only complicate things, and the brunette really had enough on her plate without adding more to it.

When the captain announced that they would begin the descent to land at the airport in the city of San Francisco, Clarke immediately looked at Lexa with worried blue eyes, making a small concealed nod with her head, hoping Collins her lawyer hadn't noticed.

Lexa immediately approached the CEO, and stood next to the seat of the lawyer Collins, who gave her a look as if to ask ‘what the hell she wanted’, when Clarke announced that it was time for him to find another seat. Collins face was a picture of annoyance and discomfort, but without saying a word he got up and left his seat to the brunette, who sat straight down in it.

She adjusted her seat belt under Clarke's watchful eye, when the green eyes suddenly met the blue ones...

- Did you have a good flight Miss Griffin? - Lexa asked in a relaxed manner attempting to distract her, although Clarke's sharp reply told her clearly that it was not working.

- Are you fucking kidding me Lexa? No, I haven't had a good flight, now stop asking stupid questions, I'm not in the mood. - Clarke replied very cut and dry, before looking out towards the window as the plane descended from the blanket of white clouds, causing her to tense her body even more.

Lexa understood that the talk with the lawyer had not gone well, and that she needed to distract the blonde in some other way. She knew it was crazy, but she pinched the top of Clarke's hand making her jump, causing her to look at her immediately with burning eyes.

- What the fuck do you think...?! - Clarke said irritated and puzzled, confronting those roguish smiling green eyes, which were now scanning her face dangerously, causing her to get somewhat nervous. She didn't want the rest of the passengers to notice the relationship that they were having. She would not pre-admit it.

- Do you know that you look very beautiful when you get angry and frown like you are doing right now? That turns me on a lot Clarke... - Lexa let loose brazenly, almost whispering, but very close to her ear, and before Clarke could recover from such boldness and respond, her hand was caressed, and a slight movement on the plane shook her a little. Her eyes traveled immediately from the naughty eyes of her chauffeur to the small window, observing that the plane was on the ground and slowing down already.

She immediately felt the coldness in her hand when Lexa released it, settling in her seat again and now unfastening her seat belt. She didn't know if she wanted to fire her for such audacity, or devour her mouth for being so devious and amazing to distract her in that way so she wouldn't notice that they were landing. She eventually chose to let out the accumulated air from her lungs, and concentrate on unfastening the belt that was holding her secure by the waist.

Once the plane had finally stopped, and the flight attendant opened the door, a ladder approached the aircraft immediately from the runway. The passengers began to descend from it, headed by
Clarke. Behind her was the lawyer Collins, followed by Echo and finally Lexa. Mette was standing at the open door of the aircraft ready to greet each passenger with as wider smile as possible given the circumstances.

When the attendant greeted Clarke, the woman's icy blue eyes pierced through her coldly, as they had done throughout the trip. Mette perfectly understood what was wrong with the blonde, having read the damn note from Lexa, and immediately throwing it down the toilet. But as she was standing at the exit of the plane, Clarke Griffin's look really froze her skin. It seemed as if she was contemplating attacking her like a furious beast, with the look of utter contempt she was giving her. Mette tried not to be intimidated by the woman, relaxing her body and facial features, and proceeding to greet her normally.

- I hope you had a nice flight Miss Griffin. - spoke Mette graciously, with a well practised smile, not looking at the CEO.

- Yes, oh... and by the way Frida, when you finish here, go to the offices of Griffin Cybernetics this afternoon, and visit my secretary Harper. – Clarke ordered with determination, without any expression on the cold and distant face that kept her from expressing to much emotion.

- Ermmm... yes, of course Miss Griffin. Have a very good afternoon. - Mette frowned barely responding with nervous, surprised eyes. She could not show that damn woman that she already knew what the fuck that visit to her damn precious secretary was about. But inside herself, Agent Jensen was cursing her with her soul and life, wishing she would rot in hell.

- Goodbye Frida. - Clarke finally said, curving just the corner of her lips, in a malevolent smirk, and proceeding to descend from the aircraft like the Queen she was, putting that little swedish bitch where she belongs, very far away of her chauffeur.

Those who came to descend behind Clarke heard the strange and short conversation between the CEO and the flight attendant, who was left with a rather disheveled face, trying to recover her smile to greet the rest of the passengers who were greeting her one by one as they passed by.

When Lexa's turn came, the brunette looked at her with apologetic eyes, and her brow furrowed, nodding her head as a sign that she trusted her word. She would look for a way to fix her mistake. But the grimace on Mette's face was not a happy one, telling her how little confidence she had that she could really do anything to fix this. Mette nodded slightly, convinced that it would be the last time she would see that beautiful face of Agent Woods. She hoped the brunette would recover from her silly "fascination crush" on Clarke Griffin, for the proper development of the operation, and also Lexa's mental health.

When Lexa turned her eyes to face the small ladder, she found herself suddenly under attack from the intense blue eyes of Clarke, who was looking at her very seriously from the track, very attentive to her behavior with the flight attendant.

She swallowed her nerves down. It wasn't that she was afraid of Clarke, but the fact that she was still on trial which made her nervous. She didn't want to screw it all up again. If she did not put in the concentration that was needed, then her days were also numbered both next to the CEO, and in the operation. She tried to cheer herself up a bit by telling herself that she was doing well. "Be confident Lexa, don't let her intensity get you down, just act normal."

When Lexa arrived at the end of the steps, Clarke was standing there waiting with Echo behind her. Both made a good duo of "grumpy" the cat, Lexa told herself. They were behaving as though she owed them money, and they were from the mob to collect it, waiting for her like that at the bottom of the plane steps.
Lexa you will come with me to the boarding area for the flight to Hawaii. Echo, you can retire to the mansion. - Clarke immediately ordered, trying to put aside the annoyance that she felt after witnessing how Lexa had said goodbye to that flighty bitch, who already had one foot on a plane to Sweden, even if she didn’t know it yet.

Both, Echo and Lexa's face were a serious poem, after listening what the boss ordered. Had they heard right?. Lexa immediately looked for the lawyer on the track, but he was getting into a dark car, and looked to be leaving the place in a hurry, she would say. Did that mean the trip to Hawaii was just her and Clarke? Surprised green eyes turned to see the disengaged face of the bodyguard, who looked like she was struggling to breathe in amazement, and trying by all means to control herself. Lexa knew very well that if Echo hadn’t hated her before, she almost certainly did now. And she hated Cruella(Clarke) for putting her in all these damn awkward situations with the people around her.

- Miss Griffin, excuse me but... - Echo tried to speak in vain, to say something as a subtle protest, but she was immediately interrupted by a voice of a higher decibel of her boss. The CEO hated repeating what she had already ordered.

- Echo, you heard me. I will not need your services on my trip to Hawaii. I will visit my sister for a few days, and Lexa will accompany me. I need a chauffeur for this, you know I don't like driving and the locals are scary. If I need any form of protection, I am sure that Lexa will know how to provide it without problems. Lexa has knowledge of self defense and weapons management. Don't worry, I'll be fine. Now retire to the mansion, and collect the Mercedes, so you can return it to the house, and make sure that the BMW is ready for when we return at the weekend.

- Yes... Miss Griffin, as you order. I hope you have a good trip then. Just let me know when I should come to pick you up when you return from the island. - Echo simply answered, trying to hide her tremendous anger towards the damn new chauffeur, who in a matter of days had gotten into her boss's panties. "Damn slut”

- Don't worry Echo, I'll do that for sure. It will probably be Saturday afternoon or Sunday. I still haven’t decided. I will let you know.

- Very well Miss Griffin, enjoy your stay with your sister.

- Yes, we will do. Goodbye Echo. - Clarke replied, nodding the "we will" for more irritation of her bodyguard, who she knew was containing her anger, and her disappointment. But she was the one in charge, the one who chose and the one who gave the orders. Clarke mentally reminded herself that she would need to check the implant chip in Echo's brain upon her return, something was obviously wrong for her to be feeling all these irritations.

- B... bye Echo. - Lexa timidly added. She didn't really know what the hell to say, as she felt sorry for the bodyguard, and was in complete shock upon learning that the trip to Hawaii was only for her and Clarke. That was going to be very interesting.

Echo looked at her with a cynical smile on her face, grabbing her arm suddenly when Lexa began to follow Clarke. The bodyguard approached her ear dangerously.

- If something happens to the lady in Hawaii whilst under your protection, I swear you will not see the next light of day Woods. Now fuck off…

- Sorry for your disappointment Echo. I am aware that you and I will probably never become friends, or ever get along, but I assure you that I will not let anything happen to our boss. I promise this not because you attempt to threaten me precious, but because it is my duty. Goodbye... - Lexa
stomped off, angry at the threat from Echo.

Echo simply smiled after releasing her grip, whilst Lexa after glaring at her quite intensely, turned around hurrying her step to reach Clarke....
During the flight Lexa and Clarke were devoted to rest. The plane journey to Maui Island, Hawaii took five hours and twenty minutes and both spent most of it with their eyes closed. Lexa especially felt exhausted, dedicating herself to sleeping for a few hours, in which Clarke studied her beautiful features, once again feeling those uncontrollable emotions seep in.

Clarke wanted to wrap her arms around her body, pulling Lexa over to lie against her chest, to feel her warm breath on her skin. She had these weird impulses of wanting to take care of Lexa, to protect her on so many levels, which she still cursed as it was a simple weakness. She had never felt this before, that need to care for and protect someone other than her siblings.

The CEO was devoting a lot of time at present in assessing her relationship with the chauffeur, and all these new sensations that the woman was creating in her whole being. On the one hand, it was good, as she was discovering new aspects of herself that she did not know existed with respect to relating intimately with another person.

On the other hand though, she felt fear and that sometimes she could not handle being around Lexa, especially regarding sexuality. It was as if her power was shared in some way, and she couldn’t help but feel irritated. She liked the way Lexa initiated sexual play, subtly seducing her, inviting her to enjoy intimate moments, without exceeding her power or domain. Lexa was subtle, respectful, almost asking permission to touch her, and that she liked. That kept her respect, especially as Lexa was clearly a dominant like her.

At one point, Lexa’s head slowly turned toward the shoulder of Clarke, who at the time was looking out the window, lost in her thoughts. Her blue eyes were focused on that mantle of white clouds, and the sun was starting to turn orange-red at the beginning of a beautiful sunset. The blonde immediately looked at the brunette to see what it was she could feel. Upon realising that it
was Lexa’s head, she could not help but adjust her body to Lexa, putting her arm subtly beneath the body of the woman, causing her head to rest against her large breasts. She smiled to herself, thinking that surely Lexa would not complain at the place where she would find her head once she woke up, and would most likely be surprised.

Clarke remembered how her green and beautiful eyes had been lost more than once in her breasts, as well as the wonderful way that mouth had tasted and touched her. She tried to stop thinking about it when a warm, strong feeling ran through her stomach instantly, and she began to feel the moisture growing in her groin. Her cheeks flushed a little holding the body of Lexa, who was still sleeping peacefully against her breasts.

The feeling was warm and friendly, one that Clarke had not felt before in her entire life. Being led by a rare simple impulse, she placed a kiss on the brown head of Lexa, and another, and one more... Hmmm... those hairs felt so silky, and smelled so good. She brushed them again with just her lips as she inhaled the scent of her shampoo, flooding not only her nostrils, but her whole being. She allowed herself to close her eyes and deeply inhale the fragrance.

Definitely something strange was happening, but she did not want to lose her head to it, she would simply settle down and allow herself to be carried away by the delicious relaxation of the moment. The ear plugs were placed in her ears, and she began to listen to the music of a Danish composer who played guitar, called Jacob Gurevitsch. The magnificent tune "Lovers in Paris" took her away, leaving her feeling completely relaxed.

She did not know at what point she had closed her tired eyes and let sleep take over, but she was enjoying holding her brunette, inhaling her scent, and feeling her breath on her warm chest rising and falling with their leisurely breaths. She would almost say she slept like a baby.

An hour later, Lexa began to wake up slowly and felt the body of Clarke around her, as if somehow protecting her. Her face was resting between those wonders of breasts, and she immediately imagined that paradise would have nothing on how she was feeling right now, her head warm from the breath of the blonde. Was Clarke holding her whilst asleep? Because surely she must have realised how Lexa was positioned? The brunette thought she was dreaming for a moment, that this was too good to be true and she simply did not want to wake up.

Lexa loved waking up and feeling the arms of Clarke surrounding her in this way, as though she cared and wanted to watch her sleep in such a sweet way that she’d never have imagined possible, especially coming from a woman who was supposedly cold as ice, and was incapable of sensations and feelings towards another person.

Thousands of pleasant sensations spoke to Lexa, and she could not stop smiling like a perfect idiot, because honestly, she just wanted to wake up like this every day, and that thought slightly alarmed her.

Those fears about her getting involved with Clarke Griffin struck up again. It could not be, simply could not, as it would ruin the whole mission. She could not fail in this important operation, she told herself again for the millionth time, as if something would click and she would somehow miraculously stop experiencing these feelings. She smiled wryly now, feeling the unhurried heartbeat of Clarke’s in her ear.

Lexa knew the CEO’s heart was wounded, hurt and damaged. She had protected her heart, hidden what little was left of it behind an iron mask, but it was these, warm, vibrant and hectic moments that lit her body up immediately.

Lexa had no doubt that her arrival in the life of the famous CEO had already made a huge impact,
and that she was producing changes in the woman. Clarke was clearly infatuated with her apparently.

The agent was aware of the emotional power that she exerted over the CEO. Partly it was great, in terms of benefiting the purpose of the mission, and getting under the skin of the blonde, gaining her trust. But... for some crazy inexplicable reason, she found herself struggling to take advantage of this. Astonishingly, for the first time in her career, the conduct and moral consequences of her actions arose, showing very clearly how emotionally invested she had become, and how dangerous all this was if her feelings continued to grow.

But how the hell could she stop something that she had no power over? She had fought with all her strength not to allow thoughts of Clarke to enter her mind and get under her skin, but it was quite clear that she had failed, and there wasn’t much point any longer in denying that to herself.

She cursed again, knowing that she could no longer return to her planned route. Her concentration right now was buggered, along with her target. She knew that she had lost her way, and that at the moment she was more like a castaway adrift in a small boat named Clarke. She was drowning in a deep ocean of sensations and feelings uncontrollable deep, and they were constantly growing like giant waves that swept over their boat hard.

But away from her deep musings, she let the waves keep smashing into her boat, clinging to the body that she harbored so sweetly, and listening to those beautiful heart beats. Her mischievous mind desperately wanted to feel and caress those delicious, natural breasts, and perhaps devote some attention... hmmm...hell yeah! she immediately felt moisture grow and dampen her panties. She closed her eyes, reveling in the warm and tender moment, and feeling the warm sensation on her head from the breath of the blonde, who to her misfortune began to move awkwardly, somewhat agitated really, indicating it was time for her to move away again as if nothing had happened.

She moved a little, attempting to lift her head and get back to her seat when Clarke’s body shook violently, and she opened her startled blue eyes. Her breathing was agitated, so Lexa immediately attended to her hands, and held them, then removed some unruly hair off her sweaty face gently, trying to reassure her.

- Hey hey... Shush…. Clarke... relax... I'm with you... I’ve got you - said Lexa soothingly, trying to calm her, although Clarke still looked greatly affected.

- I... I... Lexa... - Clarke had had a hard return to reality, having had one of those horrific nightmares related to her terrible childhood, at the hands of that bastard.

- Clarke... Stay here, with me. Everything is fine... just breathe... breathe... breathe... relax your face and your body all you can…. That's it... you are doing great… Clarke.... Have you had a bad dream? - asked Lexa, still holding Clarkes trembling hands, whilst Clarke tried to follow her instructions of inhaling and exhaling air from her lungs.

- Yes... I... I think if... how much longer will it take to get there? - Finally, Clarke began to recover with the help of Lexa, and those eyes that had been concentrating on her mouth, returned to normal size once she had rediscovered normal breathing. But she hated that the brunette had seen her in a vulnerable situation, nobody had ever witnessed that. She tried to act normal, even though she was not feeling it, and she now had a very upset stomach.

- I think an hour and a half. Are you all right? Do you want a drink? - Lexa kindly asked with a rather worried look, as she stroked her face gently. The action somehow irritated Clarke, she didn’t want this sympathy, she didn’t want to transmit vulnerability to Lexa, whatever that was… Shit!
- No... no, I'm fine... she was trying to be convincing, straightening out her clothes, and subtly moving away from the touch of Lexa. She couldn’t stand the fact that these confused and worried green eyes were still focused on her, trying to understand.

- Clarke... You do not look well... do you want to talk about the dream that has disturbed you? - Lexa tried unsuccessfully to reach her and to make her feel safe, but she knew she was not succeeding, and that Clarke was emotionally distancing herself away from her.

- No, I don’t... I'll go to the bathroom... - Clarke stood immediately, and left her seat in the direction of where the bathroom was. The worried look of the brunette following her.

- Do you want me to accompany you? - Lexa asked as a last resort, refusing to give up on her stubborn task of trying to find out what had happened to Clarke, and see if she could help her. She didn’t look good, the colour from her face had completely gone.

- No...Lexa, I'm fine, don’t worry, now just stay where you are. - she replied, making her escape without looking back at Lexa.

- Yes, of course, I hope you feel better soon Clarke... - Lexa watched her go, feeling a little nervous, not liking at all that Clarke had had a dream about something disturbing.

The brunette could only imagine what terrible nightmares the CEO must have due to her childhood at the hands of that bastard Wallace. Lexa didn’t want to remember those few terrible images that she had seen in the home videos that that madman had shown in his encounters with Clarke. Immediately her heart clenched, hoping that she would have that bastard's neck in her hands someday.

Following her impulses, she got up immediately and went to the bathroom where she had watched Clarke enter a few minutes ago. She knew Clarke would not like it, but Lexa needed to know if she was seriously all good, fearing that the blonde was in trouble.

Upon reaching the small door, she announced who she was to Clarke, and asked if she was okay ...

- Clarke... it’s me, Lexa... you okay in there? - Clarke did not answer, but Lexa could clearly hear the blonde vomiting and she worried even more. She again hit the door discreetly, trying not to attract the attention of other passengers or the flight service attendants. She knew Clarke would hate to be the center of attention from something like this.

- Clarke.... open the door if you can, please let me help you... C'mom ho... – She curses herself immediately, because she was about to say "honey"… “Shit Lexa!” - Clarke... - The brunette hated the fact that she was so close to panicking, but she knew that Clarke was not feel well.

She heard the door unlock and saw it open slightly, and pushed her way inside the small bathroom immediately finding Clarke crouched over the toilet, vomiting out the last remains in her stomach through her mouth, clearly broken.

Wasting no time, Lexa closed the door and gently gathered Clarke's hair, holding it back to help keep it out of the way whilst she finished vomiting, gently stroking her back.

- Breathe Clarke... and... try to relax... breathe... that’s it... you'll be fine... let it all out... so... let me help... - Lexa took a napkin to wipe Clarke’s mouth, when she noticed that the CEO were finished. There was still no color to her face, and she was very pale, still struggling to speak. She just nodded her head, and continued trying to breathe like the brunette had instructed, her whole body still shaking.
Lexa immediately sought her beautiful blue eyes and saw that they were angry, as if she had been crying. Without further ado, the brunette wet some napkins and started to gently wipe them over Clarke’s sweaty forehead and cheeks, whilst with the other hand, supporting a wet towel to her neck. The CEO allowed her employee to help, feeling quite weak and vulnerable, and barely able to stand on her wobbly legs.

When Clarke had one of these horrible nightmares involving that animal Wallace, it always produced extreme reactions, which cost her time to recover. She hated that Lexa had seen her in these circumstances, seen her so vulnerable and weak that she was at this moment. But the care and concern from Lexa felt so wonderful that her foolish heart felt warm, and she allowed herself to lean on the brunette in order to recover faster, letting her help and comfort her somehow.

Whilst Lexa was cleaning her face, she stroked her cheek for a moment, looking very intently into her eyes, obviously very worried at seeing Clarke so affected by this nightmare. She then patted her head, pulling her hair from her face and placing it behind her ears whilst talking softly to calm her.

- You’re okay Clarke…. Shuuuu… Now just breathe… and relax your body… breathe deeply… slowly… feeling how the air full fill your lungs… That's it… Now come here… - Lexa opened her arms and surrounded Clarke with them, holding her to her chest and stroking her head and back.

Clarke felt so damn contained and protected by the brunette that she began to tremble in her arms, finally freeing herself of her anguish. She pressed hard against her chest still breathing fast and began to sob, she just losses her battle of restrain her feelings right that moment, and she hated, and she hated Lexa for make feel that weakness.

Lexa immediately noticed that Clarke was crying, her body trembled in her arms, and every instinct inside her screamed at her to shelter this precious woman, and help her. Silently, she held her against her body so Clarke would know she was not alone.

- I... no... Lexa... No.... - Clarke let out her anguish, but almost immediately her mental defense mechanism was put on alert, telling her to stay away from the brunette, that she could not get used to this warm shelter, and that she did not need it.

That shelter had never been there before helping her, and she didn’t need it now or in the future. She was Clarke Griffin and she did not depend on anyone to get ahead, or to conquer her inner demons. But it was very difficult to pull away from this woman, and the enormous tenderness that she felt for the huge heart that was beating strongly against her agitated chest.

- Clarke, Shuuuu... Calm down... Nobody can see you, it's just you and me here. Don’t worry... Nothing will happen ok? And no, I won’t let anything happen to you. I'll take care of you if you let me...

Clarke was still sobbing, while her mind struggled with her enormous internal battle. On the one hand, it felt so good to feel protected in those strong arms and to release her emotions, letting out those tears that nobody ever saw her shed. Normally when she had those nightmares, she would wake up alone in her bed and console herself with time and mind control until she could return to normal.

But in these moments with Lexa, she felt so damn vulnerable, and the fact that Lexa was so devilishly tender and obviously worried for her, she just wanted to allow herself to be cradled in this beautiful warm body, where she felt unbelievably safe for the first time. But she didn’t like feeling as though she was dependant on someone else. She couldn’t... could not be vulnerable, and get carried away by her stupid emotions.
Pulling control slowly back to herself, she broke away from Lexa’s body, wiping her eyes with shaking hands, still unable to look Lexa in the eye. She felt so stupid, and cursed herself. She internally thanked the brunette for opening her arms to release her.

Lexa seemed to understand her. She respected when she didn’t want to be touched or held, and she liked that. It made her feel safe. But Clarke was still shaking, confused, and angry with herself. Endless emotions seized her being, and she was barely able to control them as usual.

- I... I’m fine... and... Just get out of here... Lexa... go back to your seat... - Clarke desperately wanted to sound more determined and in control, but she knew that her attempts were useless, since even her voice was trembling.

- No... I will not leave you Clarke... not yet... - Lexa refused immediately, this was not the time to take orders from the blonde, and she was not going to do as ordered.

- I gave you a damn order Lexa, and I want you to do it right now. Go back to your seat and leave me alone! - Clarke was beyond irritated, and it showed in her authoritarian tone of voice, making Lexa immediately withdraw her hands from Clarke’s arms that she was caressing, looking determined to challenge that order.

- No... I won't Clarke... if I leave, then it will be with you, I will not leave you alone. If you want to fired me when we leave this room, then ok, but I will not leave you like this. - answered Lexa, without fear. She didn’t care what Clarke ordered, she would help her out of this episode, even though if the CEO hated her.

- Damn you Lexa, why the hell do I have to deal with you right now? I don’t feel good, I have eaten something bad and it has affected my stomach, that's all. I'll be fine. Stop worrying and go now... - Clarke understood Lexa’s concerns, and she was grateful but she did not want to feel this way, and the brunette was simply not understanding that little detail. Lexa being there was not helping, it was really bothering her, but she did not want to be rude.

- Sorry, Clarke... I won’t leave... Let me see you.... - Lexa gently cradled Clarke's face, which still looked very angered by her refusal to leave.

The blonde felt beaten. She felt like she had been disarmed by those concerned and warm green eyes, although she was still lost in her own irritated self. Clarke could not refrain from rubbing her nose, making Lexa smile who then gave her a napkin to wipe it with. The brunette was quietly amused as the face of the blonde looked like "the grumpy cat" with her brow furrowed. It helped to loosen the tension as Lexa noted that the CEO was almost recovered.

- Go Lexa... I'm fine really, I just need to wet my face a little... - Clarke ordered again after blowing her nose gruffly. Her patience had reached its limit, and if Lexa kept insisting on staying she knew that she was really going to lose her temper in a matter of seconds.

- I said no Clarke... we either go out together, or we stay in here until you are really fine... - The brunette continued to refuse, smiling a little more, feeling more relaxed. She crossed her arms and lifted an eyebrow, completely daring Clarke to argue with her again, causing the CEO to finally explode.

- Lexa don’t make me put you back on a flight back to San Francisco the minute we land. I swear if you don’t leave now, then I will send for your final wage cheque from Harper in the office tomorrow... I said go back to your seat and that was an order god damn!. - Incredibly, Clarke remained in control when she spoke, but her serious warnings had little effect on the defiant and headstrong character of the brunette.
Lexa immediately came over and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead, attempting to put enough emotion into that kiss, as though she would give her life to protect the blonde. Clarke was surprised with the gesture, it was so unexpected and so fucking tender…?! "Argggghhhh !! 'That woman was unteachable!! Dammit LEXA!". She thought, while secretly enjoying the sweet gesture from the brunette.

Lexa moved her hands down her head slowly, caressing her face down to her neck, and looking into her eyes so deeply that it made her shiver. Clarke started to fear the worst, as those dark eyes moved down to her lips... "Oh no… no…no, you won't Lexa Woods..."

- I know that my concern bothers you Clarke. But I don’t like to see you like this... I... - Lexa surprised herself with her enormous sweetness. Their faces were very close together, their noses almost touching, and those warm brown hands gently stroking the skin of her latent neck. The action immediately caused an explosive reaction in the body of the CEO, as though a flame had been lit on a wick full of gunpowder.

Clarke was about to devour her right there... "DAMN YOU LEXA! NO, NO THIS WILL NOT HAPPEN!"

- I know Lexa... but... I seriously am much better now, I just need to clean up a bit. Plea…please… go back and ask the flight attendant for my coffee. I will be out in a minute. - Clarke didn’t understand how she had achieved that control, or why she had chosen to ask Lexa almost kindly to give her some space, and use that fucking words that was nearly never pronounced by her mouth "please". She needed to breathe in private and hoped she understood by "submission SHIT NO?". Clarke felt cornered in a way.

- Hmmm... Fine Clarke... no more than a minute though ok? Or I'll be back to see how you are. - Lexa said gently, whilst caressing her thumbs up to her cheeks as if she were about to kiss her.

Oh hell, Clarke had enough of that shit kind of "worried couple". She was not going to explain her actions, or act as if they were in a romantic relationship… BECAUSE TO HELL WITH THAT SHIT!, she shouted to herself internally before attacking...

- Lexa stop acting as if we are more than boss and employee will you? I understand that you worry about me, but this is more than exaggerated attention, and.... - Clarke moved away from the brunettes body and hands, and looked at her with hard and cold eyes, so that it became clear that Lexa had crossed the line, and would wake up from whatever romantic dream that she was clearly having about her.

But Lexa didn’t seem to affected by her harsh attitude, at least not yet. She took a step closer to Clarke, making the CEO step away until her back hit the toilet in the tiny bathroom.

Clarke cursed Lexa as she was cornered like a mouse by a cat. She definitely had no problem with showing the brunette how wrong she was if she thought she could intimidate her with this silly dominant attitude in this moment in time. Like a female boxer who had had her seat removed from underneath, after the bell rings again, the CEO came out fighting as though she was striking with a pair of boxing gloves, ready for a round that she fully intended to win by knockout.

Lexa clearly had no idea who she was facing, but she would continue educating her. Clarke took a couple of steps dangerously close to the body of Lexa, who immediately saw the ice coming out of those eyes, like spears in them. Lexa stepped back, somewhat a little intimidated by the attitude on the face of Clarke. She knew she was in trouble. “Oh…oh…”

- I will not allow you to speak to me like that, as though you have some kind of power over me...
WE’RE NOT A FUCKING COUPLE LEXA!!! You should not act as if we are, I will not allow it! - Clarke aimed her attack straight for the heart of the brunette, directly where she knew it would hurt and debilitate, especially as how sensitive the brunette was being. Lexa's eyes immediately transformed, becoming colder and ready to return the vicious blow. Clarke knew it was coming, but she was more than ready. Nothing that woman retaliated with would reach her or affect her, she thought to herself confidently.

- Well... I’m sorry Clarke for worrying stupidly, and overdoing it for you. And you have made things very clear that we mean shit to each other... Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go and ask for your coffee Miss Griffin. I'm glad you feel better. - Clarke was in shock.... Why? Because Lexa was fucking clever and had hit back strongly, feeling it deep in her soul, causing her to stagger. Lexa had implied that the intimacy between them was over. Shit! She had not wanted that! Fucking demon Lexa!

- Lexa... I told you that you can... - Clarke tried to backtrack on her words, but was interrupted by a very angry Lexa...

- Yes I know, but I feel it's better I keep call you Miss Griffin. You know, because otherwise I care about you too much to the point of irritating. So do not worry, it will not happen again in the future. - she spat with clear anger in her eyes. Her face was strained as she stepped forward to Clarke, who looked panicked.

The CEO cursed herself seriously, watching Lexa just turn around to leave her without permission, having finished the race. It was clear that as far as the brunette was concerned, this argument was finished....

- Lexa… LEXA! I HAVEN’T... SHIT!

Lexa opened the small door and closed it behind her, ignoring whatever Clarke was about to say, leaving her stood there knowing that Lexa was not going to listen to anymore abuse from the CEO. Her heart had been pricked by a small ice dagger again, and she was not going to let it go on. She was tired of being so emotional and taking everything so personally.

By referring to Clarke by name, Lexa had made it clear to her boss that they were no longer anything more than boss and employee, or the CEO and the secret FBI agent. She felt it was best if she only referred to her as "Miss Griffin" for now on. She needed to wake up from this stupid dream, this fantasy of what was developing with this woman. She would not continue allowing it. It had to stop.

