Always
by K17L53

Summary

Clarke and Lexa; the definition of soulmates. From the moment they met in first grade to becoming best friends to finally becoming lovers, they were always meant to be. We start in the present and then go back in time to when they first met. And follow their journey, to see how they got here. All the choices, all the key points in their life, everything that led to this moment.

AKA the childhood best friends to lovers AU 2-3 years in the making.

Notes

This fic? its my baby. i've worked on it for years now and i'm so nervous to post it. but y'know what? its time. its time to post it.

i usually have a song in mind for each chapter. here's the link to the playlist https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7BzRo9CjtZWFd0fdQlW and i will add a song with every chapter i post.

okay so here's how its gonna work. the first two chapters are the prologue to the story. its present day. first one is clarke's pov and second one is lex'a pov (dw it's not in first person). from the third one onwards, its going back in time to when these two first met. and every chapter is a key point in their life. so chapter 1 takes us back to the early 2000's. and we keep going until we come back to the present again. its going to be a long ride and i've
had the best time writing it and planning it and i have loads ready to post. so i really hope you guys wanna go on this journey with clarke and lexa (and me) and enjoy it just as much as i have.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Prologue 1 - Clarke

Chapter Summary

It's been years since Clarke has seen Lexa, too long since she's had her in her life. But almost a decade later when Clarke stumbles onto a picture of her, what happens? And what led to this? How did everyone's perfect couple end up like this? The story that would've given Romeo and Juliet a run for their money should've lasted forever right? This isn't the end, it can't be.

Chapter Notes

shut up i know romeo and juliet sucks but it works here. i'm so so so nervous to post this. this is the prologue from clarke's pov and i'm posting lexa's pov next week.

[Please listen to Photograph by Ed Sheeran while reading this. that was the whole reason i ended up writing this fic]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2021

“It’s amazing.” Clarke said into the phone with a smile as she walked into her new apartment. She was on the phone with her best friend, the device held in place between her shoulder and ear as she carried two boxes inside – they were heavier than she could care to admit, and honestly, she didn’t really think they were going to feel this heavy after about a minute.

“It just got there?” Raven asked from the other side; she could hear the breathlessness in Clarke’s voice, knowing she was moving boxes right now.

“Uh huh.” Clarke responded, putting the boxes down as she let out a sigh of relief. “I’m still bringing the boxes up.” She added, walking back to the door and towards the elevator to go back downstairs. “You and O are coming over to help right?” Clarke asked as she pressed the button on the elevator. “I can’t unpack all of this on my own.”

“Don’t sweat Griffin, we’ll be there tonight.” Raven reassured her. “And we’ll drag the male Blake over to help with the heavy lifting.”
“You’re stronger than him Raven.” Clarke stated, stepping into the elevator.

“Yeah but he doesn’t know that.” Raven replied defensively. “I’m just letting him feel good about himself, that’s all.”

Her friends were over in about an hour or so, and that definitely made unpacking a lot easier. Clarke still couldn’t believe it really, this was her first apartment – her apartment and it was just way better than she could’ve asked for. The apartment itself wasn’t that big, but the bedroom was roomier than she was hoping to find on her budget. The living room was quite cozy but Clarke had still decided to dedicate a good chunk of one of the corners for her art. The kitchen, however, was pretty small; it didn’t really bother Clarke because she barely spent any time in there – she wasn’t much of a cook, actually you could ask Clarke to boil an egg and she’d mess it up one way or another.

It had been a good few hours since they had started, Clarke knew Octavia, Raven, and Bellamy were still in the living room opening boxes and she had stepped away to make a start on her bedroom. There was still quite a lot left to do – moving in was never a quick and easy job – but they were getting there. It wouldn’t really be taking so long if Octavia and Raven actually did some work – they were mostly just messing around, taking way longer than they should be with each box. But Clarke wasn’t complaining – sure she was disapprovingly shaking her head at them, but she wasn’t complaining – it meant a lot that her friends loved her enough to give their days up to come help her unpack. But honestly…Bellamy and Clarke were the only ones actually working.

“We ordered pizza for dinner.”

Clarke heard suddenly, looking up to find Raven with her head poked into Clarke’s room as she was finishing up with the first box. “Still have a lot left?”

“A few.” Raven nodded, stepping in and leaning against the doorframe. “But I think we did good for the day. We can call it a night and just pick it up again tomorrow.”

“Cool.” Clarke agreed. “You guys are staying tonight right?” She asked, already knowing the answer as she leaned down to another box and cut into the tape.

“Yes,” Raven said with a nod matter-of-factly. “Even if you didn’t want to.” That was true, they’d still do it because her friends were probably as excited as she was about the whole first apartment thing. “Oh, I got the TV set up so we can watch a movie…if we can find your box of DVDs.”
Clarke didn’t have Wi-Fi yet, she should get it sometime tomorrow – and that meant there was no Netflix for now, so they had to rely on DVDs for now.

“It shouldn’t be hard to find,” Clarke responded. “It says DVDs on it.” She had a lot of DVDs, a lot, so there was an entire box just full of them.

“No, they don’t Clarke.” Raven stopped her immediately. “Just like all the other boxes,” She added. “The labels are all wrong.”

Raven didn’t wait for a reply, she just shook her head and walked out of the room, leaving Clarke to finish up with this last box. Clarke only rolled her eyes, she knew Raven was probably right about that because Clarke may have…labeled them…after taping them shut…

And that’s exactly why Clarke didn’t know what was in the box she had just opened. It said bedroom and nothing else, so the best Clarke could figure was that it was for her bedroom. Looking through it, Clarke realized it wasn’t actually for her bedroom but just a bunch of old junk that hadn’t seen the light of day in at least a decade. Old photos, memories, and maybe even some old toys – but most of those were sitting in her mom’s attic. But Clarke knew she wasn’t the most organized person so there might be some things in there that she might actually need. So, letting out a sigh, Clarke started pulling out the things from the top, unsure of what she was even looking for. But honestly, after a couple of minutes, she realized that no, there wasn’t anything she actually needed, it was really all just useless junk.

Suddenly, she found something that caught her eye – everything in the box was just loose, and just lying there but this…this was a smaller box, it looked like a shoebox. Clarke didn’t know what was in it, or what could even be in it. From the looks of everything else in that box, it was probably just something else that was really old. This box must’ve just been sitting in her mom’s attic before Clarke got it down. She’s not even sure why she brought it with her because…it’s not like there was anything in here that she needed.

Back to this shoebox though, Clarke couldn’t really think of what could be inside it. And given how she unorganized she was, it was a little surprising that whatever was here was important enough to be put in a separate box.

**DO NOT OPEN!!**

It read in big letters on the top of it, Clarke realized as she pulled the box out finally. It was written in Clarke’s handwriting so it had to be her’s – that was a start. She thought about it for a moment, unsure what to do about it really, because…well if anything, she was even more curious about the
little box now. *Maybe I can open it later tonight?* She asked herself before putting it away on her new nightstand. Clarke didn’t have her bed put together yet but…apparently she had a nightstand. Given how it was something really old, it might have been something that brought back memories Clarke didn’t want to relive…not tonight anyways.

Okay now that she thought about it…she might actually have an idea as to what was in the box. But for now, Clarke pretended that she didn’t, she pretended that she was clueless about the contents of the box so she wouldn’t have to think about it all night. But that didn’t really help, not when she looked back into the box and realized it was now empty save for a folded picture at the bottom. For a moment, Clarke couldn’t place what that could’ve been – this was one very interesting box. Almost all old photos were kept very carefully; they were either in albums at her mom’s house or they’d been digitalized and were on a hard drive, which too was kept very carefully – they were memories she didn’t want to lose. But then it hit her, and Clarke immediately knew what it was – more of *who* it was. *That can’t be right*, Clarke thought to herself, looking at the box on the nightstand with a confused look. *Those are all in that box.*

Clarke let out a slow breath, it would just be easier to pretend she didn’t notice the folded piece of paper and just put all the things back into the box and just put the entire thing away. But she couldn’t. So she sat down on the mattress, which was her bed for the night, and brought out the photograph from the bottom of the box. *Why am I doing this?* She couldn’t help but ask herself, if Clarke was right then this was *not* a memory she wanted to remember right now. Today was a good day, she didn’t want this to bring her down. *Please don’t be what I think it is.* Clarke let out a sigh, finally willing herself to finally unfold the photo and actually look at it.

“No,” She let out a small gasp as she looked it and all the smiling two faces on the piece of paper. Clarke’s lips trembled, unable to tear her eyes away from it, from one of the faces in particular really. She hadn’t seen her in…four years if her math was right. The green-eyed brunette in the photo looked back at Clarke and it felt like it was only yesterday that she had looked into those familiar eyes. It was a picture of her and Lexa from their senior prom – *god, that was one hell of a night.* She really thought she had put all these photos away…along with everything else that could remind her of Lexa – they were all meant to be in that little shoebox sitting a few feet away from her.

Before she could even stop herself, her mind was thinking back to that night but Clarke had to stop herself – sure, *this* was a good memory but she knew every time she started thinking about Lexa, she ended up on the bad sooner or later. And she was right, because it hadn’t been more than a couple of minutes and Clarke found herself crying. Well, she hadn’t really realized it up until she noticed the tear fall onto the photo. Clarke shook her head immediately, bringing up her free hand and wiping the small drop from the paper – she didn’t want to ruin it.

Letting out another shaky sigh, Clarke let her head fall into her hands, not letting go of the photograph of her and Lexa. “I don’t need this right now.”
“Where’s Clarke?” Octavia asked Raven and her bother walking into the living room with a glass of water.

Raven was still looking for the box of DVDs – she did find a box labeled as DVDs, but that’s not what was inside it. “Unpacking her last box for today.” She answered distractedly before letting out a very loud, very triumphant yes as she leaned into a box she had just opened. “Found the DVDs.”

Bellamy smiled, standing up from his spot on the floor as he made his way to Raven. “I get to pick.”

“She’s been in there a while.” Octavia couldn’t help but comment, speaking to Raven as she swapped positions with Bellamy – literally, Bellamy leaned down to look into the box and Raven got up only to sit down where Bellamy was. “I think I’m gonna go check.” She told the two of them, receiving nods as she made her way to Clarke’s new bedroom.

What she heard when she entered Clarke’s room was probably the last thing she expected. Those sobs were most definitely crying coming from her friend. “Clarke?” Octavia asked, confused and unsure of what had suddenly happened. She had seen her right before Clarke had come into her room, and she seemed to be fine, happy if anything, she’d been happy all day. And from what Octavia knew, nothing changed, nothing had happened since then and now that she knows of to make Clarke this upset. “What happened?” She asked, but Clarke didn’t respond, hell she didn’t even look up at her. “Are you okay?” Octavia asked, walking up to where Clarke was sitting. “Hey?” She tried again, kneeling down in front of her friend, but yet again, she didn’t respond.

She heard a sharp intake of breath, unsure and shaky and just…upset, yeah something’s definitely wrong. Octavia scanned her eyes over the blonde, trying to find something that might give her some answers when her eyes caught a glimpse of the photograph in Clarke’s hand. “Oh Clarke…” Octavia let out a sigh, gently taking it from her friend’s hand before getting up to sit down next to her. She placed a hand on Clarke’s back, trying to comfort her. It had been five years now, five years since they’d broken up but Octavia knew Clarke still wasn’t over Lexa – no matter how much she denied it. But then again, how can you be over someone you grew up loving?

“This is stupid.” Clarke finally spoke, bringing her head up before wiping her eyes.

“Are you okay?” That was a stupid question, Octavia knew that – of course, she wasn’t.
“Yeah.” Clarke nodded, *probably not, not right now.* “I don’t know O.” She finally told her. “I mean, it’s been like half a decade, I don’t know why I even care anymore.”

Octavia shot her a look of disbelief, a little…offended if anything. “‘Why I even care anymore?’ Did you really just say that?” She asked. “Did you honestly just say you don’t know you care about her anymore?”

Clarke went silent for a moment, letting out a long slow breath before finally saying anything. “I still miss her.” The words came out as a whisper almost. “I haven’t seen her…hell, I haven’t talked to her in four years.” Tears stung the back of her eyes, threatening to spill against. “But god…” Clarke shook her head, her voice trembling as Octavia moved closer, placing her arms around her, “I still miss her so much.”

“Where did you find this picture anyways?” Octavia asked as she pulled away after a moment. “It’s like eight years old.”

“It was at the bottom of the box.” Clarke rolled her eyes, wanting to laugh at her luck.

“Senior prom huh?” She asked, looking down at the photo in her hand, smiling at the memory. “God, that’s one night I will never forget.”

She could feel her throat starting to close up, “Me neither.” Clarke told her. “It was a great night.”

“I know you don’t want to talk about Lex-”

“I can’t do this right now.” Clarke cut her off, taking in a deep breath and doing her best to bring her voice back to normal. “Come on, Raven and Bellamy are waiting.” She told her, suddenly okay again, as she stood up. “Let’s go.”

“Oh…” Octavia started, standing up as she noticed the box. “You found the box…” She told her, placing the photo on top of it.

“Yeah don’t worry.” Clarke nodded, “I’m not going to open it. I don’t think I can.”
She was fine throughout the night; the movie was a good distraction to keep her mind off of Lexa. Okay, maybe not because Clarke wasn’t too sure about what they were even watching – Bellamy picked so it had to have been a war film, it may have been Dunkirk but Clarke didn’t really know. Her mind was doing it’s best to keep herself from thinking about Lexa but it wasn’t really working – it’s just been forever since something reminded her of her ex. But that wasn’t to say she didn’t think about her; sure she didn’t think about Lexa as often as she used to but every now and then, it would pop up from the back of her mind late at night, or maybe just because something very random reminded Clarke of her. Yes, there were people after Lexa, other people she dated but they weren’t the same…the never meant what Lexa did to her, they never made her feel what she did…not even close.

So when she finally got to bed later that night – well when she got to the mattress and pillows – she couldn’t stop herself from opening the little box she swore to her 21 year old self she wouldn’t. Clarke sat down, bringing the box down from the nightstand and placed it in front of her. She couldn’t help but look at the photograph sitting on top of it and it surprised Clarke when she found herself smiling at it through the tears yet again today. God, it had been so long since she’d last seen that picture, years and years, if anything, Clarke hadn’t seen it more than a couple of times after senior prom.

Bracing herself, Clarke finally lifted the lid and it took no more than a couple of seconds before a huge wave of emotions hit her. She looked down at the contents, still unable to make herself actually touch them. It was just a box full of junk, to anyone else looking at it, it wouldn’t look like much but they meant the world to Clarke – it was all she had left of Lexa, all she had left of what they used to be to each other. The things in this box would probably mean a lot to Lexa too if she knew Clarke still had them.

“Why am I still in love with you?”

Chapter End Notes

i hope that was good. i’ve read it so many times and tweaked it so many times. and i’m finally ready to post it. its angsty now and will be for the next chapter but i promise there’s fluff and cute bits and well.....its a slow burn.

also thank you for reading. please leave me a comment and let me know what you thought.
Prologue 2 - Lexa

Chapter Summary

Lexa's got a pretty good life now. A steady job at her dream law firm, a nice apartment, a sizeable paycheck to live comfortably in New York. Everything is absolutely great and life is finally going her way. But what happens when something reminds her of Clarke, her best friend, the love of her life, someone she will never forget?

Around the same time Clarke finds that picture of Lexa, Lexa is at her apartment stumbling upon something that reminds her of Clarke, reminds her of them. So this is the second (and last prologue) set in present day, much like the last one, but in Lexa's pov.

Chapter Notes

this is shorter than clarke's chapter. and i almost forgot i had to update today. i was out of town and really really busy the last few days. but i had this written, all i had to do was edit is a little and give it a read over. so yeah, a little more angst lmao. of course more angst. next chapter is going to be cute. y'all will get to see baby clexa meeting for the first time. so yeah a bit more angst for now, then its cute for a while. hope y'all like it. and please leave a comment, they motivate me to actually put chapters up.

Song for this chapter if you wanna up the pain is 'I Almost Do' by Taylor Swift

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2021

Lexa let out a slow, tired sigh as she walked into her apartment, coming home from work. She couldn’t believe it had been an entire year since she had started working at Grounder & Co – her dream law firm. Every time she thought back to her life when she was a kid, when she was just a teenager in high school, Lexa couldn’t help but smile at how things turned out for her. It was all just...better than she could’ve ever hoped for; a steady job, a nice apartment, a girlfriend too up until a few hours ago. She shook her head at the last one, you really don’t break up with your girlfriend of eight months over text – but that’s what her now-ex girlfriend did.

She rolled her eyes, shaking her head slightly as she set her bag down on the floor by the door. Lexa looked around her apartment, it’s empty without Costia here, she thought to herself before shrugging off her coat and hanging it up on the hook to her right. Kicking off her shoes, Lexa
made her way to the couch – it had been a long day, it was late now and the case she had been assigned was proving to be a lot more work than it initially seemed. Right now she was just tired and all she wanted to do was get under the blanket on her couch and doze off. She needed to eat though, she needed to make dinner but...god, she was way too tired right now.

Lexa thought about it for a moment, contemplating whether or not it would be acceptable to let herself order pizza for the night. She was quite serious about her health, very serious actually – she worked out 4-5 days a week – weight training because that was her favorite – and she ran the remaining couple of days of the week. That meant she was also pretty conscious about her food and what she ate – she’d let herself enjoy the not-so-healthy things every now and then, but for the most part, she’d stick to eating clean. And that almost always meant having to prepare her own meals – meal prep for the week if she had the time over the weekend, or just make sure she had a stocked up pantry so she could cook before mealtime.

Contemplating her choices for a long few seconds, she pulled her phone out from her back pocket. It had been a long day and she should treat herself with her favorite comfort food. She’d been at the office since eight this morning and right now it was almost eleven and it was more than just well deserved at this point to have a pizza. So Lexa shrugged, tapping on the delivery app before scrolling through her choices and looking for her favorite pizza place.

Once the phone beeped, indicating her order was on its way, Lexa pushed herself off the couch, and made her way to the bedroom to get changed. She pulled off the tie, loosening it before pulling it off over her head and tossing it on the bed before unbuttoning her shirt. All her clothes found their way on the floor; the shirt, trousers, bra…and Lexa only knelt down to retrieve the trousers because she didn’t want them to get wrinkled because yes, she was most likely wearing them tomorrow. Finally dressing herself in her pajamas, Lexa let out a content sigh – there was no better feeling than getting into comfortable clothes after a long day. Okay maybe a hot shower could beat that feeling but at this point she was too tired and hungry for that.

Walking out of her bedroom and back to the living room, Lexa heard the doorbell – there were definitely perks of having your apartment only a couple of blocks away from your favorite pizza place. It has the usual delivery boy, a young blond guy, 16-17 probably and he seemed to always be on the clock when she ordered. She didn’t even wait to reach the couch before flipping the lid off the box and grabbing herself a slice – Lexa couldn’t really remember the last time she ate today.

Finally getting to the couch, she sat down before reaching for the remote and turning the TV on. There wasn’t anything worth watching, as usual, Lexa realized as she flipped through the channels, nearing the end of her first slice. She should’ve just given up and gone onto Netflix, she’d get better choices. But then she suddenly stopped; the channel she was on was showing something familiar. It was old, quite old now, X-Men: The Last Stand...it had been forever since she’d last watched it. She may not know when she last watched it, but Lexa most definitely does remember the first time she watched it.
She watched it the day it came out; Clarke had taken her because Lexa was – is – a huge Marvel fan, but also because Lexa was having a rough time and her girlfriend-slash-bestfriend wanted to cheer her up. Clarke…wow it had been more than just a little while since she’d last thought about the blonde. It’s not that she didn’t want to, it was more of the fact that…it hurt, it hurt thinking about Clarke and Lexa didn’t want to keep living in the past. Given the story behind this movie, Lexa couldn’t make herself not watch it. So she did, she watched it and did her best to pay attention to the story instead of the memory it evoked.

_Five years…why can’t I get you out of my mind?_

Although it had been a long day and Lexa wanted nothing more than to just go to bed after dinner, she ended up sitting in front of the TV and watching the entire movie. And after it was finally over, she made a beeline to her room and to her closet, not so much as bothering to put the pizza box away. It’s _in here somewhere, it’s gotta be_. Lexa said to herself, leaning down on the floor at the bottom of her closet; looking for the envelope she knew she had left somewhere in the closet. Two thoughts crossed her mind, 1) she should’ve kept it somewhere more careful, more accessible but maybe that’s why she kept it _here_, and 2) maybe it wasn’t the smartest thing to look for right now.

After a few minutes of rummaging, Lexa’s hand felt something that felt a lot like paper and gave her hope that it was what she was looking for. Pulling it out, she smiled triumphantly, it was the brown envelope she was looking for – it was worn out on the edges, there was a hole in the bottom left corner, and had only one word written on it in black ink in Lexa’s neat handwriting, _Clarke_. Lexa pushed herself off the floor, stepping back and sitting down on the bed, contemplating whether or not she really wanted to open it. She wasn’t sure when she opened it last, or saw the pictures and notes and small momentos that were inside.

Slowly and carefully pulling the contents out, Lexa couldn’t help the smile that broke out on her face as she looked through them. But it wasn’t long before that her vision was blurred by the tears welling in her eyes. It had been forever, and yet every time she thought about Clarke, it felt like this all just happened yesterday. Although their relationship had ended badly, all of it wasn’t; she’d known Clarke since they were 6 years old, they’d grown up together, so obviously all of it wasn’t bad. Most of it was good to be honest; it only got bad around the end. Lexa never really got over her, she didn’t know how to; even now, five years after their relationship ended, Lexa didn’t know how to get over her.

“I miss you.” She muttered to herself, looking down at a picture of Clarke from their last New Year’s Eve together; Clarke was tipsy, and handsy, and just plain adorable by the time it struck midnight. _I could always just call her…_ Lexa shook the thought away the moment it crossed her mind, wanting to almost smack herself for even thinking that. They hadn’t spoken in four years, four very long years, why would Clarke even want to talk to her now? It’s been too long, she’s lost her chance if anything. Hell, Lexa didn’t even know where she was now; last time they saw each other, Clarke was coming back here, to New York for her last year of college. And Lexa, she was returning to Massachusetts – where she had gone to for college, and graduated a year early like the nerd she is – for law school.
But right before graduation, Lexa had gotten a job offer from Grounder & Co – something she still doesn’t get, yes she wanted this job, but she didn’t know how she managed to land it, and straight out of college too. The branch she had gotten the offer for was in New York; and yes, she had thought about Clarke, wondered if she was still in the city, but Lexa knew she couldn’t give up on an opportunity like this for something as minimal as the risk of walking into her ex. She probably left after graduation. Lexa tried telling herself. But that still meant Clarke was here for the first year Lexa was.

_I should’ve called you sooner, I should’ve called you then. I shouldn’t have waited so long._

Chapter End Notes

x-men the last stand came out in 2006, catch me forgetting that when i get to writing the chapter where clarke takes lexa to see the movie and completely mess up the dates.

hope y'all liked it, and please leave a comment, they motivate me to actually put chapters up. i'm like. so shook at how much people liked that first chapter. the comments, the kudos, the hits even. ugh they make my day. they make me so happy. so thank you. so so much for reading. and if you wanna come talk to me - about the fic or clexa or anything else, hit me up on tumblr @bottom-lexa.
“Come on mom!” Clarke practically yelled at her mom, pulling her by the arm as they neared the school. “We’re going to be late,” She whined, “Everybody’s already here.” She added, continuing to tug on her mom’s arm with all her might.

“Calm down, honey.” Her mom said with a small laugh at her daughter. “There’s still 10 minutes left till class starts.” She tried to reason with Clarke.
It the first day of first grade, she had been excited practically all week leading up to today and she was almost too excited to even go to sleep last night. And all summer long, Clarke had been talking non stop about all the things she was looking forward to – namely, making new friends because they just moved to this neighborhood about a month ago and she didn’t really know any of the kids. She was a people person, there was no secret about that; and that was a great comfort to her parents, knowing Clarke would have no trouble making more friends at her new school. And if today was anything to go by, Clarke was not at all nervous to be going into a class full of children she’d never met.

“Come on,” Clarke said again, her voice sharp and whiny, doing her best to tug on her mom’s arm enough to make her move faster.

Abby finally gave in, picking up her pace just slightly until they finally reached the entrance and they both came to a halt. Clarke was about to bolt off and Abby had to tighten her hold on her daughter’s hand to stop her. “Do you want me to take you inside?” She asked her with an amused smile; you would think a six year old would be at least a little nervous about starting first grade – especially in a new school in a completely new area.

“No!” She exclaimed, causing her mom to let out a small involuntary laugh. “I’m not a kid anymore mom.” Clarke had literally just started calling Abby mom instead of mommy last week and it still made Abby roll her eyes a little at how Clarke thought she was grownup.

“Of course not.” Abby knelt down, nodding at her. “You’re six now.”

It was lunchtime now, and it had mostly been a slow day for the kids; they didn’t do any work, just introduced themselves to each other, got a little tour of their part of the school. They were getting to know the teachers, the classrooms, their classmates, and just socializing mostly; getting comfortable with their new surroundings. Clarke was doing pretty good so far, she had talked to almost everyone in her class already and right now she was just going over their names in her head, trying to put faces to each of them.

“Hi,” Clarke said as she walked up to a brunette on the playground. She had seen her in her classroom but Clarke hadn’t gotten the chance to introduce herself yet. She seemed quiet, barely talked all day; she actually didn’t unless someone asked her anything – not in a rude or unfriendly way, she just seemed quiet and reserved. “I’m Clarke.” So she figured if she wanted to befriend the almost mysterious girl, it was going to be up to Clarke to make the first move.
The other girl looked up at her, waiting a moment before speaking, “Hi,” Her voice was a little hesitant, unsure. “Umm, I’m Lexa.”

Clarke nodded, sitting down next to her. She didn’t know why, but this quiet little green-eyed girl looked like someone Clarke wanted to be friends with. “You don’t really talk much,” She observed, “Do you?”

Lexa gave her a small smile, suddenly feeling a little self conscious, “Not really, no.”

“That’s okay.” Clarke reassured her immediately, “I talk a lot.” She told Lexa, “I think we’re going to make good friends.” She added with a smile. “So…do you want to be friends?”

Lexa didn’t answer, only nodded in agreement but there was an excitement there – she hadn’t really talked to anyone and no one other than Clarke had actually come forward to try and talk to her.

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2nd November 2004 – Tuesday

Clarke and Lexa had grown very close in the last couple of months. They were spending a lot of time together and you would rarely ever see one of them without the other around school. Lexa didn’t talk much, at all really to anyone unless she really needed to – but she did with Clarke, more than she did with anyone else because it seemed like, with the blonde, she always had something to talk about. Their parents definitely approved of each other, their moms had met each other and had taken a liking immediately. Lexa’s mom was happy that her daughter found someone who she actually seemed to like playing with and someone who got her excited to go to school in the morning. If anything, her kindergarten teacher was concerned and even suggested her parents take her to see a therapist about it. They didn’t bother with that, Lexa was fine at home, she was as a baby and started talking and communicating at an expected age. It had kind of…slowed down once she started going to school; she started talking less, closing off more, and just being silent.

Clarke was probably one of the few good things for Lexa at school, she usually ran into trouble with some of the other kids because she was an easy target – she never even bothered talking back, let alone fight back. And that was something Clarke had noticed within a couple of days of knowing her; as a six year old, there’s not much you can do, but when the people bothering your best friend are also six years, you could at least get them to back off. Right now seemed to be one of those times, because as Clarke walked outside, she saw a couple of boys by Lexa. And it didn’t take much for her to realize that Lexa didn’t really want them around.
“I don’t want to.”

Was all Clarke heard as she walked up to her friend, her voice annoyed and irritated, but not scared. Clarke recognized the person she was talking to, it was John Murphy – someone all the other kids had already come to learn was the big bad of the playground. “Go play with your friend John.” Clarke said to him, her voice as stern as she could muster.

“It’s not John.” The boy said angrily. “It’s Murphy.”

“Okay Murphy.” Clarke corrected herself mockingly. “Leave us alone, we don’t have anything you want.”

“Your friend does.” He said to Clarke in response. “Lexa has the new Spider-Man action figure and I just want to take a look.”

“No!” Lexa exclaimed, holding onto the toy tightly before Clarke could even speak.

“Just give it.” Murphy argued, a little bitterly and forcefully as he shot his arms out, trying to get it from Lexa.

“Stop,” Clarke stepped between her friend and Murphy, stopping him.

He shot her a look, holding her gaze before finally giving up. Clarke watched him angrily – well as angrily as a first grader can before Murphy finally turned away. “Forget it.” He sighed, walking away, “It’s stupid anyways.”

Once the boy had walked away, Clarke turned to her friend with a bright smile, “Spider-man?”

“Yes.” Lexa answered with a small, shy smile. “He’s amazing.” She added “That’s why he’s called the Amazing Spider-man.” Lexa let out a small shrug before her eyes lit up, “Do you wanna see?” Clarke only nodded, matching her excitement knowing how special her action figures were to her.
“Okay so, superheroes.” Clarke started. Her and Lexa were sprawled out on the floor of Lexa’s living room. She had gone over to Lexa’s place right after school and her mom was going to come by to pick her up in about an hour or so. It had been a long day though, they were tired after school and after playing together the entire day…they were completely tired out. “Superman or Spiderman?” She asked Lexa, not having anything else to talk about.

Lexa scrunched up her face, thinking hard about her answer. “Spiderman.” She answered. “He’s my favorite.”

“Aren’t you scared of spiders though?” Clarke asked, looking at her with a confused look.

“I’m not scared,” Lexa argued, “They’re just creepy.” She told Clarke. “They gross me out.”

They didn’t really get off the floor until Clarke’s mom arrived to pick her up. They were tired and it was relaxing to just stay there like that on the floor, watching TV. It was on Cartoon Network right now, *Power Puff Girls* was on, a show they both loved and it was easy to not get bored. The first thing they heard from their moms when they walked into the room was laughing at the sight in front of them; the two girls were lying on their backs on the floor, arms and legs sprawled out as they stared at the TV. Clarke didn’t want to leave just yet, she wanted to stay a bit longer, spend more time with Lexa – *five more minutes*. But they had to go, it was late, they had school in the morning and they needed to sleep.

12th November 2008 – Thursday

Clarke and Lexa had grown practically inseparable in the last four years. They spent most of their time together; school breaks, weekends, a lot of days after school. It was surprising how quickly the two of them had bonded – it was very clear to their parents that they meant more to each other than anyone or anything else. Lexa was a different person with Clarke, her parents noticed, she was less quiet, less shy or unsure, and she was just very comfortable around the other girl. Clarke’s parents liked Lexa, liked having her around, and they saw her as a good influence on their daughter – Clarke may have had a bit of a history of being a troublesome little kid, but since meeting Lexa, Clarke has had less complains from teachers.

School was quiet boring for Lexa – she was a smart kid, smarter than most of the kids in her class
and that made things a little boring. The school had actually wanted Lexa to skip third grade but her parents decided it was better not to, she had friends – well, Clarke – and she would just be thrown into something completely new. They didn’t want to put her into any kind of unnecessary stress.

But Lexa soon realized that Clarke made it a bit more fun; even sitting next to her in class was more entertaining then having to sit next to anyone else. So she got a little upset the days Clarke didn’t come to school – maybe she was sick, or got hurt because she fell and twisted her ankle or something that, it happened quite often to be honest, Clarke was pretty clumsy. Clarke was a little different Lexa in terms of how she was with people – she was good with people, loved talking to practically everyone, didn’t like going to class all that much though, would rather be home in front of the TV or playing.

Although they were different in some aspects, they had a lot in common. Clarke liked a lot of things Lexa did and vice versa, so it gave them things to bond over – and they also had a lot of different interests which kept things interesting as they could introduce each other to new things. They loved superheroes and they watched most of the same shows on TV – but Clarke seemed to like Batman, Superman, and most of DC whereas Lexa preferred Spiderman, Captain America, and most of Marvel. Lexa was more passionate about it though, if anything, she was a little obsessed, and she could go on and on about her favorite movie or favorite episode of the *X-men* or the *Spiderman* animated series. But Clarke didn’t mind it at all, she let Lexa go on without getting bored or finding it weird.

Lexa was even up for spending days in with Clarke when she got grounded – also something that happened pretty often given the whole *trouble kid* thing. So even when Clarke was just sitting at home, not allowed to go to the park, or watch TV, or play video games, Lexa was still happy to come by and just sit there and keep her company. It helped that they only lived two houses down and across the street from each other.

It was a wet and cold November day today, they were at school now and all the kids just wanted to go home and be under a blanket with some hot chocolate. It was too cold and the heating wasn’t that great, and to make things worse, it was recess which meant they had to be outside. Clarke had stepped away to get a drink from the water fountain – not very pleasant given how chilly it was. The water dripping down her chin felt like it would freeze.

“Lexa!” Clarke exclaimed in her small voice, running over to her friend who had just tripped over. She was a few feet away from the brunette, Lexa had slipped on the wet ground and fallen on her front – well she managed to stop herself with her hands before hitting her face. “Are you okay?” Clarke asked, kneeling down in front of her and helping her sit up.

Lexa nodded, sitting back, looking down at her palms. They were all scratched up, and there was one small cut on her left one. “Yeah, I’m fine.” She answered, putting on a strong face although her
palms were stinging really bad right now. There was debris and at least dust in the scratches right now, some of the scratches were kind of deep, enough to probably count as cuts. And the cut on her left hand looked very deep too.

“Does it hurt?” Clarke asked, taking the hand with the cut in her’s.

Lexa shook her head, “No, not at all.” She answered her bravely. “It’s fine, look,” She added, closing her fist…only to flinch.

“You’re so strong.” Clarke responded, not really sarcastically but just admirably. “But even Spiderman gets hurt every now and then.” She told her, bringing her hand up, gently kissing the skin next to the cut like her mom would every time she hurt herself – maybe not now, but when she was a kid. “Kisses always make it better.”

Chapter End Notes

awwww little baby clexa. best buddies and totally inseparable. and it ends with the most innocent and adorable little kiss. this is the format that all the chapters are going to be in: some info at the start; year it's set in, how old clexa is, and what grade they're in. i feel like it'll help with the later chapters and avoid confusion and keep things clear and easy to understand (also i would forget when things are set without writing it out like that).

thank you so much for reading, next chapter is going to be 2010 and a little more drama. hope y'all liked it and let me know what you thought in the comments.
Ch 2 - The boy

Chapter Summary

With the kiddos growing up, there's a lot of new things happening, a lot of changes. One of those changes being dating and boys. Lexa can't really see what the big deal is, but Clarke is getting really into this. What happens when the boy Clarke has been crushing on finally asks her out?

Chapter Notes

i was actually going to post this last night but i fell asleep, i was very tired. but yeah, here ya go. the feelings are starting to come in y'all. this is middle school clexa which is cute and more fun to write than the baby clexa. they're growing up, and there's changes so its great.

jealous lex. that's it. that's all i will say. it's fun trust me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2010
AGE: 12
GRADE: 6th

12th January 2010 – Tuesday

Six years together; Clarke and Lexa had been friends for six years now. A lot of things had changed since then and now, but a lot had remained exactly the same. They still couldn’t go a day without seeing each other much like hen they were kids; but now, the bond they had between each other was a lot stronger, a lot more meaningful. They couldn’t go a day without seeing each other, an hour with texting, every weekend was spent together; and by this point, it was an unsaid rule in the Griffin’s and Woods’ household that Friday was sleepover night.
They weren’t exactly kids anymore – okay, they weren’t little kids anymore – and they had grown a lot in the past six years. Clarke and Lexa weren’t the same people they were back when they had first met, but somehow they hadn’t grown apart – quite the opposite really, they had grown a lot closer. Lexa was a little more confident now, not as shy as she used to be but still just as quiet; she didn’t like being the center of attention but talking to people was easier now. Clarke seemed to be a lot more mature for her age, more understanding and considerate than her peers. But she still had a knack for getting into trouble, she was still known by all the teachers in her school as the trouble kid who they had to watch out for. But in all fairness, she wasn’t nearly as bad as she was as a little kid; Clarke didn’t get into trouble quite as much – which both her parents credited to Lexa’s influence on her.

With growing up and all the changes that came with it, there was one thing very new to both of them – dating. Lexa, personally, wasn’t too into it, and didn’t really see why all the girls in school were acting like this around the boys. She didn’t understand it, at all; she couldn’t find anything special about any of the boys the girls in her class were so hyped about. Clarke, on the other hand, was very much into it, and the thought of having a boyfriend made her 12 year old self feel very much like a grown up. There were a couple of boys her and her friends were swooning over, and they’d all noticed Lexa wasn’t too interested.

As far as Lexa was concerned, she didn’t care about spending time with anyone other than Clarke. That’s kind of all she wanted to do, as much as she got along with her other friends, there was something different about Clarke – Lexa just cared about her and liked her more than…anyone else really. Clarke could make her smile, make her laugh, she could cheer her up when she was upset and that last one was practically impossible for anyone else, even her parents or older sister. She’d had a rough day at school last week, and Lexa had just been upset for most of the day – Clarke picked up on it, of course she did, and she was the only one who ended up being able to cheer her up. They went out, spent the day playing laser tag and then got something to eat; and just being in Clarke’s company, being around her, was enough to make her forget about whatever was upsetting her.

That was something that happened quite often too, Lexa kind of hated going to school; much like when she was a little kid, she was still an easy target given her quiet nature. People liked picking on her, it was easy, she was quiet and would barely ever talk, made her come off as a little off putting to her classmates. It didn’t help that the teachers liked her, she was good kid, she wasn’t a suck up to the teachers but they all liked her because she’d do her work and keep her head down, she wouldn’t even speak unless spoken to – and to teachers, that was the perfect student. The quietness was probably her biggest problem, so to speak, she believed it to be anyways – it made it hard for her to make friends, made it hard for her to even tell people bothering her to back off. So Lexa was glad that she at least had one friend she knew she could trust to never talk behind her back.

She wasn’t at school today, Lexa had tripped during the last soccer game and twisted her ankle. It only happened yesterday and she was hoping to be back in school in a day or two – being on crutches wasn’t too bad…right? Clarke had texted her, told her she’d come over after school to give Lexa her homework and then maybe they could watch a movie or something. She was kind of
stuck on the couch, lying down with her ankle propped up on a cushion, as she watched TV. It was pretty boring. And it sucked that doing something she loved landed her here. But the doctor said it would be fine in about a week, she’d be up and walking and it might take a couple more weeks, a month even, until Lexa’s ankle was well enough for her to play again.

That was another change for Lexa, well it wasn’t much of a change because Lexa has been playing soccer since she was in the third grade. She would want to be playing football instead but her school had deemed her too small to be playing with the boys. But she was planning on trying out again, well now, she was taller than she was three years ago, stronger too according to…mostly just Clarke. And this was a new school anyways, they’d started middle school only about four months ago – but she knew the football tryout was in a month and Lexa was looking forward to it. But her only concern at right now was the fact that her ankle wouldn’t be well enough by then.

“Are you going to be okay by next month?” That was Clarke’s first question when she had squeezed into the couch next to Lexa. She knew Lexa had been looking forward to the tryouts, Lexa was way too excited at even the thought of being able to play football that was somewhere other her backyard with someone that wasn’t her dad. She was really into sports, mostly football and soccer; Clarke wasn’t that into sports, so everything she knew about sport was because of Lexa.

“Yeah, I should be.” Lexa answered, hugging the teddy bear Clarke had brought with her for Lexa. It was a blonde teddy bear, wearing a t-shirt that read Get well soon. “The doc said I’ll be clear to play again in about three weeks or so.” Lexa added with a nod, her face brushing against the stuffed animal – it was soft. “So yeah, it should be okay. How was your day?” She asked Clarke. “Did you miss me?”

“Nope, not at all. I didn’t even notice you were gone.” Clarke said sarcastically, trying to keep her tone serious. “Of course I did, it was really boring without you.” She told her. “Oh, but something interesting did happen…” Lexa perked up at that, “You know Mark?” She asked her. “The one I can’t stand?” Was probably more of what Lexa wanted to say. She didn’t like him; he was arrogant and loud and obnoxious and basically the personification of everything she didn’t like about boys. The fact that he paid a little too much attention to Clarke, and the fact that Clarke had taken an interest in him probably also had something to do with Lexa not liking him. But just a little really, just a tiny bit, Clarke liked him and that should be enough for Lexa to not hate him…but yeah, she didn’t like him.

Clarke nodded in response, excited if anything, “Yes.” She answered. “He…asked me out…” She said to Lexa, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

Lexa’s eyes widened, she was surprised, but she wasn’t sure if it was in a good or bad way. She
should be happy for her friend, she really should; Clarke has had a thing for him for a good while now and she looked really happy. So…Lexa should be happy right? Yes, she should. And she was. Lexa was most definitely happy for her best friend. Clarke was happy about it, so of course she was too. “That’s awesome.” She told Clarke after a moment, trying to match her friend’s enthusiasm. But it was…a little off. “Clarke’s that’s so amazing,” She added, sitting up straight, doing her best to not move her leg. “Tell me everything.” That may have been a lie, she didn’t really want to know much, let alone everything. Lexa couldn’t really place a finger on why though.

“I don’t kiss and tell.” Clarke winked, Lexa giving her a questioning look.

“Did you two kiss?” She asked immediately, and this time she did sound excited. It wasn’t really excitement though, Lexa really just wanted to know because that was a little…shocking.

“No,” Clarke let out a small sigh, “Not yet, but you know” She shrugged, “It’s a figure of speech.” She added. “But that doesn’t apply to you, so…”

And then she was off, Clarke told her exactly what happened, exactly what Mark said to her only a few hours ago. She talked with her hands a lot, and that paired with that spark of excitement in her eyes made it difficult for Lexa to not smile as she spoke. Although Lexa didn’t want to really hear about Mark, she always wanted to hear about what Clarke had to say. Clarke told Lexa pretty much everything about the interaction between her and Mark, she told Lexa about how he complimented her eyes, saying how they were very blue and very pretty. Lexa agreed with that, of course she did, they were bluer than the sky on a cool summer day. Her and her family had gone to California for a week in the summer, and the sea…it was so incredibly blue, yet according to Lexa, it had nothing on Clarke’s eyes.

“So,” Lexa asked once Clarke was done, “Are you two going out together anything soon?” She asked her. “Did he ask you out?”

Clarke gave her a smile that was almost shy, “He did…” She turned her face as she could feel her cheeks heating up, looking down before adding, “We’re going to the movies this weekend. I think we’re going to watch *Avatar.*”

“Fun.” She didn’t sound as positive as she’d want to but it was close enough and Lexa figured Clarke didn’t pick up on it. “I’m surprised he has asked you out to a movie that’s actually good.” Lexa added, she’d already watched it, Anya had dragged her to it; Lexa was reluctant at first but she actually liked it. “We’re still going to watch *Sherlock Holmes,* right?” She asked, they were planning on going sometime this week but it might have to wait till next week given her ankle.
“Yep, absolutely.” Clarke nodded with a smile. “Sometime next week?” She asked, they were going to go on Friday but it’d have to wait. “Tuesday or Wednesday? Or even next Friday, whenever’s good for us both.” Clarke shrugged at her.

Clarke stayed for a bit longer, just talking to Lexa and watching whatever was on TV with her. It had gotten dark by the time Clarke left, Lexa was still sitting on the couch as she thought about Clarke…and about Mark, and about the two of them together. She wasn’t sure what this feeling even was to be honest; Clarke was happy, and she should be too right? The past couple of weeks, Lexa remembers Clarke going on and on about this boy, so the fact that he had finally asked her out was a good thing. It should be, and Lexa knew it was…so why did she feel like this? She didn’t know what exactly she was feeling, just that it wasn’t…positive. It’s almost like she didn’t want Clarke to be spending meaningful time with anyone other than her. That’s just being an overprotective friend right, thinking no one is good enough for your best friend? She just didn’t want someone unworthy of Clarke to be dating her. That was perfectly reasonable.

What if it’s something else, though? Was there some other reason for her to be feeling this way? For Lexa to not want Mark to spend time with Clarke much less date her? What other reason could there be though? Yes, sure Lexa didn’t like Mark, he was pretty much everything she didn’t like about boys their age. Maybe a part of her didn’t actually like the fact that Clarke liked him. That made about as much sense to Lexa as her not wanting Mark to date her to be honest. She shouldn’t have a problem with Clarke liking a boy from school, she shouldn’t feel possessive of Clarke; this was just her best friend, and she was happy that she had landed a date with the boy she was crushing on.

But there was still an unexplainable and very unusual feeling at the back of her mind that Lexa couldn’t really put a name to.

Am I jealous of Mark…?

Chapter End Notes

i have two playlists currently for this fic. this one is for the two prologues and clexa in the present day (as in broken up). and this is the new one that i just put up, its a song per chapter, i'll put up a song every week when a chapter goes up..

okay so i don't know why. but for some reason, the writing of this chapter felt kinda off? like i feel like it could've been better written? but yeah its not bad or anything. i hope y'all liked it and please leave me a comment. we're gonna get more into clexa now, like their feelings and all that coz we can see that lexa is starting to develop some feelings that she doesn't really understand. (also the bits about lexa being picked on at school? can relate, my poor bby i'm so sorry)
Chapter Summary

Being a teenager is very weird. Too many hormones, too many feelings, none of it that makes any sense. Why do people think it's so glamorous being a teenager? Because it's really not. Lexa's not doing too great with it, she doesn't really understand her feelings and on top of everything, there's those pesky feelings for Clarke that she can't make sense of.

Chapter Notes

Sorry about not updating last week. the chapter was written but i didn't edit it and i didn't want to post it without editing it. but yeah, its lowkey angsty. being a teenager is hard. and lexa's not really doing too well with it. too many feelings she doesn't understand. and then there's the feelings about clarke too ya know.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2010 – 2011

AGE: 13 - 14

GRADE: 7th – 8th

14th February 2011 – Monday

Being a teenager was weird. Hitting puberty was weird. Just everything since hitting 13 has been weird. There were too many hormones, too many feelings, too many changes that they didn’t understand – and for the most part, didn’t like. It was just the early years though, so Clarke and Lexa were hoping they would get the hang of this whole being a teenager thing soon enough. It was way less glamorous than they make it out to be in the TV shows and movies, and Clarke and Lexa honestly have no idea where most TV shows get their information from. On the same point – teenagers don’t look like that.

Lexa’s not really sure what was wrong with her, the last couple of months, maybe a little more
even, she has been feeling a little...down. For one, the thought she had when Clarke had started
dating Mark hadn’t left her. Although Clarke had left Mark about a month or so later, the thought
of her being jealous of Clarke’s significant other hadn’t. Lexa wasn’t really...fitting in with most
of her classmates. However, Clarke was doing just fine, better than most if anything; she was
getting a lot of attention from the guys – of course she was, she was adorably beautiful, and just
perfect in every way. She was pretty popular with almost everyone really, Clarke was just a really
likable and sociable person so it was no surprise.

Lexa put off her feelings as just a consequence of the mess of hormones in her system right now.
She’d go back to normal soon enough. But for now though...she felt...a little empty, almost
hollow. She was upset a lot of the times, only finding faults in herself, blaming herself for not
being able to be making more friends or being more social – being more normal. It didn’t help, no,
not at all, but that’s what was happening. She didn’t understand it, and no one else knew how she
was feeling – Lexa didn’t actually know how to even explain what she was feeling to anyone.
Because...it almost felt normal to her at this point, it was just happening for so long. Not pleasant,
no, not at all, but it felt normal to an extent. Lexa didn’t even know if anyone had noticed it, or if
this just looked normal to everyone around her. Or maybe she was just doing a good job at hiding
it, after all, she’s always been quiet around people, so it probably didn’t seem unusual.

Back to being jealous of Mark for a whole year though; that was a new feeling entirely. It was
almost like Lexa wanted...to be in Mark’s place – last year anyways, Clarke dumped him about a
month later because he was...not as great as she had thought. But Lexa felt herself getting that
feeling again, the one where she was almost possessive of Clarke, whenever she saw a boy from
school giving Clarke a little too much attention. Or even when she found Clarke looking at a guy a
certain way. She just wanted to protect her, wanted to keep her from getting hurt by guys who
didn’t deserve her. That was it...right? Because none of these guys were even close to being good
enough for her best friend.

She has been spending quiet a bit of time on the internet though, trying to do a little research and
trying to put a name to what she was feeling. Lexa may have found her answer to be honest, but...
she didn’t really like it, and she would rather find another name for it.

On a better note though, football was going pretty well for her. She made it into the team last year,
and right now, she was probably the school’s favorite player. She made quarterback only last week,
and honestly, despite her constant low mood, Lexa couldn’t be happier. She was her coach’s
favorite player, not that Lexa would admit it, but literally all the guys on the team knew it, and so
did Clarke. Her games were her happy time, it was her escape from reality and from feeling how
she always felt for no real reason – on the field, it was just her and her team. You’d think being the
school’s favorite player would mean Lexa was a more popular in general. But honestly, once she
was of the pitch, she was practically invisible – she didn’t talk to anyone and everyone pretended
they couldn’t even see her.

Lexa didn’t know what she was expecting when she heard the phone ring on her bed. But listening
to Clarke shriek into her ear upon answering definitely wasn’t it – maybe a normal hello was more
of what she was expecting. Firstly, it was really loud and really excited, Lexa had to hold the phone a little away from her ear. “Are you okay?” Lexa said with a small laugh once Clarke stopped; she had that effect on Lexa, no matter what, Clarke could always make her smile.

“Guess what happened?!” She exclaimed but before Lexa could even ask what, Clarke was answering her already. “He kissed me!” That was followed by another high pitched shriek.

Lexa had a similar reaction to when Clarke told her Mark had asked her out last year. Eyes widening, not really knowing if she had a good thing to say, or if she should even say anything at all. Okay, if anything, she was a little upset, that was the second thing on her mind after the initial shock. But then again, Lexa had no idea who Clarke was even talking about. “What? Who?” She did her best to sound excited, or at least positive.

“Mike, from the basketball team.” Clarke answered excitedly. “We were at the arcade,” She continued, speaking very quickly. “And it came out of nowhere in that zombie shooter simulator game thing.”

“Hey, calm down.” Lexa laughed, the excitement was cute. “Tell me all about it.” Okay fine, she didn’t actually want to know all about it, but she always wanted to hear what Clarke had to say.

This was Clarke’s first kiss; so she was excited, she was ecstatic if anything. And Lexa was the first one she told. Of course she was, who else would Clarke be calling about something so important? Yes, she’d like to be talking to her in person but she was walking home and Clarke honestly couldn’t wait so long before telling her best friend. Everything like this though, literally everything that was important in anyway, the first person to know would be Lexa. Even if it wasn’t something great, like when she failed her math test last month, it was Lexa who she confided in. There was no one else Clarke would rather be talking to…about anything. Neither of them were that close to their parents; Lexa did have an older sister, but they weren’t too close either, and besides, Anya had gone off to college this year.