Clarke, meanwhile felt miserable, more so than she had ever done before. She was somewhat stunned from the harsh and cold words from Lexa. She didn’t want the brunette to take everything so personal. But she needed to keep some distance, otherwise she could end up falling very strong for the brunette, and end up heartbroken if Lexa did turn out to be a fraud, a thief or a spy.

Clarke knew her feelings for the brunette were dangerous, with her captivating green eyes, and her strong personality. She was so damn drawn to her, all of her, not only her perfect body, but her entire person, her passionate personality, warm, protective, respectful, kind, considerate, and yet very determined and strong.

The CEO had appreciated the fact that Lexa had rejected the credit card that she had offered as a complete lunatic. What the fuck was she thinking? She was worried, really worried. Was she seriously losing her head for this woman? She barely knew her, yet she had offered her her damn credit card with open hands?
This rejection had impacted hard, and was forcing her to reflect on her stupidity. She was thankful to Lexa. Her behaviour indicated that the woman had a sense of morality, something that Clarke did not usually see in people who approached her. The majority were empty, ambitious, self-interested people and didn’t care a damn about her really. All used her in one way or another, everyone looking for money, fame, or to benefit from her technological creations.

Clarke Griffin quickly learned to trust no one, absolutely no one. That had been one of the different reasons why she had decided to put a chip inside the head of her bodyguard Echo, and another inside the head of her secretary Harper, just to be sure that both were 100% loyal to her. This way, she could control them all the time.

Those actions, although she realised that they were very unethical, if not illegal, they had also given her a sense of security. Lexa however was different, and Clarke still could not understand why she had not wanted that chip implanted in the head of the chauffeur, when she was at her mercy that night in her laboratory, and she really hope she didn't make the biggest mistake.

But the feeling was something that came from deep within her being, and although she still had many doubts about the brunette with green eyes, something that communicated to her in a way that left Clarke completely unaware and confused, disturbed mentally and emotionally, something she have never experienced before in her life. It left her in a strange internal state that she both liked the feel of, and yet did not. It was all so complicated and confusing.

She cursed herself again and again for everything, for not having control of the situation the way that she should have. She was angry with herself for being so weak and getting carried away by these strange sensations that this woman created inside of her. And she was definitely angry at herself for losing this argument! SHIT!

Clarke breathed deeply, her face was still wet as she tried to recover from the moment, all her emotions so stupidly vulnerable, having shown them to Lexa. She had not known how to handle her employee once again. She had tried to be reasonable, she had tried to explain patiently to her chauffeur that she just needed time alone, but Lexa had taken it as something completely personal.

Clarke realized that maybe she had been insensitive, and hurt her feelings, but Lexa had to learn, and the CEO felt that time would probably help accomplish that. Lexa was perhaps used to having to relate to common and wild, sensitive, weak and vulnerable personalities, ones in which she surely had to protect, to endorse and manage. But she would never be included into any of those categories, and eventually Lexa would be educated and understand that she was not that kind of woman. She was someone who didn’t depend on anyone but herself. She had power and determination. She was strong and controlled and she was the one whom ultimately gave the orders.

Clarke didn’t need her protective arms around her all the time, and her soft and tender caresses, nor her sweet kisses. She didn’t need to be challenged when she gave her an order. No, she definitely didn’t need Lexa to do that... but the whole package felt too attractive and pleasant... She had to admit that to herself before taking a deep breath and finally opening the the door that freed her from that little space called an "airplane bathroom " that she so much hated them.

When she returned to her seat, she noticed that Lexa had put on her headphones, and her eyes were focused on the small screen in front of her. She made no attempt to look at her face staying distant and cold, and without knowing why, Clarke felt chills shoot down her back suddenly, affecting her senses. What the hell had happened to her? Oh my God! Was this woman now affecting her damn sensory reactions as well now???

"Shit Griffin, you're so stupid lately..." she mentally scolded herself as she sat in her place and
started drinking the coffee that was arranged on the small table to her side. The CEO pulled a ‘disgusted’ face as she took a sip... incidentally, the coffee was horrendous, as it always was when served on flights, even though they were travelling first class.

The rest of the flight was spent in complete silence, with almost no glances from either party. No way were either going to budge on the internal or external conflict. But when the ship's captain announced that they would soon begin to descend on the island of Maui, and asked passengers to fasten their belts and disconnect electronic devices, Lexa looked slyly at the face of Clarke. She saw it stiffen, like the rest of her body, and saw her hands trembling whilst she clumsily fastened her seat belt.

The brunette really didn’t know what to do, it was a battle inside. Should she provide support to her boss whilst landing?. Her first impulse and desire was to help, but the damn rudeness that Clarke had thrown at her in the bathroom had brought her down to earth with a bump, feeling as though she had landed without a parachute, and crashed hard on to the fucking floor. It had affected her more than what she had wanted, and she had no idea what to do.

In the end, as always her foolish heart couldn’t turn and look the other way and say "Fuck you Griffin" as her mind was doing. No, her stupid sensitive heart ruled her act, so she decided to help her boss one more time.

So, taking a deep breath, she took hold of Clarke’s hand, who immediately turned to look into her eyes intently and surprised. Lexa couldn’t 100% decide if she saw challenging authoritarian, or irritation in them, or if they were distant or cold. Lexa was pretty sure there was a small attempt of an apology in the way the eyes focused on her, but she knew that Clarke was trying to hide it with that slight frown.

- Why have you brought me on this trip Miss Griffin? - Lexa asked, pulling Clarke out of her thoughts and leaving her surprised from the unexpected question, and that damn formal tone again.

- I... don’t have to explain myself to you Lexa - Clarke snapped, assuming that Lexa was ready to seek war with her again.

- I would like to know what I should do? What is my task in the coming days? What do I do once I’m set it up in the hotel, and you’re with your sister? You know, normal things that ordinary people think about when dropped in such situations? - Lexa argued back with an ironic and sarcastic tone to her voice. She was looking to incite that irritation in Clarke that she could sense was going through her head with her sarcastic remarks, but the truth was that she was trying to distract her as the plane landed and ran down the track. She could see through the window behind Clarke as they approached land.

- As I said before to Echo, I just want you to be my chauffeur. I don’t trust the locals. I don’t yet know where you’ll staying for sure, but I’ll take care of it when I meet my sister at the airport. - explained Clarke, trying to not sound to relaxed, not wanting to show Lexa that she could set her at ease whenever she wanted.

- Great. Thank you Miss Griffin. Welcome to Hawaii...

Clarke looked confused at her, but after feeling a very brief vibration in the aircraft, her eyes briefly looked out the window, checking that they were in the airport runway on the island of Maui. The plane was already slowing, and Lexa instantly released her hand abruptly to rub her own face and chin, without looking at the CEO any further.

The CEO continued to curse herself for having broken the pleasant relationship that had been
forming with Lexa, but she needed to do it she repeated to herself mentally. She needed to draw a new line, to limit feelings and emotions between them. They were not maintaining a loving relationship, simply a business one. And she did not understand why the fuck anyway would be this affected by her earlier coldness.

They descended the aircraft to be received by two smiling local women, both dressed in traditional Hawaiian dresses, with colorful flowers and wreaths on their heads, and other wreaths in the form of long necklaces around their necks. The wreaths that they held in their hands were immediately placed around the necks of the passengers as they descended, while the traditional greetings of "Aloha" were spoke, welcoming their guests to the beautiful and very popular Hawaiian island.

Clarke walked beside Lexa without a word or a single glance. The loaded tension between them was unbalancing the blonde, and producing some mental and psychic discomfort. In short, it was bringing on anxiety, and she rarely experienced that with anyone. But it took a superior effort from the CEO to not get carried away by the emotions that were stunning her internally.

Inside the airport, they went straight to the baggage area. Lexa immediately went in search for a cart to carry their bags, whilst Clarke remained stood next to the conveyor belt.

When the brunette returned, she stood close to the CEO for a few minutes, before inching closer to the conveyor belt, leaving Clarke behind. Lexa was making a huge effort not to take Clarke’s earlier outburst personally, but it was taking a huge toll on her. In addition, she noticed that her boss also seemed to be having the same mental battle to set limits with her and somehow she agreed, but damn she was bothered by her, she couldn’t help but feel it strong internally.

Clarke kept taking sly glances at Lexa whilst they had to wait for their luggage, debating in her mind what had happened and what she really wanted to happen in the future between her and Lexa. She definitely couldn’t afford something really intimate to happen between them. No, she didn’t want that, that would make her feel weak, dependent, confused, and out of her comfort zone. She needed to put that option away again. She was the boss, and that woman stood next to her was her damn chauffeur, she was a momentary sexual pleasure, nothing more. She recalled the real reason as to why she was here and why she had brought Lexa with her, so that Karolina could help her discover the secret personality behind Lexa. She could feel that there was one to discover, she was crystal clear on that, but she could not decipher what it was, and evidently her friend Raven Rayes could not help her either.

They waited for their luggage, while both struggled mentally from the strange sensations brought on from the recent altercation, and deciding on how to proceed thereafter. Once they finally got their luggage, after long minutes of Clarke cursing from the long wait, they went to check out, still both in complete silence.

The doors opened and immediately a blonde with an excited and smiling look about her, rushed to embrace Clarke. Lexa was left surprised at the somewhat shocking scene, but noted that it was none other than the beautiful and friendly Karolina Griffin, welcoming her elder sister. She noted that Clarke had sunk into the incredible embrace and wrapped the body of her younger sister tightly.
"Learning to show emotions? Wow, Griffin! Maybe you are capable of feeling something for someone, and are not afraid to show it or feel it" thought Lexa snidely, watching the scene, and almost wanting to take out her phone and capture the moment in a video, just to remember that her boss was not an AI, after all.

A hand on Lexa's arm distracted her green eyes back to a dark woman with Asian features, who was looking at her with a huge smile on her face, now holding her hand to shake it.

- Hi, I'm Nico, Karolina's girlfriend, the smallest of the Griffins. Nice to meet you .... - greeted the excited girl with sparkling eyes, making Lexa smile and answer back politely, answering her warm greeting.

- Hello Nico, I'm Lexa, it's nice to meet you - replied the brunette warmly.

- You look surprised to see the scene? I guess normally you don’t see your... girl showing these demonstrations of affection? She is very straight - laughed Nico, catching Lexa by surprise with the "your girl" comment. She quickly tried to correct the young woman who had her eyes on the warm embrace of the Griffin sisters.

- Oh no... I.... - Lexa tried in vain to explain, but she was surprised by the voice of the young Karolina Griffin, who had now stretched out her hand to her with a bright smile on her beautiful face. The truth was that these women in that family could all make lovely models.

- Hi, I'm Karolina, the younger sister of this precious lady... and let me guess... you are... - Karolina’s twinkling eyes paused for a moment, looking at Clarke and then back again to Lexa, who was in shock - Do not tell me... Noooooo... Has my older sister finally settled down? Has she brought her first official girlfriend to present to her younger sister? I’m impressed Clarkie.... WOW sis, and I must admit that your taste is exceptional... - Lexa's cheeks burnt immediately as she opened her mouth to try once again to explain, but was interrupted by her boss, of course...

- No Karo... Stop talking nonsense, she's not my girlfriend. This is Lexa Woods, my new chauffeur. - Clarke said in an embarrassed and serious tone, pointing to Lexa standing beside her, much to the
surprise of both Karolina and her girlfriend Nico, who watched the brunette somewhat confused.

- Lexa, this is my younger sister Karolina and her partner, Nico. - Clarke said, wanting to get the introductions over with as soon as possible.

- Oh... - they said in unison, both Karolina and Nico looking at Lexa questioningly. To them, the situation just didn’t fit, and both looked somewhat confused for a moment. Why had Clarke brought her new chauffeur to the island? This woman was seriously gorgeous, and was very clear to Karolina especially, that the chemistry from them both was intense.

- Clarke, it is nice to see you again after so long, we thought it unlikely you would ever return to our paradise island. And it is nice that we have had the opportunity to introduce ourselves to Lexa. - Intervened Nico, attempting to cut the awkward silence that had occurred amongst the four women.

- Hi Nico, I always intended on visiting again, I've just been very busy lately with business, you know how it is my life... - Clarke replied, thanking Nico silently for cutting the tense moment. She could read the surprise and somewhat confused faces of her sister and her partner as to why she had traveled with her gorgeous "chauffeur" and not her usual companion, her bodyguard Echo, who certainly showed no signs of be near them.

- Well, pardon my confusion... and then Lexa...” Aloha”, welcome to the island of Maui. Have you been here before? - Karolina apologized with a smile, thinking that later she would have a chat with her sister to clarify the strange situation.

Lexa immediately thought, “Gosh, were these women really born from the same mother and father?” At the same time that Karolina smiled back, shaking her hand gently.

- No, it’s not the first time. Thanks Karolina. - Lexa was already fascinated by the friendly and sweet Karolina, and Clarke noticed right away, but it didn’t bother her much. She knew her sister was head over heels in love with her partner Nico, and although Lexa looked fascinated by the youngest Griffin, Clarke felt that was how everyone always felt after meeting Karolina, she managed to produce that lovely effect in everyone.

- Well, we better get out of here. But first, tell me honey, where is that scary giant, Echo? Have you left her behind? - Karolina asked sarcastically to her sister, looking amongst the people as they were still coming out of the arrival gate, causing a chuckle from Clarke. She knew that her sister was not very fond of Echo and was very observant, and that she was probably dying to ask what the hell was going on here...

- No Karo... this time Echo is out. - explained Clarke, short and simple.

- Oh... So is Lexa like her replacement then? - Karolina asked sarcastically to her sister, looking amongst the people as they were still coming out of the arrival gate, causing a chuckle from Clarke. She knew that her sister was not very fond of Echo and was very observant, and that she was probably dying to ask what the hell was going on here...

- No Karo... this time Echo is out. - explained Clarke, short and simple.

- Yes... something like that... Now we better go, you know Karo, I really don’t like airports - Clarke suggested in a very relaxed tone, taking her younger sister's arm, to start walking towards the exit of the building and towards the parking area.

- Yeah, yeah, I know sis... Come on... - Karolina replied, somewhat resigned, knowing that her sister didn’t want to give details of this beautiful chestnut with green eyes that were incredibly intense and expressive. But she also knew that she would get her to sing like a bird once the opportunity arose. She knew to grab her sister only when she felt "mentally safe".
The four women chatted happily, Clarke walking in front with her younger sister holding her arm, and Lexa and Nico walking behind whilst pushing the luggage cart.

- Lexa... So then you are... part Chauffeur, part bodyguard replacement? - Nico was eager in wanting to dig deeper into this mysterious woman who had come with her sister-in-law, seeing as the CEO never appeared on this island with anyone aside from that serious bodyguard of hers.

- I’m the chauffeur of Miss Griffin - replied Lexa smiling and relaxed. She could see immediately how interested the asian girl was to find out more about her, but she would not give anything away, or explain the actions of her boss.

- Oh shit! Yes, me and Karo... We are often mistaken... my apologies again, sometimes we get carried away by appearances.... - a somewhat embarrassed Nico said, hinting that appearances were deceiving and it would have been nice to see them together as a couple.

- No, it's fine, it's actually rather understandable. - Lexa kept smiling whilst answering not wanting to chat much more about the matter.

- Well, let's just say that Clarke has never brought a chauffeur with her when she has come to visit us, only this extremely serious bodyguard called Echo, but you must surely know her. - Clarified Nico, fishing for information still from Lexa, whom was left surprised by the revelation, showing a smirk with pride, now becoming more aware of the fact that Clarke was giving her some importance in her life by taking her to meet her sister.

- Yes, I know Echo.- Smirked Lexa with a knowing smile. She knew all to well just how serious Echo was.

Lexa herself was confused as to why Clarke hadn’t taken Echo with her on her travels, as wherever she went, it was completely normal for the bodyguard to be by her side. Hawaii was not another galaxy, and Clarke needed constant protection around her, so why had she decided to leave Echo in San Francisco, and brought her instead? Lexa actually had an answer in mind, but it seemed very far-fetched, and didn’t fit with what she had learnt about Clarke Griffin so far. Although the changes she had witnessed in recent days were surprising to say the least.

They climbed into the white Range Rover that Karolina and Nico had on the island. The journey was pleasant, spent chatting and listening to good music and enjoying the beautiful landscape as they traveled along the road. Between the lines they fired many questions to the chauffeur, bothering Clarke a little bit, knowing that these two were terrible gossips, but she also enjoyed watching how well they got on with Lexa, sitting beside her in the back seat, and how great her chauffeur was keeping them in a sign question anyway, dont giving them any extra information.

Lexa actually knew Hawaii well, even having a house on the smallest of the islands called Niihau, north of the island group, which she visited sometimes when she needed to distance herself from the world. She shared the house with her younger sister Madi, who was a professional surfer, and used to stay there whilst training or competing for lucrative competitions in the Pacific.
Madi always said that maybe someday she would live on one of these islands permanently, because she really loved the way of life. Lexa shared everything she owned with her sister. The hyperactive high energy Madison Woodson, the one who had always drove her parents insane with her restless and sparkling personality, although she was not as rebellious as Lexa.

When Lexa met Karolina, she couldn't stop her mind of compare her personality with her own younger sister, because they really seemed very similar, even though they appeared very alike, and that made Lexa feel at ease.

Lexa thanked her lucky stars that she was on the island of Maui, quite far from the small neighbouring island of Niihau. Here, the locals would not recognize her, and she would not bump into her younger sister. It dawned on her that she had not communicated with Madi for a while, but the last thing she knew was that she was competing in a tournament in Australia, a couple of weeks ago.

Madi generally communicated by phone, WhatsApp messages or video calls via Skype, and was three years younger than her. She was a professional surfer, known as Madison Trikru, because when she started racing, she did not wish the press to relate her to her multi-millionaire family of British royal lineage, saving her parents the whole issue of what it meant to be related to someone famous.

<<*A writer's note: For the character of Lexa's younger sister, Madison Woodson, I chose the beautiful actress who plays the successor to Lexa in the100, Lola Flanery, but remember here in this story Madi have the same age as Clarke, 28 years old*>>
Lexa strongly encouraged her sister, and tried to visit and support her in her competitions as often as she could travel. They were very close, and enjoyed not only fun on the waves but also long talks with beers in hand, with a bonfire on the beach, catching up with their lives.

Madison didn’t have a partner, and like her sister, found it very difficult to fall in love and settle down. The youngest of the Woodsons was a free spirit and loved adventure, travel, experiencing new cultures, and meeting people all the time. But, having reached the age of 28 years, she was beginning to think about finally settling down in one place and perhaps opening a surf school, or an aquarium for scientific research and the rehabilitation of marine animals.

Madison Eleanor Woodson was also a marine biologist, following that she always been passionate about the ocean, but had never exercised it, because of her also huge love for surfing competitions, where she was now recognized as a professional champion, and had been for several years now.
Lexa was very proud of her little sister, and found her a breath of fresh air. Madison knew of Alicia (Lexa) secret life as an FBI agent and used the name of Lexa, since she had joined the forces of the American secret service. Was also really Madi which helped her find the alternative name of Alexandria Catherine Woods or Lexa Woods. Madi loved playing online games, especially Lara Croft, and always joked with her older sister that she was the epitome of that character, and therefore should have a powerful and sexy name. So emerged “Lexa” diminutive of Alexandria, the lost city, that the youngest of the Woodson’s sisters had always been passionate about reading in history books.

Suddenly, Nico had pulled up in front of a very nice house after taking a dirt road, leaving the main road that penetrated closer to the ocean. Upon stopping the four-wheel all-terrain, they all climbed out, and immediately, both Karolina and Nico stood beside the car and embraced whilst leaning against the front of the car. Clarke was about to dismiss them before she caught the look of Lexa, who was watching the scene in silence but with confused eyes.

- Well sister, I hope this is all in order, we weren’t given much time to notify Kalia, but you know, she always keeps the house as if you’ll be here any minute. But next time, try and alert us with a bit more notice! Now, we’ll leave you to rest, but I hope you come by later and we will have a welcome BBQ on the beach. - Karolina said, hugging her older sister and placing two kisses on her cheeks, to which Clarke immediately responded by smiling.

- Yeah, I know and I’m sorry. It just arose suddenly that I could take a few days off and I needed to get away. Thanks sis, we will pop by, and please do not worry. See you later girls. - said Clarke, approaching the gateway to their temporary home.

- See you later ladies, and Lexa again we felt the terrible error. But you know… My famous sister, the powerful CEO and her neverending list of mysteries… never… - joked Karolina, smiling mischievously with her eyes, squinting one, desperate to corner her sister to get more gossip about the beautiful and mysterious new chauffeur that she had brought with her.

- Enough Karo, we are just colleagues…. - cut in Clarke dryly. Her sister was impossible she thought, but she loved her madly. Her younger sister laughed with her girlfriend going up to the doors of their Range Rover, preparing to once again leave the couple.

- Goodbye Karolina, Nico. And do not worry, understanding that can be confusing… I… - Lexa responded to the giggling girls who were now climbing back in to the 4x4 all-terrain still laughing.
- Let's go Lexa… - spoke Clarke, more seriously again now that they were back to being on their own. Lexa wanted the girls to stay a little longer, not least because Cruella radically changed her personality when they were around, clearly adoring them both. She almost seemed a common and normal human being.

- Clarkie, stop being so bossy... You’re on the island now remember? Cut the cutie a little slack... - shouted Karolina now sitting behind the wheel of the Range Rover, screaming out the window as they left the place. Clarke looked at her scowling, while Lexa stood behind her and made a gesture with her thumb to Karolina, winking at the same time. Karolina was already worshiping the new and beautiful chauffeur of her sister. Moreover, she would do everything in her power to get those two together, as she could tell already that her sister was different around this brunette.

Clarke turned immediately, capturing Lexa's hand to make a gesture to her sister, smiling at her accomplice. The CEO’s piercing eyes looked at hers, her brow furrowed, then raising her eyebrow in a somewhat naughty manner. It immediately reminded Clarke of what the brunette had confessed to her on the plane, that this gesture excited her a lot.

Mentally she cursed herself, letting the air out of her lungs, somewhat annoyed. She approached the door and rang the bell. Immediately the door was opened by a friendly woman, clearly native to the islands by her features and skin color.

- Aloha my dear Clarke... it's so nice to see you, it has been a long time my girl. Let me see you darling… Have you eaten well lately? You look very thin... -said the brunette woman, who without warning wrapped her arms around the blonde.

- (Clarke could not stop her affectionate laugh, one that was new to Lexa and left her immediately fascinated) Aloha Kalia, and please cease behaving like my mom for once could you? I present to you... Lexa Woods. She's my chauffeur, and has started to work for me recently. - Said Clarke, stepping away a little from the woman and pointing to the brunette beside her, who was stood watching, fascinated by the scene.

- Aloha Kalia, this is Kalia. A woman I have always considered to be my real mother, and who takes care of this house when I'm not around. - Clarke made the corresponding presentations, especially before Kalia fell into the same mistake as her sister and partner Nico regarding Lexa.

- Aloha Kalia, it is a pleasure to meet you. - Lexa said, stretching her hand out with a kind smile on her face. She really loved the energy that was radiating from this warm woman.

- Aloha Lexa, and excuse me but I'm not into formalities. I will do to you as well if you do not mind. Here, I am not accustomed to being so formal on the islands, you know? This is a place where people come to relax from the crazy life in the cities of the continent. - responded Kalia with gestures of her hands as she smiled at Lexa, who was infected by her friendly, relaxed and warm personality, something she always love of the native Hawaiians people.

- Clarke, honey, I hope you will not have this cute girl under a tough mandate whilst visiting the island with you? Ok, Miss CEO? - Kalia joked a bit with the blonde, holding her arms lovingly, resulting in a flustered laugh from Lexa who raised her eyebrow at Clarke immediately, only to laugh even more.

- Ermmm.... I.... - Clarke looked down at the sand like a naughty child, disciplined by her surrogate mother, blushing, causing the heart of Lexa to pound for a moment.

She could not believe that this was the same Cruella Griffin, It was simply magnificent how Clarke Griffin had transformed next to these women, depending on where and with whom she was with.
She seemed to have multiple personalities. But she was definitely adoring with the company that she was with right now.

- I imagined Clarke... well, as I thought my girl... You look a little tense. I understand clearly why you have come, I can feel that heavy energy around you... But come on, come with me. I have prepared you something fresh to eat.

- Thanks Kalia, and it does not bother me what you call me. - a very pleasant Lexa said, looking at the friendly lady who for a moment, seemed that the mother figure was studying her with her piercing dark eyes. That woman was special, noticed the brunette immediately.

- Perfect Lexa, I like you very much already. Your energy is not as heavy, but something tells me that you also need to unwind and spend a few days relaxing. Please let me help you with those bags.

Lexa fell in love with this woman who was so warm and so full of positive energy. It was lovely to see how she was talking to Clarke. It was so refreshing to see the famous blonde CEO in another world entirely. Her actions and even her tone had relaxed as soon as she set foot on the island. And then, Lexa also made a welcome discovery that the words “Thank you” “Please” and “Sorry” did actually exist in her vocabulary.

This was going to be a very different time, Lexa thought to herself, as she entered the home that looked incredibly warm from the outside, compared to the mansion where the CEO lived in San Francisco. Her mood had improved a lot, and she was enjoying discovering this new Clarke, in this new environment, that indeed she considered paradise, and that she wish, she would never go away, especially not now.
After eating and chatting with Kalia, both women said goodbye. Clarke then proceeded to show Lexa around the house, who immediately fell in love with it. It was very simple compared to Clarke's normal tastes, which surprised the brunette liking the whole package a little too much she would say. She was enjoying Clarke's completely relaxed and distinct attitude, and her modest and simple home. It was an ideal and beautiful place.

Lexa was very perceptive to all the beauty that she was looking at. Her mind studied the situation in detail, but somehow it closed off to the opportunity that was presenting itself here. This could be a good opportunity to help snare the CEO, to make her trust her. On the other hand, it could be part of the Clarke’s plan, she thought to herself, showing her good side, her normal woman's side, so that the brunette fell into this beautiful fantasy and ended up disclosing all of her secrets by mouth. That was not going to happen, Lexa said to herself mentally, she knew how to play the game.

After showing her the house, Clarke informed Lexa that she was going to take a bath and that they would visit her sister's house in an hour. Lexa just nodded, carrying her suitcase to what would be her room, to also shower and change clothes.

Clarke felt somewhat uncomfortable with Lexa's cold and distant attitude as soon as they were alone again. Why was it bothering her? She was raised in a worried and upset atmosphere, and she really didn't know why but she definitely didn't want this damn tension between them, especially while they were on the island. But she would not be crazy enough to lower herself again to try to make peace, she needed to find another way to do that.

Lexa had showered, changed clothes and had gone out to the garden that overlooked the private
beach belonging to the house. A narrow and short path led her directly to the beautiful ocean where a red sun was losing itself over the horizon. The moment was simply precious, while a gentle sea breeze hugged her body, and played with her long brown hair.

Her mind was working at full speed. Why was Clarke trying to take her to that place? Was it really a good plan for her to enter through a tunnel with her claws and then make her confess? She would be somewhat disappointed if that was really the blonde's goal, although it would not cause her to be all that surprised either. Lexa was a little lost in her emotions and incredibly fascinated by the CEO, but her mind worked to alert her and prevent her from falling into such tempting manipulations. She knew that Clarke suspected her in some way, and would not stop for anything until those doubts were completely removed, but she was prepared not to make things easy, she repeated herself with determination.

She breathed deeply, smelling the salty aroma of the ocean, closing her eyes and trying to relax. She didn't want to keep thinking, she needed a little mental and physical rest. But she couldn't stop images of Clarke of her incredible blue eyes, of her curvy but very balanced body, of that white, ivory skin coming to her mind. It was exquisite skin that she had felt and savored pleasantly with her lips and tongue. Skin she had lit with her hands and enjoyed caressing.

Her body immediately began to wake up from lethargy, making her smile, whilst the sheet seized every part of her anatomy, even with her eyes closed.

At that moment, that very familiar serious voice brought her back to earth.

- Did you think of something pleasant Lexa? - Clarke asked calmly and somewhat mischievously, standing beside her. She had seen Lexa head for the beach from her bedroom window.

- Yes, I do Miss Griffin... - Lexa answered, without losing her smile by slowly opening her eyes. She did not turn to look at the blonde, but kept watching the waves kissing the beach. Clarke was hypnotized for a moment, observing the beauty of that woman's face, a face that she could spend a long time admiring.

- Lexa, I would like it if you could leave the formalities. I know... I know it wasn't nice what happened on the plane, but you should stop taking everything so personal. You need time to know me better, to understand me. I don't like it when someone sees me weak or vulnerable. You must do what I say, and then we would not need to... - Clarke wanted to explain, even though she was fighting against it internally.

She didn't understand why she always ended up giving unnecessary explanations to her new employee, how she was, and why she did what she was doing. She cursed herself for doing it, and her damn employee was obviously not grateful.

- Discuss like a couple that we aren't Miss Griffin? - Lexa said sarcastically, without even looking at her, as if she really did not want to give her that minimal attention, which Clarke was demonically frustrated about it.

- Exactly…. Lexa... Look at me... - Clarke ordered, although in the soft tone of her voice it sounded more like a request, and Lexa couldn't help but to continue ignoring her. She knew that Clarke was making a great effort to explain herself, "apologize" again in her own way. The least she could do was give her some credits for that she thought.

Lexa let out the air contained in her lungs, turning her beautiful green eyes towards Clarke, who got lost in them for a moment. Heavens, they were so expressive, so warm, and so deep.

The green met the blue again, both feeling a slight electric shock running through them, although
neither wanted to admit to it.

- Lexa, we are not a couple, tell me that you understand this. My relationship with you is... it's something special, but I don't... I can’t... - Clarke was really hating herself for being so negligent in explaining herself simply and with clarity. The problem was that her mind was really divided, "confused," it could be said, and she still didn't understand how or why. But feeling the infinite power of those eyes on her simply left her speechless, without reason, and she knew that she had to mentally give herself a hard slap around her face.

- To be relate with me? To be relate with a mere mortal like me? Yes, I understand perfectly, so I will also repeat, I prefer formality in this deal from now on. I don’t want to fall into making mistakes again such as worrying about you or taking attributions that don't apply to me. And none of us want that right?- Both were feeling tense, not looking into each other's eyes due to a certain underlying problem.