Clarke told her everything. Every little detail because she was too excited and too happy to not just spill everything to Lexa. Her and Mike had been dating for about a week now, and…well, he was Lexa’s least favorite person in the school. He was a likable guy though, decent, not everything Lexa hated about boys her age; but she didn’t like him, it was as simple as that. She didn’t like seeing them walking around the school holding hands with Clarke, she didn’t like how close he sat to her during lunch, or just anything that showed Clarke and Mike were a couple.

But Lexa listened now, she listened and she pretended to be happy for Clarke when every part of her was very much reluctant to it. Lexa still didn’t know why. Maybe she did but she didn’t want to admit it. Because…that just couldn’t be. It couldn’t be. She couldn’t be gay. It was as simple as that. That was…impossible, why would she be gay? That didn’t make any sense.
“So I’ll be over tonight, a little after dinner.” Clarke said to Lexa over the phone. “And I’ll help get things sorted for the party tomorrow.”

Lexa could hear the smile in Clarke’s words, she was almost more excited for Lexa’s birthday than Lexa herself was. “Yeah, I can’t wait.” For you. I can’t wait for you to get here. I haven’t seen you in over 24 hours. It was her 14th birthday tomorrow. Her parents wanted to do something a little big because she skipped out on her 13th, invite all her friends from school – which ended up being all of Clarke’s friends because Lexa didn’t really have too many, no more than a couple. So that’s what they were doing, they were having a little party, with people from school, a lot of food, and balloons and Lexa…probably wasn’t that into it. She liked quiet, she liked being quiet, and being surrounded by quiet. That was just who she was.

The day had started off pretty well, everything was going according to plan, Lexa got to sleep in because everyone else in the house thought it was only fair given that it was her birthday. Anya had called after she was up, telling her that she really wanted to be there but unfortunately she couldn’t really miss her classes – but she promised to make it up to her sister when she was home for Christmas. The morning was probably her favorite part of the day, she got a really long, really tight hug from Clarke, even a kiss on the cheek. She got her a present, of course she did, and Clarke promised it’s the best one she has gotten for her best friend yet. But she also told Lexa she was not getting it till after the party.

That’s where things got a little…bad. Why? Well…no one showed up.

It was…sad really and Clarke’s heart broke for her. Everything was set, the cake, the food, the decorations…everything. But…no one showed up. Clarke was the only one here and Lexa…she didn’t want to show she was upset about it; she didn’t care, this didn’t matter…well, that’s what she wanted her parents and Clarke to think she thought. She was upset, of course she was – first off, she didn’t want to have a party to begin with and this could all have been avoided, and second…a head’s up would’ve been nice. But Lexa shrugged it off when they realized no one was going to show up, she just went up to her room, didn’t even want cake when everyone in the house knew chocolate was her favorite and she never turned it down.

Her parents tried to talk to her but Lexa wouldn’t even reply from inside her room, she didn’t want them to come in because she was fine. But they all knew better…because, god, what 14 year old wouldn’t be upset? After a little while, her parents asked Clarke to try, try to talk to her, make sure
she was okay because they knew their daughter never said no to this blue eyed girl that had made her place in all their hearts by now.

“I didn’t give you my present yet.” Clarke said as she stepped into Lexa’s room, not bothering to knock. Lexa was lying in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. “If you don’t look at me, I’m going to assume you don’t want it.”

“Oh course I want it.” Lexa said immediately, sitting up straight as Clarke made her way to her bag that was lying by the door. “Okay, so.” She looked through it and pulled out a wrapped…parcel almost. “I worked really hard on this, but if you don’t like it, you need to tell me.” Clarke told her before sarcastically adding, “So I know never to talk to you again.” She walked up to her friend with a smile before sitting down on the bed and handing it to her. “I’m joking, I would never do that.”

Lexa gave Clarke a questioning look before ripping the paper off of the gift. There were a few things inside. The first one Lexa picked up was a little box that looked like it had necklace or something like that inside it. Slowly opening it, she pulled out the key that was on the chain before reading out the inscription. “My soulmate.” She looked up at Clarke.

“They couldn’t fit in the platonic part.” She responded with a shrug, “But I don’t mind, a soulmate’s a soulmate.”

“She neither.” Lexa added. “I love it.” She told her, moving forward to give her soulmate a hug.

“There’s more,” Clarke reminded once they pulled away. She picked up a very thin notebook – that probably didn’t qualify as a notebook given how there were only ten pages in there. “Okay, this one is really special to me.” She gave it to Lexa. “And I want to add to it every year.”

Lexa opened it, the first page reading 7 years in 7 drawings. She slowly flipped through the pages. The first double page spread had a drawing on the right side, and a letter on the left – on top of which, had the year they met 2004. It was a letter accounting their first year as friends, from Clarke to Lexa. Lexa turned to the next page, same format, date on the top, but it was 2005 this time and it was a different drawing.

“So…” Clarke started as she watched Lexa slowly flip through the pages. “Every page has a drawing and a letter.” She explained. “I tried to sum up our year together; one very eventful part of that year together in the drawings.” Clarke told her about the artwork. “And the letter.” She started. “Tells you how amazing that year was for me because you were in it.” Clarke smiled. “It was hard to fit into one page.”
“I…” Lexa started, eyes tearing up. “I don’t know what to say.” She looked up at Clarke, a tear managing to escape and roll down her eyes. “It’s so…” Lexa shrugged, she didn’t have the words for it, how could she? This was insane, well beyond what she was expecting from Clarke. “Did you draw all of these?” She finally asked in disbelief – Lexa knew Clarke was talented with a paintbrush, but this was…god, she didn’t have any words for it. “I don’t know what to say Clarke, this is incredible.” She shook her head lightly, bringing her hand up to wipe the tears away.

“Are those happy tears, or sad?” Clarke couldn’t help but ask.


“Good.” Clarke nodded, reaching forward and taking Lexa’s hand. “There’s enough pages here to last us three more years.” She told her. “I want to keep it going, keep adding more pages.” Clarke added. “Maybe you can pitch in on the letters from next year. You are better with words.”

Chapter End Notes

oof. that was sad. i feel bad for lexa (i can relate tho, had to pull this story out of somewhere lmao). my teenage years were a lot like this. so we're finally really getting into the story - or as i like to call it, my life's experiences written through lexa.
Ch 4 - "I'm not gay"

Chapter Summary

Lexa's not really doing too well. The first stages of coming out are always the worst, coming out to *yourself* is by far on of the hardest things a lot of us will ever do. And Lexa feels like she can't talk to anyone about it because it will ruin everything. But it's weighing her down and although everyone in her life can't see it, Clarke can tell there's something wrong.

Chapter Notes

look. this is. this is me. this was me at 13. and at 14. and 15. and then all over again at 16/17 when i realized i was trans. this whole chapter is very much inspired by me and how i handled this and how i felt during that time of my life. it is a very special chapter. you know how they say, all you need to do to write is just bleed on the paper? yeah it feels like that's what i did with this one. its a heavy chapter, i'll give y'all that. especially if you had a hard time with coming out and all that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2011 – 2012
GRADE: 8TH
AGE: 14

15th December 2011 – Thursday

No, she wasn’t crying. No, this wasn’t a breakdown. Why would it be? Lexa had no reason to be breaking down alone in her room at two in the morning. Maybe it was all the YouTube videos she was watching. Or maybe it was all the time she was spending on Tumblr. They were poisoning her with thoughts she shouldn’t be thinking, making her believe things about herself that weren’t true. Fourteen year old Lexa Woods was not gay. She couldn’t be. And she wasn’t. That was the last thing she wanted to be and Lexa was half sure she was only thinking this was a possibility because of all the time she was spending on the Internet.
But what if she was?

And that was the cause of tonight’s breakdown. Lexa hasn’t stopped thinking about it really. The first time the thought crossed her mind was a while ago, when Clarke had told her she was dating Mark and Lexa found herself getting jealous. Since then really, Lexa has been thinking about it almost constantly. It had taken over her every thought, every moment she found her mind not busy, this is what she was thinking about. What if I’m gay? How would that go down? How would her parents feel about that? Her sister? What about Clarke? Will she even want to be her friend anymore after knowing she’s gay?

The word sounded wrong to her. It made her grimace and Lexa couldn’t even make herself think the actual word let alone say it out loud. There were just so many negative connotations to it – there was nothing positive that came to Lexa’s mind when she thought of the word. It would change everything. For her. And between everyone she cared about – her parents, her sister, her best friend. What would it be like at school? She was already having a hard time, not too many people seemed to like her saying they found her weird because of how quiet and practically invisible she was. So how much worse would it get when people found out she was also gay?

Lexa shook her head, shaking the thought away. No, she didn’t want to think about that. She didn’t want to think about what anyone’s reaction would be when Lexa herself didn’t think she could accept herself if she was…that. It felt wrong, much like the word did to her, being gay felt wrong. Not that Lexa was homophobic or anything like that, no, she was…impartial. It never mattered to her, it never came up, and as far as she was concerned, they’re just ordinary people who’s life she (or anyone else) doesn’t have any say in. But now…the last couple of years really…Lexa has been thinking about it more, looking into it more, trying to see what it was like for an LGBT person in this world. And…maybe that all just scared her even more.

It just…seemed hard. Life was hard enough as it was but from Lexa gathered, it was a lot harder if you weren’t straight or cisgender or anything other than what society deemed to be normal.

Being gay was okay and all, but to Lexa, that only applied when it wasn’t about herself. Self-love was a pretty foreign concept to her as it was – she always thought of herself as not good enough, like there was more she could do, more she could be. And if she was, indeed, gay, even the idea of self-love would be something unreal and absolutely, completely impossible for her. She would hate herself forever, Lexa would never be able to accept herself for this, it was wrong for her to be that. It was just wrong. Plain and simple.

What made her feel worse about it all though, was the fact that these wrong, immoral feelings were spreading to Clarke. Whatever Lexa felt for her was more than just friendship – she was just realizing this really, for the longest time, she just thought it was only platonic. But there might be
more to it. Clarke felt like…her whole world; and at 13, all the love songs she’s listened to, all the movies she had seen, and all the ideas and notions Lexa had about love seemed to be…fulfilled, so to speak, when she thought about what she felt about Clarke. She made her happy, always made her smile, and Lexa could spend hours talking to her without getting bored. She was comfortable with her, could talk to her about anything and everything, nothing was off limits – Lexa could…be herself with Clarke.

But maybe not now. Maybe not with this. Not with the fact that she was gay, let alone with the fact that she had feelings for her.

God, just the thought of that made Lexa feel almost dirty.

Waking up the next morning, it wasn’t much better either. It was hard to just pull herself out of bed. Lexa just felt tired and upset and…empty. Last night was awful. It was a lot tears, a lot of negative thoughts and it all left her like this – tired and empty. She wanted to sleep, she wanted to just block out everything and pass out again. The last thing Lexa wanted right now was to get out of the comfort of her bed and face reality – and her own conscious thoughts. She was half asleep even when she left the house; just somehow managed to throw some clothes on really. Walking to school, Lexa even missed when Clarke walked up to her and said good morning. Honestly, she wouldn’t even know if Clarke hadn’t tapped her on the shoulder.

“You okay there?” Clarke asked as they approached the school, noticing how Lexa was quiet the whole way here. Yes, her friend was usually quiet, but right now, it was too quiet, unusually quiet. “You’ve said like two words the whole way here.” It wasn’t that long of a walk, about five minutes, but five minutes was a little too long to just walk in silence. It usually was anyways.

“Yeah, yeah.” Lexa answered distractedly. “I’m just tired, didn’t get much sleep.” She stifled a yawn, bringing her hand up to rub her eyes.

“Everything okay?” Clarke asked in response, a little concerned. It looked like Lexa slept for all of two hours – if that.

“Mmm hmm,” Lexa nodded, paying a bit more attention this time. “I slept for a couple of hours,” She tried telling her, doing her best to sound convincing. “Then I woke up for no reason and just couldn’t go to sleep again.” She shrugged, like it was no big deal.

“That’s not fun.” Clarke commented, Lexa shaking her head in response as she tried to fight another yawn – and failed this time.
That had been the first day Clarke had noticed something wrong with Lexa. But it definitely wasn’t the last. She just seemed off, unlike herself, almost like she was pushing Clarke away. Something was bothering her, something had to be, she was acting too weird for this to be normal and Clarke knew her friend better than that. She knew what Lexa was like on a good day, and she also knew what Lexa was like on a bad day. But this…whatever had been going on the last couple months, seemed to be different to what Lexa was like on her bad days. This was new and different and something Clarke didn’t necessarily like seeing on her best friend. Of course not, when you love someone as much as the two of them loved each other, you wouldn’t want to see them upset, let alone in a constant state of…whatever this was.

That one sleepless night followed by Clarke asking Lexa what was wrong seemed to be a start of a really bad series of days…weeks actually, maybe even months. Lexa had lost track really, she didn’t like feeling like this but it was slowly starting to feel normal. She couldn’t understand it, couldn’t make it going away, didn’t know what to do really. Lexa felt empty, and tired all the time – and she…hated herself, it was as simple as that. It felt harder at the start, but that night was a few months ago at this point, and now…it had almost started feeling natural. She couldn’t get over that feeling, that feeling of self loathe and self hate and wanting to throw up every time she thought of the fact that she was probably gay.

But honestly, as normal and natural as this was feeling – whatever this was – it was also starting to weigh in on her. It felt like everything inside her, all these emotions and feelings were just building up and it was…not nice. It made Lexa feel like she was on the verge of tears every minute of everyday, it felt like anything could push her over the edge. And well…Lexa needed a coping method. It started out as keeping herself awake for days on end, sometimes she made herself watch movies and shows that would give her nightmares. And as bad as it all was, it wouldn’t cause her any physical harm, not really, just would leave her tired and exhausted.

Her parents were pretty clueless, as far as they were concerned Lexa was doing just fine. And she liked that. She didn’t want to worry to them because it’s not like she could even explain what was really wrong. But Clarke seemed to be catching onto whatever the heck was happening. She gave her worried looks, asked her if she was okay more times than usual. She knew something was wrong, but Clarke didn’t straight up see it. And that was good. Because Lexa didn’t know how she would explain it. She didn’t want to tell Clarke but…god, she wanted to tell her. Lexa knew she could talk to Clarke about anything, always, that was the one person who wouldn’t judge and just listen to her. But this was different. This was one thing she could talk to no one about, but she wanted to, Lexa wanted to get this off her chest, it felt like that might make it a little better – make her feel a little lighter.
“Okay, so” Clarke said as she walked up to Lexa in her living room. “I have my dad’s Netflix password and the whole house to ourselves.”

They were having a sleepover, Clarke’s parents weren’t home for the night and they okay’d her inviting Lexa over. Her mom was a doctor, and she had a night shift today; her dad was an engineer who was out of state for a conference or something Clarke couldn’t remember for a few days. It had been a good day so far, well, Lexa seemed like her usual self and Clarke had an alright day – but they were both tired. It had been a long day though, finals were approaching, a good few months left but the teachers were pretty intense on them already. But it was Friday night, and they had the weekend to do nothing but relax.

“Can you believe middle school is almost over?” Lexa asked as Clarke sat down next to her on the couch. “We’re going to be in high school. That’s crazy.”

“Yeah, it’s only February Lexa.” Clarke rolled her eyes, “There’s still a long time to go.”

“I know that.” Lexa replied, matching her tone. “But the teachers are all acting like finals week starts tomorrow.”

“Unfortunately that’s their job.” Clarke answered. “To make us hate school and studying and working and authority and being alive and…I could keep going but you get the point.”

Lexa nodded, before returning to the TV that Clarke had just turned on, “What are we watching?”

Clarke straightened up, turning slightly to face Lexa as she watched her seriously. “Nothing.” Lexa only gave her a questioning look, that made no sense and the way Clarke was looking at her almost worried her. “I wanna talk to you.” This was the best time to do it, Clarke has been noticing Lexa for a long time now really. She seemed off, and Lexa probably thought no one was noticing it but Clarke was, of course she was, she noticed everything about her best friend.

“About…?”

“You know I notice literally everything about you?” Clarke asked rhetorically. “And I’ve been noticing you the last couple of months.” She told her. “Something’s going on but you’re not telling me.” She saw the way Lexa turned her eyes away, and Clarke knew she was on the right track. “But Lexa…” She started again, taking her hand in her’s. “I’m always here for you.” Clarke tried, but Lexa still didn’t look at her, “Whatever it is, whatever is going on that’s got you like, you can
“Tell me.”

“It’s nothing.” Lexa muttered.

“You’re not even looking at me.” Clarke pointed out, her voice gentle and not pushy. “I know when you’re lying. You’re terrible at it.” She told her lightly, “You look away, you talk really quietly, and you just refuse to look me in the eye no matter what.”

Lexa shook her head slightly, she had a lot of tells and she knew she’d be screwed if she ever played poker with Clarke. “I don’t wanna talk about it.” She settled on instead, this way, she wasn’t technically lying. “It’s not a big deal and I just don’t think we need to talk about it.” She shrugged, finally looking up at her with eyes that almost looked teary.

Clarke didn’t say anything for a moment, just watched her, unsure of why she seemed upset and contemplated whether or not to keep pushing for her to continue. Clarke had a thing for that; she could come off as being insistent and…overbearing sometimes. She usually told Lexa to stop her when she was doing that to other people, so Clarke didn’t know if Lexa would actually stop her now. Usually, when Clarke did it, Lexa would put her hand on her arm and go, “You’re being pushy. Stop.”

“I know that look.” Lexa said before Clarke could respond, “Don’t ask okay?” She asked, her voice still small and unsure. “Just…don’t push.”

Clarke gave her a small nod, thinking for a moment about what to say. She didn’t like seeing her best friend upset, she wanted to make her feel better, change whatever was making her feel whatever she was feeling, keeping her from being herself really. “So you don’t want to talk about it.” Clarke repeated, speaking to Lexa. “Okay I won’t make you.” She gave her a small smile, doing her best to be comforting. “What do you want to do?” Clarke said quietly, asking her a little hesitantly, hoping Lexa would answer.

Lexa chewed her bottom lip, watching Clarke for a moment before muttering quietly, “A hug?” She said, almost coming out as a question. “I think that would be…kind of nice right now…”

Clarke nodded, instantly bringing her arms up and wrapping it around Lexa. She pulled her closer, Lexa instantly burying her face in the crook of her neck. Lexa’s arms came up around her, wrapping around Clarke as she let out a long slow breath, doing her best to not cry. It’s been a long time coming really; Lexa’s been on the verge of blowing off and breaking down for months now. And she wasn’t sure if she could hold it in any longer.
She was right, it took another two seconds before the tears started falling, unable to stop them. Just the feeling of Clarke’s arms around her was enough for Lexa to put all her guard down and let it all out. She felt safe with her, and loved, she knew Clarke would always be there for her no matter – she has been all these years and Lexa knew she wasn’t the easiest person to get along with. And just…all of those feelings, safe and warm and loved, and the memories of the all the time they’ve spent together, paired with the fact that Lexa just couldn’t tell her this huge thing about herself… made it impossible to keep herself together. She could hear Clarke talking to her, muttering comforting and reassuring nothings into her ear. But Lexa couldn’t really make out the words, she felt like her insides were on fire, all the feelings just burning through her in an attempt to fight their way out of her.

Clarke didn’t know what to make of it, all she knew was that it bothered her even more. She was more worried, more concerned…and just wanted to know what was wrong even more. This was bad, very bad, whatever was wrong had to have been something serious because Clarke can count on one hand the number of times she has seen Lexa cry. The last time was about a year ago, on her birthday, when Lexa saw her birthday present from Clarke. Honestly, she just wanted to ask her again, tell Lexa she could tell her anything and everything, she would never judge, she would always be here for her no matter what.

“Lexa…” Clarke started slowly as the two of them finally pulled away. “Wh-?”

“Clarke no.” Lexa reminded her, shaking her head. “You said you wouldn’t ask.”

“But Lex, if something’s wrong…” Clarke tried, “You can tell me.” She told her. “Whatever it is, you know I’m here for you, I’ll always be.” Clarke tried to remind her. “We always tell each other everything, you don’t hide things for me…because you never have to.”

Lexa remained silent for a moment, shaking her head at her friend. “What if I feel like I have to?” She finally asked her. “What if this is something…I can’t tell you…?” She let out a small sigh, “What if…it’s something that messes up our friendship? Would you want to know?”

Clarke didn’t hesitate, only nodded, “Yes.” She told her. “I want to know because nothing, I repeat nothing, can ruin our friendship.” But Lexa looked away from her, not saying anything, “Lex please.” She could see how this was weighing on her, how much it was holding her down. There was a heaviness to the words that came out of Lexa, they were hard to even get out.

“This is different.” Lexa tried to make sense of it, tried to come up with an excuse as to why she couldn’t tell Clarke.
“Different how?” Clarke asked, not missing a beat. “It’s something that’s bothering you and making you upset.” She told her. “How can it be any different to…?” She raked her brain for at least one example, “That time Murphy stole your toy in second grade. Or the time in fifth grade those b-word girls were giving you a hard time for no real reason.” Clarke reminded her. “It was bothering you and you were upset but you told me.” She reminded. “You always tell me when things are wrong.” Clarke didn’t know how bad this could be that Lexa thought she would have to hide it from her. “Even when you were fighting with Anya you told me.” Honestly, it was over something stupid and Clarke can’t even remember what it was. “I know it doesn’t fix it, but I know it helps.” She added. “Takes it off of you, you don’t have to go through it alone then.”

“What if this is…” Lexa thought about it, letting out a sigh before finishing, “…worse?”

Clarke shrugged, “I’ll still be here.” She suggested, “If you’re worried this will push us away or something like that…I can tell you, it won’t.”

“How can you be so sure? You don’t even know what it is.”

“Because I know you.” Clarke told her, not really needing to think about it. “And that’s why I know it can’t be anything bad or at least bad enough to make me want to get up and walk away from you.”

Lexa brought her hand up, rubbing her face as she thought about it. There was a part of her practically yelling to just stay quiet but there was another part, the one that was just desperate to tell someone, anyone, what was going on with her. She was half expecting Clarke to just ask her again, but Clarke remained silent, something that took Lexa by surprise really, she was trying to give her a little space. “Clarke I…” She finally started, her eyes still not meeting Clarke’s but just watching their conjoined hands. “I think I’m…” This time Lexa looked up at her, but didn’t know how to even get the word out, how to say it out loud because she wasn’t gotten herself to do it, not yet.

Lexa remained silent, Clarke deciding it was best not to say anything so she just gave her an encouraging look, rubbing her thumb at the back of Lexa’s hand. She just gave her a small nod, wanting her to continue, to finish what she was about to say.

“Clarke I’m gay.”

Chapter End Notes
ooooohhhh cliffhanger.
so this is a piece of my heart. it means so much to me. and i don't know how i
managed to get all of this out onto paper. because it was hard. going through this was
hard, feeling trapped and alone was hard, crying every single night and making myself
feel worse was hard. so i wrote about it. and i hope y'all liked it. and if you did, please
leave me a comment, i don't think anything i've written so far has been as personal as
this chapter is.
Clarke didn’t really know how to respond, she just watched Lexa for a moment just letting it sink in. No, it wasn’t something she had expected but at the same time, it’s not like Clarke had a problem with it – she probably never did, it was just something irrelevant to her really. Clarke never thought too much about it, sure she knew everyone around her wasn’t straight, but that was about it. But now that wasn’t just it, was it? No, no, her best friend was gay. How did she feel about that? Clarke was almost waiting for a reaction in her mind, for a switch to flip maybe, something to change, anything, but…it didn’t happen. When she looked at Lexa again, all Clarke saw was her best friend – nothing seemed to have changed.

“You scared me.” Clarke finally spoke, her voice small. “I thought it was going to be something bad.”
“It…” Lexa gave her a confused look. “It isn’t…?”

“What?” Clarke asked immediately, “No, of course not.” She shook her head. “God, Lexa…I love you okay? And nothing will ever change that.” Clarke told her, trying to let her words get to Lexa, the reality of them, because yes, there was nothing in this world that could make Clarke love her best friend any less than she does now. “Especially this.” Her voice was soft and slow, she wanted Lexa to know that she meant every word of what she was saying.

Lexa nodded at Clarke, almost not believing the words she was hearing. She thought this would at least get a mildly bad reaction from the blonde. “Are you sure?” Was all Lexa could make herself say. It felt a little strange, saying it out loud, she hadn’t heard herself say it till now – just the word gay held so much weight to Lexa. She didn’t think she would be able to say it out loud in all honesty. But it felt even stranger to not receive a negative reaction from Clarke. Lexa was so convinced that things would change once she told her, convinced that Clarke would want nothing to do with her anymore that a positive reaction seemed practically impossible.

“Yes, one hundred percent,” Clarke reassured her. “You’re still you. And this is just…well, a part of you, right? Like…this is who you are.” Before Lexa could reply, Clarke spoke again, “Tell me if I said something wrong, I didn’t mean to.”

“No, no.” Lexa shook her head. “I’m still figuring it out myself so…it’s fine.” She shrugged, she was getting emotional again, more out of happiness this time – Clarke finally knew, that was a huge weight off of her shoulders. “So…nothing’s changed for you?” Lexa asked hesitantly, “You don’t see me any differently?” She asked. “It won’t feel weird to…” She shrugged, not wanting to say all the things on her mind in case they turned out to be true. “I don’t know…have sleepovers after knowing this? Sleeping in the same bed with me?” Lexa almost felt…predatory; in her mind it was, not only am I gay but I also have a crush on her.

“God no.” Clarke answered immediately. “Of course not.” She told her. “Lexa’s we’ve been having sleepovers since we were six. And every time we’ve slept over at each other’s house, we’ve slept in the same bed. And it has never been a problem. I mean, you’ve always been gay, so why is it any different now?” She asked, before answering her own question, “It’s not.” Clarke’s hand went up, placing it on Lexa’s back.