Why the hell did Lexa always leave her speechless? Why did she have to be so deep in her conclusions? Why did she have to make her feel what she was feeling? And there she went again, Clarke Griffin giving explanations to her employee... "Griffin you are losing your damn mind". The CEO though with annoying once again...

- Lexa... I... I don't relate that way to anyone. It is not a matter of you being someone of the middle class or an employee. I simply don't relate lovingly to anyone, and if you have not lied to me, you said you hadn’t either. So I don't understand what the problem is. I don't want this tension between us, nor do I want you to not talk to me, or call me by my name. Maybe we can get to know each other better during these days whilst we are on the islands and reach an agreement. - Clarke was more than surprised with herself. Had she really just suggested they reach an agreement to an employee with whom she had repeatedly intimidated? What the hell was happening to her? She was clearly losing her mind. She was alarmed now, looking at Lexa with exorbitant eyes and yes, also somewhat pleading... SHIT!

- I don’t know... it is not easy for me to avoid making mistakes like that if there is not the formalities between us... - Lexa answered. Clarke's hidden request had taken her by surprise. But she wouldn't fall for her "good girl" little game in asking for a truce, she wasn’t stupid.

- You know Lexa, it was not a mistake. I mean your attitude on the plane, being kind, caring about me. It's just that I have my limitations and you must learn to know them, that's all. I... I like you Lexa... - "Shit Griffin!! what the fuck did you just say TO YOUR E M P L O Y E E ?!!" The CEO curse herself. - ... But don't push me in any way or you will only find a repeat of what happened in that bathroom. Now Lexa... could you be so kind as to call me Clarke and leave the formalities at home? At least for the days we will spend here? - Clarke was in the middle of a bloody battle inside, and the woman beside her didn't even recognize this. " Griffin, you have just lowered yourself down to the lowest level in your fucking life"

- Mmm... maybe... with one condition... - Lexa was internally enjoying the shocking statement and plea from the powerful CEO. Oh for all the Greek gods, the brunette was up there feeling like Olympus itself. Wait a minute... did she just hear correct...? Did Clarke just say that she likes her...?

- What did you say?! How do dare...?! - Oh, Clarke had enough of the arrogance coming from that EMPLOYEE!! She was so upset now, listening to that arrogant answer, and her "conditions"!! Who the fuck did that woman believe she was to demand conditions to HER?! Clarke's eyes only reflected her inner anger, which was about to explode.

- Let me take care of you, and let me know you, your true personality - Lexa demanded calmly,
piercing her eyes with those sparkling emeralds, now with the last light of the sun dying on the horizon. Clarke wasn’t sure that she had listened well? Take care of her and know her? But...

- I... I can’t... do that... - she tried uselessly to explain to Lexa, unable to be faster in her response, more concrete.

- Then there is no deal Miss Griffin. Either we know each other, or we continue in formality mode.
- Lexa stated, interrupting Clarkes excuses, finally making her explode. she had already listened to much stupidity.

- Lexa, you are not in a position to demand anything from me!! I don’t think... - Clarke tried to regain control, command, and show that misplaced woman who she was, and...

- Yes, I understand, but you are asking me for a truce, and I also have my strong issues to deal with internally. If I’m going to agree to this, the least I want is something from you too, don't you think that’s fair? - Clarke really had had enough now...

- SHIT! WHY are you so fucking always like this? Damn you Lexa... you annoying me so easy to the core... Arrrrrggggg... Come on, people are waiting for us... - Clarke responded very irritated, and turned to start walking in the direction of the house. Going to talk to Lexa had been a damn stupid mistake. It was impossible to deal with that woman.

- You still haven't answered my question Miss Griffin. - Lexa gently took her hand, stopping her immediately. Clarke looked first at the hand and then raised her burning eyes to the brunette’s. Her mind tricked her again, feeling that warm touch of that hand in hers shake her.

- I... I'll think about it, come on. I don't want to be late, you know I hate being late. - Clarke settled the issue. She didn’t want to continue feeling inferior or at the same low level as she felt right now. But she couldn't deny that that simple touch had turned her on. God damn!

- Very well... and what car do we have to drive on this island? - Lexa asked finally giving a truce to Clarke and releasing her hand. She started to walk behind her, while her eyes automatically lowered to that nice butt that created wonders in those white linen cloth pants, which looked great on the blonde.

- A 1995 Mustang. It was from my father. - Clarke answered in a dry and cutting tone.
- Wow, a great American classic, I like it. - she answered in a more euphoric tone than Lexa would have wanted to sound, but her passion for four wheels ran through her blood, and the opportunity to talk about cars simply took her attention away from any other subject. She had even diverted the great sight of that ass from her head, trying to see how many steps were left to get to the garage and discover that American beauty.

- It's not a matter of liking it Lexa, it's just a car you should drive. - Clarke replied again, not understanding the fascination for a simple vehicle, as she reached the garage door and pressed the button to open it.

Lexa rolled her eyes as she walked behind her boss, who clearly had no idea of cars, brands and the value of them. Nothing that would have impressed her. Lexa was still impressed with the fact that Clarke had confessed that she liked her, that she asked her to leave the formalities out. On top of that, she had also let her know that she didn’t relate romantically to anyone, nor did she supposedly belong to her social class. At this point Lexa could not hold a giggle back about that fact, which was immediately perceived by Clarke, who looked at her immediately over her shoulder, whilst the garage door of the house opened.

- What is so funny Lexa? - Clarke asked, annoyed.
Nothing Miss Griffin. - Lexa was dying to tell her, but she bit her tongue, blushing trying to sound as normal as possible.

- God damn...! Are you going to continue this Lexa? I ordered you to leave the stupid formality aside right now. - Clarke crashed, it was time to put things and people in their places she said to herself. That was an order and that was it.

- You know... - Lexa tried to continue arguing the point, but was suddenly interrupted by her boss, who turned towards her taking a step in her direction dangerously, almost pushing her to a position where their breasts were almost touching, although Clarke was half a head lower than Lexa.

- No, you are not going to demand anything from me, this is not subject to discussion or foolish deals Lexa. You will call me by my name, and you will stop with the formalities mode whilst we are on the island, and the subject is over.

The garage door opened, revealing the wonderful blue American machine, 1995 Mustang, that delighted Lexa's eyes, completely ignoring her annoyed boss.

- The keys please... - Lexa asked immediately, wetting her lips and biting them, eager to get behind this wonder. Clarke rolled her eyes, watching as the brunette seemed to ignore her completely, hypnotized by a simple car.

- They are in the ignition - Clarke snorted giving up, walking towards the passenger seat, to get into the car that once belonged to her father Jake. Clarke had kept the vehicle that somehow brought her good memories of when her family was normal, loving, happy, even if it had only been a few years that she could enjoy it.

- Look at this beauty... wow... I have not driven one of these for a while. They are so great... - Lexa fascinated, stroking the steering wheel covered by black leather with her hands, whilst her eyes stayed wide in joy from this beautiful car. Clarke watched her unable to believe it, rolling her eyes again. This really was ridiculous.

- It's just a car Lexa... now would you take me to my sister's house without wasting any more time? - Clarke ordered with more authority, ending the honeymoon that her chauffeur had developed with that vehicle.

- The address please? - Lexa simply ignored her, did not even look at her, continuing her admiration for the model of the '90s car that had been kept in excellent condition.

- I will guide you, just stay to your left when you take the road. And Lexa... you don't have to try the power of this car at its maximum speed. Also is only a few kilometers around here. - Clarke warned, knowing Lexa like she did, she was sure that Lexa had planned to press the speed pedal fully, and she really didn’t want to run a rally in the middle of the night.

- Killjoy.... - she heard Lexa mutter very low, now ready to turn the ignition on the masterful Mustang.

- What did you say?! - Clarke turned her blue eyes enraged by the impertinent comment from that woman. How dare she...?

- Nothing... - Said Lexa shaking her head slightly, letting out the heavy air from her lungs "Patience Lex" she thought to herself....
- I heard you... - Clarke replied annoyed, pointing her finger in the brunettes direction.

- So why ask me what I said? - Lexa shrugged, following her game of innocent denial.
- Lexa... just drive the damn car... - Clarke finally said adjusting her seatbelt. "It was simply useless to deal with this 31-year-old girl"

Oh, Lexa was having fun now, she looked at the future with delight, as well as the one she felt as soon as she started the engine of that powerful American machine, closing her eyes and enjoying the power of that wonderful sound in her ears.

Clarke watched her rolling her eyes, secretly amused by the exaggerated reactions of Lexa from feeling that car. It seemed that she was possessed by the thunderous sound that the vehicle produced, and it was practically stunning her.

They immediately left the garage and Lexa could not help but push on that accelerator a little more than she should, in the short drive from the house to the main road making Clarke snort and grab the armrest of her seat. Lexa was turning on the music now, she couldn't drive that beauty without listening to good music.

She noticed that there was a CD in which Clarke had no idea was there or what it contained, most likely it would be her father's. The brunette watched as Clarke shrugged, and shook her head, silently answering her question of whether she knew anything about it.

Lexa pressed the play button, and immediately the voice of the well-known Alanis Morissette began to fill the old car with her song “You Oughta Know”, making Lexa smile, further improving her mood. She was not only driving a classic car, but she was now listening to a great musician from those years of her teenage years.

She loved Alanis, she had been nothing less than her first celebrity crush. Lexa loved her music, her songs, her image, everything about that woman woke up every revolutionized lesbian hormone in her teenage body, waking her up to her sexuality.

Now, at 31 years of age, Lexa was there with a beautiful woman by her side that produced a similar reaction, but in a different way, you could say, as she drove with pleasure the old Mustang that was superbly maintained, and now she just got carried away by the hit In the late '90s, banging her fingers on the handlebars of the car, following the rhythm of the song.

Clarke could not help laughing, watching as the music and driving took possession of the brunette, who when she saw that she was having fun, without holding back, began to sing the song with the artist, making the blonde laugh even more and now waving her head.

- Come on, sing with me Clarke... I'm sure you know the lyrics... it's Queen Alanis... - Lexa said between belting out the words. The chauffeur was absolutely excited from adrenaline.

- You're crazy, I don't sing... - Clarke answered seriously, trying to ignore the desire to sing with her that popular song. She was still angry at the brazenness of the chauffeur.

- Come on... Just chill a little bit Miss Griffin... - Lexa said suddenly stroking Clarke's hand that was resting on her left leg, barely squeezing her thigh, and causing the blonde to jump and look at her.

That was Clarke's end, those sparkling eyes, that killing smile, and that enthusiasm continuing with the song, dampened the anger of the CEO, loosening her countenance.

Clarke rolled her eyes but smiled internally noticed as Lexa had finally left behind the formalities, and called her by name. Without hesitating, she surrendered to all that ruminating madness, not only in that Mustang, but in her life. The CEO began to sing somewhat shyly at first, while Lexa
raised the volume, and then together they sang the old hit from Alanis Morissette.

For an instant, they both forgot their differences, arrangements, derangements, and something in between. They were just two girls singing the song with fervor in the old mustang. The wind playing with their hair and shaking their faces, under a blanket of stars that the clear sky over the islands projected like a magic carpet.

Clarke simply felt possessed by the music, by the speed, and by that incredible woman by her side that took her out of this world, transporting her to another unknown galaxy, which unfortunately she liked too much. The CEO didn’t remember having had such a fun trip, until a certain moment she had raised her arms, feeling the force of the wind, while singing in unison with her beautiful chauffeur.

Clarke didn't even notice that Lexa had pressed the accelerator with enthusiasm, but almost at the end of the song, she noticed that they had just passed the entrance of the road that would take them to her sister's house. Immediately, trying to get the attention of the chauffeur who still sang the last chorus of the song, shaking her hair like crazy, lowered the volume of music to be heard.

- Lexa...!! (Clarke could not control the laughter that caused her to see Lexa so crazy) Just stop... LEXA! - Oh shit! And there was Cruella again, Lexa thought.... discouraged now, looking at her sideways.

- Ok... Fine... calm down ... what ... what happened Clarke? - Asked Lexa, lowering the speed and putting on a serious face.

- We just passed the entrance of the road we must take. - Clarke explained careful not to sound irritated, something that amazed Lexa. She regretted having passed, braking immediately to make a sharp U-curve with the vehicle.

- Oh shit... sorry... let me turn it around. - Lexa turned round to take the path and then entered the smallest of sand paths, which immediately took them to the house of Karolina and Nico, which was illuminated with some music playing out in the distance.

They stopped the Mustang and headed inside the house. It was quite similar to Clarke's. They were immediately greeted cheerfully by Karolina, before they had barely crossed the portal and walked around the house.

- They have finally arrived... the BBQ is almost ready, my sweetie is taking care of it, come in... let's go to the garden. I hope you don't mind Clarkie but I invited an old friend of ours to join us since she's in Maui for a competition. - Karolina received them with kisses and hugs, very excited, but announcing this strange guest sounded all the alarms in Clarke's head. "Old friend of her and her sister," she thought.... who the hell could it be?

Lexa also felt somewhat intrigued. She understood that the famous CEO had only three friends, of whom she had read an extensive report of each. Her "local" friend had no records, as well as Kalia's, for that matter she recalled.

- An old friend of ours? Who is it Karo? - Clarke asked very intrigued whilst walking next to her sister. Karo had taken her arm, leaving Lexa walking alone behind them, paying close attention to everything related to that "old friend" unknown to the FBI agent.

- Oh, it's a surprise sis... you'll love it, I'm sure you haven't seen her in centuries. - Karolina responded enthusiastically, leaving both Clarke and Lexa even more intrigued. The brunette however, had a kind of physiological emergency going on at that time.
- Karolina, excuse me, but could you tell me where the bathroom is please? I have a little emergency - Lexa said somewhat shy and smiling, whilst Clarke stopped next to her sister and looked at her.

- Oh, of course Lexa, if you go up to the first floor, it is the second door on the right.- Karolina replied, pointing with her hand where she was sending her.

- Thank you - Lexa said... entering the house immediately. She was really desperate and she cursed herself. She was dying to know who that old friend of the Griffin sisters was, especially when she had noticed that kind of “worry?” on the intrigued face of Clarke.

- Don’t worry, the meat is still lacking a little, I hope you are not vegetarian. - Karolina commented, making Clarke and Lexa smile, who stopped her steps to answer.

- Oh no, I am not. - Replied Lexa

- Well, great... and you my dear sis.... You come with me.... - Karolina took her older sister's arm again, leading her to the backyard of the house, while Lexa hurried to find the much needed bathroom.

Clarke didn’t give her much time to visit the bathroom before leaving. As she climbed the stairs, she quickly looked at the many photos hanging on the wall of the cozy house of the young and in love couple.

In most of the photos, Karolina and Nico were alone in tender poses. You could tell they loved each other a lot, and the images led Lexa to thinking about Costia, but she immediately pushed those memories out of her mind. Then she looked at some of the ones in which Clarke was very young, wearing her hair pink at the ends, which caused some grace. Knowing that this woman had had her crazy periods as a normal teenager made her laugh. There were others in which they were with more friends, but her need to empty her bladder was really strict, so she immediately went to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, downstairs...

Clarke wondered who the hell would be that surprise guest. The intrigue grew a lot when Karolina told her she was a mutual friend who she had not seen for a long time. She thought of some possible characters who lived on the island, but her sister had told her that she was on the island only because of competition.

She focused on that last "Competition" data, and almost immediately her mind came up with the only possible figure. As they were going out to the backyard, they bumped precisely into her. A very pretty individual who was very special to Clarke, one who woke up too many things in her past.

The blonde stopped her steps as soon as she left the backyard. She had not seen her for a long time, and she was a very beautiful, young adult woman now, but she seemed ten years younger, it could be said. All the damn butterflies began to flutter in Clarke's stomach, especially when the dark-haired woman turned her face finding the CEO, with her beautiful eyes so expressive and looking intently at her. And that smile on her face, it was as precious as her memories of her.

- Oh my God, Clarkie… It's been centuries girl! - the young woman immediately approached Clarke who was still somewhat static.
Now letting herself be embraced by the woman who still created certain feelings within her. She closed her arms around the CEO’s body in slow motion, making Clarke close her eyes to feel her more deeply if that was possible.

- Hi Madi... you... you look sensational... - Clarke whispered nervously in the ear of the brunette who was still hugging tightly. God! She had missed her, and it was only then that she realized how much.

Meanwhile, upstairs....

Once she had finished in the bathroom, Lexa came out much more relieved and with a smile of pleasure. She started to examine the photos on the wall, looking and having fun with the different stages of the famous CEO. Those photos were definitely not in the archives that had been examined in depth by her eyes, only weeks before becoming her chauffeur.

Clarke it seemed had had incredibly crazy periods, more than the ones she had in her teens. She also stopped to look at some where she was surfing, she seemed like a professional. She didn't know that Clarke could surf, and apparently she was good. She was intrigued to notice that in some photos she was next to a dark-haired girl, the face of which she could not see, because she was giving her back to the camera, seating on her surfboard in the water. The only one with her face turned to the camera was Clarke. She was smiling, Lexa could say it....”Happy?” Apparently that girl next to her had made her happy. Who would have thought it? Had Clarke Griffin ever fallen in love? It was a scoop that.

She stopped at the pictures where Clarke and Karolina were with friends, got closer to them to look at the faces in the photos, some were very funny, when her heart and mind stopped dry.

SHIT! NO! It couldn’t be... Suddenly, the blood drained from her face, her heart began to pump quickly, now looking at the cheerful face of none other than her younger sister Madi hugging Clarke and other friends. But she couldn’t ignore the small detail of how close together both the CEO and her sister were stood.

"NO SHIT! IT CAN'T BE MADI, PLEASE!"

- Hey Lexa, did you find the bathroom? - Karolina's voice brought her back to reality, and helped her to start breathing again. Her eyes turned somewhat disengaged, to look at the girl who had stood beside her looking at the old photo and smiling at the same time, as if recalling that image.

- Oh, we were a crazy group back then... and these two were always together... - Karolina said, looking at the photo. Her eyes turned to look at Lexa who was unable to recover in time, making the youngest of the Griffins notice that something was not right with her.
- Hey Lexa are you ok? You look pale... - Karolina asked worriedly taking her arm, as it seemed that the brunette was going to collapse right then and there.

- No... I... I... yes, I'm fine... it's just a little tiredness from the trip... We've been flying almost all day... Sorry... did you say they were always together...? Who do you mean with “they”, Karolina? - Lexa asked still trembling, trying to stand up, but her head was already spinning with the idea that her little sister and Clarke could had something in the pass.

- Oh... my sister, aka your boss, with a friend of ours with whom... I think they had something for a while... but that was like a thousand years ago. It was when we started to get together with a group of surfers on the beach, and we ended up gathering a nice group of friends... Clarke immediately
bonded with her, they were inseparable. I would tell you that I have never seen my sister as happy as the times when she has been in the company of this woman, the very pretty brunette you see next to her, the one that has her hugged... Madi.

Lexa felt her legs shake when she heard her sister's name and confirmed what her eyes were observing. "NO no no, it could not be, please no, she repeated to herself in her mind". How was it that her little sister had had something with Clarke? "God no, no no, I'm going to kill her right now, fuck the mission...!"

- Lexa... are you alright girl? Come with me, I have something that will help you with this jetlag... I know it well... - Karolina said, holding her arm to help her walk.

- I... yes... yes... thanks... - Lexa stuttered in reply

Lexa felt that she was going to kill someone with her own hands that night. It could not be true, her little sister could not have had something with Clarke Griffin, for God's sake, she pleaded internally. This was a fucking nightmare. How the fuck was her sister a friend of Griffin? and apparently more from what she could gather. When? Why Madi had never told her? Well, she reminded herself, her famous champion surfer sister knew a lot of people, and never mentioned anyone in particular to any of her thousands of friends that she seemed to possess throughout the fucking world.

They went down to the kitchen, and after leaving the brunette sitting in a high chair, Karolina immediately began to prepare a concoction with different things, whilst Lexa tried to recover from the shock. But the same thought kept coming back to her, Karolina was going to lose her big sister before the night was out, because she was going to kill Clarke.

- Here you go Lexa, you must drink it at once… everything, all the way to the bottom... and don't stop... it doesn't taste good but it's the best of the best, I assure you. Now just swallow it, don't smell it, don't taste it... - Lexa did as she was told with a totally puckered face, this stuff was really disgusting. She had no choice but to drink it to the bottom though as Karolina had told her, who was looking at her smiling across the counter.

- Oh for the love of God Karolina, what the hell is that? - Lexa asked, trying to swallow the last vestiges of that foul concoction, which was already arching.

- (Karolina laughed heartily) Yes, it's not nice but you'll see how good it is soon. You will feel great in a little while. Now what do you want to drink? I have lots of choices. - Karolina offered, whilst approaching her refrigerator and opening the door.

- A beer please - Lexa asked, although what she really wanted was a double whiskey. What she had just learned was too much. EVERYTHING now depended on finding her sister and chatting seriously with her about her damn past with Clarke Griffin.

- All right... here you go, now lets go outside, the food is almost ready. - Karolina took Lexa's arm, and led her to the outer courtyard.

Nico was on the grill whistling excitedly to the music that was playing in the background, none other than Lenny Kravitz with the song "If I could fall in love." Lexa liked this song, and when her eyes fixed on Clarke in a remote corner where she was talking to someone a bit to closely, she felt that somehow that song represented a bit of her crazy rollercoaster relationship with the CEO.

Lexa stared at Clarke, again lost in recent memories, but immediately noticing that the blonde didn’t sit still whilst making gestures with her hands. She could distinguish long dark hair sticking
out, while Clarke now raised her right hand to brush some unruly strands behind the ear of the woman she was speaking so animatedly to. Noting that the blonde's naughty fingers caressed the skin under the woman's ear with total impudence.

Lexa's blood boiled with rage from the sight, was Clarke clearly flirting with that woman? And what the hell was she there for? She asked very annoying in her mind. Clarke Griffin was a target in her mission, and now also had a price on her head, now that Lexa was aware of the apparently history between the CEO and her precious sister Madi.

Karolina led her directly to the CEO and the woman that she was flirting with, drawing the attention of Clarke, who had not realized that they were both behind her. Clarke was too absorbed in her entertaining conversation with Madi.

When Clarke pulled away to turn around and see what her sister wanted, Lexa's face was a poem, looking at Madi, with eyes that Clarke couldn't really understand, but she didn't like it.

Lexa was completely stunned, mentally blocked, that brunette Clarke had been touching and flirting with was none other than her younger sister Madi, who now was looking at her with the same look of shock on her face. The two had immediately frozen upon making eye contact, causing Clarke to notice. The CEO immediately bristled at the attitude from the brunettes, neither of which were making a sound still.

"Is this damn woman incapable of letting any skirt pass without looking at her this way. Damn you Lexa wet panties... you will not dare to look at Madi like that or I'll take your eyes out you, fucking shit traitor" Clarke thought to herself. Her face getting redder by the second, and her eyes already giving off daggers of ice.

- Lexa, let me introduce you to an old friend of ours, Madi Trikru. I don't know if you like surfing, but you're stood in front of a great champion here. - Karolina smiled and relaxed, hugging Madi with love, whilst Clarke's furious eyes kept glaring at Lexa.

- I... Its a pleasure to meet you Madi. - Lexa finally spoke, trying to recover as quickly as possible, and extending her hand to her sister, who luckily followed her performance.

- The... pleasure is mine... Lexa... - Madi responded by squeezing her hand, trying to sound normal and relaxed, drawing a smile on her tense face.

- I... yes, I like surfing, but I'm sorry... I'm not very aware of the professional champions. - Lexa commented, also trying to smile and sound less like a frozen idiot.

She knew that Clarke was watching her, and was not very happy with how she had acted when she first saw Madi. She knew that the blonde would not be very happy with her right now.

- Oh, don't worry... - Madi tried to start a conversation but was immediately interrupted by Clarke. Madi was struggling to understand why the blonde suddenly looked so upset, especially with her older sister.

It took about two seconds for Madi to work out what was happening here, and she swallowed her saliva, staying silent and watching the scene in front of her unfold. She didn't understand what the hell (Alicia)Lexa was doing here, and apparently playing Clarke’s actual couple?.

For God's sake, she needed to talk to her big sister in private urgently. But she also knew that Alicia(Lexa) was working, presenting herself as a stranger and with that false name “Lexa”. Madi was desperate to know what was going on. She was already stunned to have met up with Clarke,
with whom she had had something very special with a long time ago. But before any of the
surprised sister could do or say something more, the voice of the CEO interrupted their confused
thoughts.

- Lexa, I need to talk to you for a minute. - Clarke said fiercely, placing herself in front of Madi in
an almost protective movement, something that totally confused Lexa, who was still trying to get
over her shock.

- I... yes, of course Clarke... - Lexa answered, still somewhat stunned, but trying to keep the cold
tone from her voice due to the shit situation that had just occurred. Now she would have to listen to
the possessive attitude of Cruella, although she had no idea what angle it was going to come from.
A jealous lover with her, or a protective friend or ex lover for Madi?

- Madi, excuse me, I'll be back in a moment. - Clarke apologized in a very sweet and calm tone,
very different from how she had spoken to Lexa.

- Yes, of course Clarkie, no problem. - Madi answered, watching as both women retreated into the
house.

Clarke dodged around the static body of Lexa, who looked once more at her sister, who thank God
had followed her lead of pretend to be two completely strangers. She imagined that Madi
understood the situation a little due to Lexa’s reaction, and that she was presented with her false
name. What the hell was Madi doing here? God, everything was really screwed, she told herself, so
deep in her thoughts and worries and surprises, that she didn't notice that Clarke had stopped dead
and she very nearly walked into her. They had entered the house, and now they were in the kitchen.

- Oh, excuse me... I didn’t... - Lexa said dazedly raising her hands in defence when she saw how
agitated Clarke looked.

- Lexa... what the hell was that?! - Clarke asked, crossing her arms over her restless breasts, when
Lexa had obviously become distracted.

- What are you talking about Clarke? I'm asking you apo... - Lexa tried to explain herself, but she
was interrupted... obviously...

- I asked what that was out there when my sister introduced you to Madi? - Lexa's skin bristled
when she heard her sister’s name in Clarke’s mouth. Her eyes became full of anger unable to help
herself. No shit! She absolutely didn’t want her sister's name to be in that mouth, no, god damn it.

- I... I don't know what you mean Clarke?. I think you're exaggerating a little, don't you think? Why
are you so annoying? I really don’t understand, so please enlighten me. - Lexa was restraining
herself from attacking Clarke right there and then, so chose to be sarcastic instead.

Clarke was clearly jealous even after she had clarified on the beach that "they were not a couple"
and to top it off, it was her sister in the contest. Lexa began counting sheeps, her old resource to not
carry away by aggressive impulses...

- Lexa I'm not an idiot! Stop treating me like I am. There is a woman in there, and you are
practically lowering her panties with your eyes! - Clarke spat, pushing her against the high kitchen
counter, as she walked dangerously like a tigress about to devour her prey in the direction of Lexa,
who had taken two steps backwards, bumping her butt against the counter. But hearing Clarke's
outrageous insinuations made her forget about the sheeps, the fucking mission, the fucking
performance and her no less fucking patience...
- DON'T YOU DARE! DON'T YOU DARE INSINUATE THAT CLARKE!
- What... what the hell is wrong with you Lexa... ?! Get away from me right now... - Clarke ordered surprised by the violent reaction from Lexa, who seemed like she was going to kill her right there with her wild eyes that were full of rage. Lexa practically pounced on her in a single movement, leaving her imprisoned against the refrigerator and Lexa's own body.

Lexa was practically blinded by anger, very close to Clarke's body, who was pressed against the refrigerator, whilst Lexa was now holding her wrists tight. The brunette wanted to die when she realized what she was doing.

“Damn you Griffin! How the fuck could you think something like that....?!”

But Lexa knew that she couldn't blame her for thinking something like that, not with how she had behaved with Ontari first and then with Mette(Frida). The brunette needed to focus again, she just needed to breathe, she told herself. She immediately released Clarke's wrists, and walked towards the high table in the kitchen trying to recover, whilst Clarke looked at her in complete confusion, not understanding such an extreme reaction from Lexa.

- I... I'm sorry Clarke... seriously, but it bothers me that you think so little of me. And believe me, I didn't look at your friend in any way, much less how you seems to think. She just caught my attention because I thought I recognized her from somewhere. Maybe on the cover of a magazine... Now you tell me Clarke.... Why does it affect you so much the way I could look at her? - Lexa suddenly turned the tables over to Clarke in an attempt to divert attention away from the core of her strange attitudes.

Who the hell did she think she was to interrogate her in such a suggestive and two-way way? Immediately though angry Clarke, staring at Lexa ready to make some things more clear to her damn employee.

- YOU DON'T MAKE THE QUESTIONS LEXA! You claim that you are not interested, well just let me tell you now, that you better not even think about getting close to Madi, not if you don't want me to punish you again. Its that enough clear for you?. Because I have no problem in continuing to educate you. Now control yourself and get back out there with a different face and attitude. - Lexa swallowed hard listening about the punishment, one that she was not willing to let happen again, she told herself. Not because she was afraid of Clarke, but because she was not willing to feel humiliated in that way ever again for not knowing how to handle a situation. Now she felt the tremendous need to ask, although a part of her mind yelled at her not to.

- Clarke... did you and her have... - Finally, she dared to ask the question, after nodding her head to what Clarke had said. But clearly the question was very out of place, as she could see the burning eyes with which Clarke looked at her again, stopping her steps to turn her face around again, as if she had placed a finger in her ass without previous attention.

- That is no concern of yours Lexa. I will not discuss my private life with you, I have never shared mine and hers business with anyone and I will not start doing it now. Please take five minutes and come back out there with a better attitude.

Clarke withdrew from the kitchen and stepped out to the backyard again, whilst Lexa's vision clouded a little. She was out of control, everything was out of control around her. Clarke was under the impression that she was looking at Madi wanting to fuck her. Her guts churned immediately, and she needed to run to the kitchen sink to vomit.

Lexa rinsed her mouth out, trying to recover and calm down a bit. She urgently needed to talk to Madi, needed to tell her to get out of there immediately and not come back. But how the hell was
she supposed to do that without raising the fucking suspicions that Clarke already had regarding her interest in Madi? Shit! And on top of that, she had to deal with the small detail that apparently Clarke and her sister had had something. Her mind was filled with questions as to how, when, for how long, how serious had it been.