She had looked away again, not really knowing how to respond or even how to feel right now. A little overwhelmed probably. And Lexa almost felt like a weight had been lifted off of her chest. Sure she was still confused and a little scared, and unsure but…it was a good feeling right now, someone knew now, and they were okay with it – her best friend knew and she was okay with it. Lexa couldn’t really explain the relief she was feeling right now.
“Everything is going to be okay.” Clarke told her, rubbing her back. “I promise you Lex, it’s all going to be okay.” She leaned in closer, resting her head against Lexa’s, there was an almost dull aching in her chest for her friend at the thought of how she was probably feeling right now. Yeah, she hadn’t said much, but from what Clarke had been seeing, and how Lexa’s been acting, she was going through a lot. “I got you okay?” Clarke’s eyes teared up, hearing Lexa take in a shaky breath. “And I’ll always be here, this doesn’t change anything, it never could.” It couldn’t be easy, whatever was going on inside her, it couldn’t be easy. And Clarke wanted to do whatever she could to make it at least a little easier.

“Thank you.” Lexa muttered, her voice just audible. “I haven’t told anyone else.” She told her absentmindedly, the two of them pulling away slightly. “I don’t know how to, I don’t even know how I got myself to tell you. How I got the words out, got that word out.”

“Well, I’m glad you did.” Clarke told her. “Thank you for trusting me enough to tell me.” She corrected herself. “And you don’t have to say anything, to anyone, until you’re ready okay?” Suddenly realization hit her, looking at Lexa apologetically before speaking quickly, “Oh my god, Lexa I’m so sorry if I pushed you to tell me before you were ready to. That is not what I meant to d-” She was speaking in a panic, very words spilling out of her faster than she could even interpret them.

“No, no, Clarke.” Lexa stopped her. “I’ve been dying to tell you but I was just…scared.” She admitted. “It’s been weighing down on me, like I’ve been walking around with this insane weight on my shoulders.” She continued. “I felt like I was lying to you. And I was just…god, I was dying to tell you but I didn’t know how to.” Lexa let out a relieved sigh, “I was worried about how you would react, how this might tear us apart, how…I would lose you.” She added matter-of-factly, “I thought I would lose you and I was so scared about that.”

“You could never lose me.” Clarke told her again. “Nothing could do that.” She smiled at her, “You can’t get rid of me that easily.”

Lexa only smiled at her, the two of them falling silent as they relaxed onto the couch together. Clarke’s arm around her, holding Lexa close as she felt the brunette relax for probably the first time in months. “So…you’re okay with this…right?” She asked again, just wanting to be sure. “You’re not weirded out or anything like that?”

Clarke smiled, kissing the top of her head gently, “God no Lex.” She reassured her again, if she was weirded out by this, they wouldn’t be sitting like this one the couch right now. “Nothing’s changed.” She added. “You’re still you, you’re…Lexa.” Clarke told her with a shrug. “You’re my Lexa, and well…nothing can ever change that.” She felt Lexa relax against her, closing her eyes as Clarke picked up the remote and finally turned the TV on. “Oh, can I make a gay joke?” She asked lightly, “Well, it’s not really a joke, more of an observation actually.” Clarke shrugged slightly, “Maybe a little stereotypical.”
Lexa wasn’t too sure about what she was going to say, but knowing Clarke, she knew it wouldn’t be anything…bad. “Go ahead.”

“You wear…a lot of flannel shirts.” Clarke pointed out. “Like…you’re wearing one right now.” She added. “I honestly should’ve known you were gay from just that. God, I was so blind.” And that got the reaction she was hoping for, Lexa let out a long sigh, followed by a low laugh because well…Clarke was right though, it was pretty obvious. Clarke couldn’t help but let out a triumphant yes, receiving a questioning look from Lexa. “I made you laugh.”

“You always find a way.” Lexa nodded, turning her head to look up at Clarke.

Relief. It was relief. Pure relief. She didn’t really know how she got herself to tell Clarke. How those words even left her lips. Even now, the word gay felt heavy in her mouth; it still felt wrong and negative and Lexa can’t really imagine saying it out loud again. The rest of the night felt a lot…easier. She felt a lot lighter and for once in months, Lexa didn’t feel like she was lying to her best friend. Even lying in bed today, Lexa didn’t feel the need to force herself away from Clarke, she could just be next to her, she didn’t have to hold herself back from subconsciously placing her arm over her friend.

“Hey?” Clarke spoke quietly once they were both in bed. It had been almost an hour since the lights went out. Lexa had her back to her but Clarke could tell something was wrong – actually it seemed like she was crying. “Lexa, are you okay?” She didn’t reply, only nodded. “I’m here.” Clarke told her, it didn’t seem like Lexa wanted to talk right now and that was okay. “I got you.” She pulled herself closer to her best friend, her arm around Lexa’s waist as she held her close. “Do you need anything?” Clarke asked her quietly.

“No,” Lexa muttered quietly. “Just stay here, okay?”

“I’m here.”

Chapter End Notes

next chapter will be longer, i promise. but do lete me know what you thought. and thanks for reading.
High school. New characters. New friends. Our favorite duo is doing pretty well adjusting to it all.

I almost didn't make the update tonight. okay so last week, my girlfriend was over for like 5 days. i spent all day every day with her, i hadn't seen her in two months okay. so i didn't get the time to do anything else. i'm not gonna get soft on y'all but we're in a long distance relationship so we don't get to see her very often and guys. guys i love her so much. she is amazing and i love her so much i wish we got to see each other more often. the 5 days i spent with her was amazing and i can't wait to see her again. okay so moving on, this week, i was back in school. first week back is always the hardest coz getting into routine and all that.

She thought it would get easier. Lexa thought it would get easier to slowly start accepting herself once she had told Clarke. Because Clarke had taken it just fine, she couldn't have hoped for a better reaction than the one she had gotten. And nothing had changed between them, at all, and Lexa was eternally grateful for that – she was almost certain that things would change and…get weird. But Clarke was still the same around her; she would still hold her hand in public, sleep on the same bed when they were sleeping over at each other’s places, they would still cuddle on the couch while watching TV – hell, Clarke didn’t even think twice before changing in front of Lexa.

If anything, the one to make things weird because of this was probably Lexa. She was…extra
cautious around her; she would think twice before touching her, would make a point to not stare at her. Yes, maybe sometimes Lexa’s eyes have wandered…but she wasn’t proud of it, if she ever caught herself so much as catching a glimpse of say Clarke’s butt or her chest, she would tell herself off for the rest of the day. It wasn’t intentional, it never was, because Lexa wouldn’t just stare at someone, let alone stare at Clarke. Or maybe it was all just in Lexa’s head, because honestly, if she was being weird with Clarke, Clarke would’ve said something – no one knows Clarke better than Lexa, she would’ve said something, if anyone did something that even mildly pissed her off or made her uncomfortable, she would say it.

So it had to be just Lexa right? That was what she kept telling herself anyways – because every few minutes, she’d get hit with the thought that she was being gross and…predatory. The fact that she had a crush on Clarke didn’t really help, it just made it worse; it made her feel worse about herself. She was her friend, she was someone she’d practically grown up with, it felt wrong really – it felt wrong to have feelings like this for someone like Clarke.

But that was why she did feel whatever she was feeling. You grow up loving someone, doesn’t matter in what sense really, if you love somewhere for almost ten years, how do you keep yourself from…falling in love with them? It made sense in her head, when she tried to tell herself that it was okay, it made sense. It was like there were two parts of her always fighting with each other, always arguing. The smaller, quieter one, the one that was just barely there, was the part of Lexa trying to convince herself that there was nothing wrong with any of this – nothing wrong with being gay, nothing wrong with having feelings for your best friend…just nothing wrong with her, because there wasn’t, there was nothing with her. But then there was the other voice in her head, the other part of her, the louder, more obnoxious, more constant one, that one that was practically always there – that’s the one that made her feel all the wrong things. That’s the part of her that constantly kept telling her that she was wrong and gross and all the bad things for being…who she was.

And today…today was the first day of high school. A part of Lexa was excited, middle school wasn’t great not really – okay at all, she kind of got in to scuffs with some of the girls because…well, much like first grade, she was an easy target and mean girls exist everywhere. She was hoping it would be better, a fresh start, right? But then again, most of the kids from her middle school were going to be at the same school. Okay, not all, it was a small-ish area, there were two high schools and one of them was way harder to get into. So…only the smarter mean girls would be here now. Great. She wasn’t sure if that made things better or worse for her.

But Clarke would be here.

Lexa hadn’t seen her in a little over a week really, she went to Florida with her parents. Lexa hadn’t really gone anywhere, her sister was back for the summer and well, they kinda spent most of the it together. She spent a lot of the summer with Clarke, and also a lot of it with both Clarke and Anya because they were honestly the two most important people in Lexa’s life. And although Lexa has texted Clarke every day and talked with her every other day, she still missed her, she missed seeing her and being around her and just hanging out with her. She hadn’t seen her since Clarke got back, because she only came back the day before last, and they’ve all been busy yesterday getting ready
for their first day of high school.

“LEXA!!”

Lexa heard before she could even close the door to turn around. She was the one who usually walked up to Clarke’s and then the two of them would continue walking to school together. But it was different this year, it was in the opposite direction, so that was one thing that would have to be different this year because Clarke would have to walk past Lexa’s house.

Clarke was so loud, Lexa was almost certain the entire street heard her. But she couldn’t be bothered about it, all she could do was smile at her best friend as she made her way to her before throwing her arms around Clarke. Clarke practically squealed into her ear, temporarily causing hearing problems for Lexa, excited to see her best friend again as she tightened her arms around her. That was probably the longest they’d ever been apart, and it showed, right now it probably looked like they hadn’t seen each other in months if not years. Lexa couldn’t wipe the smile off her face, it was not possible and she would probably be smiling all day. The hug lasted a little too long, definitely, at one point Lexa even ended up lifting Clarke off her feet and they finally moved away once Lexa set her down.

“God you’re strong.” Clarke muttered, finally letting go of Lexa. “And gah,” She couldn’t contain the excitement, honestly not much of Clarke had changed since the first time they met, namely this. She was still loud and expressive and liked to show her excitement, and she was still very talkative and a people person. With everything that had changed over the years, with all the changes they had gone through, it was a little surprising that a lot of things still remained the same. “I missed you so much.”

“You’ve only been gone like…ten days.” Lexa offered in response with a small shrug, Clarke linking her arm with Lexa’s as they finally started to walk. “Hasn’t really…been that long…”

“Oh, so are you saying you didn’t miss me?” Clarke asked with a quirked eyebrow.

Lexa shrugged, “Wait, you were gone?” She asked sarcastically, “I didn’t even notice.”

“Shut up.” Clarke whined, nudging her shoulder with her’s, “I will actually cry ten days away from you was too long.”
The first week had gone pretty well, for both of them; so far their teachers were...better than expected, Lexa hadn’t seen too many people from their middle school – a few, but not too many – and there were a lot of new people too. So all in all, Lexa was adjusting pretty well so far. Clarke was doing pretty well too, she was making friends, that was something she never had a problem with anyways, and Lexa had found someone to tag along with literally the whole time so she was fine too, she was making friends. Her and Clarke didn’t have too many classes together though – history, biology, and literature, that was about it – but that was okay.

They were both settling in really well, Clarke was getting along with these two girls in particular – Raven and Octavia – and Lexa liked them too, they seemed nice. Raven was in Lexa’s math, chemistry, and physics classes and from what she could tell, the girl was a genius – liked to blow things up though, but still really smart. Apparently she got kicked out of two middle schools; one for blowing up the pot of mashed potato in the cafeteria on the lunch ladies’ faces, and the other one for blowing up half the science lab – but Lexa is almost certain that is just a rumor. Honestly, it had only been a week so far, and they’d had about three chemistry classes and Raven had managed to blow up a beaker already. It was impressive actually. Octavia was Raven’s best friend, more athletically inclined than academically, and Lexa probably liked her more than Raven. No, it’s not that she didn’t like Raven, Raven was pretty awesome, but just the fact that her and Octavia had more in common – including the fact that she wasn’t straight. Unlike Lexa though, she was more open about it, almost seemed like she didn’t care what anyone else might think. Clarke liked them both, had a few classes with them, the two of them were actually in her and Lexa’s literature class.

Another good thing about this week was the school’s football coach approaching Lexa. Apparently he had heard good things about her from her previous coach and couldn’t wait to see her for tryouts. Honestly, this school seemed to be a lot more...open-minded – and this was only her first week here – because she wouldn’t be the first girl to be on the football team, there had been...well, less than a handful but still more than zero so that was a start. She didn’t really catch his name, but from all the teachers, he was the fittest one – by far, she didn’t really understand why or how so many of the PE teachers were so out of shape, for god’s sake they taught PE – so Lexa would find him pretty easily. He was nice, that was her point with this train of thought, seemed a lot more approachable than most of the other teachers, and he even invited her to training sessions just so her chances at tryouts would be a little better. Whatever her previous coach said must’ve impressed him because that was one hell of an invitation, one she wasn’t going to let off. She was excited, Lexa was excited about school for once in a very long, I mean, this was a great start to the year.

Today was Saturday, and Lexa was tired out and spending the day at home just doing nothing. First week back was always the most tiring one, but somehow Clarke still had the energy to go out. She went out with Raven and Octavia, Lexa’s unsure where exactly but she approved of the two of them and didn’t mind Clarke spending time with them. Here’s the thing, more than half the time, Lexa didn’t approve of Clarke’s friends, and that was because in Lexa’s opinion, they weren’t good enough for her, or they were a bad influence on her. Okay, yes, maybe Lexa was a little overprotective of her best friend, but even Abby and Jake will agree that some of Clarke’s friends...
were bad influences on their daughter. Clarke might come over later tonight though, Lexa didn’t mind either way, she didn’t mind having the day to herself and she most definitely wouldn’t say no to spending time with her either.

Clarke was loving high school already, it had only been a week and she was already so happy with everything – much better than middle school. First and foremost, the boys were capital H hot. And the teenager in her was very happy about that – most of them were nice too so that was definitely a bonus. All the new people she had met so far have been pretty great too, Raven and Octavia in particular, her and Lexa seemed to spend most of their time with the two of them, they had similar classes and almost the exact same break times. If anything, Raven and Octavia had the same sort of relationship her and Lexa did – best friends since forever, since before they could even remember, who couldn’t seem be apart from each other for more than five seconds.

Clarke’s first thought when she found out Octavia was also not straight, like her best friend, was most definitely not how to set them up together. Only issue here was probably the fact that Lexa wasn’t out – Clarke wasn’t going to rush that, she knew Lexa wasn’t ready for anyone to find out, and Clarke respected that. But yeah, Octavia would be perfect for her really, she was active, into sports, liked a lot of the same things Lexa did and…well…she was pretty darn attractive too. And Clarke knew Lexa liked her, well not like that, but just in general, Lexa did seem to like her and Raven – if anything, she seemed to like Octavia more.

*Note to self: talk to Lexa about that.*

Chapter End Notes

octavia and raven have entered the chat.
Ch 7 - Let's get one thing straight, I'm not

Chapter Summary

Clarke has some ideas about Lexa and Octavia and she brings them up with her best friend. High school is starting to get to Lexa much like middle school did. And well, this whole chapter is an emotional rollercoaster. It's happy and it's fun and then it's not, we all know how it works.

Chapter Notes

a kinda early update? i was meant to update tomorrow but its ready to go for tonight. i even have a song up for it on the spotify playlist. if you haven't checked it out, do it now. there's a song for every chapter and i add more as i post. https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7BzRo9CjtZWFd0fdQR36lW

it does start off as a pretty nice and lighthearted and fun chapter tbf. but it gets...uh deeper as we keep going. there's a trigger warning for this chapter, it seems like i'm getting into the angst of it rn. so yeah ***TW self harm*** just putting it in there, big and clear, don't want y'all to miss it if this will affect you. and if it will affect you but you still wanna read it, second paragraph after the small time jump, 27th February 2013 – Wednesday is when you gotta stop reading.

TW: SELF HARM!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**YEAR:** 2012 – 2013

**AGE:** 15

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*18th October 2012 – Thursday*

“This is the coolest t-shirt ever.” Lexa said at her laptop, smiling at the screen as Clarke sat on the other end of the bed. She had come over after school, there was a history test tomorrow that Clarke needed help studying for and Lexa was the best person to help her with that – history was her strongest subject, Clarke’s weakest if anything, and Lexa was more than happy to help. They were done for now, they’d been at it for hours really, Lexa was aiming for an A+, Clarke would be happy as long as she passed, hopefully a B but she wouldn’t be upset with a C. So now they were
just sitting in Clarke’s room, on her bed on their respective devices just doing nothing. Lexa had called her mom about ten minutes ago, just to let her know she was going to stay over at the Griffin’s.

Lexa was basically family at this point; if anything, Jake and Abby saw her as their daughter. Her and Clarke had been friends since they were six years old, and in that time, both their families had lost count of all the sleepovers, all the days out together, all the days they’d spent with each other rather than with their parents. It was amusing if anything, because yes, now it had been forever that they have been friends, but it had only taken a few months for them to grow this close. Clarke’s parents loved Lexa, and if anything, Lexa was probably closer to Jake than she was with her own dad. It wasn’t that her parents weren’t caring or anything like that, no it was just the fact that they didn’t show it outwardly. They weren’t a very touchy feely family and well…they just weren’t that close. The Griffins were the opposite though, they were very outwardly with their love and affection. Lexa couldn’t really take too much of that; once in a while, it was nice when she was here, but if it was an every day thing, she probably would prefer what her family was like instead.

Back to the t-shirt though – now they weren’t really doing anything other than just scrolling through social media and maybe just going off to some pointless websites. Lexa was on Tumblr, just scrolling through all the posts, maybe stopping every few seconds to read a post – she didn’t know why it was so addictive though, because…there was nothing of any value there for the most part.

“What t-shirt?” Clarke asked, not looking up from her phone.

“Wait, I’m sending you the pic.” Lexa told her, the image already on it’s way to Clarke. “I want it so bad.”

Clarke opened the text, it was an image of a t-shirt that read *Let’s get one thing straight, I’m not.* “I love it.” She said in response, smiling at her. “You should get it.”

“And out myself to…everyone…?” Lexa asked with a quirked eyebrow. “Yeah, it doesn’t sound like a good idea.” She let out a small sigh, shrugging. “I mean, I wouldn’t mind coming out to Raven and Octavia, not really.” She told her, “Because I know they would be okay with it given how…Octavia’s not straight.” Lexa closed her laptop, paying more attention to Clarke as her best friend put her phone away before moving a little closer. “But I don’t know about…anyone else knowing, not yet anyways. Especially my parents.”

“Being in the closet does not sound fun.” Clarke said lightly, shaking her head.
“It is not.” Lexa agreed. “Do you know what the worst part is though?” She asked Clarke, only receiving a questioning look from her. “Not being able to date.” She answered. “I’m fifteen and I’ve never been in a relationship yet.” Lexa shook her head at herself. “Which is very much below average compared to a straight person.”

Clarke only smiled at her, it was a little cute when she started going off like this, especially now because Lexa seemed to be starting to get a little more comfortable with this part about herself. At least, that’s what it seemed like when she talked about it now instead of a few months ago.

“Let’s take you for example,” Lexa started. “How many relationships have you been in so far Clarke?” She asked.

“Three I think.” Clarke answered, there was no awkwardness when talking to Lexa. About anything. At all. “Four if you count Mark but I don’t think I do because I was what? Ten at the time?”

“It counts.” Lexa argued. “So that’s four, and I’m at zero.” She shrugged, “I may not be Raven but I can do basic math and that’s like 400% more than me.”

“Okay I have a question,” Clarke said instead of responding, well the only response Lexa got was the endearing smile and head shake. “How do you tell if another girl is also into girls?” She asked, “I mean, not everyone fits the stereotype, very few do anyways, so how do you do it?” It’s safe to say Clarke has been doing her own research since Lexa came out, just wanting to make sure she didn’t accidentally say anything or ask anything inappropriate. Nothing was really out-of-bounds with the two of them and this wasn’t about knowing what she can and can’t ask, it was more about what she can and can’t say – she didn’t want to use the wrong word, or say something that was offensive.

“Honestly…” Lexa started. “I have no idea.” She sighed. “Dating is…a lot harder when you’re not straight.” It was, it really was, and mostly because Lexa had no way of telling who was and wasn’t gay – maybe her gaydar hadn’t developed yet, or it was just broken. “I know one other gay person, and that’s Octavia.”

“Speaking of…” Clarke jumped at that, this was something she had been thinking about. “I kinda think…you two…would be pretty good together…”

Lexa only rolled her eyes; yeah they got along pretty well, they liked a lot of the same things, they were actually getting pretty close as friends and well…Octavia was pretty damn attractive too. “I think we’re good as just friends Clarke.” She tried. “You can’t set me up with every girl you meet.”
“Well, given how this is the only one who is also into girls,” Clarke started, “I am damn well going to try.” She smiled at her, that bright, almost mischievous smile Lexa loved so much. It’s the same one Lexa has seen on Clarke since she was six, every time she got an idea, or was planning something, this is the smile she would give.

“I know that look.” Lexa pointed out. “Please don’t try to set us up together.” She tried. “I am in desperate need of a date but I don’t think Octavia is the best fit for me.” She told her, “If anything, we’re too alike.”

“Okay well…” Clarke started, “I think it’d be pretty great but that’s up to you.” She sighed reluctantly, “Although you’re wrong, it’s still your choice.” Clarke muttered under her breath. “Like, I won’t try to set you up with her if you don’t want me to, but if you give me even like the slightest, smallest yes, I will do it.”

“It’s a no from me.” Lexa answered. “For now anyways,” She told her, “If I change my mind, I will let you know.” She couldn’t help but roll her eyes at Clarke, it was sweet though, that she wanted to set her up. But honestly, there was only one person on Lexa’s mind – and that was Clarke.

27th February 2013 – Wednesday

The first week of high school is no indication of what the year is actually going to be like. That was something Lexa learned by the time they were back in school after Christmas. Things were changing, well rather, they were going back to normal. Lexa was starting to hate going to school again, it wasn’t that she was running into problems with anyone, it was just…she was lonely. Clarke was making new friends, she was hanging out with them more; Raven and Octavia mostly, because well, they went out more, Lexa preferred to stay in, she liked being quiet. She still saw Clarke, of course she did; classes, lunch time, walking home after school, sometimes after class. But that’s the thing, it was sometimes, and that sometimes wasn’t that often anymore; they were both too busy.

And to top it all of really, there was the fact that her feelings for Clarke were just growing and growing with every passing day. Her parents may have added onto the problem too; it was probably more than a couple of times that they’ve said…I’m kind things about anyone who wasn’t straight. They were homophobic, there was no other way to put it and well…that made her think they weren’t going to accept her. It was probably more than just think, Lexa was pretty sure they wouldn’t. And she didn’t know what her sister would be like, Anya did grow up with the same parents so chances are, she’d be the same. Lexa didn’t know how she ended up gay.
Okay but little did she know, it was probably going to get worse. Because her coping mechanisms had…started to get worse – it was just…well, it was bad but it wasn’t physically hurting her, mentally yes but not physically. That was till last week. It…wasn’t working anymore, whatever she felt watching bloody TV shows and getting nightmares, she wasn’t feeling it anymore. And it may or may not have been during another bad breakdown that Lexa decided to…pick up the scissors from her desk.

She may have been mindless in the fact she was picking up a pair of blades, but she wasn’t mindless enough to go for her wrists. Lexa was an over thinker, no matter what it was about. She didn’t want to kill herself – maybe she wanted to die but she didn’t want to kill herself, there was a difference – and going for her wrist would’ve been too much of a risk. And everyone would see it given how Lexa didn’t wear long sleeves, and even when she did, the sleeves would likely be rolled up in true gay fashion. So…she went a little higher, going to her upper forearm.

It wasn’t long before her hands were trembling, and Lexa almost couldn’t breathe. There were three long cuts on her arm now, it wasn’t deep enough to bleed out, but it was still very clearly visible, the blood coming off only if she touched it. Unfortunately there wasn’t a Band-Aid long enough to cover the cuts anywhere in her room, so Lexa now had to worry about blood stains on her t-shirt or bed tomorrow morning. But right now, right now she was too tired, it felt like every ounce of energy had been drained out of her and she was practically on the verge of passing out. It was almost strange how quickly that happened; one moment she was crying and gasping for breath, unable to keep still, and then the next she was…too tired to keep herself on her feet.

She didn’t feel much better waking up the next morning, Lexa was still tired but maybe going to school would distract her mind from what she did last night. Besides, she’d see Clarke, and that always gave her mood a little boost. But picking up her phone to check her notifications that morning, Lexa was hit with a different feeling. She couldn’t tell if it was a good or bad one, if she was panicking or the opposite, all she could say was, this wasn’t the text she was expecting, not from Clarke anyways. She was at school already because the debate club had something this morning, so Clarke had to go in earlier. Honestly Lexa doesn’t even remember when Clarke joined that… They really were growing apart because last night was the first time Lexa even heard about debate club. She had texted Lexa to let her know she wouldn’t be able to walk to school with her because she’d already be at school then. Lexa’s first thought was okay, cool which was quickly followed by, wait what? Debate club?

Clarke

7:02am

How did you know you weren’t straight?

Clarke
7:05am

Because umm…I need to talk to you about something

Chapter End Notes

that's depressing, but also whoops cliffhanger.
Clarke and Lexa have a little talk. We see another side of Lexa's life because we mostly only see her with herself or Clarke. So we see a bit of Lexa with one of her friends doing stuff outside of school. And we finish this one on a slight cliffhanger too.

Chapter Notes

who's this friend i'm talking about? idk but read on. there's clexa at the start and at the end and then there's lexa with a friend between that. AND HEY i'm on time with my update.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2012 – 2013

AGE: 15

28th February 2013 – Thursday

Lexa had replied to Clarke before heading out, told her that it was a little too much to send over text but also remembered to ask her why she was asking. Clarke didn’t answer but she texted back, saying she’ll just talk to her when she saw her later today. And that was a good few hours into the day, because Clarke was out of school with her team, something Lexa would ask her about because she honestly had no idea where they were or why. How do I not know about this? She couldn’t wrap her head around that. Did Clarke not tell her about the debate team until now? Or did Lexa just not remember? Either way, it didn’t make much sense to her. Since when is she in the debate team?

Once Clarke was back though, that was the first thing she brought up with her during lunch. It was a little personal, and as much as Clarke was getting close to Raven and Octavia, she’d rather just talk to Lexa. Well, mostly because this would bring up the fact that Lexa was gay and she knew Lexa didn’t want that, not yet anyways. Turns out, Clarke was at a party last night with Raven and Octavia – whom Clarke and Lexa had affectionately dubbed Octaven – somewhere Lexa was not invited to. Hell, she didn’t even know, and Lexa couldn’t understand how there were so many
things going on with Clarke that she didn’t know about. She wasn’t bothered by the fact that no one asked her to go, she was just bothered with the fact that she didn’t know about it, know where her best friend was.

Well, it was her first high school party, and it was fun. It was everything she was expecting really. But something happened that she wasn’t expecting though, she ended up making out with another girl from school in the middle of the party. They were both a little drunk, this was the first time Clarke was drinking so it didn’t take much, not really. And she can’t even remember the context to it but just the fact that she enjoyed it and now she couldn’t stop thinking about it. That’s what she wanted to talk to Lexa about. There was a feeling at the back of Clarke’s head that she was bisexual. And that’s not only because of last night; she has been doing a lot of research into LGBT related things, mostly so she wouldn’t accidentally offend Lexa and she wanted to be at least a little in the know because her best friend was gay. But that seemed to have stirred up some feelings of her own. She related to some of the YouTubers more than she thought she would and well…it got her thinking. So after last night, maybe talking with Lexa would help her make sense of things.

“You kissed a girl before me.” Lexa said with a small smile, shaking her head jokingly. Maybe she was a little jealous of whoever this girl was. “That’s impressive.” She added. “For me. Because I still haven’t been able to do that.”

“Well, if you’d just let me set you up with Octavia…” Clarke trailed off, she hadn’t let go of that yet, she’d bring it up but wouldn’t really pressure Lexa into it. “But anyways, how did you know?”

Lexa only shrugged, thinking about it. “It…was a long and complicated process.” She told her, “But it’s different for everyone really.” She added. “Usually though, if you think you’re not straight, it turns out being true.” Lexa said with a small smile. “But it’s all up to you really, there is no definite way of telling what anyone’s sexuality is.” She couldn’t help but let out a sigh, “That’s the annoying part.”

Clarke nodded, agreeing, “It is.” She answered.

“So…well…” Clarke hesitated for a moment, “I think I might be bi…” She finally said after having talked to Lexa. “And I do not know what to do with that information.” Clarke was looking at Lexa, almost expecting her to have an answer. It was subconscious, Clarke wasn’t expecting her to have an answer for it, but at least…she had some experience right?

Lexa only shrugged, “I wish I could be of more help, it’s just…” She didn’t know how to explain it, not really, it was a different experience for everyone, and she couldn’t tell Clarke what it would be like for her. “It’s different for everyone you know?” She settled. “But…the best I can do is…be there for you I guess?” Lexa said a little hesitantly, “I mean, if you need anyone to talk to, I’m here because I know what it’s like to not have that.” She stopped herself, “Well, I always had you, but I
was just a little too scared for way too long.”

“Must be a lot harder when there’s no one you can talk it out with.” Clarke responded, knowing she would be a lot more confused if she didn’t have Lexa to talk to right now.

Lexa nodded, a small laugh to lighten the mood, “It is, you have no idea.”

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9th March 2013 – Saturday

“Do your parents know?” Lexa asked Octavia as they were walking out of the park. She was asking about whether Octavia had come out to her parents yet.

She had taken Clarke’s advice, tried to talk more with Octavia, she was right about how Octavia was the only one who knew what Lexa was living through. It was helping really, because that was very much true, she had gotten herself to come out to Octavia, telling her to not say anything to Raven, not yet anyways, and she had kept her word. Octavia had known for a lot longer than Lexa, and according to her, it was never a big deal for her. She was the person Lexa could talk girls with, without feeling like she was being predatory or gross or wrong. She hadn’t gotten to that point with Clarke yet, it was different with her because Clarke seemed to be a lot more into guys than girls.

Lexa and Octavia had been spending more time together now, they spent a lot of time on the field and in the gym given how they were both athletes. Lexa was in the football team, the only girl right now, and Octavia was in the soccer team. It made Lexa feel a little better, a little less lonely, but it didn’t make much of a change though, and that was something she didn’t understand. Okay, maybe she did, there was a lot more to it than just that, because the only thing that changed was how there was someone she could talk to about being gay. It did help, yes, but it didn’t magically just fix everything.

“My parents passed away about five years ago.” Octavia answered casually, “It’s just me and my brother.” She shrugged.

“Oh, I’m so sorry.” Lexa said immediately, regretting her question.

“Don’t worry about it, it was a long time ago.” Octavia waved it off. “They weren’t around much anyways, it’s always just been me and my brother.”
“Does he know?” Lexa asked instead.

Octavia only nodded, “I never actually told him but he kinda figured it out, we’re pretty close.” She
told her. “I’m like 90% sure he thinks me and Raven are together.” She rolled her eyes, “He’s
never had a problem with it and we even have sleepovers so…yeah, he’s pretty chill.”

“Wait, are you and Raven dating?” Lexa tilted her head like a confused puppy, that hadn’t even
occurred to her.

“We’re not.” Octavia smiled at her and shook her head.

“Isn’t Raven straight?” Lexa asked, receiving a nod.

“Question,” Octavia asked distractedly, the soccer ball at her feet as they walked down the
sidewalk. “How does dating work if you’re in the closet?” She was never in the closet, Octavia was
just one of those people who never felt the need to hide that part of her.

“It doesn’t.” Lexa laughed, “No dating.” She answered, “I’ve been in exactly zero relationships so
far.”

“In your sixteen years, you’ve never been laid.” Octavia said to her, amusement in her voice. “Babe
I feel sorry for you.” She said shaking her head. “We gotta change that.”

19th March 2013 – Tuesday

“How many times a week do you go to the gym?” Octavia said as she practically stared at Lexa’s
stomach when they were changing after practice. The soccer team and football team had practice at
the same time, so they finished at the same time and they were in the locker room together.
“Because I go about four times a week and my abs don’t look half as good as that.”

“Same.” Lexa answered, standing a few feet away from her in just her jeans and bra. “But I do abs
“Well, it’s paying off.” Octavia commented, pulling on her own shirt. “Put on a shirt, show off.” She added jokingly once she realized Lexa was still drying her hair, no shirt on yet. “We should go together sometime, again I mean.” Octavia added, “Compare notes, this time.”

“So you can stare at me while I workout?” Lexa asked, feigning seriousness. “Again?”

Octavia shrugged, “Maybe.”

“How do have a tattoo?” Lexa asked instead. There were a few butterflies tattooed along the side of her stomach, creeping up to the side of her chest. “Aren’t you sixteen?” She asked.

“Fake IDs are a thing Lexa.” Octavia answered before shaking her head with a sigh. “God, you are so innocent.”

They hadn’t said much after that, finally gotten changed before leaving the locker room. They were both headed home now, Bellamy coming to pick up Octavia and Lexa walking home alone. Neither of them had any plans for tonight, they were way too tired after school and practice to be doing anything other than just going to sleep. Lexa’s legs were dead right now, she didn’t want to walk back home; she was still waiting on her driver’s license, she had her learner’s permit and was still waiting for her driving test. Next week, just one more week then I don’t have to walk anymore after practice. It was about a fifteen walk from her place, and it wasn’t bad when the weather was nice and she hadn’t just finished training. But once winter hit, or when she was returning after practice, it felt like it was forever.

10th April 2013 – Wednesday

“You know…” Clarke started as they sat in the school library together. They had a free period right now, so they were both in the library studying. “You could’ve come with us last night.” She told her. There was a party at Octavia’s place, the Blakes apparently had a reputation for throwing great parties, Bellamy used to as a teenager and Octavia kind of held up the fort once he was too old for high school parties. But he was still there last night, supervising so to speak, he was the cool brother, so nobody really cared, if anything they liked having him there. Clarke had gone, and this time, they’d told Lexa, invited her too but she said she’d rather just stay home – parties weren’t really her scene.
“I didn’t feel like it.” Lexa shrugged, pulling out her books and notebook. She was actually supposed to go, she had said yes, but canceled at the last moment. Her mood just kind of dipped, very suddenly, most of the day was alright, but then it just…hit rock bottom and Lexa felt like she was on the verge of crying. She didn’t know what happened, or what triggered this mood drop, probably nothing, but well…it was what it was. It felt like depression, but she didn’t want to say it because 1) she wasn’t a psychiatrist and 2) that could just make her feel worse about it all.

“But I thought you wanted to go.” Clarke said to her instead, “I even texted you while I was there, but you didn’t reply.” She added “What happened?”

Lexa only shrugged, “Nothing, I guess I just changed my mind.”

“Are you okay?” Clarke asked a little hesitantly, it was a little harder for her to pick up on things if there was anything wrong. They hadn’t been spending as much time together, not as much as they used to. So if there was something going on, she wouldn’t really know. As much as Clarke hated to admit it, they were drifting apart.

“Yeah,” Lexa lied, she didn’t want to bother Clarke with whatever the hell was going on with her. “I’m goo-”

But Clarke stopped her, Lexa had taken her hoodie off, not realizing the new cuts on her forearm were red and clearly showing. “What is that?” She asked, grabbing her wrist. “Lexa?”

Chapter End Notes

oof. also i think there's quite a bit of questions this chapter leaves. so please leave some comments.
Chapter Summary

Clarke confronts Lexa about her scars, and they both come to realize that they are maybe drifting apart. But neither of them want that to happen, and so Clarke proposes a weekend together, just the two of them. So commence Operation: I'm not losing you.

Chapter Notes

ANOTHER UPDATE ON TIME BABEY. it picks up right after the last chapter. and the two of them kinda realize that they have no idea what's going on in each other's lives. so clarke proposes a weekend together, just the two of them, no distractions. this should be good for them, a chance to catch up and get their relationship back on track.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2012 – 2013
GRADE: 9th
AGE: 15

10th April 2013 – Wednesday

“Those look like cuts,” Clarke commented, her voice rising out of concern. “Lexa what the hell?”

Lexa only shushed her, they were in the library after all and Clarke was being loud enough to get kicked out. But she didn’t reply, only pulled her wrist out of Clarke’s grip, “It’s nothing, I’m fine.” She told her again, sounding a little defensive as she crossed her arms over her chest so Clarke couldn’t see her arms.
“What is going on with you?” Clarke asked her, mostly worried about Lexa because the last time they had talked, things weren’t really great. But right now, it seemed way worse than Clarke could’ve even imagined. Her voice was softer this, quieter because…well, she didn’t want to get kicked out of the library right now but mostly because she was worried about Lexa and the best way to talk to her was to be gentle and not come off as aggressive. Lexa didn’t reply though, only looked away not knowing what she could say to get Clarke to back off, “Hey, look at me, what’s wrong?” Clarke tried again.

“Nothing,” Lexa bit out, her words coming out bitterly as she began to shove her books into her bag and stood up before storming off. She didn’t want to talk about it, she wanted Clarke to just forget what she saw and leave her be. Lexa didn’t mean to sound angry, she didn’t want to be, but she was right now – not entirely sure at whom, whether it was at herself or at Clarke. But Lexa knew there was a lot of pent up feelings in there and she just didn’t want to talk about it so why couldn’t Clarke let it go?

Clarke watched her walk away, she seemed angry; yes, Clarke may have come off as a little forceful this time. But she couldn’t help it, she was gentle and not pushy last time, and the night ended with a coming out. It was different this time, though. Lexa was hurting herself, she was physically hurting herself; how could Clarke just sit around and pretend she didn’t see that? Clarke had to know, she needed to know what was happening so she could at least try to stop it or help her in some way. She didn’t know what to do to be honest, but Clarke knew she was going to do whatever it took to help her, make her stop.

It took her a moment, a moment to realize what was happening before Clarke stood up and decided to go find her. She didn’t even bother taking her things, just left them on the table and rushed out of the library, she was in too much of a hurry to find her best friend.

Lexa was like Batman, because by the time Clarke had left the library – only about a minute after Lexa – she was nowhere in sight. And honestly, Clarke had no idea where to even look for her. She didn’t even know where to start; their school was huge. She started with the nearest possibility, by Lexa’s locker, followed by the bathroom, and then the parking lot thinking she had left – but her car was still there so Lexa had to be in the school. There was one place Clarke hadn’t checked, one place that hadn’t even crossed her mind until she walked past it – the locker room. Girls may run off to the bathroom when they’re upset to cry in the stalls but Clarke knew Lexa spent more time in the locker room than anywhere else in the school so it was more likely for her to be in there.

All the while looking through the school, there was only one thought on Clarke’s mind; why would Lexa run off like that? It wasn’t like her to do that, she’d tell Clarke to stop, or tell her what it was, but she would never blow her off and just walk away like that. They never felt the need to do something like that, they’ve always just talked it out, even if it was just to say “please shut up I don’t want to talk about it”. Even when she didn’t want to talk about something, she’d get Clarke to stop or…something else. She wouldn’t just walk away from her. That’s not something either of them did. Are we really growing apart? Clarke couldn’t help but think that because…how else could she have not seen this? How could she have not realized Lexa was hurting herself? How long
has this even been going on? What else has Clarke missing? When did they drift so far apart that she didn’t see something like this was going with her best friend?

She wouldn’t push anymore, Clarke wouldn’t force her to talk about it if she didn’t want to, not yet anyways; all she would do right now was just hold Lexa’s hand and be there next to her. Clarke let out a small sigh as she pushed the door open. Yeah, Lexa was here, there was just one person here and Clarke would recognize Lexa from a mile away in the dark. She was sitting at the back of the room, on one of the benches against the wall, head in her hands.

Lexa could practically sense Clarke walking up to her, she didn’t even have to look up. “Please just leave me alone Clarke.” She told her, her voice tired and exhausted. “Please.”

“I can’t do that.” Clarke replied quietly, stepping closer to her. Lexa only let out a groan, finally looking up at her, “But hey,” She told her, sitting down next to Lexa, “I won’t ask you anything if you don’t want me to, okay? I’m just going to sit here with you.”

Lexa nodded, looking even more tired now than she did a few minutes ago in the library; god how did Clarke not see this earlier? There were dark circles under her eyes, she looked tired and sleepy, and that slight spark that was always there in Lexa’s eyes no matter what just…wasn’t there. “Why are you here?”

“Because I was worried about you.” Clarke answered matter-of-factly before falling silent for a moment, “We’re drifting away aren’t we?” She asked her reluctantly, already knowing the answer. “I have no idea what’s going on with you and…I don’t think you have much idea about what’s going on with me.” She stated, upset at her own words, it wasn’t something Clarke thought she’d ever be saying. But right now, this conversation seemed much better than asking Lexa about her scars.

“That’s not true.” Lexa stated, but Clarke knew Lexa was lying. “I feel like I’m losing you and I don’t want that. I love you too much.”
Lexa smiled at her, nodding, “Yeah, yeah that sounds great.” She agreed. “I don’t want that either Clarke.” She responded. “You’re too important to me for us to just drift away.” Lexa added. “So yeah, weekend sounds good.”

10th May 2013 – Friday

Maybe this would help; this weekend should help change things right? It should be a solution to them growing apart? Because neither of them wanted that to happen, they meant too much to each other and well…they didn’t actually know why they were growing apart. And Clarke was hoping to god, that this weekend would be enough to set things on the right track again. How did they go from spending every day together and knowing everything about each other to…this? Yeah, one weekend wouldn’t fix everything but it would be a start. The worst thing that kept going through Clarke’s mind was the fact that…there was nothing causing this drift. Nothing was wrong between them, nothing had happened…they were just letting life getting between them.

But yes, this weekend was going to help. It was going to fix things between them. Clarke knew that was too much to hope for, she knew that, but…god she needed to fix things with Lexa, she needed things to go back to normal. This was Lexa after all, and Clarke wasn’t just going to let their friendship fade away for no good reason because she was too lazy to make an effort. Yes, she could say that Lexa wasn’t making the effort either, but that wouldn’t really be fair. Maybe she was, and Clarke just wasn’t paying attention to it because Lexa was never as insistent as Clarke was, she was a lot more subtle.

They were both looking forward to the weekend though, they had a lot planned – well, not a lot, but a lot in the sense that it was just going to be the two of them and no one else. They were meeting at the little park at the end of the road after breakfast and first on the list was going to their favorite little diner for pancakes – yes, breakfast after breakfast. After that it was a movie, Thor: The Dark World had just come out and Lexa still loved Marvel so Clarke thought that would be the perfect place to go. She hadn’t told Lexa what movie they were watching, it was going to be a surprise, one Clarke knew would pay off – the way to Lexa’s heart was through superheroes, preferably Marvel. And then they’d have the rest of the day to themselves, just hanging out, maybe going on a walk or just watching TV together – maybe talking, hopefully talking. They’d have to wait till it got dark before heading out again. They were going up to Lexa’s new favorite spot, driving up to a very old, very quiet part of the town, it was a little high up, and if you drove up to the very edge, you could see the whole city. They were planning on just getting some snacks and staying there till it was too late, watching the stars. She hadn’t taken Clarke there yet, it was somewhere she went to clear her mind sometimes, well since she started driving, so it was about time she showed it to the most important person in her life. And since it was a little out of town, the sky was clear and the stars were amazing.
“The swings still your favorite huh?”

Lexa heard as she sat on one of the swings, lightly kicking at the ground to make the swing move. It was a little strange how empty it was right now given it was a Saturday – but then again, it was November and most of the kids were probably at home, nice and warm, probably in bed. She turned around to the direction of the voice, smiling as she found Clarke. Yeah, she was early, they were meant to meet at 10, and it was exactly 3 minutes past 10 now but Lexa had been here for a good half an hour.

“I’m not late, right?” Clarke asked as she walked up to her, sitting down on the empty swing next to Lexa.

She shook her head, “I was early.” Lexa answered.

“Couldn’t wait to see me?” Clarke asked jokingly, leaning closer to Lexa to nudge her shoulder. “So,” She started, “Where are we off to first?”

They were sitting at Grounder’s diner now, two stacks of pancakes in front each of them; Clarke’s slathered in nothing but maple syrup and a bit of butter, and Lexa’s with probably more syrup than Clarke’s, but also a handful of blueberries to balance out the carbs. Neither of them had really eaten breakfast it turns out; Lexa had had a glass of orange juice and a cereal bar, and Clarke… well, she had gotten out of bed about twenty minutes before coming to meet Lexa. And honestly, even if they did have breakfast, they couldn’t resist these pancakes, light and fluffy, and on the verge of being a little too sweet with the maple syrup. They were perfect, simply perfect, there weren’t too many words to describe it instead of just perfect.

“They’re still as good as they were when I first had them.” Clarke commented, taking another bite. The first time they’d been here was probably when they were both about eight, and Lexa’s mom had recommended the place to Abby and the four of them had come here together. It was during a school holiday as far as Clarke can remember, their moms had taken a few days off – something they did during school breaks up until the girls were about eleven.

“How do you even remember what they tasted like the first time you had them?” Lexa asked with a quirked eyebrow, not really arguing because yes, they were still insanely good. You know how you never tell your mom that her cooking’s not the best? Yeah, well if it came to pancakes, Lexa would answer in a heartbeat that Grounder’s had better pancakes than her mom – to her mom even.
“Well I never remember it changing, it’s always just been the same.” Clarke shrugged. “So it’s got to be exactly how they’ve been…eight years ago."

“Good point.” Lexa nodded, “When’s the movie?” She asked, just wanting to be sure. “One thirty, right?”

Clarke nodded, “Yes.” She answered going back to the plate of food in front of her, knowing Lexa was going to ask again what movie she was taking her out to watch.

“Why won’t you tell me what movie we’re watching?” Lexa asked cautiously.

“Because it’s a surprise.” Clarke answered matter-of-factly, “I want to prove that I’m not as terrible of a friend as I seem to be.”

“You’re not a terrible friend.” Lexa rolled eyes, “Quite the opposite okay?” She told her. “And you’d be even better…if you’d tell me…what we were going to watch…”

“Nuh uh,” Clarke shook her head, “It’s a surprise, alright?” She told her, trying to get her to stop asking, “You’re gonna like it and that’s a promise.” This weekend was Clarke’s chance to try ad fix things between the two of themselves, improve it at least. “Look,” She started, letting out a sigh, “I know things are…a little shaky and rough, I guess, with us,” Maybe she didn’t have the right words for it but she was trying. “And I just really want to try and get things back on track.” Clarke told her, giving her a small hopeful smile.

Lexa returned it, taking a moment before shrugging and trying to sound light, “We’re gonna be fine.”

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to be the rest of their weekend together. And i'll do my best to stay on track with the updates like i have recently. Let me know what you thought. and enjoy this chapter and the next one, then there's a little twist coming up.
Chapter Summary

Rest of the weekend together. Clarke takes Lexa to a movie, followed by dinner, and a trip to Lexa's new favorite spot. It's a good day, a good start to the weekend but things kinda take a dip as night comes. But for once, Lexa isn't alone to deal with her mind. And Clarke gets to see a little more of how bad things are at the moment for her best friend.

Chapter Notes

On time again baby. Not much to say about this one that I didn't last week. It's the rest of the weekend together. It's good, I won't give away too much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

YEAR: 2012 – 2013
GRADE: 9th
AGE: 15

The movie was amazing; Clarke had taken her to watch the new Thor movie and the look of excitement on Lexa’s face when she realized what movie it was the cutest thing Clarke had seen in a very long time. She was quite happy the whole two hours, all Lexa cared about was the screen in front of her and the blonde by her side holding her hand. Everything disappeared for a while, and noting matter, it almost felt like she was okay because…she was distracted even from herself. That was why she loved superhero movies, and just science fiction movies in general – it transported her to a different world, taking her away from all her troubles and worries and thoughts.

They got a little something to eat after the movie, Clarke not realizing that she hadn’t let go off Lexa’s hand up until they sat down in the McDonald’s across the street from the theater. Lexa was still feeling guilty after that huge stack of pancakes this morning and so settled for just a chicken
salad. Clarke on the other hand, didn’t really mind what she had for breakfast, saying she’d only had a handful of popcorn during the movie so she deserved a burger. She didn’t really like fries though, so they went to Lexa, all the time, whenever they ate out and Clarke’s food came with fries, it always went to Lexa.

“The surprise paid off right?” Clarke asked as she picked up her box of fries and placed it on Lexa’s tray.


“Pre booking is a thing Lexa.” Clarke answered with a smile. “I literally had to book the tickets after I told you on Wednesday that we should spend the weekend together.”

The rest of the day went by pretty well, Clarke hadn’t brought up anything that might upset Lexa, decided it was best to not push that until Lexa herself wanted to talk about it. Now they were driving up to the spot Lexa had promised her, a plastic bag full of snacks sitting in the back seat, chips, and soda, and candy, and Lexa would be a little worried that she had worried a weeks worth of gym sessions but she knew how important cheat days were. There was a blanket too, actually there were a couple; it was cold outside after all. They were in the car now, not really talking as the music played from Clarke’s phone connected to the car. High School Musical, that’s what they were listening to right now, Clarke picked and Lexa didn’t complain – besides, they could both sing along to it. It had started with Clarke trying to get Lexa to sing along, she was singing along very loudly, and eventually Lexa just had to just give in and join her, it was impossible not to.

Now they were lying on the ground, the car’s headlights on and pointed towards them as they lay on the blanket. There were two blankets on top of them, pulled up to a little above their waists although they were still in their sweaters. They had ditched the coats, and got the blankets instead because it was just way more comfy. Lexa had her arm under her head, propping it up just slightly, and Clarke was at her side, holding her free hand just because, as she looked up at the sky. It really was beautiful, it was a clear night and given how dark it was up here, Clarke has probably never seen so many stars at the same time.

“It’s so beautiful.” She said after a little while, there was a half empty packet of Cheetos calling her name but Clarke was too comfortable right now to move. “And so quiet.”

“I know.” Lexa agreed. “I usually come up here to clear my mind.” She told her, “It’s just so quiet and peaceful and…” She let out a small breath, “It’s nice up here.”

Clarke nodded, the two of them falling silent for a good while before Clarke decided to straighten
“Oh!” She suddenly remembered. “How are things going with you and O?” Lexa only gave her a questioning look, watching as Clarke sat up straight, pulling one of the blankets with her. “You two have been spending a lot of time together…” She bounced her eyebrows suggestively, “Is there something going on? Wink wink.”

Lexa rolled her eyes, “No, there’s nothing going on.” She stated simply. “We just get along pretty well.” She shrugged, propping herself up on her elbows. “And she’s the only other person who knows I’m gay so…that’s mostly what we bond over.”

“So are you the baby gay and Octavia the more…experienced gay?” Clarke asked lightly, “Can I say that?” She asked, “Gay, can I call you that?”