But she told herself that she needed to calm down and think, think coldly about the next steps to follow, she was a fucking dam FBI agent on a very important mission, that she just putted at risk once again, for not be able to control the situation, even when the problem was her only one little sister in the game. She needed to comeback to the cold mind agent mode, and soon, before all ending in the trash.

At least she was really grateful that Madi followed her line of action, because otherwise, the entire operation would go to the toilet right there. Now she was beginning to think, what did Clarke know about Madi, about her life, about her family? Did Madi ever tell Clarke about her sister, Alicia? God, this was such a fuck up on such a large scale.

Her despair simply grew as the minutes passed. When her little sister's face appeared in the kitchen, she was alone, and looked at her surprised, very surprised. She approached her, sensing that something was wrong due to her being here as Lexa.

- Ali are you alright? What the hell are you doing here? - Madi asked as she approached Lexa, resting her hand on her shoulder. Her sister pulled away immediately, worried that Clarke would walk back in to follow Madi perhaps. Her sister was surprised at that attitude, but she was still waiting for her answer, staying in her place without moving, now with her arms crossed over her chest looking pretty annoyed.

- PLEASE, don't call me like that Madi! I was going to ask you the same thing? What the fuck are you doing here with Clarke Griffin? - Lexa asked directly, looking somewhat desperately at her sister, who was surprised by the attitude of her older sister for mentioning Clarke as if she were some kind of demon.

- Well, I am friends with her and her sister Karo from several years ago... but, I don't understand.... why are you spitting her name out as if she is some kind of demon? And what are you doing here? Because if I'm not mistaken, you look like you are with her right? - Now it was Madi who was upset and trying to investigate her relationship with "her old friend"

BINGO!, thought Lexa bitterly. Clearly her worries were well founded, not only was Clarke upset, but Madi too, this was just fucking perfect.

- Shuuuu... please listen to me Madi, I don't have much time. I am working, do you understand? That's why they have introduced me to you as Lexa, who, for your information, is the new CEO's chauffeur, or should I say... "your old friend’s chauffeur” Now... please tell me that you and she... didn't... - Lexa needed to be brief and concise, but time was pressing, and her adrenaline was out of control from worrying that she was going to be caught talking here.

Madi felt somewhat intimidated by the question of her sister, who had approached her and studied her in detail with her eyes. She looked panicked, Madi would say, waiting for her answer.

- Clarke's chauffeur? But..... - Madi really didn’t want to answer that question, trying to divert the conversation away from Alicia(Lexa), her older sister.
- Shit Madi, don't play dumb with me and try to dodge. I asked you a fucking question... Please answer me... did you and Clarke...?

- I....
Hey, here they are.... the food is ready. Come on Madi, bring a beer for Clarkie, you know what she likes, no actually, bring two... - Nico said, surprising the sisters and making them jump. They stopped talking looking at each other like accomplices both still feeling somewhat confused.

Lexa cursed the fucking bad moment of interruption, Madi however feeling that she had been saved by the bell. She had never loved seeing her friend Nico's face so much as she had at that moment in the kitchen.

- Yes, of course Nico, there we go ... - Madi answered, releasing the air retained in her lungs, and dodging her sister's static body in order to go to the refrigerator and take out two bottles of beer, then following Nico who waited for them to leave.

Lexa’s head was one big mess. She wanted to kill not only Clarke, but also her little sister. Why the fuck had Madi never told her that she was friends with the famous CEO, Clarke Griffin? Even more so if they had had something together. Shit! Lexa really just wanted to run from there immediately. But she took a sip of her beer, walked out to the backyard, and put on her best mask of "it's all good" look, and continued to walk behind Madi and Nico.

The lighted blue eyes of Clarke immediately landed on Lexa. The brunette knew that the blonde was going to combust if she kept looking at Madi, so she thought it better to calm the waters before Hurricane Griffin went off on a large scale. She knew Madi wouldn't give her away, not now that she had explained that she was "working" and that she was playing being Clarke's chauffeur. But she just wanted Madi to get out of there as soon as possible, after, of course, she had explained her that unknown past with the CEO.

They all enjoyed a delicious dinner of sausages and hamburgers with salads and fries, between laughs, anecdotes of childhood and adolescence that Karolina was dedicated to tell with enthusiasm. Clarke tried to stop her but it was impossible, while Lexa slowly relaxed and paid attention to the historic antics of the CEO, some of which her own little sister was included. To these anecdotes the brunette paid even more attention, discovering that Madi and Clarke had apparently had a time of adventures and discoveries, although she could not assess to what degree that "special friendship" had reached yet. Both were a little nervous and shy whilst listening to Karolina recount the anecdotes and the details of how they always disappeared, and would return together at the same time when returning to the gang.

Everyone in that group of friends had speculated that something was happening amongst the pair of them, and if the looks between the pair of them spoke, Lexa was again tense, although she tried to ignore the situation so as to not make things uncomfortable, for the good of all, not just her own. If there had been anything between Madi and Clarke, it was clearly in the past, long time ago. She couldn't change it, and she wouldn't benefit by getting angry about it either. It was just a really bad fucking coincidence that she hated.

The problem was that Lexa had paid close attention, perhaps too much to how Clarke looked at Madi, her eyes filled with many emotions, and the way she blushed from the old memories exposed on the table. The complicit smiles between the two were too much for Lexa at times, and she desperately wished to leave the table, the house, and the island itself.

But when she was deeply lost inside her own mind, she suddenly felt Clarke's hand resting next to her, on her leg under the table, slyly caressing her, and making her cough a little, settling somewhat restless in the chair. What was Clarke playing at? Lexa felt somewhat uncomfortable, especially when Clarke's hand got too close to certain sensitive parts of her anatomy. She didn’t dare look at the CEO, who was still talking with Nico at the time as if nothing was going on, while Madi and Karolina continued to laugh remembering old times.
Clarke had noticed that Lexa was tense listening to some of the memories that her beloved sister had openly told. The memories that appeared to stress the brunette were those related to Madi, and those insinuations that Karolina brought to the table, insinuations that she nor Madi ever confirmed to her younger gossip of a sister. It was something very special between them, and they had been amused by how desperate Karolina was in trying to find out what was happening between them.

But Clarke was now confused by Lexa's strange attitude. She seemed to be far too interested in knowing what she and Madi had shared in the past? It seemed crazy, Clarke thought for a moment, but Lexa was behaving as though she really felt something for her, and that perhaps her strange behavior was due to “jealousy”? She knew that she had not been able to restrain herself from looking over at Madi numerous times during dinner and the revealing of past stories. She had shared many complicit glances with the brunette surfer. Lexa was now probably very aware of her silly fascination with her old friend, confusing things a bit.

Clarke told herself that if that was the problem, then she would make it very clear to Lexa who she really wanted to be with, and who her current interest and desire was for. Very boldly, she moved her hand to search for Lexa’s leg whom was sitting next to her. She began to caress her, raising her hand boldly towards her sex. She was amused by the surprised reaction of the brunette, who started coughing and drinking her beer more nervously. The CEO worshiped the moment, feeling in control of the situation and her chauffeur, who she realized needed to feel more secure about her boss's loyalty.

Lexa didn't really know what to do, but now Clarke's hand was stroking her damn crotch. She was obviously doing it on purpose, but why? Her mind was so disturbed that she couldn't even attempt to join in any of the conversations that were simultaneously going on, when the next question on the table just shocked her...

- Tell me Madi, how is your sister? What was her name? - Clarke suddenly asked looking at Madi, who felt her brain shut down at once, trying terribly not to look at her sister who was sitting in front of her, next to Clarke.

- Alicia... - Karolina said right away, helping her sister's memory.

- Yes... sure... Alicia... - Clarke said smiling, sticking out her tongue.

Lexa who was drinking from her beer, couldn’t contain her horror, and spit out what she had just drunk, coughing desperately. Clarke and everyone else looked at her worried. The blonde had removed her hand from in between her legs, but her eyes still looked naughty, thinking perhaps that she had caused that reaction.

Madi’s face was a poem, watching as her sister tried to recover from drowning with beer, knowing very well why it had occurred.

- Oh my God Lexa... are you alright girl? - Nico asked worriedly
- Yes Lexa, are you alright? If you want I can accompany you to the bathroom... - Clarke said suggestively. The blonde was more than ready to deal with Lexa’s sudden fever and silly attack of jealousy in the bathroom, without any problem, especially as she had begun to feel the moisture between Lexa’s legs, turning her on immediately.

- No, that won’t be necessary. Thank you though Clarke... sorry, God, I’m so... clumsy... I just... I just choked from a sip of beer... Please continue.... - Lexa asked, trying to recover from the moment, still barely able to speak. Listen her real name in Clarke's lips was kind of shocking, making her trumble. Now she justa wanna know what Madi have told her friends about her big sister more than ever.
- Well... Madi, your sister Alicia... where is she now? - Clarke asked, immediately turning her eyes to the brunette in front of her, thinking that it was better to attend to Lexa later when they had the privacy of her home. But she loved the awkward moment, it was well deserved, she told herself, as Lexa had bothered her several times in the same afternoon.

- Oh... yes Alicia... well, she is... - Madi began to babble, trying to think what the hell to say about her sister, who was sat right there in front of her, trying not to look at her.....

Chapter End Notes

Dear readers a reminder very important. Please remember that the Madi of this story have the same age as Clarke, 28 years old. Please try to dont relate the same character as Madi in The100. I know is a little bit stranger but have that in mind all the time! Thanks for read it, comments, kudos and bookmarks!!
Sangabrielle
- My sister… is living in Scotland. She moved there about three years ago... she works as a Professor of Literature at the University.

- Wow.... Scotland, that’s cool Madi... and hey, now that I think about it, you still own us a picture of your mysterious sister.... Alicia... - Nico said whilst laughing. Lexa tensed immediately, knowing that she was indeed that “mysterious sister”

The eldest of the Woodson’s eyes were irritated, looking at her sister in despair, but at the same time trying to hide, as she could feel clarkes eagle eyes on her. The blonde had appeared to have relaxed a little now though, once she had decided that Lexa’s issues were all down to jealousy and tension.

- Well, you should say… you two my dear sis... Because I have already seen a photo of the mysterious sister of Madi - Clarke said proudly, causing Lexa to start coughing again, and look sideways at her sister very close to wanting to strangle her.
- Oh that’s playing dirty Madi! How have you shown a photo of her to Clarke and not to us?! - said an annoyed Nico, whilst Karolina nodded at her side. Clarke was smiling, whilst Lexa still sat there tense. Madi decide to quickly explain to save Lexa’s peace of mind.

- Well, not really, it was one in which we were both just two kids. My sister was eight years, and I was five. - Madi clarified, and Lexa finally felt the air return to her lungs, whilst Clarke laughed.

The table talk continued for a good while. Clarke had not attempted to move her hands back under the table, and Lexa was feeling slightly calmer as to what Madi had talked about regarding her older sister Alicia.

Her head was however, still spinning desperate to know what Madi and Clarke had shared when they were younger. Lexa tried to distance herself and act normal the rest of the evening by joining various conversations, knowing that she would find out sooner or later what the story was between those two, who were still intent on making a fair bit of eye contact over several moments.

When the table and utensils had been cleared, Nico settled in the kitchen to wash the dishes that had been used. Lexa graciously offered to help her with the drying, but then heard in the distance, Clarke invite Madi to take a walk on the beach. She almost dropped the crockery that she was drying as the tension returned to her body immediately hating the moment that jealousy surged through her. She felt fucked up, and couldn’t deny that it was due to the thought of Clarke and Madi spending time together.

Lexa froze, and her silence did not go unnoticed by Nico who was still washing by her side, nor to Karolina when she entered the kitchen, and surrounded her partner with her arms, before lovingly depositing a sweet kiss on her exposed neck. Lexa turned her eyes to look at them, and felt a little envious of this couple infront of her who were now laughing shyly clearly very much in love.

- Sooo Lex... tell us about how you are finding working for my sister? - Asked Karolina still hugging her girlfriend from behind.

- Yes Lex, tell us... especially now that your boss has gone to catch up with her old friend? Is that what we should call them, my love? - Nico added looking at Karolina, who nodded her head laughing.

- Well... you know, we can speculate for a lifetime, but those two are never going to tell us what they had, and I’ve tired of trying to get it out of Clarke. She is going to take it to her grave. I mean... your own sister refusing to unveil a secret like that?! - Joked Karolina looking at Lexa, who immediately felt a sharp stab in her stomach upon hearing that. Right now, all Lexa needed was to run outside and scream.

- Hey Lex... ? Huston calling planet earth...?? - Nico joked, trying to get the brunette's attention, who looked lost in her thoughts

- Oh…. yes, excuse me, I don't know what is wrong with me today! Maybe the tiredness from this trip is affecting me more than I thought. I am not used to traveling so much in one day - Lexa excused herself, both girls understanding nodding, and smiling.

- Sure, we understand, now tell us, how did you manage to land such an interesting job, and how are you coping working for my control freak of a sister? - Karolina asked sarcastically. Lexa couldn't contain her snigger causing all three of the ladies to start laughing uncontrollably.

Whilst walking along the beach, Clarke and Madi walked barefoot near the ocean, feeling that fresh, salty water kiss their feet. It was just the right temperature, perfect in all its essence. The sky was full of stars, and the beautiful moon reflected over the ocean. Clarke felt the flutter in her stomach similar to that of old ones, whilst Madi was somewhat distracted from what had gone
down at the house. How it was possible that her sister was on a mission here? What had it got to do with Clarke? It was clearly Clarke that her sister was investigating.

- What is troubling you Madi? I have noticed that you don’t seem right tonight? -asked Clarke, finally cutting through the silence that reigned between them.

- Oh... it's nothing Clarkie, I’m a little tired maybe. I have been traveling and competing a lot lately, and you know... I'm not a teenager anymore, and I’m thinking of finally settling down in one place. I really want to dedicate myself to what I have studied - Madi explained. She felt excited about her decision on where she was taking the next step in her life, and Clarke liked the sound of the project.

- Oh, do you mean marine biology? Tell me what your plans are? Maybe I could help you out in some way - Proposed Clarke very enthusiastic about the idea of helping Madi achieve her goals.

- I would like to open a research and rescue center for marine species that are in danger of extinction, and I’m hoping to open it here in hawaii.

- Wow, that sounds great, and if any of my technology can enhance your ideas, or help in any way, then you know I would gladly offer it to you Madi.

- That would be amazing Clarkie, thank you - Answered Madi gratefully.

- You know... I have told you many times Madi, that whenever you need me, I will be there regardless of what the reason is. I'll always be in your debt, and you are a very special person to me... - Clarke took steps to be nearer to Madi, and took hold of her hands gently, both of them making intense eye contact with each other.

Clarke was seriously a very beautiful woman, and although there was something different about her, Madi still recognised the old Clarke. The brunette smiled sweetly, her eyes sparkling, and without hesitation hugged the blonde strongly. She had missed her old friend a lot. Madi had a special connection with Clarke. She had always felt very close to her, and they had spent a lot of time together over the years. What they had shared when they were barely mature teenagers had been very very special, and they had sworn to protect that secret forever. They would never reveal it to anyone, and they had kept that oath to this day.

When they separated, Clarke took her face gently, and looked at her with fascination. She became a little lost in those beautiful huge eyes, and without knowing why the image of Lexa crossed her mind, causing her to frown slightly. It confused Madi a little, but leaving the moment Clarke joined their lips, and deposited a soft and faint kiss on the lips of the brunette, before gently brushing their noses. Leaving them both breathing deeply whilst their hands joined.

- I've missed you so much Madi - whispered Clarke.

- Me too Clarkie... but I need to ask you something.

- You can ask me anything... come on, lets go and sit down over there for a moment - Clarke proposed pointing to a place a few meters away from them.

They settled next to some rocks, where Clarke leaned against them and opened her legs for Madi to sit between them, which the brunette did immediately. Then Clarke placed her chin on Madi’s right shoulder, placing a sweet kiss on her cheek, whilst her arms hugged her around the waist. The brunette loved the fact that Clarke always showed that level of sweetness with her.

- What do you want to know beautiful? Ask me... - spoke Clarke, squeezing herself against Madi’s
- You and that girl… Lexa… - started Madi nervously, causing Clarke's heart to start pounding immediately upon hearing the name that already produced too many emotions inside of her. She immediately understood what Madi was trying to ask her.

- Nope… - Clarke replied simply hiding her face in the brunette's neck with shyness, trying to run away from the answer, since she struggled to talk about Lexa.

- Let me finish Clarke… (Madi laughed a little nervously) you know I know you like nobody else, not even Karo know you so well. So don't cut me off with a "nope". I have observed you both, and I know that there is something going on between you both. Tell me Clarkie, it won't bother me - Madi insisted, stroking the CEOs head with her hand tenderly.

- It's…. It's something complicated Madi… I know…

- We are alone Clarkie, let go and talk to me Boo - pleaded Madi…

- (Clarke laughed nervously, still hiding her face on Madi’s exposed shoulder) You haven’t called me that in a long time…

- (Madi smiled with her, clamping her arm that was supported on her stomach) Well that just proves that we don’t see enough of each other, now don't dodge me Boo and tell me what is going on with that Lexa, and don't lie to me. She’s not just your chauffeur, so save yourself the acting with me.

- Shit… You sound like my wife, and you should be, but… you know… well… I really don't know Madi. She started working for me a little while ago, and ermmm... we have had… some moments…

Yet Madi had been her only friend to whom she told and confessed everything in her life, her feelings, she was like an open book to Madi. Nobody had access to her inner thoughts like the brunette that she was holding in her arms, but this woman held an important place in Clarke’s life and her new chauffeur was starting to approach that stage.

- Have you slept with her? - Madi asked without hesitation. If she was honest, she had true mixed feelings cursing through her mind right now, although she needed to hide that from Clarke. She wanted to know the truth about what had happened between Clarke and her sister.

- Are you going to get mad if I say yes? - Asked Clarke shyly depositing another sweet kiss on Madi’s shoulder, who immediately felt a small stab through her heart.

This was not good she told herself, especially if her sister was investigating Clarke. She feared for both right now. She could tell that Clarke was feeling something for her sister. Madi immediately felt in a horrible position like she was in the middle of both. How could she help them both without hurting or betraying either of them? She definitely needed to do something to separate them. She knew that if Clarke was getting involved, she was going to be left hurt at the end of the story, so she needed to lead her into giving up on the idea.

She also felt lousy for not being able to tell the truth of who her new chauffeur was. Madi could never reveal the secret of her sister's job, not even to Clarke. This situation had never happened before, and she trully felt awful and overwhelmed from all angles.

- Boo, you know I'm not going to get angry. We have spoken many times, but hmmm... tell me…. what do you feel for her… ? Why am I perceiving that this is not something casual? I can see it in
your eyes when you look at her... So tell me the truth... - Madi pressed a little more needing to be sure of what Clarke felt for Lexa.

- Well... Danmit! I don't really know... it has never happened to me before... but I can't deny that maybe I am developing some feelings for her... i let me tell you i know is insane... but.... Shit! - Clarke confessed, feeling her heartbeat accelerate. Listening to her own voice felt almost unreal, and like she was absorbed in complete madness.

- Don't you think it's a little risky Boo? You barely know her, and I’m not sure how she has managed to captivate you like this? You never fall in love with anyone... - That word cut deep into Clarke's thoughts..." love "??! No, definitely not, that could not be it. She never...

- I knew that you were going to get angry... I could feel it... - Clarke felt extremely exposed, and continued hiding her face in Madi's neck, who immediately turned her head to look Clarke in the eye whilst she caressed her face with her hand.

God, what a mess everything seemed, thought Madi. Clarke could not be falling in love with Alicia (Lexa), this was really the damn wrong person and moment.

She was worried, but not angry with Clarke, how could she be? That woman had suffered so much in her childhood and adolescence, that her heart had been left enclosed in an ice cell, so she certainly never imagined that the day would come when her friend would confess that she was in love with someone. On the one hand, she was really happy, as this news was on a par of a miracle occurring, and if the circumstances would have been different then Madi would have been ecstatic to have found out that Clarke and her sister were together as they really did make a super cute couple. Shit! She cursed this evil moment.

- Noooo... Boo... Look at me please... I'm not angry. You know that what is between me and you goes far beyond that... it would make me very happy to see you in love, and linking your life to someone that makes you happy. But you have to be careful though Boo... I mean I dont need to tell you that you two belong in different worlds, and the fact that this women has suddenly appeared to be your chauffeur, well I would not throw myself in that pool without first looking if there is water... - Madi felt like her hands were tied, but she needed to help Clarke in some way without betraying her sister.

- I know Madi... I know that well, I know it's risky and madness, but i can't deny how Lexa makes me feel when I'm with her... - Clarke confessed realising that she didn't have to deny it whilst sat here with Madi. She was scared, but felt relieved to accept it, although she still felt crazy.

- Boo... you are definitely in love with her and I'm afraid that if you’re not careful then she could hurt you. Promise me that you will becareful with her. - Madi didn't have any doubts about Clarke's status, and she felt terrified for her. She fucking hated fate right now.

She wondered if her sister had any idea of Clarke's feelings towards her. She knew that the blonde was the queen of hiding behind hard masks in order to disguise her true feelings. She definitely needed to talk to Alicia (Lexa) urgently in addition to also finding out why the hell the FBI was investigating Clarke.

- Don’t worry “MAMI”, I will be fine... Anyhow, what about you? What did you think of her? - Clarke joked a little sensing how worried Madi was feeling because of her "horrible state". She undoubtedly understood why, since she had her own concerns also.

- Who, Lexa? - enquired Madi…
- Aha... I saw the way that you both looked at each other her several times.... I couldn’t define exactly... - Express the CEO.

“Shit!” thought an extremely tense Madi by luck she knew how to handle Clarke’s insight. 
- Don’t start Boo... (laughed a nervous Madi) I was just studying her carefully as I knew straight away that she was much more than that to you, when you said that she was your new “chauffeur”.

- Does it show that much? - asked a fearful Clarke, worried that she was being too careless and obvious in the public eye.

- No, you hide it pretty well, but I know you to well Clarkie, and this Lexa... well I can’t do an evaluation of someone in a few hours. But she seems cool, friendly, kind, well educated.... I stop teasing her like that... - Madi said, giving a little blow on Clarke's arm, referencing to what happened on the table. She knew well how naughty Clarke could be, and that was amusing but not so much when her sister was was the victim.

- (Clarke started laughing nervously, leaning her mouth on Madi's shoulder) I have absolutely no idea what you mean…

- No, of course you don’t... so one of your hands didn’t just disappear from sight, just before Lexa choked on her beer...?

- (Clarke was still laughing like a naughty girl who had been caught out) Shit! I just can't hold back...

- You are impossible Clarke Griffin, do you know that? You have not changed at all. Poor Lexa... she really doesn't know what she is getting into does she? - Madi laughed infecting Clarke a little, who was giving her a light slap in her arm, feeling slightly offended.

- Don't say that, you are breaking my heart... - Clarke accused trying to be drastic, though she was trying her best not to laugh.

- Awwww... Noooo... you know it was only a joke... but again, please just be careful. I don't want to see you hurt... - Madi warned again, now being far more serious. She knew right there and then that she couldn't make more for her friend and the awkward situation, but she definitly hate it. She knew that her sister was working so in the end she will hurt Clarke and she was unable to stop that to happen without revealed Alicia(Lexa) real identity and work, and of course family come first.

- Why are you not my wife Madi? Everything would be so much more easy... - Smirked Clarke to the brunette.

- (Madi laughed) You know why, but I care about you a lot, and I desperately don’t want to see you hurt, but for what i hear you take good care of yourself Ice Queen Bossy CEO - Madi joked again, now leaving Clarke a little surprised.

- And how do you know that?- Asked the CEO interested.

- How??? Do you think I live in another galaxy Clarkie? I listen, I watch the news. You have created a new version of yourself in order to survive in this hostile world that you move around in, and I understand it, but it's strange sometimes to see you with this strange hard bichty attitude, always so cold and arrogant. I love you, and I understand that you do it to handle that huge power you managing now. It’s hard to witness, but I know that you do it to protect yourself... - Madi explained, in a calm and a little sad tone of voice that didn’t go unnoticed by Clarke.

- Sometimes, I don't know who I am anymore Madi... - the blonde said sorrowfully, losing her eyes
in the waves that kissed the beach.

- But I do know who you are, and that is why i love you the way i do - Madi answered safely in her voice, stroking Clarke's face sweetly, and resting it back on her shoulder.

Meanwhile…

Lexa had headed down to the beach after helping the girls in the kitchen, and had sat herself down on the sand to contemplate, whilst watching the calming waves rush up the shoreline. She had such mixed feelings about everything, and now that Clarke had taken Madi for a night walk on the beach far from her eyes, that had not pleased her at all. Her heart was still, and her mind kept imagining situations of both of them together, tormenting her relentlessly.

But her thoughts were interrupted by the sweet voice of Karolina, who approached her and sat beside her, surprising her a little.

- Hey... waiting for your boss? - Said the youngest of the Griffins, as she sat down next to her.
- Something like that... also thinking a little about my life I guess... I've always liked relax my mind contemplating the ocean and allowing the waves to calm my reflections... And Nico? Where is she? - Lexa asked, dodging the direct double question from Karolina. She sensed right away where the young blonde psychologist was going with that line of questioning.

- Oh, she is talking to her mother via Skype, so I thought I would head down here for a little while. I also like to ramble down here to this beautiful natural place, that is why I come to live here with my sweetie. - Laughed Karolina. Lexa could not deny that the youngest of the Griffins was as beautiful as her older sister, but much nicer and warmer.

- It's very beautiful... to see you both together... - Lexa suddenly commented intending to lead the conversation in a different direction again. She knew that Karolina had intentions to investigate her personality.

- Yes, well thank you. We really are one of these inseparable couples and lovers. Obviously we have our differences, but so far we have found the perfect balance in our relationship. And what about you Lex? Are you with someone? - Enquired Karolina.

- Nope... I’m alone and happy at the moment... - Lexa laughed, accompanied by Karolina. The undercover detective doubted that that had sounded very convincing, judging by the blonde's face next to her.

- Well... it's just strange for a woman as cute as you are to be single... Are you one of those that doesn’t want to be tied down?

“And here we go with the psychoanalysis ” thought Lexa, looking at her sideways and shaking her head.

- Mmm... let's say no... At the moment I'm fine as I am

- I see... well, let's say that in a different situation, I would say that you would be perfect for my sister... - Smiled Karolina sincerely, surprising the brunette a little.

- Oh... well, thanks... but...
- Yes, of course... I understand... You are her employee... but you know ... I feel I've seen feelings between the both of you tonight if you don’t mind me saying... - Karolina was willing to dig deep,
but Lexa was not going to make things easy.

- That’s not accurate. I know the fact that your sister takes me everywhere lends itself to confuse people, but there are no feelings involved... - Lexa played innocent. She knew that Karolina didn’t know anything and was just taking wild guesses, even though she was scarily correct in her assumptions.

- Lex... I don't know you, but I know my sister well... and I also know that sometimes... well, she has... you know... certain relationship specials...

- I really don't know what you mean... I haven’t seen anything to suggest that... – “Interesting”, thought Lexa trying to avoid the direct pressure from Karolina.

- Lex... it's fine. I don't want to bother you, I just hope that my sister is not making a big mistake with you...

“Ouch, that hurt” though Lexa, frowning a little. “Like your sister is Virgin Mary, so pure and innocence...!”

- What do you mean? - Lexa asked, putting on a serious face and looking annoyed. She really needed to put on a good act with this Psychologist, who was watching her in great detail. The brunette felt very uncomfortable, and hated that Clarke’s sister was trying to psychoanalyze her.

- I must be honest with you Lexa. The rare fact that my sister has her eyes on you scares me a little, because Clarke is not one to put her eyes on anyone, she hasn't done it before, not like she does with you. So as her sister, I’m simply asking you that before you hurt her, please get away from her. - Lexa was starting to get pissed now...

“Ouch… What the hell darling? Do you know anything about your innocent sister?”, thought an annoyed Lexa, although she kind of understood where Karolina was coming from, she would do the same for Madi.

- I believe that you are very confused Karolina. I don't pretend anything from your sister other than keep working for her. Now if you'll excuse me... - Lexa tried to stand up to get away from Karolina's moral and ethical scrutiny, but the blonde immediately stopped her and held her wrist.

- Lexa... stay please. It really wasn't my intention to offend you, so please excuse me, but I always worry about Clarke. I just wish to protect her in the same way that she always has with me and my brother. Do you have siblings?

- No - Lexa replied abruptly, but clearly. She was already tired of this little game, and apparently Karolina understood.

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- That explains it... When you have siblings, you protect them by nature. That is the only thing that I am doing here... But again, I hope you understand that and will excuse me. - Lexa accepted the apologies, after all if she was honest with herself, Karolina had very good reasons to worry and be concerned. Lexa partly regretted it when the bomb fell, then various hearts were going to end up wounded in the contest, she told herself sadly.

- I get it Karolina, don’t worry. Even when I don't have siblings, I can understand that feeling of protection, but you don’t need to worry about me - She hated lying to Karolina, she looked really worried about her sister.

In this case Lexa knew that Clarke was going to end up wounded when the truth surfaced. All she could do was internally beg to herself that Clarke wasn't involved in anything bad, and that they
would all listen to her reasons for lying when the case came to fruition.

- And how do you feel about the fact that Clarke has gone with Madi? - POW! Karolina had thrown the bomb direct, and Lexa had not been ready to receive it and turn it around. She had improvised the best that she could trying to sound convincing, though she knew what it was like to fight against the wind. Apparently, the psychologist had already viewed too much between them, and was almost certain that something was going on between them.

- It doesn’t bother me... I have already told you, I have come out here to clear my mind. What happens between your sister and that girl is none of my business really.

- Mmmmm... Yes, you say that, but... Oh look... there they are, just returning... - The youngest of the Griffins was certainly going to be a difficult one to pass, Lexa thought to herself, perhaps even harder than the oldest much to her surprise.