Lexa couldn’t help but laugh, “Yes, you can.” She answered. “I am gay after all, and well.” Lexa shrugged, “You’re not straight, so yes, you can say that.” She told her with a smile, if anything, Lexa was getting more used to the word, trying to teach herself that it wasn’t a bad word. “And yeah, unfortunately, I am most definitely the baby here.” She told Clarke. “Although Octavia is like four months younger than me but whatever.”

“Is there…maybe…” Clarke started. “A chance of things…to escalate…or develop into…more?”

“No.” Lexa couldn’t help but roll her eyes again. “I don’t think so, we’re just friends.” She added. “I like her, but that’s just about it, we’re friends.” That sounded like a lie, even to her. Lexa wasn’t entirely sure about it, but maybe there were some budding feelings there, or the possibility of it anyways. However, Lexa didn’t know whether it was because she was the only other gay person that paid attention to her, or whether it was actually because she was starting to develop a crush on her. Maybe a bit of both.

As well as the day had gone, it seemed to get just as bad once they’d gone to bed. By the time they went back to Lexa’s place, it was almost midnight and they had gone to bed straight away. But they didn’t go to sleep right away, watched a movie on Netflix, and Lexa could feel herself sinking back into her mind and thoughts. She was almost completely blanked out when they did finally go to bed and Lexa had almost forgotten that Clarke was even there next to her. When the lights went out and Lexa turned on her side, it felt like just another night, she felt alone in bed, forgetting there was someone next to her right now, or the fact that she’d actually had a good day.

*Just another night* almost always meant there were tears involved, Lexa didn’t know why, not really, it was just normal now to cry herself to sleep most nights. That’s just how it was and Lexa
had stopped fighting it, or even questioning it at this point. But what pulled her back to reality was the arm going up around her waist and the body pressing itself against her’s.

“Hey,” Clarke muttered, her voice a whisper in the quiet dark room, “It’s going to be okay,” She told her, not even knowing what it was. “You’re gonna be okay.” Clarke tried, but it didn’t get much of a response from Lexa, none actually, it was almost like Lexa couldn’t even hear her. She let out a small breath, reaching over and taking Lexa’s hand, squeezing it gently. “Do you want to talk about it?” She asked cautiously, prepared for Lexa to pull away immediately.

“It’s just hard.” Lexa answered instead, a little breathless, trying to keep her voice from cracking.

“What is?” Clarke asked gently, making small circles on the back of Lexa’s hand.

“Everything.” Lexa let out a sigh, “It’s all just so hard.” She breathed out, sounding tired and exhausted. “Being a teenager is hard. Being gay is hard. Not being able to tell your parents or… anyone at all is hard.” Lexa finally admitted to Clarke what was wrong with her, what had been bringing her down, “And I just don’t know how to keep going on like this.”

Clarke only let out a sigh, she didn’t know what to say or what to do to comfort her, all she did was place a soft kiss on the back of Lexa’s shoulder, trying to think of what to say. “It’s going to be okay.” She told her again, “Things are going to get better, I promise.”

Lexa couldn’t help but shake her head, turning around to face Clarke this time. “What if it doesn’t?”

“It will,” Clarke tried to convince her, “Things will get better,” She repeated, she could see the tiredness on Lexa’s face even in the dark. Her voice was hoarse and defeated, sounding like it was taking a lot of effort to just speak. “I know you think you can’t tell your parents bu-”

“I know I can’t.” Lexa corrected. “I can’t, that is literally not an option for me and I’m just…” She trailed off, “I feel like I’m lying to them.”

“No, no.” Clarke shook her head, “You’re not.” She told her, thinking for a moment before speaking again. “Remember what I told you when you came out to me?” Lexa looked away, giving her a small headshake. “I told you, you didn’t have to tell anyone until you were ready.” She reminded, “Hmm?” Clarke was almost waiting for Lexa to respond, say something, but all she gave her was a nod. “And you’re not, so it’s okay.” She told her, “Take as long as you need,
“Alright? There’s no rush.”

“What if I’m never ready?” Lexa asked in response. “I might be ready to come out to my friends – well, Raven, because Octavia knows, and they’re kind of my only friends.” The look on Clarke’s face didn’t seem like she agreed to the last part, there were others who cared about Lexa; her football team, most of the soccer team because she spent so much time with them as an excuse to spend time with Octavia. “But I don’t think I’ll ever be ready to tell my parents.”

Clarke nodded understandingly, Lexa had told her what her parents were like, so she wasn’t surprised that she didn’t want to come out to them. “Then you don’t tell them.” She said quietly, “You don’t owe them that, this is your decision.” Clarke reminded, “And you have all the time in the world to make it.”

It was as simple as that, yes, it actually was. But at the same time, it wasn’t. She saw herself in the future with a woman, whether it be married to one or in a long term relationship, maybe she’d even want kids – but…her family would never be a part of that picture. And that was a hard thing to come to terms with; really hard…Lexa didn’t think she could come to terms with it. “I’ll never be enough for them.” She said after a moment, a little absentmindedly. “No matter what I do, what I end up doing with my life, I’ll never be enough for them.”

“That’s their problem.” Clarke responded after a brief pause. “You are more than enough, and we’re all lucky to have you in our lives.” She told her. “And if this makes you not enough for your parents, then that’s their lose.” She added, “Because you are and you will always be enough. More than enough, so much more.”

“Doesn’t feel like it…” Lexa looked away from her, she wanted to listen to what Clarke was saying, agree to it, but she just couldn’t. There was a part of her – a big part of her – that was convinced she was in the wrong here, that there was something wrong with her. She shook her head as she let out a sigh that sounded awfully like a sob. “I don’t know what to do Clarke.” Lexa gasped out, moving closer to Clarke.

“I got you.” Was the only thing Clarke could say, her arm going up around Lexa again as she pulled her close so she could rest her head on her chest. “I wish there was more I could do Lexa.” She added, “I wish there was something I could do to help.” This time she heard an actual sob from her best friend. “I’ll be here though, okay?” She told her, that was all she could do. “I’ll always be here for you Lex,” Clarke tried again. “I’m sorry I was a shitty friend the last couple of months.” She apologized, “I know I wasn’t there for you but I will be.” Clarke continued, “I’ll always be here. I’ll be here through it all.” She tried to reassure her. “No matter if things get better or worse…you’ll always have me.”

Lexa nodded against her, wanting to be closer to Clarke, but there wasn’t much space between
them now. “Always?”

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Lexa. I feel so bad for my little baby gay. Let me know what you thought and if you haven't yet, check out the playlist for this fic
https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7BzRo9CjtZWFd0fdQR36lW i add a new song with every chapter. also SOMEONE MENTION OCTAVIA TO ME ALREADY PLEASE
Chapter Summary

A football game ends with an Unexpected celebration. And Lexa is getting closer to one of their friends. Things are starting to look up for our favorite baby gay.

Chapter Notes

idk man but it might be a little unexpected if you weren't paying attention to some small stuff. but yeah, i like this chapter. its a pretty fun chapter. on the lighter side after the last couple. i think lexa deserves a break ya know.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**YEAR:** 2013 – 2014

**GRADE:** 9th – 10th

**AGE:** 15

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30th May 2013 – Thursday

It was the last game of the year, well, the last football game of the year – there was one more soccer game left, it was next week. Lexa had very quickly become the school’s favorite newcomer; the school’s favorite was very obviously the quarterback, who had been playing the position for two years now. He was a senior now, but if anything, it seemed like he would be here next year too unless he got his grades up. But Lexa was coming for his title – well his position – she had her mind set on making quarterback by the start of her sophomore year, junior year at the latest. She got along well with her team, better than she was expecting to because in middle school, it took a while for the boys to warm up to her as a teammate. But it was quite different here; she’d go as far as to call them her friends actually.

Her closer friends though – Clarke, Raven, and Octavia – were in the crowd, Clarke hadn’t missed a single game, since middle school actually, since even before Lexa started football. Raven and Octavia made it to most of the games; unless they had something they *had* to be doing, they would be there. Clarke and Raven had been on the bleachers when the game had finished; they were still
there waiting for the crowd to thin out a bit before trying to get out. Octavia wasn’t though, well she was a good few steps ahead of them once they finally decided to leave. They were all walking up to Lexa, say hi, congratulate her on the win, get a sweaty hug – Clarke didn’t mind, she was probably the only one who was okay with it.

“Woods!”

Lexa heard a familiar voice call out, it wasn’t Clarke’s, that’s the one she always expects but she can’t really remember the last time Clarke called her by her last name. It was Octavia, stepping onto the field as she made her way to her. She stopped, turning around to only catch her, Raven and Clarke not really in sight – they might be a little behind, but there were too many people for Lexa to find them.

Not much had changed since that night with Clarke – okay, maybe it’s better to say not too many things. Because the few things that did change, were big. Lexa was doing better; she has been clean for a good few months, she’s been closer to Clarke, she’s been talking to her more. And Clarke was making more of an effort to be more involved and stay in the know with her best friend’s life. But that was something they’d both promised to do, and it was helping Lexa, it was also keeping Clarke’s mind at ease. One of the things Clarke asked her to do was call her or text her whenever she was in a bad mood and wanted to maybe hurt herself. It didn’t seem to work at first, but after about a week or so, she was getting better at holding off and just talking it out instead.

That was the biggest thing that had changed, the other one was the fact that Lexa finally came out to Raven, closely followed by her coming out to her team as well. The only thing she thought about when thinking about coming out, all that mattered to Lexa was whether or not she was ready to do it, not what anyone would think. It had taken a while for her to realize that that was what mattered most, Clarke had helped with that, and eventually – about two months ago – Lexa decided she was ready to come out. And honestly, it went better than she had expected – Raven obviously took it well, Lexa didn’t think for a moment she wouldn’t; her best friend wasn’t straight – Lexa wasn’t actually sure if Octavia was gay or bi. Her team took it really well too, joking about how they’d probably come to her for girl advice and well, it seemed like about half of them called it.

Right now, Clarke and Raven were a good few feet away from Lexa and Octavia, far enough away to be out of earshot. Clarke could see the two of them talking, stopping Raven when she watched Octavia’s hand go up to Lexa’s arm.

“What’s happening?” Raven asked, a little confused at the arm sticking out in front of her, stopping her from walking.

“Look,” Clarke responded, nodding in the general direction of Lexa and Octavia.
“Did I miss something?” Raven asked Clarke, tilting her head slightly as she watched the two of them. “What’s going on with those two?” The smile on Lexa’s face alone was enough to tell Raven there was something definitely going on.

“Nothing.” Clarke answered. “Yet, anyways.”

Octavia had pretty much forgotten the two of them were a little behind as she talked to Lexa. She has pretty eyes was kind of the only thought going through her mind right now. Sure, Lexa was sweaty and out of breath, and her hair was a mess, but honestly, that didn’t take away from how attractive she was. “I can’t believe you’re still single.” Octavia commented, shaking her head disapprovingly at Lexa.

“Well…” Lexa started, shrugging lightly, “You’re still single too…"

“That’s this year.” She reminded her, “It’s not sixteen years of being single, I have a better track record than you.” Octavia noted, biting her lip for a moment as she contemplated her next move, “I can change that though,” She told her, not giving Lexa a chance to reply before she pushed herself up on her tiptoes so she could be just tall enough to kiss her. It was a quick one, Octavia wanting to give Lexa the chance to pull away if she wanted to. Lexa seemed to stumble back a step; not to pull away, but to stop herself from falling back on her ass as she realized what was happening. But the moment her mind registered what Octavia was doing, it was…over? “You okay with that?” She asked her, not really bothering to move away, her lips still almost touching Lexa’s.

“Umm…” Lexa was at a loss of words, yes, she was okay with that but the words didn’t want to come out of her; actually it was much more than just okay. “I-” She tried again, her mouth opening and closing but not forming words. The fact that Octavia was so close to her didn’t really help her brain function either…so Lexa did the only thing she thought she could – and right now, it was only acceptable – she kissed her back. Lexa pressed her lips against Octavia’s, her eyes closing as she felt a smile against her lips. She let Octavia take the lead, after all, she had no idea what she was doing, not really.

A hand on their shoulders pulled them back to reality, it hadn’t been long, but then again, it had been a little too long to be kissing in the middle of the football field in front of the whole school. “Cool it lovebirds.” They heard Raven say, finally pulling away from each other. “The whole school’s watching for god’s sake.” She pretended to sound unimpressed, annoyed even but it was quite the opposite really.

Lexa tore her eyes away from Octavia, finally looking around her because Raven’s comment of how everyone was watching suddenly made her anxious. There were a few people watching, yes,
but it seemed like everyone just gave them a glance and then continued with their day. “No one’s watching.” Came a more accurate comment from Clarke, who was a little behind Raven. “So, when did this happen?” She asked with a quirked eyebrow, stepping up to them.

“Uhh…” Lexa pretended to think about it, looking at Octavia for an answer, who only mirrored her look. “I don’t really know, how long has it been, O?”

“Hmm…” Octavia tilted her head, taking a moment before answering, “Five seconds, give or take.”

18th June 2013 – Tuesday

“So is having a girlfriend as great as you thought it would be?” Octavia asked as her and Lexa settled into bed with her laptop. They were at Octavia’s place, her brother not home for a while; neither of them were in the mood to go out, it was the first week of summer and well, they just wanted to relax for a while.

“It is.” Lexa replied with a soft smile, leaning her head against Octavia. Technically she was taller than her, bigger than her, but she was the little spoon here. Lexa didn’t realize that’s what she would be, not at all but it didn’t long for both of them to realize Lexa was very much the little spoon; she liked being held, and hugged, and any sort of intimacy it seemed. Holding hands, yes holding hands, that was her favorite part. It had been about a month now since they’d gotten together, since Octavia had kissed her on the football field. It had been going pretty well, Lexa thought this would be a good opportunity to try and get over Clarke, be with someone who did actually like her that way instead of the best friend – god, that was seriously a cliché.

“I never thought you were this soft.” Octavia admitted, shaking her head a little as she took Lexa’s hand. “Like honestly, when I first met you, I thought you were tough, and hard, and un-meltable.”

“That’s not a word.” Lexa interjected, “Unmeltable, not a word.”

“Nerd.”

“I’m your nerd.” Lexa shrugged.
“Soft ass nerd.”

“It’s almost like you don’t like me.” Lexa told her in response, feigning suspicion. “I thought you liked me.”

“I do.” Octavia answered with a smile, almost a laugh if anything, before she leaned down and kissed Lexa. “I like every bit of your soft, nerdy ass.”

“My ass isn’t that soft.” Lexa argued, knowing Octavia’s hand was going up to touch it. “See?” She asked again, noticing how her girlfriend squeezed her butt cheek, doing her best to not let her voice waver. Lexa was a fumbling, stuttering mess in front of pretty girls. And it was even worse now because this pretty girl liked her.

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20th June 2013 - Thursday

“You two are so cute together.” Clarke said with a smile as her and Lexa walked down the sidewalk, walking back home for the day. They really were, Lexa seemed like she had her guard slightly down around Octavia, well, she was a lot…softer somehow. It was a side of Lexa Clarke hadn’t seen until now. Octavia too actually, when Clarke had first met the girl, she seemed a lot like the person Lexa comes off as; no feelings, a little cold, but tough definitely. They made a cute couple, they worked really well together. The two of them had been together for about two weeks now, and Clarke was most completely certain that they made a cuter couple than her and any of her past boyfriends.

Lena didn’t reply, she only looked away, trying to hide that smile that was threatening to come out as she rolled her eyes. “Shut up.”

“No really,” Clarke argued, “It’s adorable, and you’re adorable with her,” She added, “I love seeing you like this.” She did, she was happy for her, she was happy that Lexa found someone like Octavia.

“Like a stuttering and fumbling mess every time Octavia is like…within 5 feet of me?” Lexa asked with a sigh, yeah she was still like that.
“Yes.” Clarke nodded, still smiling. “It’s adorable.”

It was, it really was, and Clarke was happy for Lexa and Octavia. But there was a nagging at the back of her mind, a small voice telling her that she wasn’t happy with it, or about it. *It doesn’t mean anything*, Clarke told herself, because… it couldn’t, right? Why would she have a bad feeling about her best friend’s new relationship, especially when it was with another one of her really good friends? Lexa was happy and that’s all that should matter. Besides, Clarke liked Octavia, knew she was good enough for Lexa, so there shouldn’t be a problem there. But there seemed to be. For some reason Clarke just felt… off about the whole thing, she wasn’t as happy or as thrilled as she was the first few days. It was almost like… she was jealous of Octavia?

“I really like her Clarke.” Lexa told her, the softest smile on her face Clarke has ever seen. “She’s… amazing.” And Lexa meant every word of it, she did like Octavia, a lot, and most of the time she was with her, or thinking about her, her mind was off of Clarke, off of those feelings. That was a good thing, she was going to move on from her… right? *I mean… I have to.*

Clarke nodded at that, meaning it for the most part, “She’s good for you.”

Chapter End Notes

sooooo lexa and octavia. leave me all the comments you want. and please please please let me know what you thought of this chapter. positives, negatives, i wanna know it all. it’s only fair lexa gets to date as well and its not just clarke y’know? and this was a ship i was dying to explore and i thought this was the perfect opportunity.
Ch 12 - The party

Chapter Summary

The summer has been eventful but our favorite duo has been away from each other for a little while. Clarke has had some time to think and well...maybe she's a little jealous. But that didn't make any sense right? Lexa was happy with Octavia and they made a cute couple. They really did, and they were planning on spending the night together *wink* *wink*. Only an emergency comes up and Lexa has to run out. Now, how does Lexa respond when someone has been rude to her best friend?

Chapter Notes

yes i know i didn't update last week. i had a shitty week and didn't have it in me to post anything. so to make up for it, you guys get a long-ish chapter. its around 3k and A Lot happens. like A Lot. there's so stuff with lextavia and it gets a little heated. but there's also a lot that happens with clexa too ooooh. i know we've never seen lexa being angry, but you will in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2013 – 2014
GRADE: 10th
AGE: 15 – 16

2nd September 2013 – Monday

As the summer progressed, Clarke could feel her feelings changing, developing so to speak. It took her a long time to even realize what she was feeling, or why she had a bad feeling about Lexa and Octavia. She realized she was jealous of Octavia. But that led to thinking about why; why would she be jealous of that, it made no sense, how would it? She was Lexa’s girlfriend, not like she was trying to be her best friend and replace Clarke, Octavia wasn’t...a threat so to speak to that. No of course not. And Octavia was Clarke’s friend too, they were actually really good friends, so she should be happy that she was the one dating her best friend.
It took all summer for Clarke to realize why she was jealous of Octavia. This was the first time Lexa was dating. Up until now, Lexa was all *her’s*; she didn’t have to *share* her best friend with anyone else. And Clarke didn’t like sharing, even when she was a little kid, sharing was never something she was good at. That’s why she was jealous of Octavia, because she had to share Lexa with her now. *But that’s not right,* Clarke didn’t like that, because no, it wasn’t right, she felt selfish for wanting Lexa all to herself – she deserved to be happy with someone who liked her as more than a friend. And Octavia made her happy, Lexa was happy, they were cute together… Clarke *shouldn’t* be jealous of her for that. Lexa wasn’t even ditching Clarke to spend more time Octavia, she hadn’t come between the two of them in any way. Yet…here she was.

She may have even started acting a little awkward around them, it wasn’t intentional, not at all, but Clarke couldn’t really help it. The more she saw of Lexa and Octavia together, the more jealous she felt, the more she wanted to keep Lexa *all to herself.* Clarke almost wanted to say *she’s mine,* but obviously she couldn’t do that because…it wouldn’t be fair, not on Octavia, not on Lexa. She had finally found someone like Octavia, it wouldn’t be fair to ruin that. And why would she? Clarke was happy that Lexa was happy – to some extent at least. *They’re happy with each other; can’t I just let it go?*

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*30th November 2013 – Saturday*

Lexa was pinned under Octavia right now, out of breath and a little flustered as she lied on the bed. She could feel Octavia’s hands moving up along her skin under the shirt, not letting her lips leave Lexa’s for even a moment. They were at Octavia’s place, Lexa spending the night with her because as far as her mom knew, this was just another *friend.* Honestly, Lexa didn’t even how they ended up like *this,* as far as she remembered, they were just watching a movie. Now the laptop was somewhere else on the bed, Lexa lying on her back with Octavia practically on top of her. She wasn’t complaining though, of course not – this was actually the first night they’d be spending together.

It was Saturday night after all, Octavia usually liked to go out on her weekends but honestly, spending the night with Lexa sounded a lot better. She knew Clarke was out at a party, Raven too probably, but she wasn’t sure. But Octavia wouldn’t want to be anywhere else right now, she’s been waiting for this for a while to say the least. “You’re okay with this, right?” Octavia asked quietly, wanting to make sure Lexa wasn’t uncomfortable with this…or with where things were headed right now.

“Yes.” Lexa breathed out, not so much as bothering to open her eyes as she felt her shirt being pulled up slowly.
It wasn’t more than a couple of seconds after her t-shirt was off that Lexa’s phone started ringing. She wasn’t expecting anyone, her parents knew where she was and that she’d be back home in the morning, and Clarke was out for the night, there was no one who would be calling her. Nevertheless, Lexa pulled away from Octavia, earning an annoyed groan from her girlfriend. “Are you serious?” Octavia asked as Lexa reached out, looking for her phone.

“It could be an emergency,” Lexa responded apologetically, “Sorry,” She added, making her way out from under Octavia to get her phone, it was at the opposite end of the bed. Finally picking it, Lexa looked at the caller ID, a little confused when she saw Clarke’s picture lighting up the screen. “It’s Clarke, I have to answer it.” She said to Octavia.

“God, you have got to be kidding me.” Octavia rolled her eyes, a little annoyed right now – who wouldn’t be – as Lexa stepped away, taking a seat on the chair by Octavia’s desk.

Looking away from her scowling girlfriend, Lexa held the phone to her ear, answering finally. “Hey.” She said into the phone, surprised by the call this late – it was late, it was a little past eleven now. No, she wasn’t expecting Clarke to be asleep, she was at a party after all, she wouldn’t be home until at least midnight, but she wasn’t expecting a phone call now.

“Hi,” Clarke answered from the other side. Her voice sounded small, almost broken, like she had been crying.

“Clarke, what’s wrong?” Lexa asked immediately, suddenly all thought leaving her mind other than Clarke. But she didn’t answer, all Lexa heard from her end was a small sniffle. “Clarke?” She asked again, the concern evident in her voice.

“Can you…” She choked out hesitantly, sucking in a shaking breath. “Can you come pick me up?”

“Yeah, of course.” Lexa nodded, “Where are you?” She didn’t know where exactly Clarke was, she knew it was a party but she didn’t know where it was. But what Lexa did know was that something was wrong and she needed to be with Clarke right now.

“Harper’s place.” Clarke answered, “I’ll text you the address.”

“I know where it is.” Lexa said instead, she was panicking at the sound of Clarke’s voice but trying not to show it. “What happened?” She asked, looking for her car keys in her pocket.
“Just come pick me up.” Clarke didn’t bother giving her an answer.

“Yeah, I’m on my way.” Lexa responded, “Are you okay?” She asked again, trying to figure out what was wrong, because she sounded like something had upset her.

“Just get here,” Clarke answered, “I’ll tell you later.”

Lexa only sighed, nodding to herself. “I’ll see you soon.” She told her instead. “Ten minutes, okay?” Yeah…Octavia wasn’t going to be happy about this. “I…” She said hesitantly as she stood up and looked at her girlfriend. “I have to go.” Lexa told her.

“What?” Octavia asked, confused more than anything else. “Why?” She watched Lexa gathering her things, not giving her an answer as she picked up her phone. “Lexa, what’s wrong? Did I do something?” Octavia asked, pushing herself of the bed, and making her way to her.

“No, no.” Lexa answered, reassuring her quickly, realizing for the first time that she wasn’t wearing a t-shirt. “Clarke needs me.” She told her, reaching towards the bed to pick up her shirt. “I have to go pick her up.” Lexa added, finally pulling her shirt on as she gave Octavia an apologetic look. “I’m really sorry, but she sounds upset and I-”

Octavia sighed, shaking her head as she stopped her, “Whatever,” She told her, waving her off. “Just go.”

“I’ll be back soon though.” Lexa didn’t seem to wait for a response, practically running off without saying goodbye, let alone kissing her goodbye. Octavia wasn’t happy about it, no of course not, here was her girlfriend, running off to another girl who called her late at night. Who would be happy about it? Lexa was literally shirtless and pinned under her when Clarke called, the night was going somewhere that Octavia had been looking forward to for a while…and then she just gets up and leaves. Yes, Octavia knows she has nothing to be jealous of because Clarke is her best friend, they’ve never been anything else. But at the same time, it was annoying that Lexa always, always, prioritized Clarke over anyone else.

The drive to Harper’s house was no more than a ten minute drive – probably shorter now considering how empty the roads were. But it felt longer, a lot longer because Lexa couldn’t stop
thinking about what might have happened to Clarke. She wouldn’t say anything, wouldn’t say what happened to her, only just asked her to come and get her. That couldn’t be a good thing, she sounded way too upset for it to have been something minimal like an argument with someone. Lexa couldn’t do much more than just hope it wasn’t anything too bad or serious. *Did she get hurt?* Lexa asked herself, pulling up in front of the house. *Did someone hurt her?* Okay at this point she was just panicking, walking up to the door, Lexa couldn’t really *help* but panic. *God help me if someone hurt her.*

Getting to the door, she rang the bell, waiting impatiently for no more than a couple of seconds before pressing it again. Repeatedly this time. It took about a minute before someone finally opened the door. “Who are you?” The person who opened the door asked, sounded pissed off almost.

“Lexa.” She answered distractedly, looking past the girl and inside the house, trying to find Clarke.