When Lexa looked in the direction that Karolina was pointing, she saw Clarke walking with Madi, both hugging and laughing together. "Fuck!", thought Lexa, as she saw them acting like a happy couple. She felt another strong stab in the chest, and a strange sensation that echoed through her inexplicably. It provoked a mental image of disgust to witness Clarke with her younger sister. Yes, it was worry for her younger sister, she repeated to herself mentally, it is that and nothing more.

Karolina's scrutiny had shaken her a little inside, she was not pleased to be psychoanalyzed. Clarke’s sister was going to prove to be a problem if she wasn’t careful, she was clearly very smart. She would have to move very carefully whilst there, and engineer situations more better. She could not allow her foolish emotions and sensations to affect her to much leaving her in clear evidence.

Clarke suddenly raised her eyes towards Lexa, meeting her greens that looked somewhat offish to the blonde. Clarke could see that Lexa looked annoyed standing next to her sister, but was surprised when Lexa turned around and started storming up the short path, and back towards the house.

Madi wasn’t to surprised, sneakily biting her lower lip at how her sister had reacted to seeing herself and Clarke together. "If only I knew the story Ali "she thought to herself feeling sorry for her elder sister. Karolina also didn’t look to surprised at Lexa’s reaction as she retired silently with her hands in the pockets of her blue jean pants.

Karolina knew that her sister was fascinated with the brunette chauffeur, and could sense that this back and forth pulling game was definitely mutual if the rage she had just witnessed, was anything to go by. The problem the smaller of the Griffins had, was that she perceived something was amiss from Lexa, and she feared for the sake of Clarke. She knew very well that her older sister was developing a very strong attraction to Lexa, almost similar to how she had met Madi at the ages of 18 year old teenagers respectively.

Karolina could see it in the way that Clarke that gazed after Lexa, and the way that she smiled at her more than she had seen her smile for years. And then there were the evident jealous scenes with Lexa and Madi. It was was clear to Karolina that her sister was falling in love with her chauffeur. She desperately hoped that she was not making a very strong attraction to Lexa, almost similar to how she had been when she had met Madi at the ages of 18 year old teenagers respectively.

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- You two took forever to come back! Did you get lost out there? I swear, one day I will find out what goes on with you two, and that one little secret that you guard under a thousand keys... - Joked Karolina, smiling at them with how relaxed they both looked.
- Do not exaggerate Karo... Were you talking to Lexa? - Clarke wanted to know a little more, intrigued as to why the brunette had walked off as soon as they had approached.

- Yes, we were talking... I think that your chauffeur is clearly jealous dear... What the hell have you done to that poor thing? - Asked a laughing Karolina, whilst Madi went a rose colour in the face. Clarke felt somewhat uncomfortable by the sudden question from her little sister, who was well known for sticking her nose into matters that didn’t concern her.

- Don’t talk silly Karo... I better get home, it has been a long day of travel and I am exhausted - Clarke answered, feeling a little annoyed. Karolina stopped laughing sensing that both Clarke and Madi were feeling a little awkward.

- Hmmm... yes, go on... run away... me and you will talk later my dear sister... Hey Madi, when is the competition? - Karolina was very in tune with her sister and knew when to change the subject judging by the look on Clarke’s face and right now, it looked extremely tense.

There were something that wasn’t right about Lexa at all, and she really feared for her sister. But she also knew when to press it, and when she should leave it be for another moment, so that is what she did, directing the conversation towards Madi and her competition. Something that Clarke was thankful for, even though she knew that she was only prolonging the inevitable, knowing that at some point, her sister would corner her and interrogate her.

The meaning of taking Lexa with her in the first place where exactly to getting help from Karolina, so she could manage her mind and discovering the secret behind her new sexy chauffeur, and not exactly herself. She didn’t want Karolina to get worry about her, and start psychoanalysing her, but she knew that that will be impossible to stop now. Her sister already discovered that something was going on between her and Lexa, something more than a simple physical attraction.

- I compete again the day after tomorrow. But don’t count on me being around tomorrow, I need to practice as it’s going to be a tough competition. Both the locals, Anna Blanchard and Bethamy Hamilton are on top of their game... - Answered a lively Madi, who was always keen to talk about her great passion, and was also thankful that the Griffin sisters had finished talking about her older sister in that way.

- Wow... We definitely we'll come and support you Madi, but I’m sure that you’ll give them a lesson my dear - Laughed Karolina, clashing a high five with her hand and Madi’s.

- Oh me too, no doubts... Madi you are the best... You'll kick her pretty hawaian asses - Clarke added proudly, hugging Madi by squeezing her shoulder.

- Thank you girls, you have both forever been my rock!! I love you...!!

- Aaaah, that’s so sweet...!! Come on girls, let's do a huggie group! - Screeched Karolina pulling all three of them together for a good hug whilst they laughed happily.

When they went inside the house, they found Lexa sitting on the gallery sofa bed which overlooked the courtyard. The brunette looked distant to Clarke as though she was locked inside her own thoughts. Clarke immediately met her eyes, noticing that it looked as she was looking into a strangers eyes, in how they looked ‘switched off’. It was the first time that she had seen them like that since she had met Lexa. She wondered again, why she so foolishly worried all the time about her employee's moods?

Madi had said goodbye to everyone, knowing that she wouldn’t see anyone now until the day of the competition, when they would come to support her. It had been a long time since Lexa had
attended a competition of her sister, and she was pleased to have that strange and unexpected opportunity. Her feelings and emotions still felt stunned, and she felt very tired. It had been a lot for one day she reminded herself, with the different trips, the confrontations with Clarke, the shock of knowing that Madi is friends with the CEO, and clearly had been for quite some time.

Everything was spinning in her head, and also that silly muscle pumped in her chest, skipping beats every time that Clarke was by her side, like in this moment when she had just sat down there next to her in the rocking chair.

Madi drove her car away, whilst Lexa and Clarke returned back to their house in the Mustang, after saying goodbye to Karolina and Nico as soon as the surfer sister of Lexa had disappeared.

The return trip to the house was in absolute silence between the chauffeur and the CEO. Both were buried deep in their thoughts, their doubts, emotions and recent revelations.

For Clarke to have confessed to Madi about her feelings towards Lexa was a big moment for her, and it had left her feeling frightened. She had never had feelings for anyone in the way that she felt for Lexa, and still wasn’t sure how it had happened? How was it possible? What did Lexa have that had captivated her so much, not just sexually, but emotionally as well?

The trip back felt far longer than it had taken to arrive, and was far less cheerful. Clarke looked through the window, and could see that they weren’t far from home. Lexa turned on the radio to cut the tension and relieve the silence. P!nk, the famous singer rang through the speakers with her song "What about us", leading them both to meditate on what was happening between them. The song and lyrics really felt scarily ironic.

The CEO was convinced that Lexa was jealous of Madi, but Clarke did not want to explain their old relationship, it was to sacred to her, and also why should she have to?? She didn’t understand why it would affect Lexa so much, and also her past was private as far as she was concerned. There was no reason to give any explanation to the brunette, even though she did want to maintain some kind of a special relationship with her.

“Maybe I should talk to her” thought Clarke, trying to remove that feeling of “anguish” that she felt from needing to explain her actions to her all the time. All was so damn conflicted in her head that she really hated, making her feel too annoying but at the same time worry.

Lexa parked the car in the garage, and then immediately walked around the vehicle to go and open the door for Clarke, who was a bit surprised by the gesture.

- Lexa, whilst we are here, you don’t need to do stuff like this for me... - Expressed Clarke in a soft tone, attempting to make eye contact with the brunette.

- Thanks Clarke, but I do it because I like doing it. Now if you will excuse me, I am tired and would like to go to bed. - Apologized Lexa, closing the car door after Clarke has climbed out, and ducking her gaze. Clarke wanted so much to hug her and apologize for what had upset Lexa, and it felt strange because she didn’t feel weird for wanting to do that anymore, it just felt natural. That sadness in those green eyes make all her annoying and conflicted thoughts and feelings dissapear like clicking fingers. For one time her mind let something else take over and she stoped thinking in herself for the first time, feeling her heart rate a little bit more faster, and how that feeling of need to do something to remove that sadness from them, was just as she needed the air to breath.

- Ermmm... if, of course that’s ok. I also am very tired, it has been a long day. Good night Lexa.
- Good night Clarke. – Lexa somehow could feel the change, the conflict in Clarke's blue eyes, like even were more warm than normal, staring at her a little lost. She love to see that in her boss, but she was really too tired to get into that right there, and also she didn't trust her strongest to don't fall deep in them.

- Lexa... I.... - Clarke took the arm of Lexa as she passed by her side, attempting to make eye contact with her once again.

- Clarke, can we just talk in the morning please...? - Lexa froze in her steps and finally looked into those “sad” eyes?, really not wanting to delve into them. She wanted only to go to sleep.

- I... yes, of course, we can talk in the morning.... rest well Lexa.

Clarke was beginning to wonder too much about the ‘off’ attitude of Lexa. Obviously she understood that she was tired as they had had a hectic day, but she would like to finish what she wanted to say, and it was proposing for them to sleep together. Clarke didn't know why she wanted that, but she really do. But she could see that Lexa was tired and her eyes looked irritating, so she would never have asked that in order to be respectful.

The CEO realised that in another moment, or with another person, it wouldn’t have mattered one damn bit about the mental or physical state of the person, she would just have wanted to satisfy her desire. But this was Lexa, she told herself, as she turned off the lights in the garage, and then closed the door. She entered the house, almost following the footsteps of the brunette, who headed straight to the bathroom.

Clarke followed the same procedure, but she had her own bathroom. She placed on her nightgown and pajamas, which were pretty short and low cut, satin black color. God, she was dying to ask Lexa to sleep with her as she passed the closed door of the brunette.

The blonde stood in front of the door for a few seconds, her breathing was erratic, and she bit her lip, internally fighting the pros and cons of this nonsense. Since when was she so desperate to sleep with someone? She put the palm of her hand on the dark oak wood of the door to Lexa's room, but she didn't dare to knock. She just closed her eyes upset with herself giving up.

Suddenly, the door swung open causing Clarke to almost fall inside leaving her cheeks red from embarrassment. Lexa lifted her hands to her face and stroked her cheeks. Green eyes became muted, and finally merged with her own leaving her feeling very confused.

- I.... I'm sorry Clarke... I'm sorry that I have behaved so weird tonight. I just couldn't stand to see you flirting with that girl... - Lexa lowered her face to the floor looking regretful and confused inside. Lexa was worried as right now, she didn’t know how much of her behaviour was now acting, and how much of it was real, and that panicked her. Her foolish heart was pumping agitatedly in her chest, and she was finding it very difficult to speak to Clarke, with whom she had suddenly found at her door... Perhaps...? Nah...

- Lexa... look at me... - Clarke asked in a voice so sweet that Lexa could not refuse, climbing her tired eyes to meet blues, giving her strength to continue apologizing.

- I know that I should not feel like this... I know it's your private life Clarke, and that we don't have anything you and I... that this is... just... - Lexa knew she was in trouble, she babbled and she wasn't acting... oh oh...

- No... it's not just... what we have, it's more Lexa... but I don't want to talk about it now... we're both exhausted, and it is better to rest before we speak about certain things... - Clarke let out the
surprise revelation without filter, and it resounded throughout the being of Lexa, who looked completely stunned.

- I... Really Clarke...

- Shuuuuu... no... it's okay Lexa... I understand, believe me. I know that it sounds strange, and I understand completely... now... I just wanted to ask if you would like to sleep with me... No... not to do anything, just sleep... I... - Oops! Clarke was in trouble now... and Lexa was shocked still trying to process what Clarke had just said?

“Is she actually asking with sweetness? And not ordering ...?” thought Lexa...

- Yes, I would like that... Clarke - Lexa was in no doubt of her answer even knowing that it was so fucked up. Whatever this was between them, it obviously meant more to them both, that was very clear.

Her mind and heart were so exhausted, she just didn’t have the energy to ask or question herself anymore. She just felt this huge desire to embrace the blonde who was destabilizing her in any way possible.

Clarke nodded her head in complete silence, supporting the hand that Lexa still held gently against her face, then lowering it to caress her, hold her and guide her to her room.

**Note from the writer**

To this scene i was inspired listening “Crazy in Love”, cover version by Sofia Karlberg. Just if you guys wanna feel this very especial upcoming scene more deep into… *_*

**_*._*__._*._*._*.*_**

Clarke stood at the foot of the bed, and immediately proceeded to take off Lexa’s shirt, who immediately helped by lifting up her arms. Then the blonde proceeded to take off her panties, whilst Lexa watched her, feeling more and more aroused. Her body was lit with that image of Clarke taking off her clothes, in that way so delicate, so slow with caresses, that it burned in to her warm skin. Her eyes immediately turned dark when she found the blues of Clarke, who by now was finished undressing her and guiding to seat on the edge of the large bed.

Clarke was full of desire, and procede to remove her night dress in front of Lexa’s dark green eyes, blur in desire. The blonde could lose herself all night in those dark emeralds that were observing her with such devotion, and despite the enormous fatigue they both felt, her skin was prickling now that she was naked.

Then she walked over towards Lexa, introducing herself between the brunettes legs, without loosing contact with her eyes. Both had been transported to this other world, where only their choppy breaths, and those crazy palpitations were rushed to the unknown.

Clarke caressed both of Lexa’s smooth legs with the tips of her fingers, and stood close enough that her large breasts were only inches from the brunette's face knowing that Lexa wanted to devour them, with what little energy remained in her body and soul. Clarke looked at her with such desire in her eyes, whilst sliding her hands up to that beautiful face. She crouched slowly, so that their noses were almost touching.

- You have no reason to feel jealous Lexa... not whilst you are with me. I have no interest in being
with anybody else. I don't usually do this, promise exclusivity to someone sexually. But... I want to do it with you... I only wanna be with you... - Clarke confessed with a tone of voice that was so serious and full of desire, that it hit Lexa’s soul deep, and left her emotions completely out of control.

- Clarke... - Whispered a weakened Lexa…

Lexa is not able to contain that tear that escape from her eye left, landing on the hand of Clarke, who looks absolutely delighted. With her lips, she proceeded to kiss away these wonderful tear. She tasted the tear in her mouth, like it was the elixir of life itself. Tasted salty, but the sweetness she have ever tasted in her life.

Without thinking further Clarke edged her lips closer, to meet those plump soft ones of Lexa who was looking at her very impatiently to receive.

The lips of Lexa were soft, and she was in no mood to hurry the sensations that immediately shot through her from the trembling brunette, who had closed her eyes, also enjoying the magical sensations that those ruby lips were producing inside her.

Clarke kissed slowly, savoring every centimeter of those fleshy lips. Lexa did not dare to do anything, not to push the kiss, not to allow her tongue to become restless and penetrate these exquisite soft lips that were kissing her. She just closed her eyes and enjoyed every second of the moment and sensations that were transporting her somewhere similar to paradise.

Clarke snuck further into the embrace and rested herself over Lexa’s thighs, still holding Lexa’s face, and began to gently suck her bottom lip, switching to the upper lip, and then just gently caressing both of them slowly with her thumb. She were look at them delighted, enjoy so much that touch, that warm soft feeling under her finger, those beautiful lips that she so much desired for so long.

Finally, Clarke licked her tongue over them, ever so slightly, just enough to feel a slight whisper as she first stroked the upper lip, entering just the tip, and then caressing the bottom lip in the same way. Clarke felt dizzy from anticipation, she had been wanting to lick inside that delicious mouth for so long, that she felt anxious from finally being in a position to do so. Never in her life had she enjoyed a kiss like this, and felt so many things. Her crazy heart felt agitated, her soul restless, but dare she say it she felt happy, deeply happy.

Lexa’s timid hands positioned themselves on Clarke’s waist, squeezing with just the tips of her fingers on her hips, to then start stroking up and down her back with soft touches that shook the blonde even more.

This moment was real to them, it wasn’t just sexual between them any longer, it was something magical and unique, something that neither of them had ever experienced in their lives. Everything in that kiss was so intense and deep, touching parts of their being that they didn't know existed, bringing them to life.

Clarke finally penetrated that mouth with her tongue slowly, starting a delicious slow dance of passion with Lexa, unleashing more wonderful sensations through their body’s and soul. Clarke shuddered and lit with each lick, with each subtle mutual suck, with each touch of those restless points together. It really felt like the embers were dancing in the middle of one great passion unleashed.

Clarke immediately felt Lexa’s fingers stroke her naked skin and massage her back. She wanted to cling to that throbbing body, and not let her go, merging with her into something that they were
creating together.

The kiss continued very slowly. They were both hungry and thirsty from the endless sensations that were seizing their bodies. Both were agitated and needy, but so exhausted at the same time. They separated their lips taking agitated puffs of air, before changing their position to continue enjoying themselves to the maximum with muffled moans from both. Their body’s moved in unison, neither wanting the moment to ever end.

But after some good minutes of sensual kissing and deep arousal building, Clarke separated from Lexa’s exquisite’s mouth, feeling her moan from grief in the dark, making her smile from the most profound places of her soul.

She stayed with her forehead attached to Lexa’s, who slowly opened her eyes to meet with Clarke’s intense blue ones, that looked so full of life, of light and of heat, than she had ever seen. Both smiled, giving one last soft kiss on the lips.

Clarke stroked the reddened, and sweaty face of Lexa with her fingers and thumb. The brunettes hands still roamed her back up and down, with tenderness and sweetness, touching as much of her body as she could, wanting to feel her skin to skin, heartbeat to heartbeat. They were the same rhythm, a silence that was not uncomfortable because their bodies had communicated deep into their souls.

- I want you so much Clarke... - Lexa expressed excitedly. She was completely wrapped in passion for this woman, regardless of how exhausted she felt, the desire was even greater.

- I want you to precious mine... but we’re really exhausted, and we need to rest. So we gotta sleep right now. Come...

Lexa let out the air contained in her lungs feeling disillusioned. But she could see Clarke’s point, as even though she was very aroused, she was also exhausted. She knew that Clarke was right, they needed rest, so with a loud sigh, she simply did what was asked, settling on a side of the big king size oak bed.

Clarke looked at her smiling. She could see the disappointment on the face of a distressed looking Lexa, but knew that she understood. The brunette did not know that Clarke had just given something very precious, something that she never thought she would deliver in her life, the essence of her soul. The blonde could feel every second of that kiss, and had not felt afraid of doing so, and she could sense that Lexa was giving herself to her in the same way.

Clarke settled next to Lexa, rolling her body over to hug her and obviously be the big spoon. Lexa rolled her eyes in protest, but finally turned over to allow Clarke to hold her. In spite of it going against her principles of dominance, she could recognize that it felt wonderful, especially the warmth of these precious breasts resting on the skin of her back. She could feel the beats of that pretty heart of Clarke’s, who left a soft kiss at the base of her neck, right where she had her infinity tattoo.

Lexa smiled with her eyes already closed, feeling as close to paradise as she thought possible from the calming hands of Clarke, and that soft kiss she had deposited on her neck. She knew that she could no longer turn her back on this amazing woman, who fell asleep cradling her between her arms. And though she was seized by fear for a moment, something much more stronger enlightened her completely.

Lexa did not know what the morning would bring, what she will discovering of Clarke, but she was sure of something, she would just enjoy being by her side the time that last, whatever they have,
and just... love her....
The rays of the rising sun sneaked through the curtains of the room disturbing Clarke who felt the annoyance of the clarity in her eyes, causing her to begin to wake up. Her nose immediately distinguished an exquisite familiar perfume, from a skin she knew well. Her lips curved, and a beautiful and strange sensation ran through her whole being, not only ruffling her skin, but waking her soul.

She soon moved her face, and her lips found that soft and warm skin kissing it sweetly, and stretching her body a little, like a sleepy cat finally causing the owner of that skin to also wake up.

The moment Clarke sensed Lexa waking up, she increased the tenderness of her kisses. Tender mornings were not something that the CEO was used to, she never woke up with anyone, and simply did not know how she had lost her head to such an extent the night before.

But no, she wouldn't curse herself, she didn't feel regret. What she had experienced from that incredible kiss had been something totally out of this world, in comparison to what she had felt whenever she had kissed others. Finally, she had tasted those plump lips, that mouth she had wanted so much, and yes, she had delivered something she never shared with anyone, something that even she could not define, but that was undoubtedly something very deep and special.

She preferred to fall asleep again, taking refuge in that warm chest of her brunette. She felt a little worried as she sensed that Lexa was already awake, and was fretting as to why she had not attempted to caress or kiss her as she had done the first morning that they had woken up together. She frowned, desperate for that sweet attention, and it was strange for her to feel that need. Since when did she need something like that?

But nearly immediately she thought back to her own rejections towards Lexa, and how she had tipped a bucket of ice water on the brunette, almost attacking her for having been gentle and tender. So she understood why Lexa might be hesitant, and didn't blame her, but she needed to feel her, so she took the initiative, as appropriate.

Without more thought, she began to leave a trail of wet kisses on Lexa's chest, deliberately avoiding her breasts, that were already hard with erect nipples like rocks. She smiled whilst looking at them with desire, she was amused by how needy Lexa was, just like her. And although she planned to continue upwards, slowly devouring that soft and warm skin on her neck, she decided to go down, finally reaching those perfect breasts of the brunette.

Clarke played with her tongue around those perfect, perk breasts ignoring the nipple that was clearly so in need of attention. Her hands went into action, settling her body on Lexa's, who had simply settled back to the mattress, so that Clarke could climb on if she wanted to. The blonde did not take two seconds to do so, positioning herself between the already open legs of the brunette, who produced a sigh of satisfaction. Her heartbeat accelerated, and her hands glided carefully over Clarke's body, reaching her firm bottom so she could caress her cheeks, making the blonde smirk at her.

Clarke enjoyed the soft attention from those beautiful hands on her butt, whilst she kept torturing that woman's beauty with her mouth. Her hands held those breasts and stroked them, her tongue finally attending to those hard nipples, naturally making Lexa moan. Her long fingers now caressed Clarke's back, slowly rising up until she reached her head, and entangling her thin fingers in that blond disheveled hair, gently stroking and lightly pressing Clarke's scalp, showing her appreciation of the delicious attention that Clarke was showing to her breasts.
Clarke could not restrain herself from starting to grind her hips, seeking that intimate contact of both of their soaking wet sexes. Lexa simply accompanied her in the sensual dance under the sheets, sliding her body down, which was burning in the same fire finding the perfect rhythm, slow, smooth, seeking more and more contact between them.

Clarke needed Lexa’s wonderful body as close to her as was possible, she wanted to mark that skin completely with her kisses and caresses. She stopped attending to those breasts, producing a moan of protest from the brunette that made her smile against her skin again. The blonde kissed, savored, bit and licked every inch of the brunette, who simply enjoyed her sweet attention.

When Clarke arrived at Lexa's navel, she used her tongue and swirled it around, making Lexa groan and laugh a little at the same time when it tickled her, but it was more pleasure that she felt without a doubt, producing spasms in her lower belly, and the growth of wetness in between her legs.

Lexa was in ecstasy once more, holding Clarke's restless head over her body, with that wonderful mouth that was devouring her, making her moan more and more, igniting her so quickly and so intensely that the brunette was convinced that she would cum without the blonde even reaching her swollen, wet sex.

The feelings that Clarke's hands and mouth were producing throughout Lexa's body were simply incredible, and she honestly couldn’t remember ever waking up in a sea of such intense sensations, absolute pleasure, and sweet full attention from her bed companion. In fact, Lexa never slept with anyone anymore, so always woke up alone. One of the only times she had done it recently had been a few nights ago when they had both woken up together in that Las Vegas suite, and the memory wasn’t the most pleasant, remembering bitterly that shocking cold reaction from Clarke, that had left Lexa very hurt, more so than she wanted to admit.

Now it was another morning, another wake up together, and when she felt Clarke in the same position as that day, looking for her warmth and soft chest, she didn't want to move and make the same mistake as she had that morning, and pay the consequences again. The night that they had shared, had been too special for Lexa to ruin it by making another mistake by showing Clarke affection. She knew that Clarke didn’t like tenderness, or attention that made her feel inferior or vulnerable, so she simply lay there, enjoying the warmth of the CEO’s body hugging hers.

But, surprising her very pleasantly, Clarke began kissing her, giving her precious attention, starting to excite her and lighting her like a wick of gunpowder all over her body. That morning was undoubtedly becoming one of the best of her life, and she obviously wondered what had changed? How was it possible that Clarke was so different here in Hawaii? She could have sworn that the blonde had given herself body and soul to her in that magical kiss last night.

Lexa tried to keep herself emotionally grounded, not wanting to ramble much about it. She did not want to fly high with her emotions, she was already well beyond her limits of duty to her government. Lexa knew that she was in love with Clarke, and that the feelings were growing every minute that she spent at her side, especially here where Clarke was so different, so warm and gentle, and not so afraid to give in to sensations and feeling with her heart.

Lexa told herself for a moment that she was having one of those hot dreams for not having satisfied her desire the previous night, but Clarke's mouth and restless hands told her that it felt too real and she just moaned, enjoying the feeling of the blonde’s body moving along with hers.

Clarke began to approach Lexa's lower belly, stopping for a very brief second to raise her dark blue eyes of desire, and look at Lexa's satisfying and happy face. Lexa felt her intense and malicious look immediately, lowering her dark green eyes towards her, while her hands caressed Clarke's
head. Clearly the words seemed to be too much, but they didn't really need them, their eyes said everything that both wanted, expressing everything they felt, the connection was simply unique and deep, making both shudder.

Clarke deposited a wet kiss at the top of Lexa’s beautiful pubic curls, which made her automatically raise her hips towards Clarke’s face, but the blonde with a slight smile on her face, pinned Lexa’s thighs against the mattress with her hands causing the brunette to smirk...

- Mmmm... Are you going to devour me Clarke?

- Well, nobody has brought me breakfast yet... So you will be my first snack of the day Lexa...

- That... sounds... Ohhhhhh God Clarke.... amazing..... you are... so... Aahhhhh... - Lexa crushed her answer, unable to answer properly, since Clarke had sucked her hard and wet sensitive clit into her mouth brushing her lips over it softly, laughing at her.

- Mmmmmm... You taste so good Lexa... - Clarke moaned, after licking the swollen clit with her tongue.

- Ohhhhh... Clarke... Clarke... yes... Ahhhhh... I'm going to cum... - Whimpered Lexa, who was struggling to stop herself from cumming far to soon...

- NO! You will not cum.... not yet... only when I tell you to Lexa... - Clarke ordered to the brunette, and immediately pulled her lips away from her needy sex, causing Lexa to look at her with despair and total disbelief.

Clarke Griffin was definitely a cruel woman she told herself, barely curling the bite of her lips and dropping her head back, trying to withstand the exquisite torture she was being subjected to.

- Ohhhhh God... you're going to kill me... Clarke... - The brunette could only say, breathing deeply and holding on to the bed sheets tightly. She told herself that she could do it, she could hold back a few more minutes...

Clarke went back to licking Lexa’s sex, but completely avoided her sensitive clit, instead devoting herself to those lips that were soaked in intimate fluids. She loved the taste of her brunette and was seriously having the feast of her life. Her daring tongue moved even further down to her soaked entrance, penetrating it very very slowly with her tongue, whilst still holding Lexa's hips against the mattress. Oh she was enjoying this, Lexa's moans were loud and deep, admiring the strength that the brunette was clearly displaying in not cumming right there with force.

Clarke was so excited and so pleased to be giving this pleasure to her brunette, watching her writhe and cling to those sheets as if she was clinging to life itself, throwing her head back, trying to concentrate on following the cruel orders of her boss not to cum. Her mind was clouded, and her brain had stopped working a few minutes ago. Feeling that tongue of Clarke penetrating her in this way was freaking her out, and she desperately wanted the attention on her hard and throbbing clit, please! She begged between thoughts... She wanted to cum so badly....

- Please.... Clarke... ahhhhhhh... for...

- Shuuuu... not yet Lexa...

Suddenly, Clarke stopped her penetrations and licks and sat between Lexa's trembling legs to observe her in all her splendor for a few seconds. The sudden inattention made Lexa lower her eyes desperately towards her, looking at her sitting there smiling, her satisifice bossy face completely wet with her vaginal fluids. Lexa didn't think she had ever seen anything so beautiful and erotic in
her life, on a morning that was proving to be historic on so many levels. But she was so desperate to cum, and Clarke was behaving too cruel, and driving her crazy like this.

Clarke was fascinated whilst looking at this beauty beneath her, under her absolute dominance and control. Her hands were still resting on those hips that she held against the mattress. Her hands then ran to Lexa's belly, beginning to massage the area with her thumbs, hinting at approaching that much needed clit, whilst she licked the fluids off Lexa from her still swollen lips with so much pleasure, that makes Lexa tremble just to see that expression in her face. Clarke's blue/ black eyes didn’t leave those of the brunette.

- Tell me how much you want me Lexa...? - Ordered Clarke.

- Ohhhhh... Clarke... ohhhhh... please... I want you so much... Ahhhhhh... I can't hold it much more...

- Precious mine... You are wonderful... and you are all mine, only mine...

She slid her legs under those of Lexa, and positioning her very wet and excited sex on Lexa's, beginning to move slowly, inching her face down to her brunnetes. Clarke's soaked mouth found those delicious plump lips of Lexa’s that received her with passion at all levels, devouring her immediately, whilst her hips began to dance at the same euphoric rhythm.

- Cum now Lexa... Ahhhhhh... Cum with me, my precious girl...

- Ohhhhh... Clarke... ohhhhh... Ahhhhh.... yeah!! Shit!

Lexa let her sexual energy free by intensifying the rhythm that she grinded in to Clarke's body, who matched it like the perfect partner she was. The brunnete's hands took possession of her boss's butt, drawing Clarke's body towards her with urgency, whilst her ears filled with the deep moans of her blonde, whom she found so beautiful, so devoted to experiencing the same pleasure that she was feeling at that moment.

It was such intimate contact, feeling Clarke's sex rubbing on her own with such desire, her passion as uncontrolled as much as her own, taking them both to that paradise that they already knew so well.

In a matter of couple of minutes, both were experiencing deep, soul wrenching orgasms that were so intense that their gutteral screams blocked out the entire world. They continued softly grinding up and down against each other still, accompanying those waves of a strong orgasm, causing them to still fly high, with their minds lost to the sensations. They continued to devour each others mouths, unable to separate from each other having experienced such infinite pleasure.