“Who?”

“Clarke’s friend.” Lexa couldn’t help but roll her eyes, almost tempted to just push past her and go inside. “Do you know where she is?”

“Yeah,” The girl replied, her voice was a little slurred, she sounded a little tipsy, not drunk, not yet. “I think she went upstairs a little while ago.” She answered, giving Lexa a bright smile this time. “Come on in,”

“Thanks,” Lexa nodded, rushing inside as she made her way towards the staircase, heading up to find Clarke. It was a pretty big house, Lexa realized as she climbed the stairs. There were four rooms upstairs, only one of the doors were open, so she made her way towards that one, thinking it was as good as any to start with. Looking inside, it didn’t take more than a second to realize she wasn’t there; only two guys half naked on the bed. Lexa turned away awkwardly, closing the door behind her because the she didn’t think they’d want to get walked in on. Moving onto the next door, she wasn’t sure whether to just open the door and go in, or knock.

“Clarke?” *Knocking it is, “Are you in here?”* Lexa asked, waiting for an answer, hopefully.

“Leave me alone.”

Lexa let out a small sigh of relief as she heard her friend’s voice coming from the other end. “It’s
me.” She responded. “It’s Lexa.” She added, waiting for a reply for a moment, but not receiving any.

So she didn’t wait, slowly opened the door before stepping inside. “Hey,” Lexa said to her, making her way to the bed where Clarke was sitting. “You okay?” She had her knees pulled up to her chest, arms around them, hugging them close to her body, not only that but her makeup was smudged, eyeliner and mascara running down her face. “Clarke?” Lexa said again, more concerned this time at not getting a response as she sat down next to her this time. “Hey,” She tried to get her attention, gently placing a hand on her back. “What happened?” Lexa asked, scanning her eyes over Clarke, unsure what she was looking for, but if her makeup was anything to go by, she had been crying. She was worried, yes, and she was panicking, but Lexa was doing her best to keep her voice calm and collected.

“What is that?” Lexa asked suddenly, her eyes having landed on her friend’s arm. She reached for her hand, taking Clarke’s hand and bringing it up. She resisted, trying to pull away from Lexa but she didn’t budge. “Who did this?” Lexa asked, her voice was loud and angry, she could feel the rage building up inside her – it wasn’t a feeling she was accustomed to, Lexa doesn’t really remember the last time she was actually angry. “Clarke?” Lexa asked again, her eyes scanning over the dark patch of skin on Clarke’s arm; it was undoubtedly a bruise.

Clarke sighed, pulling her hand away this time before crossing it over her chest, hiding them from Lexa. She looked away, not replying to her because…well, Clarke didn’t want to answer her just yet.

“Was it Finn?” Lexa asked, the anger very clear in her voice. It sounded new to her, Clarke too, because she never got angry, and even if she did, she’d never show it. “Tell me it wasn’t him.” She said, wanting Clarke to respond as she walked over to the door, about to leave. Clarke didn’t move, only watched Lexa standing at the door waiting for a response, “Please tell me it wasn’t him,” She
tried again, “Because if it wasn’t, I’m just going to make things worse between you two.” Her voice was softer this time, waiting there for a response.

“Don’t do anything.” Clarke finally spoke, walking up to her, “Please Lexa, he’s not worth it.”

That wasn’t a no, so Lexa didn’t give her a straight answer either. “Where’s your jacket?” She asked her instead, her voice soft and gentle this time.


Lexa nodded, “Take mine.” She shrugged her one off, handing it to Clarke. “It’s cold outside.” She told her, giving her a small smile, trying to ease her. “Get your things, I’ll meet you downstairs.”

There were a lot of people downstairs, too many actually – this had to be some sort of fire code violation – Lexa thought to herself, walking into the living room, and no one was going to leave soon from the looks of it. The music was still blaring, it was just too loud and one of the main reasons she hated parties – it just made her anxious and on edge. She scanned her eyes over the living room, she should be looking for Clarke’s jacket, not Finn – but here she was. There were too many people here, Lexa let out a sigh, she probably wasn’t going to find him. But just as she was about to give up, her eyes spotted the dark haired boy she was looking for.

He was standing at the back of the couch, leaning against it. “Finn!” Lexa called out, loud enough to be heard over the music as she made her way over to him.

He only shrugged at her, “Do I know you?”

Lexa didn’t answer, only walked up to him. She wasn’t entirely sure what came over her, or what was even going through her mind but before she could even stop herself, she was throwing her fist at his face. The sound that made was not a nice one, not at all. But it was worth it when she watched him stumble back and fall on the hardwood floor. She knew everyone was staring at her now, but that didn’t stop her from stepping over him, looking down at Finn. “You touch Clarke again, I swear to god,” Lexa started, her voice low and threatening, “You will live to regret it.”

Finn didn’t get up, only wiped his face with the sleeve of his hoodie, smudging the blood from his nose all over his face. “Oh, I know you.” He finally spoke, “You’re Clarke’s friend.”
“Yeah,” Lexa replied, clenching her jaws as she turned around, about to walk away. “That’s me.

Finn finally got himself up on his way, watching Lexa walk away before speaking with a smug smile, “The dyke.”

He thought Lexa wouldn’t respond, he really thought she would just walk away after hearing that. But Lexa spun around, so quickly she probably left burn marks on the floor. Finn took a step back as he saw the look on her face but he didn’t move away fast enough because it was no more than a second before Lexa had her hold on his collar, standing only a couple of inches away from him. “You call me whatever the fuck you want,” She started, “But if I so much as see you near Clarke again,” Lexa continued, “I will break a lot more than just your nose.” Lexa told him, her voice slow and deliberate, wanting every word to get to him. She moved away from him, letting go off his collar as he practically threw him aside. Finn stumbled on his feet again, about to fall over, wondering for a moment why this 16 year old girl was so strong.

Yeah, everyone was staring at her, Lexa realized when she finally turned away. But she didn’t care, she didn’t pay attention to it, only picked up Clarke’s jacket from the couch and started to walk away. It took a moment for her to spot Clarke, she was standing at the bottom of the staircase, Lexa was unsure how much of that Clarke heard or saw. “Let’s go.” She told her, nodding towards the door as she placed her hand on Clarke’s back to lead her out of the house.

Chapter End Notes

was that? was that as satisfying to read as it was to write? lexa punching finn? let me know what you thought.
Ch 13 - Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Like the title suggests, this chapter is the aftermath of the party from the last chapter. We pick up right after it and continue on with the night. Clarke has a lot of feelings that are building up, Lexa is feeling bad about leaving Octavia like that but *Clarke*. A lot happens tonight. And its an important point for their relationship.

Chapter Notes

listen so i've been working today and yesterday so i didn't get time to edit and all that sooner. i was worried i wouldn't get this chapter up tonight. but its such an important one i had to. trust me. a lot happens. i enjoyed writing this one so much. originally, when i first wrote it, this was actually part of the last chapter. but i felt there was a lot more to write for both this one and the last chapter so i split it in two.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2013 – 2014
AGE: 16

They walked out of Harper’s house in silence, doing their best to not pay attention to the people staring at them. Lexa didn’t have anything to say, not wanting to really, she only rubbed her knuckles and watched the floor as they made their way out the door. She could feel everyone’s eyes buring into her back; Finn was there somewhere, he was scowling. As soon as the closed behind them though, Clarke threw her arms around Lexa; it happened within a fraction of a second, and sudden impact caused made Lexa stumble back a step. Nevertheless, her arms came up around Clarke as soon as her mind registered it, wrapping them around her and hugging her tight.

“Thank you.” She muttered into Lexa’s shoulder. No, Clarke wouldn’t have expected *anyone* to do that for her, not even Lexa. Lexa wasn’t a violent person, the furthest from it, and Clarke could never imagine her punching someone because they pissed her off – not only that but it seemed like Lexa even threatened Finn. No, she was the kind of person to just walked away and roll her eyes at things like this, telling herself that she was too good for this, too good for the people who were putting her down. But she didn’t this time, but then again this time it wasn’t about her, it was about Clarke, and that was a lot different.
“Don’t worry about it.” Lexa replied, hugging back, “Are you okay?”

Clarke nodded, pulling away this time. “I’m fine.” She was now, but she wasn’t before Lexa got here. Finn was…an asshole tonight and he did upset her, but right now, she was okay – it was reassuring to know that she had someone like Lexa in her life. She never really doubted it, never doubted that Lexa would always be here for Clarke and defend her no matter what – Lexa was the one person Clarke could call no matter what. “Thank you,” She said again, “Really.”

“I’m just glad you’re okay.” Lexa shrugged with a small smile, putting her arm around Clarke’s shoulders as they walked towards the car. “No one messes with you while I’m around.” She added, fake bravado in her voice as she tried to lighten the mood while looking at Clarke who brought herself a little closer, kissing Lexa’s cheek before letting her head rest on the brunette’s shoulder. “Do you want me to drop you home?” She asked, stepping up to the car and holding the door open for Clarke.

Clarke only shook her head, “My parents are gonna flip out if they see me like this.” She told her, sitting down before Lexa closed the door. Yeah, she was kind of a mess, not to mention the bruises on her arms. It’s not like Finn was trying to hurt her; he just held on a little too tightly while Clarke was trying to…break out of his grip, that’s all. It’s that big of a deal.

Lexa nodded, circling over to her side of the car and opened the door before sitting down. “Well, then you can come over to my place.” She told her, starting the car, “Spend the night with me.” Lexa offered, “Your parents know you’re not home right?” She asked cautiously, knowing her best friend had a reputation for sneaking out at night.

“Yeah, yeah.” Clarke nodded, “They know where I am…ish.” She told her, bringing her hand up to rub the back of her neck.

“Clarke, are you okay?” Lexa asked, watching her carefully, her eyelids were heavy and she looked uncomfortable and tired.

Clarke didn’t reply for a moment, thinking about her answer before realizing there was no point in lying to her. “I don’t know.” She replied honestly, too much had happened tonight for her to even have the energy to put on a fake smile and reassure Lexa. “I have this massive headache and…” She rubbed her eyes, “I don’t really feel too good, I’m almost nauseous. But also really really tired and sleepy.”
Lexa nodded slowly, maybe she just had a little too much to drink. Pulling on her seatbelt as she put the car in reverse, she asked Clarke, “Were you drinking?”

“Not tonight.” Clarke answered, “Finn was drinking so I thought I was going to have to drive back.” She explained, “So I was just having soda.”

Lexa had her eyes on the road, but she was thinking about it, “Did Finn maybe slip something in it?” She asked carefully, she wouldn’t put it past him really, but then again, she didn’t want to upset Clarke by accusing her boyfriend of something like that.

“Who knows?” Clarke shrugged, not denying it. “Feels like it to be honest.” She added. “It might not have been him but it does feel like someone might have.” Clarke told her before pausing. “Are you okay?” She asked her this time, her eyes on Lexa’s knuckles holding the steering wheel.

“Yeah.” She shrugged, “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know,” Clarke started sarcastically, “You probably broke Finn’s nose.”

“I hope I broke his nose.” Lexa responded. “It’ll be a waste of a punch if I didn’t.”

Clarke nodded, “What about your hand though?” She asked, “Doesn’t it hurt?”

“A little.” Lexa shrugged. “I’ll be fine, it’s not a big deal.” Only it did hurt right now. It was throbbing actually, and even holding onto the steering wheel was painful. She never really thought about how much a punch could hurt the person throwing it, you live and you learn, huh?

“You sure?” Clarke asked, her knuckles had gone red by now, and by the next morning, they would probably be bruised. “They look like they hurt more than just a little.”

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it.”

The rest of the drive back was relatively quiet. Neither of them had anything they wanted to say and Clarke was a little too tired to hold a conversation right now. Lexa was worried really, she was worried about what happened, worried about what Finn did, and worried about what he might’ve
slipped into Clarke’s drink. And more importantly, Lexa was worried about what she might do to Finn if she crossed paths with him again. She was angry, of course she was, who wouldn’t be to find out some guy was messing with their best friend like this? Not only that, but he had hurt her, Lexa doesn’t know to what extent, but the bruises on Clarke’s arm indicated that he had at least grabbed her too tight. Lexa was just glad she got Clarke out of there.

By the time Lexa pulled up on her driveway, Clarke was asleep on the seat next to her. It wasn’t like her, the only time Lexa saw her tired was first thing in the morning when going to school, and falling asleep in the car literally never happened, Clarke couldn’t fall asleep in a car or any moving vehicle for that matter. So her suspicion of Finn having slipped something in her drink only kept growing. “Clarke?” Lexa nudged her shoulder lightly, “We’re here, wake up.” Clarke only stirred slightly, not really waking up. “Hey?”

“Hmm,” Clarke muttered, finally opening her eyes.

“We’re here.” Lexa told her again, moving to unbuckle Clarke’s seatbelt before leaning past her and opening the door. “Come on.”

Walking up to the front door, Lexa unlocked it quietly, doing her best to not be loud enough to wake her parents up. She held the door open for Clarke, letting her in before following behind, closing the door and locking it just as quietly as she had opened it. The house was dark, only a small light on in the hallway that was just barely enough to walk upstairs – actually it wasn’t enough, it was actually very hard to get to Lexa’s room upstairs without bumping into anything. Lexa had the bruises to prove it too, tonight wasn’t the first time Lexa was sneaking downstairs in the middle of the night; she usually didn’t go out of the house, it was usually going downstairs to grab a snack because she couldn’t sleep.

Clarke shrugged off Lexa’s jacket as she entered the bedroom; it was warm and comfortable and inviting, and the sight of the unmade bed in front of her just made Clarke want to collapse onto it under the comforter. There was something about Lexa’s bed, or just the comforter actually, that was so so so much more comfortable than her own bed – it could just be fact that it smelled like Lexa, and whenever she was in this bed, it was next to her best friend. Maybe it was just her, but an unmade bed with ruffled covers and pillows looked a lot more inviting than a perfectly made one. It just felt more…cozy like you could just sink into the softness without needing to move or adjust anything.

Lexa turned on the small lamp on her desk, watching as Clarke made her way to the bed and sat down. She waited a moment, picking up the jacket Clarke had dropped on the floor absentmindedly before neatly folding it and placing it on the chair by her desk. Making her way to the bed, Lexa knelt down on the floor in front of Clarke who was sitting there. Placing her hands on either sides of the blonde sitting there, Lexa asked “Are you sure you’re okay?” Because she didn’t look like it, she looked out of it to say the least.
“I don’t know Lex,” Clarke shrugged, “I just feel…off. Like I’m gonna pass out.” She told her honestly, “But I’ll be fine by tomorrow morning.”

“You sure? I can take you down to the ER if you’re not feeling great.” Lexa offered.

“Oh god no, I’m just a little dizzy.” She shook her head immediately. “It feels a lot worse when I drink too much Lexa, I’ll be fine.” She tried to reassure her friend.

“Okay.” Lexa breathed out, about to get up but Clarke stopped her, placing her hand over Lexa’s bruised one resting on the bed.

“What about you?” Clarke asked, bringing her hand up, holding Lexa’s. “It looks even worse than it did in the car.”

“It’s fine, trust me.” Lexa tried, but Clarke didn’t seem to buy it. She ran her thumb gently over the red knuckles which were already starting to bruise, Lexa doing her best to not flinch because yeah…it did hurt.

She’s not sure what happened next, couldn’t even let her mind register it until it was too late, but Clarke was letting go of her hand, coming up to cup her face instead and pulling her up. Lexa found herself going along with it, raising herself up as Clarke guided her until her face was close enough to her’s. Lexa’s body just went with it, moved up and however Clarke guided her before she felt the blonde’s lips softly press against her’s. It was just an overload of emotions; the emotions and feelings that had been building up inside Clarke for Lexa the past few months, paired with how her current boyfriend was just an awful person, and how she was possibly under the influence of something. Clarke just couldn’t help it. She was in love with Lexa, that’s why she had been jealous of Octavia; not because she didn’t want to share her best friend but because she wanted Lexa all to herself as more than her best friend. And well…Lexa took care of her, stood up for her, went out of her way to make sure she was okay – this was the kind of person she wanted in her life. This was the person she was in love with, and Clarke really didn’t want to wait any longer to admit it to herself. God knows she’s waited long enough.

The fact that most surprised Lexa was how she wasn’t protesting, how her body wasn’t pulling away but just…going with it. All she did was push herself up to meet Clarke’s lips and kiss her back. Her mind was blank at the moment, and kissing Clarke was just…reflex almost, like it was the most natural thing in the world to her and not a muscle in her body even wanted to pull back. Clarke kissed her hard, desperately almost, pressing against her forcefully as her hands moved down to the collar of Lexa’s shirt, holding her as close as possible. Lexa let Clarke have her way with it; she herself was in a state of shock, her brain having switched off and her body just moving
on autopilot. There was not a single functioning cell in her brain at the moment to make her pull away and put a stop to this.

Which was actually quite bad considering how she was in a relationship right now.

Before she knew it, Clarke had her on the bed, pushing her to lie down on her back with her practically on top of Lexa. It was involuntary almost, but there was a part of Lexa that told her to keep going, and soon enough her hand found it’s way on Clarke’s back, one of them moving up to tangle into Clarke’s hair as she kissed her back, relaying the same feelings Clarke was. It almost felt like she was in a dream – Lexa would be lying if she said she’d never dreamt about something similar and woke up wanting it to be a reality – it felt unreal, and she didn’t want it to end. But then, she was pulled back into reality. Clarke’s hands had found it’s way lower, at the waist of Lexa’s jeans, trying to undo the buttons and that was taking it too far, far enough for her brain to be snapped back to the real world.

That’s when she knew she had to stop, when she knew she had to pull away and put an end to it now; it was like a switch had been flicked. Clarke was under the influence, it wouldn’t be right; she probably wouldn’t even remember it in the morning and just regret it all. And Lexa was with Octavia, it wouldn’t be fair on her, she couldn’t do that to her – she couldn’t do that to anyone no matter what the circumstances were. “Clarke, stop.” Lexa finally pulled away, pressing her head into the pillow to try and put some distance between them. Her hand immediately moved away out of her hair, going down to grab Clarke’s wrist, which was toying with the button of Lexa’s jeans, trying to get them undone.

Clarke rolled off of her immediately, sitting up straight as the reality of the situation hit her as well. “God, I’m so sorry.” She apologized, looking away from Lexa, feeling embarrassed by her actions. “I shouldn’t have done that Lexa I-”

Lexa shook her head, bringing herself up and leaning back against her elbows. “No, no, it’s okay.” She tried to reassure her, catching her breath. “You’ve had a long night.” She told her. “I don’t want you to do anything you’re going to regret in the morning.” Lexa managed to tell her, not bringing up Octavia because that would just make Clarke feel worse about what she just did. She didn’t want to stop Clarke, quite the opposite really, but there was too much stopping her from going through with this – Lexa has wanted this for so long, so so long, but given the circumstances it just wasn’t right, for either of them. But given everything that had happened tonight, Lexa knew this was just an impulse thing for Clarke, an attempt to ease out what had happened earlier, distract herself. She would regret it in the morning, they both would – Clarke not meaning it, and Lexa having to live with knowing that she cheated on Octavia…not to mention that Clarke would see her as a mistake on a bad night.

“I’m going to go get some ice.” Lexa spoke, finally moving to get up. “Why don’t you get changed?” She told Clarke gently, she didn’t want Clarke to think she was angry at her, because
no, she wasn’t, that was the last thing Lexa was. “I’ll be right back.” She just wanted a little breathing space, maybe also give Clarke some breathing room too.

Lexa let out a long sigh as she closed the door behind her, well, that was unexpected, she thought to herself as she made her way down to the kitchen. Her hands were hurting now, it felt stiff and the first thing Lexa did was turn on the tap and run it under some cold water before splashing some water on her face. God, what just happened? Her hands were trembling right now, still reeling from what happened about a minute ago as she turned the tap off and opened the freezer looking for some ice. Looking through the shelves, she found the ice tray, but well, to her luck, it was empty. So she settled on the bag of frozen peas instead, picking it up, she walked over to one of the drawers, finding a Ziploc bag to put the pack of peas inside – she didn’t want it to melt and leave a puddle on her bed.

It’s going to be fun explaining this to mom in the morning. Lexa sighed to herself, looking down at her hand as she held the cold bag against it.

Lexa stood there for a moment, breathing in as she embraced the silence in the house. The kitchen was still mostly dark, a small light turned on so Lexa could see around it. But there was no noise save for the sound of her breathing. That was...a lot to take in for Lexa, there was too much going on in her head at the moment, she felt like she didn’t breathe for even a moment since getting that phone call from Clarke. It was all just a lot. So she kind of needed this moment, needed to ground herself and bring herself back to reality. She took in a deep breath, clearing her head, the quiet helped; everything was okay now, Clarke was upstairs in bed, her parents were asleep, and Octa-

Oh my god I forgot about Octavia. Lexa’s eyes widened as the realization hit her. “Fuck,” She muttered quietly under her breath as she pulled her phone out with her good hand. It was late now, quite late but Octavia was still awake. Lexa didn’t really want to talk to her right now, there was too much happening as it was without having to bring her girlfriend into it. So instead she typed out a text, apologizing for running out like that and not calling her or texting her until now. It was relatively long, she didn’t want to go into exactly what happened at the party, just that Finn had upset Clarke and she needed a ride back home. Lexa decided to leave out the fact that Clarke was here right now; Octavia wouldn’t normally have a problem with that, but given how Lexa ran out on her like that for her best friend, she might be a little pissed. She didn’t want to see a reply, she didn’t want to even see Octavia typing or the little read notification. So Lexa did something she doesn’t normally do, she turned her phone off – her parents were home, so was Clarke, so there wasn’t really anyone else who would be calling her or needing her.

By the time Lexa returned to her bedroom, Clarke was already in bed with her back turned towards the door. Lexa stepped up closer, noticing she had her eyes closed and assumed Clarke was asleep. The light on the desk was still turned on, and Lexa switched that for the much smaller light on the nightstand by her bed. She didn’t want to wake Clarke up, she had a rough night, but she still needed some light to change into something more comfortable before slipping into bed. So Lexa quietly made her way to the dresser, stripping out of her outfit and pulling on a pair of pajama shorts and a worn out SpongeBob t-shirt before going back to the bed.
“I’m sorry.” Clarke muttered quietly, cracking an eye open to look at Lexa once she was lying down.

“No, no.” Lexa turned on her side to face Clarke. She had turned the light off before returning to bed, and in the darkness she could still make out Clarke’s face. “Don’t be, it’s okay.”

“You’re right though, tonight was…eventful.” Clarke continued regardless, thinking back to what Lexa had said earlier. Lexa couldn’t help but let out a disappointed sigh, she was right in thinking the only reason Clarke kissed her was out of impulse and as a way to deal with her feelings of the night. “But that’s not why I did…that.”

Okay, maybe not. “Then why did you?” Lexa asked slowly, trying to not let herself get hopeful once again.

Clarke didn’t know how to reply, didn’t know what to say or how to explain it. “It felt right.” She stated simply, noticing a small smile forming on Lexa’s face at her answer – she had really thought Clarke wouldn’t be able to tell in the dark. “But you are also right.” She added. “I had a very eventful night and I’m probably on something right now.” Clarke continued, but she could feel herself sobering up already – maybe the shock she got from that kiss was enough to do that. “Not to mention the fact that you’re in a relationship with someone I call a very good friend.” She shook her head at herself, “I am really sorry Lexa, that was out of li-”

“Clarke it’s okay.” Lexa cut her off, “It’s okay.” She told her again, watching as she calmed herself down. “Let’s pick this up tomorrow okay?” Lexa asked, “We’ll talk when you’re feeling better.” Lexa waited, watching as Clarke nodded in agreement before speaking again. “Come here.” She said to Clarke, turning to lie on her back as Clarke brought herself closer to Lexa. “I’m not angry at you, okay?” Lexa told her, her arm going up around Clarke as she pulled her closer. “I could never be.”

Clarke nodded against her, letting out a small breath, “I love you.” She muttered after a few long seconds.

“I know.” Lexa replied; this wasn’t the first time Clarke had said it. Hell, they’d lost count of the times they had said I love you to each other, they had been best friends for most of their lives, of course they loved each other. But tonight…tonight, it felt a little different. “I love you too.” She told her, her mind wondering off to how she still hadn’t said those three words to Octavia yet… well, maybe it was just a little too early on in their relationship to say it. Yeah, she was going to be angry at her the next time they spoke, and it would be justified. They had the whole night planned out’ they were supposed to spend it together, possibly without any clothes on. And Lexa was half
naked when she ran out on her girlfriend because Clarke had called. Yes, Clarke mattered to her more than anyone else, but this was a dick move on her part, it most definitely was to her girlfriend. She should’ve left her phone turned on at the very least, talked to Octavia or at least read her reply because Lexa knew she would reply straight away. But Clarke was lying by her side now, her arms around the blonde, and well…Clarke was comfortable and trying to rest after a really long night, Lexa didn’t want to get up right now.

Chapter End Notes

oof. how was that huh? i hope y'all liked it. and it does leave some questions unanswered. what happens when clexa talk about this in the morning? lexa and octavia? finn? god there's a lot going on.
Ch 14 - About that night...

Chapter Summary

So what happens now? What happens after that kiss? What does Clarke think about it after waking up the next morning? And Octavia? Well, she isn't too happy with Lexa, you know running out on her and then ghosting her and all that. There are a lot of feelings, everyone is really conflicted, and there's also a lot of awkwardness. And Lexa is a very useless lesbian.