Lexa sucked on Clarke's tongue with fervor, making her climax even more intense, shaking the blonde's body, who felt she was almost losing consciousness from the force of energy that had been unleashed from within her. She couldn’t remember ever feeling like this in her entire life.

Clarke was more than fascinated, satisfied, and she also dared to feel and recognize that. She was in love with Lexa, who was also in the same bubble of sensations as her. Her brunnete was simply perfect, her taste, her beauty, her intensity, her body, her mouth, her hands, and what made her most happy was the fact that she knew Lexa was all her own, and only her own.

The breasts of both women rose and fell rubbing their sensitive nipples against each others. They both felt so excited, accompanying the great pleasure they felt, and really didn’t wanna stop. Their sweaty bodies were so close that they looked like one. This was an unprecedented union for both of
them, this wasn't just fucking, it was making love, almost for the first time for both of them and it felt amazing.

Clarke calmed and lay down next to Lexa, almost falling on that exotic perfect sweaty body, which was still showing signs of agitation and arousal just like hers. She rested her head slowly on the burning skin of that warm and soft chest, whilst Lexa's hands caressed her head tenderly, placing a kiss on the crown of her head.

Clarke was happy to receive that tenderness, allowing herself to enjoy it, to feel it until it made her shiver, clinging to that sweaty body underneath her, that was smiling and leaving her a kiss on her heart. This was all so new in her world, and she was no longer afraid to feel it. This woman had simply moved her entire inner world. No doubt, she knew she was learning to feel.

- Mmmmm... that was so... - Lexa needed to express herself, although obviously she was immediately interrupted, making her smile.

- Don’t get used to it Lexa... but, yes it was amazing. - Clarke said without hesitation.

- Let me enjoy it at least... and good morning to you too Clarke... - Lexa smiled, looking at her with eyes lit from happiness.

- Me too... I'm enjoying it Lexa... - Clarke confessed, making Lexa shiver. She knew well that hearing something like that from Clarke was rare, and it felt special that it was because of what they had just shared.

- I’m very happy to hear that... - Lexa answered excitedly, whilst still stroking her shoulders and her soft and white skin, which she already adored very much.

Clarke moved away from her body, lying next to her now, but immediately rolled back towards Lexa and throwing one leg over the brunette, who looked up at the ceiling and smiled, covering her eyes with her hand. The brunette was experiencing so many emotions right there, that she doubted that Clarke could really understand them, and she knew how much that special moment meant.

The blonde was struck by that attitude, she didn’t understand it at all. She only knew that she still didn't want to separate herself from the warmth of Lexa's body, that she was almost clinging to, whilst watching with fascination the flushed face of Lexa, who breathed somewhat erratically, worrying Clarke a little.

- What’s the matter Lexa...?

- Nothing... don't worry... I'm fine... I'm just feeling emotional Clarke... - Lexa could barely express herself without breaking down due to the depth of the emotions that she was feeling.

That statement shook Clarke's body and soul, it felt wonderful to hear that. Clarke could only smile whilst biting her lower lip. Her hand rose to that beautiful face, withdrawing the arm of the brunette, wishing to see those expressive eyes, but they remained shut, much to Clarke’s dismay.

The brunette was still smiling, but also biting her lip, with her cheeks turning red. Clarke didn't think she had ever seen anything as tender as this image in front of her eyes, reveling in it for a moment. Was Lexa seriously falling in love with her? There was only one way to find out, she told to herself...

- Look at me Lexa... - Clarke asked sweetly, stroking her hair away from the brunette's high forehead, feeling the sweat on her fingertips.
It took Lexa a few seconds to do what Clarke asked, sensing that serious tone, but still with a sweet edge. The blonde was still caressing her with such love, a love that Lexa had not believed Clarke could feel or give. But that morning had proven a surprise for her, it had been deep and special. She was feeling so many different feelings, but was simply terrified at the same time.

Lexa had no doubt that she was madly in love with Clarke, and could no longer hide it. She wanted to cry from the unfairness of the damn fucking situation that she found herself in. She was not allowed to fall in love like this. Lexa had to do her duty, and Clarke would inevitably get hurt, even if she did her best to prevent that from happening, it was simply impossible to avoid.

It tortured her, because she didn't want to do it, she didn't want to disappoint her, didn't want to hurt her, she just wanted to enjoy her and take care of Clarke, and teach her what love is. But it was very clear to her that when the CEO knew who she was, and why she had approached her for employment, it would be like sticking a fucking stake in the middle of her chest, without mercy, without warning. And what hurt the most was that she knew that Clarke was also falling in love with her, if she hadn't already.

It was hard for Lexa to breathe, and to process the horrendous reality they were in. It was hard to continue feeling the body of the woman she was investigating and falling madly in love with. But she didn't want to break down right here in front of her eyes, after having made love so beautifully that morning.

“Fucking No Lexa!”, she repeated to herself mentally, “…just enjoy the moment, and whatever arises from it, just let fate decide for once. Stop the damn drama, and live in the present Lexa. Allow yourself to feel this, enjoy it and allow yourself to fall in love”

Maybe that way of thinking sounded somewhat selfish, but Lexa needed to get outside of her own guilt laden thoughts, as she knew that sooner or later she would hurt Clarke without remedy. But she needed to recover and not have to give explanations that she could not give in those moments.

Finally, Lexa let the air out of her lungs heavily and opened her eyes a little. They were damp, containing those tears that she had tried so hard not to let out. She blinked a couple of times and directed them towards those blues, who was studying her in a way that she had never done before and that killed her. It was as if Clarke penetrated her soul with that look, merging with her into something inexplicable but wonderful, something she would never forget.

What Clarke saw in those beautiful green eyes was simply magical, pure and real. She knew without hesitation that this woman was in love with her. It was as if she felt a twinge in her heart, one of warmth, a pleasant one that automatically made her smile with sparkling eyes, raising color to her cheeks. She looked like a baby experiencing her first love, and she felt embarrassed in some way, but she felt so damn good. She felt happy for the first time in her life, even when everything else seemed out of control.

- You could make me lose my head Lexa... you are... splendid in every way - Clarke whispered with eyes full of love, whilst still caressing that beautiful sweaty face smiling in front of her.
- Hmmmm... you too Clarke... you also are splendid... and now... hmmm... what about some breakfast? I’m fancying some good coffee, toast, orange juice... and you know... - Lexa needed to abruptly cut that tender, magical moment or God help her, she would finally break.
- I think that’s a very good idea... but first.... you come with me to the shower... - Clarke ordered, placing a chaste kiss on her lips whilst still smiling.
- Yes Miss Griffin... - Lexa answered, smirking at those lips that had just kissed her with desire.
- I told you not to call me that... - Clarke hated hearing that. Lexa laughed mischievously, winking at the same time that she placed a small, tender kiss on the blonde's shoulder, causing the blonde to take a gentle swipe at her naughty brunette....

- Just kidding... bab... beautiful... - Clarke shook her head after rolling her eyes and smiling, getting out of bed in the direction of the bathroom followed by Lexa, who kept laughing behind her back.

The blonde already adored the sound of Lexa laughing, and the banter that was currently going back and forth between them, but she needed to get serious and regain control of this insubordinate brunette girl.

- Lexa, if you keep laughing.... I'm going to take action... - Clarke spoke authoritatively, without looking at her.
- Hmmm... and... what kind of action would that include...? - Lexa asked mischievously.

- Do you really want to find out Lexa...? - Clarke answered trying to withhold the nervous giggle that this brunette seemed to be able to bring about from her.

They entered the bathroom and immediately Clarke began to fill the tub with warm water and aromatic salts, whilst Lexa, after emptying her bladder, brushed her teeth, still holding on and laughing mischievously. The blonde was still laughing softly, but trying to maintain seriousness.

Once the tub was filled, Clarke invited Lexa to climb in, whilst she went about emptying her own bladder. She tried not to look at her, because she knew that if she did, then she just wouldn't be able to stop laughing. Once she had finished, she went to the warm bath, guiding Lexa to move forward so that she was sitting behind the brunette. It brought about some sounds of protest from Lexa, making the blonde smile with malice from behind her back.

Clarke pulled Lexa's body closer to hers after she opened her legs, putting some shampoo on the brunette's long brown hair, who allowed Clarke to perform the intimate act. In part, Lexa was delighted with it since Clarke was extremely soft with her hands whilst washing her hair, almost caressing her with massages running over her scalp. It caused slight moans to come out of her mouth, whilst she closed her eyes and enjoyed the attention. When Clarke's lips rested on her wet shoulder kissing her, and then another soft kiss to the neck happened, the brunette began to feel aroused again.

- You like me washing your hair... right Lexa? - Clarke asked wickedly brushing her lips over Lexa's left ear, clearly producing delicious spasms in her belly.

- Mmmmm, I like everything that you do to me Clarke... and if you continue doing what you are doing, then we will not be having breakfast for quite some time... - Lexa said, closing her eyes and smiling at the blondes antics.

- (Clarke laughed) Don't threaten me that way Lexa, because I'm still in charge, don't you forget that. If I don't want us to be late, then we won't be. - Clarke clarified with determination, trying to sound as serious as possible, although she knew well that she had not succeeded.

- Oh I can be very fast... - Lexa expressed mischievously in the tone of her voice, making Clarke smile, feeling her own arousal also increase.

- Hmm, I'm sure you would like that... Now move away a little, I'm going to wash your back... - Clarke said, moving her body away from hers.
Lexa immediately dipped her hands, and they went straight to slowly caress Clarke's legs underwater, making the blonde bite her lips, enjoying that bold act from Lexa and thinking that her brunette was impossible to educate.

- Lexa, leave those hands still... - Clarke ordered again, trying to sound serious and in command, but she really wanted to continue a little with the game.

- Hmmmm...

- (Clarke let out a laugh she couldn't content, that sweetened Lexa's ears) You are impossible Lexa Woods... I give you a little freedom, and you are already trying to take control! Well, forget that my precious. Here, the only one that rules is me, and it will always be me...

- It's tempting to have you naked behind me Clarke, especially after we had that lovely start to the day... - Lexa was willing to ignore her threats and clarifications, she would slowly manage to take that command she told herself safely. It was only a matter of time and seductive mastery.

- Hmmmm... tell me about yourself Lexa... and again, not something I can read in your files... - Clarke decided to exercise another tactic, moving Lexa away from her goal.

- What do you want to know Clarke?

- I don't know... I want to know you better Lexa...

- Well, I also want that from you Clarke....

- There is nothing you don’t know about me Lexa...

- I think that there is a lot that I don’t know about you... from your past for example... I can’t deny that all that intrigue last night with your old friend left me very curious... - Lexa couldn’t leave that subject alone, even knowing that she was risking ruining this perfect moment. But unfortunately, the situation with her younger sister came to her mind like an annoying lightning bolt, which she needed to investigate.

- It's nothing I have to share with you Lexa... that's part of my private life... - Clarke answered tensely, cursing the brunette for bringing up such a subject, and changing her mood immediately. She still didn't feel that she should have to confess or tell anything about her past private life to the brunette.

- Just tell me please if... - Lexa could not stop trying to push a little, and knew immediately that it was a mistake.

- I said that I will not talk about it Lexa... I don’t wanna get angry... - Clarke clarified with a clear annoyed tone, and something more authoritarian, which shook Lexa's back with a shiver.

- Ok... ok... Sorry... I have a weakness for blondes... - Lexa suddenly tried to change the subject, confusing Clarke a little, who was still upset.

- What? - Clarke still had her mind on why she shouldn't feel that "she should say anything to Lexa about her past" but she was surprised by the brunette's response, pulling her out of her irritation. She didn't really understand what Lexa was referring to with that.

- You wanted me to tell you something that you won't find in my files... I like blondes - Lexa
clarified, relaxing her shoulders.

- (Clarke relaxed again with a smile) Aha... however your little friend... that one, the one who you were with other night in that terrible night club was a honey-eyed brunette... - Oh Clarke needed to get that little dig out into the open, slightly curling the corners of Lexa's lips.

- Do you mean Ontari? Well... what can I say...? You can't always have what you want... - Answered Lexa.

- Is she... is she someone special to you...? - Clarke asked, suddenly feeling extremely nervous as to what the reply would be, and cursing herself for sounding so stupidly weak and nervous.

- No, she’s not Clarke... I've already told you and that’s the truth. I... I don't get involved with anyone. I haven't done since I was a teenager. - Lexa sounded honest and confident and it pleased Clarke who nodded, instantly feeling a little calmer. She didn't really understand why she felt all those insecurities, and she hated it.

- Turn around... - Ordered Clarke, still struggling with her silly doubts.

Lexa immediately turned to face her, looking at Clarke's eyes which had dulled considerably now. Was her dubious relationship with Ontari really affecting Clarke this bad? Her hands immediately rose to Clarke’s face, caressing her very carefully, and mindful of crossing any limits of what was allowed. She hated Clarke feeling vulnerable, and knew for the blonde to be showing it, that she must be feeling extremely weak.

Lexa risked it though, and let her heart guide her without thinking about it, she brought her face closer and joined her lips to Clarke's, surprising her with a delicate but very meaningful kiss. She didn't want the blonde to feel doubt about her fidelity, or about her feelings for her. The cutest thing was that Clarke did not reject her by opening her lips to welcome her with pleasure, feeling her face relax again.

When they parted, Lexa looked directly at those blues with tenderness, and a sweet smile lit her face conveying the same to the one who was still expressing what she felt.

- I told you Clarke, I just want to be with you, and I will not be unfaithful to you. There is no one special in my life, other than the beautiful woman that I have in front of me, sharing in these wonderful moments. - Those words went straight to Clarke's agitated heart like an arrow, piercing her from side to side, but illuminating her soul, making her eyes smile again. Although her cynical mind told her not to believe in such a perfect speech...

- Hmmmm... leave the perfect speech Lexa, and rub my back and wash my hair....- Clarke said, rolling her eyes. She didn’t want Lexa to see how much her words had meant. She couldn't...

- (Lexa smiled) Are you ever going to let yourself feel and believe Clarke? - She said sweetly with her sparkling green eyes and her hand stroking the reddish cheeks of Clarke, who barely curved her lips.

- I don't know... now do what I ordered... I'm hungry... - Clarke needed to cut out the sensitivity. It was enough for that morning.

- All right... come here Clarke... turn around and relax... - Lexa replied, barely pulling her arm.

Clarke did what Lexa asked of her so that the brunette could start putting shampoo on her hair and do something similar to what she had done. It was magnificent to feel those long fingers of her brunette massaging her scalp with such delicacy, making her also emit little moans of pleasure...
Hmmm... I'm not the only one who likes to have her hair washed... - laughed Lexa, smiling behind Clarke and leaving a couple of tender kisses on the shoulder and neck of the blonde, who was smiling with her eyes closed, let it Lexa take care of her.

Once they had finished bathing and dressing, they went to the kitchen where Kalia was working hard to prepare breakfast surprising Lexa. She had not expected to find the woman there when they had been having that hot awakening and then in the bathroom together. She found the whole thing extremely embarrassing, but Clarke seemed not to care in the least, acting normally and smiling, as if it were Christmas morning.

- Good morning Kalia - Clarke said, whilst taking a piece of fruit that the woman had cut and put on a tray for them both. Lexa had to admit that it all looked very tempting, full of fresh fruits.

- Good morning my girl. How radiant you look today! It makes me very happy. And good morning to you to Lexa, I see that you have also enjoyed the fresh air of the islands and also look very well by the way... - Kalia joked, observing them both in a cheerful way. Lexa blushed like a tomato on her cheeks, making Clarke laugh immediately.

- Good morning Kalia... yes, well.... this is a paradise, it is easy to settle into it and not want to leave... - Lexa made the bold statement in a clear double sense, making Clarke immediately choke on the fruit she was swallowing, making Kalia laugh, understanding her perfectly.

- Oh yes, I guess so pretty. Well, go sit on the patio and I will bring you breakfast as it is almost ready. You must both be starving. - Kalia said laughing, winking at both of them.

- Yes we are Kalia, thank you - Clarke said, having stopped coughing and holding Lexa's hand so she could leave the kitchen right away.

Both walked out to the patio still holding hands, a gesture that was important to Lexa, although Clarke walked a step ahead of her of course, but she was smiling like a fool and clearly in love with her heart.

They sat at the table that was already prepared with a tablecloth, cutlery and napkins, and decorated with lovely colorful local flowers, which the brunette loved. It was a beautiful sunny day, and the sea breeze and increasing heat as the morning progressed, really added to the beauty of it all.

The view of the blue ocean and those huge white waves was impressive. Lexa silently thought to herself how she really didn't want to leave this place anytime soon. She felt like she was living a beautiful dream with the crazy blonde sat next to her. Lexa immediately looked sideways with her passionate and happy eyes, getting lost in the beauty of that enlightened face, and in those beautiful blue eyes that seemed very concentrated on the ocean.

Lessa wondered if there was any possible way for this dream to last, if love could overcome all that was in the background, the secrets, the different worlds to which they belonged. Her heart clung to that illusion as if she clung to life itself...

Meanwhile, in the city of San Francisco, in a bar hidden deep in the slums, lawyer Finn Collins was meeting with Carl Emerson, the man who made contact between him and the gangster of Cage Wallace. Collins was quite upset after that shitty trip to Las Vegas. The deal had been closed and it was good, but he couldn’t get out of his head the nasty scene with that crazy whore Clarke. If he could strangle her with his own hands, then he would have. Oh how much he really wanted to hurt
her after the humiliation she had dealt him.

But Finn knew that all of Clarke's sudden changes were due to the arrival of that damn woman who was her new chauffeur, and clearly was far more than that. That green-eyed brunette whore was surely servicing Clarke's sexual needs, and that had dumped him in the background. He needed to get rid of that chauffeur as soon as possible, make her disappear, and for that he needed the extra services that Emerson could offer him. It was an offer that Wallace had sent him when he needed it, especially if it was something or someone that interfered with the interests they both had with respect to Clarke Griffin.

In another part of the city of San Francisco, FBI agent, Monty Green, was in the “factory” having a sandwich for lunch after he had finished studying the details of that agreement that Clarke Griffin had signed with the Chinese businessmen in Las Vegas, thanks to the copies that Lexa had sent him. There wasn't much they could get out of them, there was talk of prototypes that would be sent every three months, but they didn't specify what those prototypes were. As soon as he could talk to Lexa, he would have to inform her about it to see if his collage agent could get more information.

Minwhile, back to Collins and Emerson's meeting…

- Collins, do you have anything important to tell Mr. Wallace?- demanded Emerson in the middle of eating lunch.

- No, what I need is for you to take care of this woman. I want it done as soon as possible. She is in Hawaii right now, but I'll let you know as soon as she is back in town. I want her to disappear immediately, is that clear? - Collins said with determination, extending a folder with the information of the new damn chauffeur to Emerson, who had immediately curled the corners of his lips. By nature, he was a hitman, a sicario, who worked only for Wallace, and the fact he was doing something he knew how to do well, made his day.

- Let me see those documents... I see, is Griffin's new chauffeur. The skunk is good... I think I'm going to have a little fun with her before making her disappear. - Emerson said with a malicious smile on his face, while Collins looked at him with satisfaction.

- I really don't give a shit what you want to do with her, just make her disappear. - Collins reiterated, placing a strong hand on the folder, making Emerson look at him and stop messing with the photos of Lexa Woods.

- Ok, no problem. Let me know when she’s back in town and I'll take care of it, but remember that Mr. Wallace is waiting for some news from you, and he is not very happy with the delays.

- Tell him I'm working on it, but it's not easy because the damn federals are all over the company at the moment, and this little shit of whore is complicated the situation between me and that bich of Griffin, that's why I need it out of the scene immediately. - Collins excused himself, ready to get up and leave, but Emerson's hand held his forearm tightly so that he couldn’t.

- You know that Mr. Wallace is not interested in hearing excuses, just like I'm not Collins. Just do what is agreed or the next one that will disappear will be a certain lawyer for the Griffin firm. Do we understand each other Mr. Collins? - Emerson threatened him with a cold smile that made Finn tremble a little. He knew that madman had a bad reputation, his job was to simply make people disappear who didn’t comply, or that bothered his boss.

- Yes I have understood, now deal with that bloody chauffeur. Goodbye Emerson- snapped Finn, trying to sound fearless in his voice, and shaking his arm from the hitman's grip with a sudden
- I will, just make sure that you do your work as well. Goodbye Mr. Lawyer. - Emerson said sarcastically, finally letting go of Finn’s arm.

Collins left the bar furiously. He was irritated and he hated a hitman like Emerson threatening him, a piece of ignorant shit. He needed to unload his anger and some good sex wouldn't hurt he thought. He dialed the number of the beautiful Swedish flight attendant Frida, who was always willing to attend to him personally, and always did the job well.

Elsewhere in the city…

Monty, Lexa's fellow computer spec received a warning of a hacker attack in his system. Immediately Monty's sandwich flew through the air as he jumped to counter the invasion, which he could not understand how would happen. His system was impenetrable, but when he typed here and there he noticed with some panic that it was none other than the hacker was not other than Raven Reyes, who had managed to penetrate the protections they had masterfully installed.

He panicked as it became obvious that she was downloading the secret files of the organization "The Grounders" , the mission and identification of the agents involved in it.

Monty's desperate fingers ran through the keys, trying to counteract Reyes' entry, but this woman was really good he thought for a moment. He was better though he reminded himself, still typing to block her attacks and attempts at gaining access. Unfortunately, Reyes already knew that there was a special group of world secret forces together, and that the main objective was none other than her friend and boss, CEO Clarke Griffin. Monty was desperate not to let through more information, especially related to the secret agents involved in it. It was as vital as world security.

After many long minutes, Monty finally managed to block her completely, but unfortunately he could see that she had captured 30 percent of the information about the mission of the special international secret intelligence force, and perhaps some archive of the agents involved.

He needed to communicate with Lexa immediately he told himself, but whilst she was in Hawaii, it was impossible. He immediately called Inspector Forrest to inform her of the information leak at the hands of Raven Reyes, and that it was vital to notify Lexa immediately, not knowing if her identity was already compromised. He tried not to curse himself for having not been careful enough with security, knowing that Reyes was really one of the best in the world.

On the other side of the computer hack, Raven was in total shock with what she had just discovered about the new world secret intelligence organization called “The Grounders” and that the main mission was nothing less than investigating her friend Clarke and her advanced technology work.

She could also read the vital information she had downloaded, where apparently the feds believed that Clarke had created some kind of advanced AI, and that they needed to be sure that the blonde was not making deals with global criminal organizations, or even worse…. with cells terrorists.

Raven shook her head in complete shock at what she had read in those inscribed files she was deciphering, until she reached the archives of the secret agents involved in the mission, or at least some of them. Unfortunately, she couldn’t manage to get all the names, since the damn federal on the other side had managed to block her. She cursed for not being able to get all the information,
but she definitely had to alert her friend as soon as possible, especially about a very special secret agent on the list, one which Raven knew was pretty close to Clarke.

- Shit Clarke...!! Where the hell are you friend? And this bitch better get the fuck away from you... Damn bitch! I knew...
Dear readers, always thanks so much for keep reading this crazy story mine, for your comments so great and your kudos and bookmarks, and never the less for your patience for each chapter to be translate and to be upload. This little note is to tell you that with my translators girls, we wish to take a little Season break, so until the first days of January 2020 Chapter 24 wont be upload it. I hope you all understand that is a time where free time must be spend with family and friends. So Joanne, Cheryl and me San, we wanna wish you a wonderful Christmas time and a Happy New Year 2020 , and we hope you guys keep on reading The Boss. We are nearly half way of this insane fic and i can tell you, you will get still lot of surprises, twist & crazy turns! So please be patience and enjoy yourself this wonderful family time!❤️ёт

See ya in 2020!!😊
Sangabrielle xx

After the rich and delightful breakfast, Clarke proposed to Lexa that they take part in some surfing as the CEO loved to enjoy the waves mid-morning. The brunette accepted quickly, she had not surfed in a while, and was always keen to ride the waves and have fun.

The waves were excellent as always on the island. The temperature in the air felt perfect, so the refreshing sea water was great. For Lexa, seeing Clarke in her swimsuit and walking along the beach with her surfboard felt special and surreal.

She was desperate to blink her eyes and pretend that this was the way it was, two women in love, starting a relationship, and enjoying a natural paradise without secret identities and secret creations,
that could endanger world security. Lexa would do anything to be able to keep the reality that she was in right at this moment now, surfing the waves and smiling whilst competing to win the best surf.

It was refreshing for Clarke to ride the waves with her brunette, who in that propene suit looked more than wonderful and perfect. She watched Lexa climb onto her surfboard to catch the first big wave with a smile lighting her beautiful face.

Sitting on her surfboard and floating in the water, Clarke got a little lost in her mind whilst watching Lexa surfing like a professional, something that surprised her, but brought her great pleasure. Without a doubt, Lexa was the perfect companion she thought to herself, smiling. She imagined, or rather, wished for a brief moment how nice it would be to not be who she was, the famous CEO, creator of such advanced technology. Clarke wanted to be a “simple mortal”, like Lexa. She wanted to live a romance without doubts, without limits, and without fears of secret identities.

It was the first time in her life that the CEO wished not to be who she was, and it was all for that brunette, who was now paddling with her arms again on her surfboard, approaching where Clarke was casually drifting in the water, and looking lost in her thoughts. It was a pretty fantasy, but it was just that, she reminded herself. This brunette was a charm with her personality, and almost too perfect to be by her side, and sharing her life in a way that she never imagined she would do with someone.

- Are you ok Clarke? The waves are great... - Spoke Lexa, the adrenaline from riding the waves still surging through her as she looked at the blonde and smiled.

- Oh... ermmm... sure, yes, I'm fine. Whenever I surf, I like to sit on the board like this and meditate on things. Water has always been an element that relaxes me and helps me to think... - Clarke explained, coming out of her desires and fantasies.

- I understand that perfectly... I find it relaxing as well. I love being near the ocean, or natural places with water, maybe it's due to our signs of the zodiac... you know? We belong to the same group of the element "Water", Cancer and Scorpio.

- Wow, do you really believe in that zodiac nonsense Lexa? - Clarke joked, refusing to reveal that she read her horoscope every day with her breakfast, but it was something she would never admit to, not with her social and intelligence level. She knew about the elements, and about how perfectly aligned hers was with Lexa’s. Perhaps it was partly because the brunette was born under the sign of Cancer, one of the best matches for Scorpio.

- (Lexa laughed) Well... it's what I read, I didn't say I believe in it. I imagine that you too have heard of the zodiac signs and their groups etc., without necessarily believing in it. - Lexa felt a little embarrassed because she did believe in the signs of the zodiac, but she now felt quite foolish with how Clarke had teased her about them.

- Yes.... well, see ya... - Clarke immediately got carried away by the first huge wave that came, leaving the talk behind and Lexa still watching her smiling.

Clarke was incredibly good on the surfboard, and Lexa could see that she had a very similar style to that of her sister Madi. She continued to watch the blonde in awe as she tackled a huge tunnel of a wave with mastery, brushing with one hand the inner walls of water, with a big smile on her face. It looked likely that her younger sister had taught Clarke some of her style, and that led her back to this past secret that clearly lay between them both, and her enormous need to talk to Madi. She needed to find a way to talk to her whilst she was alone. The problem was how, when Clarke was with her all the time?
She left her thoughts and questions to go and ride on the next wave, imitating Clarke a little by entering a marine tunnel, from which she left proudly without problems, whilst Clarke now applauded her from the beach, sitting on her surfboard in the sand.

Lexa emerged from the water, draining her long brown hair, whilst Clarke watched her with delighted eyes. Her brunette was completely gorgeous, and she was unbelievably happy to have her exclusively. It immediately occurred to her that she could ask her little brother Pat (Patrick), to do a photo shoot so that she could have Lexa’s beauty printed on paper. Yes, that was a good idea, she thought to herself, just as she was splattered by the water being squeezed from Lexa’s hair. The brunette had been watching her from the heights, with the sun behind her and with an illuminated smile, as the salty water now dripped on Clarke's legs.

- Will you join me on another wave? I was surprised at how professional you look on the water. Have you been practicing for a long time?- Asked Lexa curiously.

- Sit with me Lexa, I started surfing when I was a teenager. Madi has taught me... - Clarke explained, whilst Lexa sat next to her, still heaving from adrenaline.

- Oh Madi? Well.... I haven’t spoken to her much, but from what you say, is she a champion?

- Yes she is, and has been crowned worldwide several times. We met when I was 18, here in Hawaii. We became friends and she has taught me to love this sport. I have no interest in competing or anything like that, but I love to feel the ocean closer, to feel that connection that you sometimes manage to make with nature.

- I understand the feeling of being able to connect with nature, especially the ocean. Something very similar happens to me and also with the forests. Sometimes I like to visit them, feel that peace.
- Lexa explained relaxed, stretching her salty wet legs on the sand. She leant back on her elbows, letting the sun dry her skin.

- Lexa, I want you to know that nothing has happened with Madi... - Clarke turned her blue eyes to look intensely at Lexa.

- What do you mean Clarke?- Lexa asked meeting the CEO’s eyes, and feeling confused. She could feel a beautiful warmth radiating from the blonde which was so rare in the CEO.

- Mine and Madi’s story... it was something we promised to keep for ourselves, but it is not what you believe, nor what my sister and Nico have always believed. It’s just me and Madi we sometimes like to play with the imaginations and curiosity of those two. They have over active imaginations and are very good at creating non existent stories- Clarke laughed, turning her eyes back to the crashing waves. The confession greatly surprised Lexa, who felt that she could finally breathe again.

- Clarke, you don't need to explain anything about your past... I....

- I know that Lexa... but I just wanted you to know. It was something very special that united us both, but it had nothing to do with any romantic feelings. We have kissed a couple of times, but we discovered immediately that what bonded us did not extend beyond a very deep friendship. Besides, Madi is more straightforward.... she wants something that I could never give her. We love each other very much and we are very close, but the bond is more like sisters. - Those last words made Lexa smile automatically. She really felt that a great weight had been lifted from her emotionally, and was very thankful to Clarke for that unprecedented honesty.
- Thank you so much for telling me this Clarke. I’m sorry that I felt such ridiculous jealousy.... I can see now just how misplaced it was. You and I don’t... we don’t owe explanations of our past.

- No, you’re right we don't owe each other, but if I want to share something with you I will. And I would like it to be the same for you. As I said before, I would like to get to know the real you. - Lexa immediately felt sadness with that last sentence from Clarke. She wished so much that she was in a position to tell her everything, to free herself completely from the damn burden that she was carrying now.

She hated herself for feeling as though she was playing with the blonde’s feelings, only to get the vital information for her government. Her heart was so conflicted and it was yelling to hold Clarke and never let her go. She hated having that conflict, as never before in her career as an FBI agent had she experienced that doubt, that guilt.

Lexa became lost in her thoughts again, whilst Clarke watched her attentively, catching the slight sadness in the green emerald eyes of the brunette that she had come to worship.

Suddenly, Clarke's wrist watch vibrated causing her eyes to rest on the small screen, and immediately seeing that it was a message from her sister Karolina, asking if they could meet and chat privately at some point during the day. That message brought Clarke back to earth, reminding herself why she had brought Lexa to the island in the first place. She needed her sister’s help to try to unmask her, and find out if there was anything else to reveal about the brunette.

Clarke responded very quickly to the message, and asked that Karolina pick her up in an hour so that she didn't have to depend on Lexa. She didn’t want Lexa around as she wanted a private chat with her younger sister, and obviously the central point was the brunette.

Lexa watched for a moment when Clarke answered the message on her phone, but then turned her green eyes towards the ocean out of respect, although she did notice the blonde's relaxed and somewhat smiling body language whilst answering, indicating that it was nothing she had to worry about. Lexa was actually thinking about the CEO's surprise confession about her secret past between herself and her sister Madi, causing her to relax even more about it. Clarke had been very kind in letting her know that it had nothing to do with romance. She would be lying however, if she didn’t admit to still feeling intrigued, and wanting to know the whole story that had apparently united them so much.

At the same time, she regretted having put her sister in this kind of situation with respect to Clarke knowing that at some point, Madi would have to make a decision as to whose skin to save. Although she knew that her little sister would never give her up, she knew that if Madi was made aware of what was going on, then it would possibly put her life at risk. She admired Madi’s fortitude to doubtlessly protect her identity, even from a friend as close as Clarke Griffin, and at the expense of that special old friendship.

Lexa could not get away from the bitter feeling of guilt again now, knowing that when everything is revealed, the very special and deep friendship between Madi and Clarke would be greatly affected, if not totally destroyed. She cursed the bad moment that the blonde had chosen to go to Hawaii, it was just Lexa’s luck that it would coordinate at the same fucking time as her surf champ sister and her latest competition that she was attending. Her frown deepened without being able to avoid it, even whilst still watching the great waves give the wonderful and wild spectacle in front of her.

- That was my sister, she will pick me up in an hour. We need to catch up, so you can have the afternoon free Lexa. If you wish, you can go to the city, or come to the beach. I don't think I need you, and I'll be back rather late. We usually have long talks when me and Karolína catch up on our
own. - Clarke explained, observing that Lexa still seemed too lost in her thoughts, that were apparently causing her some discomfort, since her face was quite concentrated and serious looking whilst observing the ocean.

- Thank you Clarke... I will see how I feel. I may just rest as I’m still tired from the trip... you know? I am not someone who is used to this much flight time like you... - Lexa noticed that Clarke was watching her carefully and tried to be convincing in her excuse.

- You’re getting old before your years... - Clarke joked

- (Lexa laughed) Old?? This old woman will challenge you to ride the best wave, so you better hurry up off your ass young lady... - Lexa jumped up immediately and ran to the water with her board under her arm, whilst Clarke was left laughing, and running after her in an attempt to reach her.

When they reached the ocean they began desperately paddling, lying on their boards as fast as they could, looking sideways and laughing. Neither of them remembered having had such an enjoyable time in years, and they were really enjoying it to the fullest.

- You are very slow young Griffin...

- Oh you will see how slow I am old Woods...

A pretty good wave was approaching them, and together they started trying to reach it, even though both were still consumed with laughter. But the lucky one to ride it was old Woods with a huge smile of satisfaction on her face, whilst Clarke snorted with irritation, hitting the water with her fists clenched. If it was something that the CEO hated, it was to come second in anything, but to see the enormous satisfaction on that beautiful face, riding that wave in an incredible way, made her heart pound, and her anger disappeared almost immediately. Clarke began to laugh heartily, now getting on another big wave, where she delightedly entered the giant seawater tunnel.

Lexa looked at her now from the shore, clapping her hands and whistling as she enjoyed watching the great skill of the blonde, who emerged from the wave with her arms raised, howling like a wolf. The brunette begin to laugh heartily, shouting from the shore to her lover.

Lexa lay in the sand on the towel that they had brought with them, whilst Clarke came out of the water twisting her long blond hair. Upon seeing Lexa so relaxed and trying to dry herself off whilst lying in the sun, an evil thought crossed her mind. Approaching the brunette to stand in front of her, she opened her legs and climbed up to the height of her thighs to twist the rest of the salty water from her hair over Lexa's body, making her jump and scream.

- What's up old Woods? Have you ridden the wave and already need to rest and dry yourself off in the sun like the good crab that you are?

Lexa laughed, trying to cover her face from the salt water cascade that Clarke was pouring over her. She suddenly sat up in a very fast movement, taking Clarke's ass to sit on her thighs, without the blonde being able to stop her.

- You are evil young Griffin. Where has your respect gone for older people? Huh? Now let me show you what the old ones can do...

Lexa raised her hands on Clarke's back until she reached her neck, drawing the blonde's laughing face to her, and melting into a very passionate kiss, to which Clarke responded eagerly pushing against the body of the brunette until she was lying on her. She intertwined their legs and moved
seductively, causing the brunette to groan in her mouth ruffling her skin completely. The taste in their mouths mixed with the salt water, tasted more than perfect for both of them.

Their bodies lit up from the never ending kiss that was becoming more intense their grinding hip movements along with those caresses and restless hands, indicating that both clearly wanted more.

Clarke was regretting having organised to meet with her sister, because spending time like this with her brunette was far more tempting, and she would much rather spend the afternoon engaging in a more pleasurable activity, although not precisely on a beach, rather in the privacy of a room. But she needed to talk to Karolina. She didn't have much time to spare for the youngest of the Griffins, and she needed her help with regards to Lexa, who was still deliciously devouring her mouth, sucking those full lips, and that tongue with which she was delighting in too much. Clarke felt like Lexa, that at any moment they could cum right on this sand.

But the blonde did not have time, and the truth was that when she was with Lexa, she liked to enjoy it fully, and not just a quick romp on the beach. So with a superhuman effort, she slowly separated from that exotic mouth, to lose herself once more in those beautiful emeralds already obscured by desire, which looked at her somewhat confused.

Clarke ran her thumb over those swollen hot lips which were parted, whilst the owner of them bit down on her lower lip, smiling wickedly. Oh my God! Clarke liked to taste them fully, and felt that it was never enough, but besides that, Lexa kissed beautifully, resulting in her soaking her panties immediately.

- I would spend all day enjoying those exotic lips that you have Lexa, but I need to go as my sister is very punctual. We don't have time for this, and I also like to enjoy myself fully when I'm intimate with you. I'm not interested in a simple romp with you when we are in a hurry. - Clarke explained in a very serious voice.

- Good.... I guess on that we can both agree, but mmmm... I can help you in the shower if you want Clarke… I mean, with those places that are hard to reach... you know... - Lexa laughed, stroking the back of the blonde, and squeezing those buttocks with desire making Clarke ponder her decision that she had made only a few seconds ago.

- (Clarke laughed while Lexa devoured her neck) hmmm... it's tempting but you wont change my mind. I’ll see you at sunset. If something comes up, I'll let you know. Stay and enjoy the waves a little more if you like or sunbathe. You could use a little toasting on that beautiful skin that you have Lexa. Let me see.... turn around....

- Clarke no...

- Turn around Lexa, come on... don't waste my time... I'm going to put some sunscreen on you. I don't want you to burn as then I wont be able to touch you. The sun at this time of day gets very strong. - Clarke was once again entering her "protective mom" act, and it always somehow warmed Lexa's heart, since she loved receiving care.

The brunette turned with a smile on her face. Clarke already had the cream ready to pour on that spectacular back of Lexa’s. Reaching down, she had a great desire to kiss her, and even bite her, but she managed to concentrate on the task.

- Thank you - said Lexa moving her wet hair to the side, so Clarke could work her magic.

Clarke's agile and soft hands felt great on Lexa's body. She loved how much the blonde liked to take care of her, thinking about every angle. Really, when she wasn’t being bossy, and dominant,
Clarke was sweet, protective and took care of her partner. Lexa was struck with guilt again because even though they both claimed not to be in a relationship, it was more than clear that they were, even if it was in such a bad time and circumstances.

- Turn over again, let me see that face... Remove your hair Lexa... - Clarke ordered, moving back a little to give space to Lexa, who immediately did what she asked.

- Clarke... this is really not necessary... I can - The brunette tried to take the cream from Clarke so that she could continue rubbing it on herself, but the CEO was determined to complete the task herself.

- Shuuuuuu... I'm the one who will decide that Lexa, now remove those hairs...

Clarke spread the cream gently over Lexa’s smiling face, and then her neck, shoulders and chest, stroking far to close to those beautiful nipples that were showing the clear excitement that the brunette was feeling, making the blonde suddenly feel very dry in her mouth. She smiled a little, feeling flushed but continued on with her arduous task. She needed to be sure that Lexa would not burn from this dangerous midday sun. She wanted to enjoy her night with desire she told herself.

- Now you are ready to enjoy the beach and the waves at any time you like. I have to leave now, but I will see you later Lexa. - Said Clarke finally satisfied and placing the cream aside, before starting to get up.

- Clarke... - The blonde was rising when Lexa's hand pulled her back to her mouth again, capturing her with passion and sweetness for a few seconds that Clarke did not mind squandering on those lips and tongue.

- Thank you... have fun with your sister, and please send my regards.

- Yes, I will do.... and Lexa... be good... - Clarke warned nervously, stopping in her steps and looking over her shoulder.

- (Lexa laughed loudly) I promise, all I will be admiring will be the ocean, the waves and the seagulls. You have nothing to worry about Clarke.

- (Clarke laughed) good girl...

Clarke kept walking in the direction of the house, while Lexa lay back on the towel, looking at the clear blue sky above her. She needed to wait for Clarke to leave the house before she would try to communicate with her sister. She planned to do so by calling her from a public telephone or a gas station she had seen on the route from the airport to the house. She needed to take advantage of this free afternoon to talk to her. That meeting between the Griffin sisters was perfect, and couldn’t have come at a better time, she thought to herself, but she had to be very cautious. If Clarke found out that she was going to meet Madi, everything would go to the toilet, since neither of them would have a valid excuse to give the blonde that would be credible.

About two hours later Lexa arrived at the meeting place to see her sister Madi, who was in the water surfing, practicing for her competition the following day. The oldest of the Woodsons did not bring her surfboard to accompany her sister in the water, since she had had enough for the day. She could feel the effort already in her legs and that had indicated that she had reached her limit in her reunion with the aquatic sport after a long time of not practising.

It was a secluded place, where very few locals knew about. It was a great place to surf without hundreds of people bothering or crossing your path. When Lexa had called Madi, she told her how to find this place, and that they could talk in private easily there. The oldest of the Woodsons had
used the Mustang to travel there as it wasn’t far from Clarke’s house.

When Lexa arrived, she saw her talented sister already riding a large wave, and entering the great tunnel, from which she left standing and smiling. Undoubtedly Madi was a natural champion, and her older sister always loved to see her compete. It never ceased to fill her with pride and surprise from her amazing talent.

Madi saw that Alicia (Lexa) was sitting on the beach watching her, when she left the water. She knew that the talk with her sister would be something special this time, knowing that she would surely ask about her close friendship with Clarke Griffin.
It was extremely irritating to have found Alicia (Lexa) in the middle of a mission, with nobody less than one of her best friends. She also had many questions that she wanted answers to...

- Hi Ali... - started Madi, after she approached her sister, getting ready for a conversation that was undoubtedly going to be awkward.

- Hi Madi... you really are amazing at this... I never tire of watching you, or praising...

- Thank you big sister... I have always told you that you should have dedicated yourself to compete as well, instead of all this secrecy with your military and FBI life. But what can I say... this is you my dear, now come and sit down whilst I rest a little so we can talk.

Madi led her to a nice place with shade under some trees, where she already had her belongings. She immediately took a towel to dry her face a little, whilst Lexa sat next to her on a large rock, waiting for her sister to sit beside her.

- Well Ali, who starts with the questions? I imagine we both have a fair few, and from now on, if you want me to answer yours, then I expect the same courtesy back in return. And already i warning you, I don’t want you fobbing me off with any of that “classified info, and that shit”. - Madi demanded surprising her sister a little, who really didn't like the proposal, but knew that she didn't have many options.

- Madi... you know... - Lexa tried to explain that her work was something that could not be subject to such pressure, but she knew that this would be impossible with her younger sister. Madi above all things, was someone who was extremely hard headed and very determined to achieve her goals.

- NO ALI!! It is all or nothing sister. In case you do not realize, I am betraying one of my closest friends here, all to cover your beautiful ass and your secret freaking work. So make up your mind... - Madi demanded in no middle terms, she had always been like this, the sassiest of the Woodsons.

- Shit Madi, do you have any fucking idea what you're of asking me? - Lexa tried again, but it was clearly in vain.

- Yes dear sister, the same as you are asking of me... but we are sisters, right? We trust each other that what is said here, will stay between us. And don't come to me with your fucking obligations.... this is how it is going to happen, and you will keep it to yourself Alicia Woodson, do you hear me?

- Okay Madi, I get it..... now start talking will you? What is your story with Clarke? When did you meet? - Lexa began to ask, already surrendering to the demands of her sister, knowing that she would not be able to get anything out of her if she didn’t.

- We met when we were 18 years old.... when I first started coming to the island to compete, do you remember? Our parents tried to stick the boot in, but thanks to you I followed my dream...

- Yes, do not remind me. I had to bear the brunt of it and attend their multiple ridiculous evenings...
pretending to be interested in all the damn stupid male suitors that they introduced me to, so that friends and acquaintances did not know that I was gay...

- Well, on one of those trips, I became friends with a group of others who were about the same age and also had dreams of surfing. Soon, Clarke and her sister Karolina joined the group. Clarke immediately caught my attention because she was something special. She seemed very lonely, and always walked away a little from the group. She almost never smiled, and was not sociable in the slightest, but her sister pushed her to accompany her to the group and integrate.

- One day, it was almost dawn, and I arrived early at the place where we usually met. I saw Clarke in the distance walking completely dressed into the ocean, as if she were totally gone, and it caught my attention, especially as she was alone. Her whole demeanour seemed odd, and although I called her several times she didn't even turn to look at me, just kept going into the ocean. I watched as the water covered her and she did nothing, she did not swim, or attempt to stay afloat, that’s when I ran towards her. I had to look for her for several minutes underwater, until I found her unconscious. I grabbed her and pulled her afloat immediately. She wasn't breathing, she was totally gone, and I barely managed to pull her out of the water, and drag her to the beach where I gave her resuscitation and massaged her heart. She didn't come back and I got scared and started panicking, but in the end she started coughing and recovering.

- Wait Madi... You saved Clarke's life? Is that the famous secret that you both keep? - Lexa asked, surprised and puzzled by the fact.
- Yes, but there is more... When she came back, she started yelling and cursing at me, and I knew that she had wanted to commit suicide. In her mind, she had chosen the place, the day and the way, and I had ruined her plan, and as she was still hysterically screaming at me and pushing me like crazy, I slapped her.

- You did what?!! - Lexa was shocked at the story. Her sister was not capable of hitting a punching bag in the gym, let alone an innocent individual.

- Well, you really needed to have seen her, I had to do it. And it served its purpose because she then sunk to the ground and began to cry with so much despair, that it broke my soul. I couldn't understand what could be happening to her that was so terrible, that she would want to want to kill herself.... A girl who apparently had everything, you know? And besides, her sister was so cheerful and friendly and sociable. They were like day and night in comparison.

- I can’t imagine why either... - Immediately, the terrible images of these violations shot through the mind of Lexa, making her close her eyes tightly, whilst shaking her head, now surprising her sister.

- Wait.... What do you know about Clarke? - Madi asked worriedly, as she thought the terrible tragedy of her friend, was supposedly a secret that only she and Kalia knew about.

- Cage Wallace? - The name bristled Madi's skin, and her mind was blocked. How the hell did Alicia (Lexa) know about that?

- God, Ali! How the fuck do you know that? She never... - Madi did not understand how it was possible.

- Yes, I imagine she has only told you... - Lexa replied, understanding her sister's confusion and shock.

- Exactly.... So how the fuck do you know? I don’t understand?. Has Clarke told you?
- No Madi... the reports came to me when I was studying her case. They interrogated that son of a bitch in jail. He agreed to disclose their history for some privileges. He also delivered homemade videos that had evidence of what he sometimes did....
- DON’T! Please stop right there, because I really don’t want to hear it! He’s a fucking son of a thousand whores! I swear that dog has a price on his head, and if I ever have his neck in my hands... - Madi was in a state of anger that Lexa had never before seen in her sister, but she understood immediately, being a friend that was so close to Clarke.

- I’m sorry Madi, I didn’t mean to upset you. Will you please continue with your story? Replied Lexa gently....

- Well, after I managed to calm her down a bit, I took her with me to my den, where I gave her dry clothes, and made her some tea. I asked her to trust me, and to tell me what it was that had happened to her, and why she had wanted to commit suicide. At first she refused to talk to me, but then she suddenly started telling me all the macabre story with that guy, and I started to vomit. It was the most horrible thing I had heard in my life. Ali, you have no idea what Clarke has suffered in her childhood and adolescence.

- I can imagine Madi, believe me, what I have read and watched on those tapes was enough to understand why she is as she is today. Did Clarke never feel like she had the opportunity or support to report this bastard? Fuck, I wish he could have seen the inside of a jail cell sooner - Lexa had been left seriously traumatised since she had learned of Clarke’s horrific story.

- She couldn’t report him Lexa. From the moment he began abusing her, he had threatened to do the same to her younger siblings, he even threatened to make them disappear if she ever went to the police. She allowed him to do those terrible things to her in order to protect them. Her father was lost in alcohol and easy women, and her mother had abandoned them. She had to take care of her siblings, and make sure that this son of a bitch didn't put a finger on them. I imagine that by that point, her psychological damage prevented her from taking him to a trial, and when she became the CEO of her company, she probably did not want the public to know about her horrific past.

- My God... Clarke... - Lexa whispered to herself, feeling a strong pain in her chest. Now she understood far more, and she felt terrible sorrow for the tragedy of the blonde.

- Yes... and now the fucking FBI is investigating her as if she were the criminal garbage? Ali, what the hell is going on sister?! Why are they doing this? Clarke wouldn't hurt a fly, believe me.... I know her like nobody else does.

- Because reliable reports have arrived at the FBI that Clarke is creating extremely advanced technology Madi. It could be a lethal weapon in the hands of world criminals or terrorist cells. Clarke has created intelligence chips that can manipulate the human mind, it is so serious that the secret world intelligence groups have formed a special group of secret agents in order to infiltrate Griffin Cybernetics and know exactly what technology Clarke has created and who she intends to sell it to. I was chosen to approach her, and to do that well, I have had to get close to her... you know, trust me... I need to gather that vital information for...

- Aden... - Madi interrupted, now closing her eyes and looking out to the ocean, whilst Lexa looked at her not understanding who ‘Aden’ was.

- What? Who the fuck are you talking about? Who is Aden...? Madi, did you just hear what I said? By telling you all this, I swear I’m putting myself in the firing line here. - The older sister was becoming irritated, she had exposed all her damn ultra-secret missions with her sister and she was rambling about some random stranger out there.
- Danm Ali... You are all making a huge mistake...

- Madi, what the fuck are you talking about? - Demanded an irate Lexa...

- You, the FBI and all these so called secret groups in the world are wrong.... Clarke is not creating weapons of mass destruction or anything like that that could harm others.

- Madi... tell me right away, what do you know?

- Ali, you are asking me to break a vow of secrecy too important of which you have no idea sister.

- Madi, I will only tell you this once, and that is that if you don't tell me what you know, Clarke is going to suffer far more, because the secret services are going to tear her apart with all this speculation. So if you love her as much as you claim, it's time for you to help her by telling me what you know...

- Ali, I don't know exactly what Clarke is creating, but I'm almost sure it's because... oh fuck Alicia! I can’t do this!! I can’t break her confidence!!

- Madi, it's me.... your sister, now please trust me... I'll do everything I can to help Clarke if she's really as innocent as you think...

- That son of a bitch made her pregnant when Clarke was 16... - Madi finally let go, causing Lexa's eyes to widen, and leaving her almost unable to breathe.

- What....? He did what...? - Lexa felt a deep stab in her heart immediately.

- Exactly what you just heard Lexa, the fucking bastard made her pregnant.

- Wait... what... what happened to the baby?

- Well, Clarke had it... It was a time when Wallace, the Son of a Bitch was traveling around Europe for almost a year, doing business. Clarke got help here from Kalia, who welcomed her home until the child was born, and kept it all very hush hush. There was really only her Doctor who knew about her pregnancy. No one in Clarke's family found out about it. I have no idea how she managed to do that, but it was at a time when her siblings were both in private schools and she barely saw them, and her mother was in New York with her family. Her father, well you know... Everything happened in such a way that she could have the child in secret. She was terrified though Ali, but she never hesitated to bring that baby into the world, even though it was fathered from that degenerate. Clarke clung to her son's life with all her heart destroyed. But logically.... she couldn't keep him and take care of him as she would have liked. She couldn’t take him back to the mainland, as she didn't want that bastard Wallace to know about the baby, and Kalia helped her with some friends she had in Australia. She took him there and left him in the care of a young couple, who adopted the child with the promise that Clarke would never claim him. It was the hardest thing she has ever had to do in her life, even more than keeping her silence regarding the abuse of Cage Wallace....

- Holy shit... Clarke... why? Shit! I just can't believe this... but... I don't understand what this history has to do with the name Aden that you mentioned?

Lexa was about to cry, she just couldn't believe everything that Clarke had gone through in her life, and yet she had still had such an immense amount of love for that child, giving him up for adoption to protect him from that ruthless animal. She just wanted to run and fly back to the mainland and pay a visit to Wallace. She was desperate to just to make him suffer until his last breath left his body...
- Aden Thomas is her son. She visits him sometimes, and always asks me to accompany her, because she always collapses… you know? She only visits to watch him from a distance, fulfilling the agreement she made with the adoptive parents of Aden, and she obviously provides a good sum of money so that her little one never lacks anything. The couple that have him are amazing, do not think bad of them Ali. They could not have children and Clarke came like an angel with that little baby whom was just two months old at the time. The issue is that when Aden was about nine years old, unfortunately he suffered a terrible traffic accident, leaving him in a wheelchair...

- Oh dear God, no... please... something else? - Lexa lamented, taking her hair, her eyes slightly moistened.

- Yes, I’m afraid so. Doctors ruled that something in his brain had been damaged and it had affected his neurons. Tragically, he can no longer move his legs. From that moment, Clarke swore to use her high intelligence and knowledge of cybernetics to create a brain implant chip, which could be used to replace those damaged neurons, enabling her child to walk again....

- So, do you think that Clarke has finally created this chip? - Lexa was more than surprised with the information that her sister was providing, but the problem was that Madi was not completely sure, and she needed proof of Clarke’s reasons for developing it.

- I think she could have done Ali, yes. Everything points in that direction perfectly. You say that the FBI has reports that Clarke is apparently creating this advanced technology lately, and I am more than sure that it is what she swore to create to help Aden. It can’t be for anything else Ali. Clarke has always told me that she wanted to create things that would revolutionize the world, but in a good way. She would not be making weapons or anything like that, that could destroy the world, that's not her sister. That idea is absolutely crazy. Your bosses are wrong.... unless what the government themselves are looking for with all this operation, is to make that advanced technology, and use Clarke’s brains to turn it into weapons of mass destruction that of course they will use to keep sharing power over the rest of the world...

- Madi... I... I would like so much to believe that Clarke is only creating these implant chips to help her son and maybe so many other disabled people... and even if it were... I... I need to take this info to my superiors... you don't understand... I don't think the government alone...

- Ali you can't do that... You can't unveil her secret... can you imagine if the world found out that the famous global genius CEO of Griffin Cybernetics has a son? You would be putting his life at a high risk immediately, besides ruining that child's happiness and normal life. That’s not even considering the effect this will have on Clarke of course... do you hear yourself? Can you for one moment remove the damn FBI badge out of your brain and see the reality, and consequences of all this?

- Madi...

- DON’T ALI! I strictly forbid you sister, or I swear I'll tell Clarke who the fuck you really are... - Madi threatened her sister strongly leaving her in complete shock.

- Madi, are you threatening me, your own sister? What the hell is wrong with you?

- Yes, I fucking well am, because It happens that this time your fucking job is real shit, and you are intending to harm a person who does not deserve it, a woman who has been damaged all her life and an innocent child who lived his entire life as a completely normal child, until his paralysis, damn it. What the fuck is wrong with YOU Alicia?! Have you been in the militia for so long and that shit secret service that you no longer have a conscience towards these innocent people that you hurt with your damn duty? - Madi had a very clear point, but Lexa was torn between her duty and
what was right. She understood what her younger sister was trying to make her see, but she couldn't just...

- I don’t believe this... I thought you at least would try to understand my reasons Madi. You weren't like Mom and Dad.... trying to get away from what I want to do with my life. I am trying to help to clean the world of shit... to protect, and try to keep balance in the fucking place where we live... don't you really understand that? - Although Lexa tried to excuse herself before her sister, her internal struggle was heartbreaking now that she was handling all this new information. Almost everything had changed during the course of the operation that she had found herself in.

- Alicia(Lexa), you better take some time and think about this sister, because it is not right what you are doing this time, and what you are planning to do. I know you well, and I know that deep down, you know that your actions are pretty appalling right now, and I’m sure you are struggling internally as to what to do. I just hope that you still have some humanity left inside that fucking secret agent mind of yours...

- I don't want to discuss that with you Madi... we're different, we see things differently little sister... and I've always been grateful that you respected my decisions, as I have done with yours. I don't want this to come between us in any way...

- I’ll try hard not to let it Ali... but right now I'm furious and disgusted that you're using Clarke's confidence to accomplish your damn secret mission. You know, in case you haven't noticed.... she actually has real feelings for you?!. She has never had them for anyone.... she has never fallen in love with "ANYONE"!! So I know how that can make you feel... but congratulations Agent Lexa Woods, you are the first love in the life of Clarke Griffin. Now if you will excuse me, I need to practice. Just know this... later.... when all this shit explodes, my friendship with her is going to be very badly damaged, and that hurts like you have no fucking idea, because I love her so much, as much as I love you, fucking idiot...!! - Madi was holding her tears back tightly, making the heart of her older sister shrink, who had never felt so miserable.

- Madi... seriously... I... I know how much you are hurting, and you have no fucking idea how sorry I am... and for your information, it will hurt me too... because if... even if you don't believe me, I also have feelings for her.... Dammit!! My chest is contracted, it hurts so fucking much... It's all so messed up... I can't... I don't want to hurt her... shit! I just wish...

- Ali... I'm sorry for you too... but maybe it would be less painful if you leave now, before this has barely begun... - Madi tried to convince her sister, although she knew how dedicated to duty Alicia(Lexa) was, so she knew she was most likely begging in vain.

- Madi, I can't... I'm very close to being able to get the information I need... - Lexa tried to explain herself once more, and to justify her actions, but things were very clear to her sister Madi, who was adamant that she was acting badly, and the only one who was going to get hurt again was going to be Clarke.

- Goodbye... see you tomorrow Agent Woods, and good luck in becoming the next tragic fucking memory in her life... the next wound deep in her soul... I hope you can live with yourself knowing that - Snapped Madi as she stormed off...

- Madi.... Madi... NO... MADI....! SHIT! - Lexa tried in vain to stop her sister, the tears she was holding came almost in cascades from her eyes immediately clouding her sight. Everything had changed, and now she needed to make a very serious decision that would affect not only her career, but the lives of many...
- Are you going to help me with Lexa or not Karo? - Clarke asked impatiently. Her sister was taking far too long to respond as far as Clarke was concerned, after having confessed to her the whole crazy story with Lexa.

- Patience Clarkie... you know, you have no idea how happy it makes me to see you in love like this my darling sister... but on the other hand, hell sis, couldn't you have looked for someone different? - Karolina commented with gestures, making Clarke smile sideways at her sister for thinking it was so very simple to say, “Ah, I'm going to look for a better candidate,” thought Clarke.

- What do you mean Karo? And stop saying I'm in love, I... I don’t know what that...

- Oh, let me tell you sis, that it is exactly what you are feeling! What you feel for this woman is called "being madly in love", and I still really need to pinch myself. - Karolina joked, whilst smiling and making quotes with her hands. She then jokingly pinched her arm, making Clarke roll her eyes somewhat annoyed.

- Shut up Karo and tell me if you're going to help or not. I don't have time for your childish behaviour... - Clarke was getting irritated with the teasing from her younger sister. She knew she was only joking, but she already felt quite naked in front of Karolina with everything she had confessed. She cursed herself on the inside for putting herself in this position as her sister always stripped her mind so easily.

- Do not insult me Clarke, we are not children. Love is a huge part of this life, even if you don't believe it, or have never experienced it. Love is what makes people whole. So don't underestimate the feeling Clarke. There is nothing wrong with losing your mind a little for love... but hell, I’m not sure what you can do if you have already fallen in love with your chauffeur?! You remind me of Lady Sybil of that Downtown Abbey tv show, where she married that cute Irish chauffeur.

The funny comment made Clarke smile, but then she immediately remembered what Lexa had told her that night in the swan park. She mentally reminded herself that she must press the brunette into telling her the story again at some point, but her thoughts were interrupted by the vibration of her
- Oh dear Clarkie, don’t you ever take a break? Why have you let work call you whilst you're on the island? - Karolina always asked her that when she visited, not wanting her to be disturbed during her break due to business issues. Clarke usually gave in to her sister, but this was important...

- Yes, I'm sorry ... - Clarke tried to apologize to her sister.

- Oh don't worry you big hotshot CEO, go answer it whilst I go to the bathroom. - After Karolina left, Clarke looked at her watch, noting that it was an unexpected message from none other than.... Lexa ...

Lexa woods
"I miss you...."

Reading those two simple words made her face redden like a tomato immediately, producing a shiver all over her body, and making her smile whilst biting her lip. She thanked the lord that her sister had given her privacy. The notorious thing about that message was that no one had ever written anything like that in a simple message that could somehow mean so much. Her hands began to shake a little, and her emotions spread through her being. Why the hell this woman always managed to produce these strange sensations which did nothing but cheer her up was beyond her.

Clarke Griffin
"It won't take much longer... I'll be back home soon"

Lexa woods
"Good to know that... please tell me when you're leaving"

Clarke Griffin
"Why should I do that? So I won't find you behaving badly Lexa?"

Lexa woods
"To surprise you and misbehave with you"

An obvious heat ran through every part of Clarke's being. She settled back into her chair, looking sideways around her, to see if anyone was watching, or if her little sister was returning, unable to stop herself from smiling stupidly. She mentally slapped herself for such silly behavior, but she couldn't deny that her panties felt wet... Shit! She wanted to run from that restaurant immediately.

Clarke Griffin
"I'll let you know when I’m coming"

- Huy huy huy.... Clarkie, if your body continues to show this degree of heat, I would think of you as a walking sun... - Karolina laughed whilst sitting down, as Clarke's colors rose to her face. She lowered her hand, and immediately hid the watch and pressed the side of it into herself, trying to recover from the heated moment.

- I don’t know what the fuck you are talking about Karo. Seriously, do not wind me up with all this, I have enough to try to understand and make sense of...

- Clarke, why don’t you just accept it? Let me tell you big sister, that your biggest problem is accepting what you are feeling and I understand that. It is not easy to fall in love for the first time at 28 years of age.... but... who says that everyone should follow the normal guidelines in life?
- Karo...

- Clarkie... try not to worry so much. I understand why you are, as at the end of the day, this is an employee who has just come into your life... and being who you are, I would probably be as equally hesitant and fearful. Try to relax about it for now though, and I will help you as much as I can. Tomorrow in the competition, I will approach her and see what I can do, although I have to say, she is not an easy character to analyse. That woman is very very intelligent and careful with whom, and what she talks about. But you know me Clarkie, there is no creature on this planet that resists my charms for long...

- Thank you Karo. You know, it is getting a little... mmmmmm... late. I should head back home. if you don’t mind? - Clarke urgently wanted to end this unbearable conversation with her sister and return home. She was desperately hoping that Lexa would be in the mood to misbehave with her in every possible way. She tried not to be too obvious, but she knew from Karolina's mocking giggle that she had failed.

- (Karolina chuckled) Oh please... how on earth does this brunette have so much influence over you, hmmm? I know it is her whom is sending the messages. - Karolina laughed again, making her older sister feel somewhat embarrassed.

The eldest of the Griffins hated her for making fun of her in this way, although Clarke acknowledged that she deserved it, having always spoken negatively about this strong feeling that was now beginning to take over her soul. She had often poked fun at Karolina and her eternal infatuation with Nico. So somehow she accepted her sister's revenge, knowing that this was karma. She just nodded, and immediately called the waitress to ask for the bill.

Meanwhile, over in the house, the sunset was painting a watercolor of orange and violet colors in the sky. Lexa was leaning against the door frame that overlooked the gallery and the beach. Her eyes were lost in the natural wonder that she never tired of observing and had often photographed. The brunette loved watching the sunrises and sunsets.

It had taken her a little time to recover from the deep and shocking talk with her sister, who without realizing it, had changed the course of everything about 360°. Knowing all that about Clarke had made her seriously rethink what she was really doing. Rethink even what Madi had pointed out, that there was a possibility that the government was covering up the true reason for this mission, trying to intrude into Clarke Griffin's secret laboratory and its advanced technology, for certain purposes that Lexa was starting to dislike.

Lexa had always been a woman dedicated to the service of her country, and her duty to defend and protect, but this was becoming unnerving, strange and no longer so clear in her eyes and in her insightful mind. If things were as Madi blindly believed they were, and Clarke was trying her best to create something of such importance in order to help people, especially with physical disabilities, then this whole mission was floored.

She was already having strong doubts over some of the reports that the FBI had delivered to her before the operation began, such as the talk of alleged approaches with criminal world organizations, and even possibly terrorist cells who wished to buy the supposed AI (Artificial Intelligence) technology that Griffin was supposedly creating.

What the FBI did not know for sure was whether Clarke Griffin was in commercial dealings with these criminals. Certain sources indicated that in the last year there had apparently been business arrangements between Griffin Cybernetics and criminal organizations, and documents obtained from internal informants seemed to verify these suspicions.
That was what Lexa didn't understand, especially after talking to Madi, who it seemed knew Clarke Griffin better than anyone. Her sister had been 100% sure that the CEO would never involve herself with criminals or people who would use her creations as a weapon of mass destruction. According to her sister, Clarke's creations were aimed at human well-being, and to improve the quality of life, especially for disabled people.

Lexa’s mind was similar to a hurricane right now. Her feelings for the blonde were very strong, and she no longer knew how to control them. She was completely in love with Clarke Griffin, that fact was as clear as the beautiful sunset in front of her eyes. In those moments, she just wanted to wrap her arms around her and protect her from everything and everyone in this crazy world. She wanted to love her and make her happy for the first fucking time in her tragic life.

Lexa wanted very much to heal her wounds slowly with her love, to teach her a new world of sensations and moments with the person you love. But more than anything, she wanted to take her away from here, and from everything around them, from their responsibilities and their identities. She wanted to help Clarke regain her child, and for the three of them to live together, lost somewhere in the world, living a normal, happy, quiet life. But then she smiled bitterly, trying to wake up from the ridiculous dream that had crossed her mind.

Although the desire to enjoy Clarke every minute of the day in that paradise was very real, nothing would change in a couple of days, she told herself. They were both getting carried away by what they felt. Lexa sincerely needed to enjoy this beautiful moment, and therefore decided to simply put aside all her questions and grief, and make these days something special for both of them. Alone in that house, she already missed Clarke, and without hesitation, she had sent those messages as she began to prepare a romantic night for both of them to enjoy.

She adored the way Clarke responded to her daring messages, making her smile and feel excited for what was to come. She arranged a small table with a white tablecloth, two glasses, burning candles inside a beautiful garden lamp, and a small vase of local wildflowers. She also placed a line of small lights similar to those that one decorates the house at Christmas time with, and placed them around the gallery and the small wooden staircase that descended to the backyard.

In the middle of her preparations, Lexa was surprised by Kalia, who fell in love with the romantic environment made by the brunette, helping her with some small details here and there. Kalia was already worshiping the green-eyed brunette, who clearly was very much in love with her Clarke and thought, in good time, that her girl could finally live the happy life that she had so far been cruelly denied. This woman whom had arrived a day ago with Clarke had immediately pleased Kalia, who had noticed the simple and large heart in her.

She had however, also noticed that there was something ‘off’ around her, which was alerting her internal alarms a little. Kalia was a very very perceptive woman and although everything seemed great with the brunette, she felt something was being kept hidden away. However, even though her alarms were activated, something told her that fate knew what it was doing by joining these two women, who apparently belonged to two different worlds, but who complemented each other as soulmates, dared she say.

Kalia chatted a little with Lexa whilst helping her, trying to delve a little deeper into the brunette woman with her beautiful and intense eyes. Her first impression was good, but she noticed some elusive responses, which the Hawaiian didn't like very much. Kalia protected Clarke intensely, almost like her own daughter, after knowing the tragic story of her terrible childhood and adolescence. She greatly wanted to see her in a relationship one day, in love with someone who knew how to value her, knew how to dive into that damaged heart and cure it with simple and pure love. To her, it was looking more and more like Lexa was the candidate, but... Kalia still suspected
something was amiss under those good looks, and desperately hoped that she was wrong since she had immediately noticed how very much in love Clarke was with the brunette, whom seemed to return her affections, but there were still those "buts...".

Finally, Kalia left the house at the beginning of sunset, wishing Lexa luck, who smiled, despite knowing that Kalia was trying to dig deep to understand her. If she was honest with herself, she did not blame her. Lexa understood that Kalia loved and protected Clarke as if she were her own daughter, and it was logical, knowing all her terrible history, that she would be over protective. She knew that she simply wanted Clarke to be happy, but being who she was was a great obstacle, easily attracting many false individuals who were only interested in her fortune and her prestige. As far as Kalia was concerned Lexa was a mere chauffeur, and it was natural that Kalia had noticed Clarke's crush on her and that she only hoped that Lexa was not someone who would harm her.

Her eyes were lost once more on the horizon of the ocean and that red sun that was lost in the distance, before she was immediately distracted by the vibration of her wristwatch, which she looked at immediately to read the message that she was hoping to receive. She immediately drew a bright smile on her face, away from the negative feelings concerning the intense romance in which she was involved with Clarke.

Clarke Griffin
"I am arriving in five minutes"

Lexa immediately entered the kitchen, looking for what was missing from the romantic sunset table. A good bottle of iced Rosé wine, prepared already and open in an ice-tray. She proceeded to fill the two glasses, and then sat on the rocking chair in the gallery before she heard the murmurs and the main door of the house that opened and then closed.

Clarke was surprised by the poor lighting in the house as she closed the entrance door, and left her bag on the living room sofa next to her light coat. She then took off her uncomfortable shoes, and followed the path to the lights that were visible in the door that overlooked the backyard.

When she reached the door and took a step out, she was stunned looking at all the beautiful and romantic decorations, causing her heart to undoubtedly accelerate, as emotions ran through her making her smile. She blinked her eyes a couple of times trying to recover from the surprise. Something had already revolutionized inside her with that message from Lexa "I miss you" as no
one had ever told her, or written something like that and she could not deny that it made her soul feel special for the first time in her life.

She was stunned to come home and find everything waiting for her like this. The whole scene seemed to be out of one of those romantic movies that she always hated watching, although sometimes she saw the odd trailer, thinking that they were meaningless nonsense. But right now, in front of her eyes, this was real, and she had been unprepared to receive it.

Lexa stood up when she saw Clarke, noticing the somewhat shocked expression on her face from the romantic surprise. She loved seeing the smile on her face as she never imagined seeing it on this woman with the supposed heart of ice without feelings. But as soon as she approached the blonde, Clarke noticed her precision and automatically turned away from her, taking a step to the side, looking intensely into her eyes for a few seconds in silence.

The response made Lexa not dare to take another step, awaiting her reaction. But what the brunette saw in the eyes of the woman she was madly in love with was something like… stunned? Confused? She wasn't entirely sure, but she didn’t want to make her feel uncomfortable in any way, so she stayed in place and waited.

- Lexa... what... what is all this? I already told you, we aren't... - Clarke was stunned, and she couldn’t really find the words that she wanted to say, because she simply didn't know what to feel or what to say.

- I know Clarke... don't be afraid. I’m not attempting to say anything with this. I would just like you to take this drink and drink with me please. Try not to overthink this, don’t feel that you should not or that you can’t... just enjoy the moment with me please... - Lexa said, approaching a little towards her and invading her personal space, whilst she reached for a glass of Rose wine.

Clarke had no words to answer, her hand only moved to take the glass of Rose wine that Lexa offered her. She could not simply lose herself in those illuminated emeralds, which looked at her in a way that nobody had ever looked at her in her life, making her heart skip a few beats and feel warm, very warm.

Paying attention to the brunette, she sipped on her wine and concentrated on letting herself go, and allowing herself to enjoy the moment without thinking and assessing the situation. She turned off all the functions of her brain, which still screamed in some dark corners of her to leave that place right now.

Lexa was standing very close to her and did not hesitate to raise her hand and caress the blonde’s forehead, smoothing away a few blond tufts that had fallen over Clarke's face from the sea breeze that caressed their faces. Clarke was not used to the soft and delicate touch of Lexa's fingers placing that blonde strand behind her ear that she caressed with delicacy making her shiver.

- I've missed you this afternoon… Clarke... - She said, almost in a sweet whisper from being lost in the sea of her eyes.

- I... I... Everything looks very nice Lexa... but I don't... - Clarke was still so off balance, so bewildered with everything, and especially with what Lexa was making her feel.

- No... not tonight… Clarke... I just want you to experience something different in your life, something you might not be used to, and I would love to share it with you. That's why I ask you to just let yourself go tonight. Besides, nobody is going to find out Miss Griffin... - Lexa proposed, now gently stroking her face and winking at her slyly, causing the blonde to finally lose the tension in her body.
- (Clarke smiled a little whilst blushing) You’re crazy, did you know that? - Clarke could only respond to feeling the softness of the hand that was cradling her face. This felt to good, and she told herself to enjoy it like Lexa proposed.

- Yes, I know... crazy about you for sure, now I want you to leave that glass here, next to mine and dance with me... - Lexa took the cup from Clarke's hands, who allowed her do it, but looked somewhat shocked at the new proposal.

- What...? I don't... - The blonde was somewhat slow with her answers, and she hated herself for being so obvious in her reactions. Lexa simply let a warm smile illuminate her face, touched by Clarke's somewhat bewildered and shy attitude.

- Shuuu... yes, you do dance... I've already seen you, and you move very well by the way... but this is something more... mmmm... slow dance with me Clarke... don't feel afraid... I promise not to step on you... - Lexa dared to interrupt with a light finger to her lips in order to silence her despair of wanting to run away from the intimacy of the situation. She lowered her hands and took hold of Clarke's, who looked so fucking lost, that she simply chose to let herself be guided through what she percieved as madness.

- (Clarke laughed again shaking her head slightly) Seriously, what is wrong with you tonight Lexa?

- I have already answered Clarke, I just want to enjoy a special night with you... "Control, play music please" Come on Miss Griffin, would you do me the honor of dancing with me? - Lexa asked, bowing in front of Clarke and making her laugh even more. Clarke nodded with amusement and gave her hands to the lady who asked her to dance.

The music from the Bee Gees group, “How deep is your love” began to play and Clarke stood there simply biting her lower lip, still smiling, watching Lexa take her hands, eyes full of magic, and an enlightened face of something she did not know but felt she recognized the emotion that caused her soul to ignite. These sensations that grew like a gigantic wave within her being, igniting all her senses, were incredible, she almost felt as though she was flying. Seriously, it felt so real that she now managed to understand the feeling of ‘love’ that she had always made fun of because she simply did not understand it.

Clarke relaxed her body, and let herself be carried away by Lexa's hands, which she placed around her own neck, bringing her forehead closer to that of the blonde. Her long fingers now held her waist gently, beginning to move to the rhythm of the beautiful song, which reflected very much what Lexa felt in that moment, what she wanted with all her soul.

“...I know your eyes in the morning sun
I feel you touch me in the pouring rain
And the moment that you wander far from me
I want to feel you in my arms again
And you come to me on a summer breeze
Keep me warm in your love, then you softly leave
And it's me you need to show
How deep is your love,
how deep is your love
How deep is your love?
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down, when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me
I believe in you
You know the door to my very soul
You're the light in my deepest, darkest hour
You're my savior when I fall...”

The blonde felt Lexa's forehead on hers and that nose brushing hers in a tender way, while slowly dancing to the slow beat of the music. Almost automatically, Clarke began paying attention to the lyrics of the song, making her smile a little with how suitable it was for them.

“...And you may not think that I care for you
When you know down inside that I really do
And it's me you need to show
How deep is your love,
how deep is your love
How deep is your love?
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down, when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me
And you come to me on a summer breeze
Keep me warm in your love, then you softly leave
And it's me you need to show
How deep is your love,
how deep is your love?
How deep is your love?
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down, when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me
How deep is your love,
how deep is your love
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me
How deep is your love,
how deep is your love?
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me...

And right this moment Clarke knew that Lexa was a true romantic lost, and that she was introducing her to a world she did not know, but that she was not afraid of anymore. She was enjoying what Lexa was showing her more and more, and she could clearly feel the party that was playing the fool of her heart inside, beating in a hurry, whilst her skin bristled completely, making her smile from her very soul. This was a moment that she would not forget in her life she told herself. It was all so unreal, yet also so real thanks to Lexa, that at that moment Clarke knew what she wanted intensely...

- Lexa...

- Clarke...
Lexa moved her face a little and captured Clarke's lips sweetly, first savoring her lips slowly, sucking on them in pleasure with her tongue, and then penetrating that mouth that was waiting so anxiously. The bodies stopped moving and the song came to an end, but the dance of their souls was just beginning, and the heat of their bodies rose as the kiss grew in intensity, both women already devouring each other.

Lexa took the initiative, without fear of rejection for the first time, holding Clarke's hands and raising them above her head. She turned their bodies forcing the blonde's against the wall next to the entrance of the house, and unleashing the passion that was so contained within her.

Lexa descended with wet and slow kisses against Clarke's neck with enormous passion and need, whilst her hands slowly slid up to the hem of the pink salmon shirt that Clarke wore, raising it to peel it off. The blonde did not object to being taken for the first time, raising her arms to help remove those annoying clothes from the top of her body, feeling the fire hug her completely.

Lexa proceeded to nudge her leg between those of Clarke, who opened them with pleasure, immediately feeling something that she normally would not feel on a woman's body, making her moan but at the same time surprising her. The brunette smiled wickedly noticing Clarke's shock reaction to what she was feeling against her mid-leg.

- I told you Clarke that I wanted to misbehave with you... - Lexa whispered in a very suggestive and serious voice in the sensitive ear of the blonde, causing her to shiver and roll her hips more eagerly.

- Hmmm... I imagine you didn't find that by chance... - smirked Clarke.

- Hmmm... no, I looked for it in your suitcase, hoping that perhaps you had brought it with you. I hope that is ok?

- I'm the one who wears it... no... the one who urges these things... yes... and that's why you're going to be punished later... naughty girl... - moaned Clarke, lost to the sensations flooding through her body.

- Oh, you don't know how naughty I can be if you let me... Clarke... - murmured Lexa into the blonde's neck.

Clarke could not be more wet, or excited, continuing to move her hips against Lexa's and moaning with desire. That exquisite mouth of her naughty brunettes continued to push her against the wall, while the thick and soft lips rustled her entire skin with intensity, desperately in need of more. The agitated brunette groaned after each lick, each kiss, each hip rotation, wishing deeply to penetrate Clarke right there with the dildo that hung from the harness inside her annoying shorts. But she managed to restrain herself since she wanted to do it somewhere else, somewhere more comfortable.

Moving slowly down Clarke’s neck, Lexa turned her attention to those amazingly smooth breasts, with nipples so hard and so clearly in need of her. Her long and expert fingers released the clasp of Clarke's bra, hurriedly removing the garment, which fell to the floor next to the shirt. Lexa's thirsty mouth soon met those breasts eagerly, and with great pleasure, causing the blonde to begin to rub even more on that dildo she was wearing. She continued to move her hips with desire, whilst the brunette now accompanied her in matching the movement, causing the wooden wall of the house to start banging with the blows from Clarke's back. The blonde begged Lexa to penetrate her,
desperate for her inside her already.

Lexa followed her path of kisses, leaving licks and soft bites to Clarke's tense abdomen, before kneeling in front of the blonde, looking at that tempting belly button, and stroking it with her fingers, whilst the agitated owner now lowered her dark blue eyes to her, whilst her hands held her head, stroking her hair.

Lexa looked at her for a few seconds, connecting their eyes in an attempt to bind their souls, making her shiver once more, sending a strong and hot wave to her lower belly, anticipating what would come next.

- Do it Lexa now... take me... make me yours... - Clarke begged, whilst her large breasts rose and fell from the agitation of her body. Lexa could already feel trembling legs and knew how excited her girl/boss was.

- You're so beautiful Clarke... do you want me to make you mine?

- Yes Lexa... I want it now...

Lexa stood up again, without losing the connection with Clarke's blues. In one rapid movement, her arms raised the blonde's body, giving her a short kiss on her lips, to the complete amazement of Clarke who only looked at her in surprise, now holding her neck with her arms and smiling somewhat nervously and anxiously.

Lexa immediately entered the house, walking with some hurry to Clarke's room, entering it and finally lowering the blonde to the floor, at the foot of the big bed, kneeling again, now kissing that navel, playing with her tongue on it, whilst her hands held the blonde's butt where it should be, there.... right there. Those long fingers crossed the edge of the white linen trousers, scratched the delicate skin of Clarke, who was already begging to be undressed and taken by this beautiful woman, whom had become so special to the blonde, so sweet, so passionate. Someone that only made her feel special and desired, something that she had never felt in her entire life.

Lexa savored her belly with her restless tongue, caressing that burning skin. Slowly, her fingers entered the edge of those pants and she began to unfasten the button, popping it open before slowing dragging them down the blonde’s legs. Clarke tried to control her breathing with anticipation, and the intensity of the moment. Lexa finally finished disposing of the pants, and turned her head to Clarke's soaked panties, exposing her sex to her face.

Despite being as excited and as desperate as Clarke, the brunette took her time, kissing with pleasure those upper thighs of the blonde, lightly sucking and stroking the beautiful and firm butt of Clarke’s with her hand. Lexa kept her firmly in position, despite the blonde pushing her hips towards her face desperate to feel that mouth on her throbbing sex now, no more teasing.

- Lexa... - Clarke sounded pleading, although she would never outright beg.

- I know Clarke... just enjoy the build up beautiful. I'm going to give you pleasure all night... and this is just the beginning.

Lexa's lips reached that swollen and sensitive clit, sucking gently, and then licking it causing Clarke's legs to tremble, who moaned whilst holding on to Lexa's head, pulling her back due to the sensation being so incredibly intense. Her eyes clouded with desire and excitement, along with thousands of other sensations and emotions that were running through her body.

Lexa pulled back and began to lick her ring finger, ensuring there was plenty of saliva on it before
slowly moving it towards Clarke's butt and the anal entrance. She began to give attention to those muscles in order to slowly dilate them, although she felt enormous pleasure noticing that blonde seemed excited by the idea, moving towards her finger with pleasure. Her mouth meanwhile went back to gladly licking and sucking on those soaking wet folds, delighting in the taste of Clarke, whilst the blonde's hips now rotated towards her face with more intensity. Lexa's finger gently worked that slowly expanding entrance, allowing herself to finally begin to penetrate the tight hole with pleasure, as Clarke's moans intensified.

Clarke was fast beginning to drown in a sea of intense pleasure, feeling Lexa's tongue torturing her clt and her vagina felt unbelievably good, and that fine and exquisite long ring finger was penetrating her delicately, entering and leaving her butt, slowly increasing the rhythm and depth.

Lexa penetrated the warm walls of Clarke’s vagina with her long and expert tongue, making her delirious and coaxing out intense groans from the back of her throat. She let herself be carried away by the intense pleasure and the carnal delirium, wishing for more, much more. Soon her walls contracted, plunging into a strong anal orgasm that made her vibrate completely...

- Ohhhhhhh... Ahhhhhhh... Lexa... Ohhhhhhh...

- Oh God, you’re so fucking beautiful..... Clarke... Feel me inside you... yeah… like that… move… mmmmm... you're so fucking hot... - Lexa groaned with satisfaction whilst Clarke screamed out her name, letting herself be carried away by the enormous climax.

Lexa accompanied her on the incredible journey of that gigantic wave of passion and emotions from the intense orgasm, whilst still penetrating her, and attending to her between her legs. Clarke's legs began to tremble, struggling to hold herself up on them, but the brunette helped her by slowly placing her on the bed, where she delicately laid her down, and left wet kisses up her body until she reached the desperate mouth that was waiting for her.

They melted into passionate kisses, without pausing for several minutes until Lexa felt that Clarke had regained her breathing and the rhythm of her normal heart beat. Then she separated from her mouth and body, sitting up to start taking off her white shirt and bra. Clarke watched her, regretting her separation, still feeling agitated, but her eyes sparkled with the wonderful nudity that was appearing in front of her. She immediately surprised Lexa, sitting on the bed with her legs hanging out in front of her, looking at her with a hugging desire in her almost black blue eyes.

- Undress me Clarke... - Lexa ordered, although the tone of voice was not authoritarian, but rather a very seductive request whilst maintaining intense eye contact.

Clarke was not bothered by the request, on the contrary, it gave her much excitement and without wasting any time, she grabbed the shorts that the brunette was wearing, popped the button open, and then removed them hastily from the long legs of Lexa, exposing the destroyed panties of the brunette. She felt almost drunk by the smell of Lexa's intimacy, now observing how great that harness had also felt for the brunette.

Without hesitation, the blonde reached for the glorious ambrosia hidden under that hanging dildo, which she lifted out the way, making Lexa groan deeply. She began to caress the scrambled blonde hair, pressing for her to continue attending to her throbbing sex nestled between her legs. Desperate for her to return the favour Clarke knelt on the bed and looked up at the face of the brunette, who looked at her with a malicious smile on her face, stroking her lighted cheeks ...

- What... what do you want Clarke...? Tell me beautiful... - Lexa’s eyes were almost completely black, clouded by immense desire and extreme excitement.
- I want you to use the harness... and make me yours Lexa... - Clarke expressed anxiously, now capturing Lexa's fingers and licking them eagerly. The brunette, who seemed hypnotized, shuddered as she watched Clarke's mouth gladly suck two of her long fingers. Her lips opened not only for air, but to let out groans produced by those licks in her lower belly.

Lexa captured her lips again with passion for several seconds, before Clarke managed to separate from them to go in search of that black dildo beginning to lick and suck it with her mouth, causing Lexa to light up in a way that she had never experienced in her life. The image of the blonde doing what she was doing was incredibly erotic for Lexa, and she could feel that her clit was throbbing hard. For a brief second, she wished that the rubber object was a real one and that it was part of her.

Lexa stroked her blond hair until she lowered her hand to her face, stopping Clarke’s actions on the object hanging between her legs. She looked into Clarke's eyes when she raised them towards her, it was the most wonderful image she had ever seen. The image of the woman she loved and who she would finally make her own.

- Do you trust me Clarke...?

- Yes... I trust you... Lexa...

- I want you completely Clarke... are you... going to give yourself to me completely?

- Yes, god yes... Lexa...

Lexa reached down and captured Clarke's wet lips once more, licking every inch of that delicious mouth, where she could now taste her own intimate taste, exciting her even more. Clarke's naughty and fast hands were now stroking and squeezing her excited breasts, before the blonde's lips moved down and delightedly captured the hard nipples of Lexa’s breasts in her mouth. Her deep moans of pleasure were getting louder and louder, but she tried to stop herself from cumming, she wanted to experience her orgasm with the blonde, so she gently removed her face from her breasts with enormous self control, because in reality, she wanted this to last for as long as possible.

The malicious smile on Clarke's face was simply an extra incentive for her excitement. Her hands descended down the body of the blonde to hold her waist, slowly laying her back on the bed, whilst her lips kissed the burning skin of the blonde with infinite dedication.

Then she sat between Clarke's open legs, and took one of them, gently raising it over her left shoulder. She deposited a soft kiss on the thigh, licking that beautiful white skin that she found so hot and so soft. The blonde bit her lower lip, anxious to be finally taken by this sensual and passionate woman.

Lexa proceeded to wet her hand to lubricate the dildo, once again stroking Clarke's wet and aroused vagina, before slowly pushing it through her folds and rubbing it over the swollen clit of the blonde, who was already grabbing the sheets tightly.

Lexa slowly began to penetrate her vagina with short movements, without entering completely to ensure she didn’t hurt her lover causing Clarke to despair a little, and to start thrusting back so that the penetration was deeper, but Lexa moved her away.

- Lexa... more...

Lexa did not need to be asked again, penetrating Clarke deeply who groaned with pleasure and satisfaction, making the brunette smile with pride. She increased the pace until reaching a speed that led to Clarke completely losing herself in the pleasure of the moment. Lexa added her fingers
to also give pleasure to that needy and hard clitoris without lowering the intensity of penetrations and speed, resulting in the blonde virtually screaming now.

Suddenly, Lexa slowed down almost completely whilst still attending to her throbbing clit between her legs, thrusting into Clarke very slowly, almost in slow motion, before starting to move more inside her again, exciting that G spot in a thousand ways, making the blonde experience a level of maximum pleasure never experienced during a sexual act.

- Cum for me my precious girl... do it Clarke... feel me inside of you.... I...- Lexa had to slam shut her mouth, stopping something from coming out that should not be said, not yet at least anyway. But Clarke's ears heard those syllables, even in the middle of her loud groans, and her huge open eyes searched those dark emerald greens. The brunette tried not to panic....

- Yes, Yes.... Lexa... Ohhhhhhh... Ohhhhhhh... Yes..... i... Fuck!... Keep moving like this... Move inside me... yeah... oh my love.... - The world stopped at that moment for Lexa, huge energy ran through her being, making her lose herself in the sensations of the moment. Clarke was aware of what she had just said, and that Lexa probably did not dare to finish the statement, and although it sounded foolish in her totally gone mind, she had felt it from the depths of her being and did not regret saying it. She actually felt liberated, much to her surprise, as Lexa increased the speed of her thrusting again, causing amazing pleasure to run through her. She noticed how the brunette moaned and writhed next to her, joining her climax with pleasure arching her body with her face towards the ceiling of the room, feeling the enormous energy that embraced not only her body, but her very soul.

Lexa felt that she had just given her soul, her heart, her complete being to that woman who still groaned her name, and stroked her arms trying to reach her lips. Clarke managed to lower her trembling leg from Lexa's shoulder, pulling Lexa's hands so that she would drop onto her body, to reach those parted lips, whilst still trying to breathe.

Finally, Lexa descended from the high point that she had reached, to descend her green and lighted eyes to the blues that were looking at her with more than passion and desire, they looked at her with a deep feeling that made her lose herself in them once more.

Their lips melted together again in an ambitious kiss, which seemed to never end, whilst their bodies together descended from the waves of emotions, sensations, and deep climaxes. Eventually, the need for air made them separate slightly, leaving their foreheads together, feeling their breaths still agitated.

- You are so precious Lexa... never... I never imagined feeling like that giving myself to someone....

- I... it was very special Clarke... you are incredibly beautiful, and now you are mine… my love... - Clarke's heart stopped beating at the same moment that the brunette gently captured her lips again....

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