Chapter Notes

a lot happens ok. a lot happens this chapter. i kinda wish i broke it into two but like, i didn't want it to be too short. so there's clexa the next morning. lextavia. and more clexa. its an intense chapter and i think y'all will like it. also lexa is awful with words. poor useless gayby.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2013 – 2014
GRADE: 10th
AGE: 16

1st December 2013 – Sunday

Clarke stirred awake slowly the next morning, trying to move only to realize Lexa had her arm around her. The first thing noticed after that was the splitting headache she had due to last night; she tried to recall what happened but most of it was kind of blurry. That scared her a little, Finn must’ve slipped something into her drink because Clarke was absolutely certain of the fact that all she poured into her cup last night was just diet Coke from a sealed bottle. There wasn’t much she could recall, not really, so Clarke hoped that Lexa could help her fill in the gaps. Thinking back, the first thing that came to mind was how she had called Lexa to come pick her up. She was upset, why though… Oh right Fi– before she could finish her thought, Lexa stirred next to her, slowly waking up.
“Morning.” Lexa muttered quietly, slowly opening her eyes to look at Clarke.

“Hey,” Clarke responded, her throat was dry and croaky, and she badly needed a glass of water.

“Thought you’d want to sleep in a bit longer.” Lexa added sleepily, “Had a long night.”

Clarke nodded slowly, her head really hurt right now and she didn’t want to move much. “What even happened last night?” She finally asked her, “Everything feels so blurry.”

“I think Finn slipped something into your drink.” Lexa told her; if Clarke had been drinking nothing other than soda last night, she had no other reason to be hungover right now. “What happened with you two last night?” She moved away slightly, putting enough space to be able to look at Clarke.

“Long story.” Clarke sighed, her voice heavy with sleep, much like Lexa’s, finally moving away to sit up. “But basically…” She started, a yawn causing her to pause before she could continue “I was feeling a little out of it, and Finn took me upstairs.” She told her, “But then…”

Lexa watched her, waiting for her to continue, only Clarke didn’t, she just looked away. “Go on.” She encouraged her, taking her hand because Clarke almost looked…afraid?

Clarke just shrugged, looking away as she finally answered, “He may have tried to force himself on me.” She said quickly, not really wanting to say it.

“He what?” Lexa responded, her voice rising without her realizing. “I swear to god I’m-”

“You already broke his nose Lexa.” Clarke cut her off, “That’s more than enough.”

“No, it’s not.” Lexa argued, “I should’ve broken his face.” She told her instead, shaking her head at it. She sounded angry right now, much like last night, if not more. Lexa almost wanted to say she wanted to tear his balls off for even trying something like that, but she decided it was best to put a lid on herself for now. “At the very least.” It took her a moment to calm herself down after hearing that. She took in a deep breath, shaking her head slightly, before asking Clarke to continue. “Are you okay though?”
Clarke nodded, “I made a scene,” She shrugged knowing that was the best thing she could’ve done in that moment, “I said I’d scream and yell if he didn’t leave me alone…so he did.” She told her. “That’s when I called you. I didn’t want to stick around any longer and… I could feel my mind getting foggy and blurry so I knew I needed to get out of there.”

“Yeah,” Lexa nodded, “I’m glad you called me.” She told her, “If I even see Finn within ten feet of you, I will break his face this time.” Lexa added, almost stating it like a fact. “Even if it’s in school.”

“It’s just going to get you in trouble, okay?” Clarke asked, “And he’s not worth that.”

“But you are.” Lexa responded, not missing a beat, “He’s not worth anything at all, but you are.” She repeated. “If anyone is going to do something like that, they’re not getting off that easy because you are too important to me to just let them off the hook like that.” She was a little worked up right now, she had been since last night but hearing Clarke say what actually happened, it just made her that much more angry.

Clarke couldn’t help but smile, her hand still holding Lexa’s. It was sweet how much Lexa was willing to do for her; like last night, Clarke knew she had plans with Octavia but still ended up coming to get her out of the situation. “Just let it go, okay?” Clarke tried, Lexa only sighing in response with a nod. She didn’t really have a choice but to give in right now, because yes, Clarke was right, Finn wasn’t worth it. “And I’m sorry again, for last night.” Clarke apologized again.

Lexa’s mind only went back to the kiss, about to speak, wanting to tell Clarke that it was fine, she had nothing to apologize for. “It’s fine, really.” Lexa told her, “You don’t have to worry about it.” But she did say they were going to talk about it in the morning when Clarke was feeling better.

Clarke shook her head, “It’s not okay.” She responded. “It wasn’t okay.” She added. “You had the whole night planned with Octavia, and I messed it up for you two.”

That took her back slightly, Clarke doesn’t remember the kiss. “That…” She stumbled on her words, not knowing how to respond because Clarke was talking about something…completely different…to what…Lexa was thinking about. She really thought Clarke wanted to talk about that, talk about the kiss, talk about how she was this close to undressing Lexa. “That’s fine, it’s not a big deal.” Lexa tried to gather herself, not really sure how to even respond. She wanted to bring it up, wanted to bring up what Clarke had wanted to talk about last night but she didn’t know how to. “How much of last night do you remember anyways?” She asked.

Clarke shrugged, letting out a small breath. “I remember you came to get me.” She started. “You
punched Finn, and he called you something he shouldn’t have.” Lexa nodded as Clarke recapped the events. “Then you walked me to your car…” She trailed. “That’s kind of it really.” Clarke answered. “I think I fell asleep in the car or something but it’s all a blur from there.”

Lexa nodded slowly, she was a little disappointed really but Clarke didn’t seem to remember it and Lexa didn’t want to remind her. It was best not to right now...right? Because what even would be the point? She was under the influence last night, and if Lexa reminded her she’d just say she didn’t mean any of it right? Tell her that it was all just a mistake? Even if she didn’t feel like it was a mistake, she would feel guilty, she’d feel bad about kissing Lexa when she was with someone else. “That’s about it, yeah.” Lexa responded with a nod before suddenly remembering, “Fuck,” She exclaimed, jumping out of bed and onto her feet.

“What’s wrong?” Clarke asked, watching her in confusion as Lexa rushed towards the desk, shuffling through the items for something Clarke didn’t know.

“Octavia.” Lexa replied, finally finding her phone. “I totally forgot,” She added, shaking her head. She was speaking loudly, and quickly, and she was very much angry at herself right now. “I told her I’d go back to her place but…”

“I kept you all to myself.” Clarke finished for her, speaking with a sigh. “God, I’m so sorry.” She apologized again, Clarke felt really bad about it, she did. As much as she wanted Lexa, that wasn’t fair last night, to call her away from her girlfriend and keep her here.

“No, no.” Lexa tried to shake it off, “It’s not your fault.” She told her, it wasn’t, “It’s mine.” She added. “I should’ve called her but I didn’t, I forgot about her until we got back to my place.” Lexa explained “And then I texted her apologizing for it but said that you needed me tonight.” Lexa sighed, looking down at her phone as she looked through her call list for Octavia’s name. “And then I turned my phone off, which is something I never do but I really didn’t want to deal with her then.” She didn’t bother stepping away, only found the number, called it and held it to her ear. “I am such a terrible girlfriend.” Lexa shook her head at herself as she waited for her Octavia to answer.

It was a short phone call really. Octavia wasn’t happy, she did yell a little, saying how she was worried about her because all Lexa left her was a text and then no replies – she even tried calling her later on in the night, but it went straight to voicemail. Lexa took responsibility, it was her fault after all, she should’ve called to let her know or at least communicated with her instead of turning her phone off. Octavia was pretty upset, she said they needed to talk and that gave Lexa a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach, she knew it couldn’t be anything good – we need to talk was never good. She had every right to be upset though, no one would be happy if their girlfriend ran off at night for someone else. Lexa didn’t bother leaving the room, she only turned away from Clarke, she didn’t mind her hearing what she was saying to Octavia. Mainly because Lexa wasn’t saying much other than how she was sorry about disappearing last night.
Things have been a bit awkward since that night; every time Lexa looked at Clarke she couldn’t help but think about how her lips felt against her’s. And every time she was with Octavia, she couldn’t help but think how she was lying to her, how she wasn’t telling her the whole truth. Every time Lexa even kissed Octavia, her mind went to Clarke, she thought about what that kiss felt like, and how she wanted more of that, more of Clarke. Yes, Octavia was great and she really really liked her, but…she loved Clarke. She realized this that night too; she’d never said those three words to her girlfriend, but had said it countless times to her best friend – sometimes it felt a lot more than just platonic, hell there was a long period of time where Lexa knew she had feelings for Clarke, but she really thought they went away once her and Octavia got together. Lexa wanted Clarke, it was as simple as that, and it wasn’t fair for her to string Octavia along.

Clarke could notice the awkwardness in Lexa; of course she could, there was nothing she didn’t notice about her best friend. She was just being weird around her, not off like she had been before coming out to her or telling her she was cutting herself, no this was different. Speaking of which, Lexa was getting better, she had stuck to trying to keeping herself clean, and for the most part, it worked – she called Clarke instead of cutting, talked to her when something was wrong. Clarke was her outlet, for everything – whatever was wrong, Clarke had made it clear that Lexa could come to her with anything she wanted to talk about. But yeah, back to the present though, Lexa had been acting weird around her, she was awkward and uneasy. But Clarke had no idea what to make of it, she had tried to talk to her about it, ask her about it, but all Lexa did was shrug, tell her she didn’t even know what Clarke was talking about.

The awkwardness for Lexa with Octavia was through the roof, she felt guilty when she was with her more than anything else. She wasn’t sure what to do about it though, she didn’t want to tell Octavia what happened that night because she might come to the conclusion that Lexa did go all the way and had slept with Clarke. A part of Lexa wanted to tell Clarke as well, tell her what happened and try to make sense of it all but at the same time…she knew she couldn’t do it when she was still with Octavia, she would have something in the way. So right now…the only option Lexa had, the only one that made the most sense, was to end things with Octavia. She didn’t even know what Clarke would say, Lexa had no idea how she actually, truly felt – that night was a mess for her, it could’ve all been nothing. And she really did like Octavia…but she didn’t love her and it wasn’t fair; Lexa knew she couldn’t give her everything she deserved if they stayed together.

So here she was, sitting in Octavia’s living room with her.

“The look on your face tells me this isn’t going to be good.” Octavia commented, turning to look at her. “What’s going on?”
She’d never done this before, she had no idea how to do this. Not really, and it was in Lexa’s nature to at least try and be prepared for whatever she was going to do. So she tried doing that. But it was hard this time considering how she couldn’t go to Clarke for advice; usually with a matter like this, that’s who Lexa would’ve gone to but right now, given how Clarke was pretty much the reason she was breaking up with Octavia, she couldn’t really go to her. Okay, no, Clarke wasn’t the only reason Lexa was breaking up with Octavia; it was the fact that that meant she couldn’t give Octavia her all. So here’s what Lexa did; she Googled it. Yes, Lexa Woods Googled how to break up with her girlfriend.

“We’ve been friends for over a year right?” Lexa started gently, receiving a confused nod from Octavia. “And we hit it off pretty much from the start.”

“This is not going anywhere good.” Octavia nodded to herself.

Lexa remained silent, grinding her teeth for a moment as she thought about how to continue. She was literally ticking off boxes in her mind, recalling what she had read online – that’s the best she could do, Lexa had no experience with any of this. “But I don’t know if this working.” She finally spoke, “Us as a couple…I don’t know if this is working.” She looked up at Octavia, waiting for her to say something.

“What do you mean?” Octavia asked. “We’re doing fine.” She tried, as far as she knew, yes, they were doing fine. “Sure we’ve had our arguments and disagreements.” She shrugged. “I don’t think we’ve even had an actual fight though.” Octavia added.

Lexa shook her head, yes that was true, “I know.” She answered. “But it’s just…” She thought about it, everything she had read the last night going out of her mind as the words came out of her, “This isn’t enough.”

“What’s not enough?” Octavia asked in response, sounding a little offended as she picked up on what Lexa meant. “Am I not enough?”

Lexa shook her head immediately, backtracking, “No, no, that’s not what I meant.” She told her quickly, her voice apologetic. “No, you’re…” She trailed, “Octavia, you’re great…anyone would be lucky to have to.” She continued. “You’re one of the most amazing people I’ve ever met and I can’t believe I was lucky enough to date to.”

“Was?” Octavia repeated, “Already in the past tense?”
Lexa only sighed, “I’m sorry, I’m bad at this.” She tried. “It’s not you, okay?” She was doing her best, she really was. “And I don’t mean you specifically when I say this, but...I want more.” Lexa told her. “I want more out of a relationship.” She corrected herself.

“And you think you’re not getting that because of me?” Octavia asked, bitterly this time. “So I’m not enough to give you what you want in a relationship.”

“It’s not that.” Lexa answered. “It’s not because of you.” She was trying, but this was hard. “It’s because of me...I can’t see myself getting what I want out of a relationship with you.” Oh shit, that was bad, that was really bad, why did I say that? Fuck.

“Wow,” Octavia almost laughed, shaking her head. “Has anyone told you, you’re shitty as fuck with your words?” She asked her sarcastically. “Because you are.” She answered herself. “You could at least try to say something that won’t make me feel like complete shit.”

“I’m sorry, that’s not what I-”

“Just leave.” Octavia cut her off, “Get out and take a breather,” She shrugged. “Figure out what you actually want to say without sounding like an asshole.”

Lexa didn’t reply, watched Octavia for a moment before nodding slowly and getting up. Yeah that was probably the best thing to do, they could talk later because Lexa meant it when she said she really liked her. She would want to still be friends with her because Lexa liked Octavia and spending time with her and going to the gym with her and everything else that they did before they got together. But after what Lexa just said to her...that might not be possible. So she just got up, decided to give Octavia some time before trying to make things right with her, and decided to leave.

“Lexa, wait.”

Octavia’s voice stopped her as she turned the door handle, about to step out. Lexa only turned around to look at her, watching her expectantly.

“One question.” Octavia said. “Is this because of Clarke?” She had an idea it might be, Lexa spent more time with the blonde than anyone else. There was some time last year where things were a little rough with the two of them but...it was always Clarke. No matter what was wrong, they’d
always go back to each other; she knew how Lexa would run of to her no matter what. Like that night when they were planning on spending it together and Clarke called, Lexa just ran off, didn’t care about anything other than just her, not thinking about how it might make her girlfriend feel for even a second.

“Thought so.” Octavia nodded, responding when Lexa didn’t answer but only looked down, staring at the floor.

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It was raining by the time Lexa arrived at Clarke’s place; it had been quite cloudy and dark since early morning really, and it was only about time before it started to pour. But it was pouring down hard right now, and the small walk from where Lexa had parked on the sidewalk by Clarke’s house to the front door was enough to have her soaking wet. She had a coat on though, so it wasn’t that bad, only it didn’t have a hood and this wasn’t meant to be worn out in the rain. The walk wasn’t more than a minute, it was just outside the driveway because Clarke’s parents’ cars were parked there. So by the time she was finally inside the house after Abby had opened the door, Lexa was dripping wet.

“I broke up with Octavia.” That was the first thing Lexa said to Clarke once she entered her room, closing the door behind her.

“Wait? What?” Clarke almost shouted, unable to hide the surprise in her voice. “What happened?”

She was surprised, that was the first feeling that hit her. But the one that quickly followed was relief and almost happiness. She felt selfish, she felt bad about it, but Clarke was a little relieved that Lexa was all her’s again. She didn’t particularly like feeling that, and there was still a part of her that felt sorry for her friend. Maybe she wasn’t the biggest fan of Lexa and Octavia’s relationship but she knew how much they liked each other; they were good together, so what happened?

Lexa didn’t reply, only took off her coat and placed it on the chair by the desk. She took a couple of steps towards Clarke, walking past her before sitting down on the bed. Clarke was sitting on the floor, she was reading a book when Lexa had walked in – so right now she was just sitting on the floor, cross legged with a really confused look on her face. “So you remember like a month ago when you and Finn had a…falling out?” She asked instead of giving Clarke an answer.

“And I called you to pick me up?” Clarke questioned, and Lexa only nodded. “Yeah, what about it?”
“Okay so, you know later that night,” Lexa started again, “After I picked you up and you spent the night at my place?”

Clarke nodded, “Yeah, because my parents would flip out if they saw me drunk or high or whatever I was with bruises on my arm.” She answered, “Why?”

“Something happened that night.” Lexa admitted, “Something you…don’t remember.” She told her, receiving a worried look from Clarke. “I don’t know if you really don’t remember or like…if your mind’s just not letting you remember or you don’t want to remember but-”

“Spit it out Lexa.” Clarke said impatiently, a little worried. She was worried about that night, especially not remembering what had happened – because, well, anything could’ve happened. “Did something happen at the party that…I don’t remember?”

Lexa sat up straight, shaking her head as she held out her hand for Clarke to get up. She did, she let Lexa pull her up to her feet before sitting down on the bed next to her. “Clarke you kissed me.”

Chapter End Notes

OOOOOHHHHHH NOW WHAT??
Ch 15 - Peppermint

Chapter Summary

So Lexa finally told Clarke about what had happened that night but how does Clarke react to that? Does she remember any of it and what does this mean for them? There's a lot of talking and this is pretty much a Clexa chapter where they talk through everything that has been on their minds for a very long time.

Chapter Notes

i almost didn't update this tonight. i'm really tired because i was at work all day and just really sleepy. but i was like no i gotta update. so yeah here's the update. this is the aftermath of lexa telling clarke that they kissed and how clarke reacts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2013 – 2014
AGE: 16

5th January 2014 – Sunday

Clarke watched Lexa with a confused look on her face, her mind going blank for a moment as she tried to come up with something to say. She didn't even know what to think really, but that…that was a shocking revelation to say the very least. Honestly, Clarke couldn't believe it – Lexa was joking right? That didn’t happen. It couldn't have. Not like that. And...how could Clarke not remember it? “No,” She shook her head, finally speaking. “No, that can't be right. I would remember that.”

Her heart was pounding, it felt like Lexa had just run a 5k because god, talking about this was almost getting her out of breath. Lexa sighed, trying to not make anything of it just yet, because the way she said it almost sounded like Clarke was disappointed to find out she kissed her. But she pushed that out of the way, Lexa wanted to tell her what happened that night first. This was what Lexa had thought about the entire way here, she kept thinking about how to break it to Clarke, how to tell her what happened. More importantly how to tell her that she felt that too, or maybe she was the only one of the two of them who actually felt anything because she needed to get it out. Yes,
there was a part of Lexa that thought Clarke only said *that* and did *that* because she’d had a rough night. *All I can do is hope for the best.* “Do you remember coming back to my room that night?” She finally asked.

“The last thing I remember clearly remember honestly is getting in your car.” Clarke shrugged with a sigh, “After that…I’m not really sure.” She admitted, “Whatever I had in my system kicked in and I just…don’t remember.”

The fact that whatever it was had kicked in worried Lexa a bit, made her a bit more concerned that Clarke didn’t mean any of it. People said and did things they didn’t mean when they were high or drunk or under the influence of something. “Do you…want to know what happened?” Lexa asked cautiously, wanting Clarke to stop her if she’d rather not hear it.

Clarke nodded, “Yeah, yeah I do.”

“We came back to my room.” Lexa recounted the events of the night like it was just yesterday, “You were tired and sleepy, and well…you seemed drunk but I knew you weren’t.” She continued. “I brought you upstairs, sat you down on your bed and honestly…I was just so worried about you.” Her voice was small right now, her mind going back to how Clarke kissed her and what she felt in that moment. “And I was…” Lexa continued, getting off the bed to kneel down in front of her like she had that night, “Looking up at you like this-”

“And then I kissed you.” Clarke cut her off, her voice soft and small; the sight of Lexa under her looking up brought that memory back. It suddenly felt like it would be impossible to forget, *how did I forget that?* “It was a lot darker though, wasn’t it?” She asked after a brief pause, noticing the smile breaking out on Lexa’s face.

“It was,” Lexa nodded, relieved to see a more positive reaction on Clarke’s face. “Yeah, the room was dark, there was just a desk light turned on.” She continued, her hands by Clarke’s sides like it had been that night. “I could just barely make out your face.”

The realization could be seen on Clarke’s face, she was watching her with almost awe right now. She tentatively brought her hand up, touching Lexa’s face lightly, caressing her cheek, “How did I not remember this?” She asked quietly, her voice just above a whisper.

“Maybe it wasn’t that memorable?” Lexa offered lightly. “Or maybe it was Finn’s fault like everything else that night.”
"I think it was the latter." Clarke settled. "I don’t really remember…what it felt like…to kiss you…" She continued, a little hesitantly. "So could I-"

"Remind yourself?" Lexa cut her off, trying to sound casual and light but if anything, her heart was going to beat out of her chest at this point. She waited just a moment, Clarke about to nod when Lexa pushed herself off her floor, pushing through her knees as she brought herself up, meeting Clarke’s lips. It was softer this time, slower and more…relaxed than the last time; their lips just barely touching, smiles playing on both of their faces as their lips moved slowly against each other’s. Lexa’s eyes had fluttered shut and she was glad she was on her knees because if she wasn’t, her legs would’ve give out from under her.

"Yeah, I think I remember now." Clarke said between kisses, still being gentle and slow. "It’s just…" She continued, "A lot better," She added. "When I’m sober."

"Why do you taste like peppermint?" Lexa asked with a small smile, finally bringing herself away from Clarke. "It’s closer to summer than Christmas."

"Peppermint is always good okay?" Clarke argued, matching her tone as she pulled Lexa up to sit down on the bed again. "That’s all you’re gonna say?" She asked with a quirked eyebrow. "What I taste like?"

"Yes." Lexa said simply, running her tongue between her lips. "I like it." She said with a half shrug, not giving Clarke the chance to respond before Lexa pushed herself forward, kissing her again. "And," She said between kisses, small light ones this time, "I really like," She added, "How your lips," Lexa paused, Clarke humming against her in response, "Feel against mine." She did, it was new but the same time it felt familiar, like it was something that had always just been.

Clarke smiled against her, her hands going on Lexa’s shoulders to stop her from moving away, wanting those small kisses to be a lot more than that. She pressed her lips against Lexa’s, holding herself against her for a moment to long before pulling away slightly, only to go back. She couldn’t explain what it felt like, it just felt right, that’s all Clarke could say. When Lexa kissed her, it sparked something new within her, something she’d never felt before. She’d kissed people before, there was no secret to that, but what Lexa made her feel, what kissing Lexa made her feel…this was different. Clarke hadn’t felt anything remotely close to this until now. "This feels different." She voiced her thoughts once they had finally pulled away, for good this time. "You feel different."

They were still too close to each other, they had only pulled away enough so their lips wouldn’t be touching. Lexa could just barely see Clarke, their noses just brushing against each other’s when she gathered herself enough to speak, "Different how?" She asked quietly, her voice was just barely audible, it was almost like the kiss made her lose her voice. "Good or…?"
“So good.” Clarke smiled and she could practically feel Lexa relax at that. “I can’t explain it.” She
told her, bringing herself away, “You just feel different to anyone else I’ve kissed.” Lexa…made
her feel…more. She felt a lot more than just a little buzz from that kiss, more than the little spike in
her heart rate or that small fluttering feeling in her chest that seemed to go away a few seconds into
the kiss. This was more like…electric – Clarke’s heart was pounding but at the same time she felt
calm. “It feels more…intense.” Clarke shrugged, unable to find the right words, “I don’t know.”

Lexa only nodded, that’s exactly what she felt right now, “It’s indescribable.” Was all she said,
“Know what I do know though?” She asked, Clarke giving her a questioning look, “I know that I
love you.” Lexa answered, her voice soft and gentle but almost like she was stating a fact. “I’m in
love with you.”

It was almost physically difficult for Clarke to keep herself away from Lexa; she wanted to kiss
her, hold her hand, pull her into bed to do nothing but hold and cuddle with. “What now?” She
asked her, she had thought through only her feelings for Lexa but not much after that. What now?
Do they date, get together?

“Well, you see.” Lexa started, “When two people are romantically interested in each other,” She
explained, “They get together, date, go out, all of that stuff.”

Clarke smacked her on the arm lightly, “I know that.” She rolled her eyes, “What do we do?” She
asked instead. “I’ve initiated relationships before but right now,” Clarke let out a small laugh,
moving further into the bed as Lexa followed. “I have no idea what to do.”

Lexa moved next to her, lying down as Clarke sat with her back against the headboard. “We hold
hands, and we kiss, and we tell one another we love each other.” She offered. “Sometimes we also
go out, where we hold hands and make heart eyes.”

“What a sap.” Clarke shook her head. “But like…I’ve had this one concern since…” She shrugged,
“I started realizing I had feelings for you.”

“Which is?” Lexa asked, looking up at Clarke.

“What if it doesn’t work out?” She voiced her concern, “I know we can go the rest of our lives as
friends without anything going wrong.” Clarke told her. “But what about as…girlfriends?” She
continued, “What if we don’t work out romantically as well as that?” Clarke questioned. “What if
being together ruins our relationship?”
Lexa gave her a small shrug, thinking about it for a moment before answering. Clarke did have a good point though, “That’s…a very good concern.” She admitted, getting up this time to talk to her. “But I mean,” She started. “If we could go forever as friends, why not as girlfriends?” She asked in return, it almost felt weird to refer to Clarke as her girlfriend. “I know it’s too soon to say forever.” Lexa admitted, “But what I mean is, if we can have each other in our lives as long as forever, why does it matter…how that is?” She asked, losing Clarke by the end of the sentence, that sentence didn’t make much sense. “Like if we can be together all our lives,” Lexa tried to explain, “It shouldn’t matter what relationship we have, right?” She questioned, “We’ll be together, always.” Lexa stated, “As friends, as girlfriends, whichever works best for us.” She shrugged, “But we’ll be always be together.”

“So if we don’t work out romantically,” Clarke responded, “We’ll go back to being friends?” She asked, “That’s what you’re saying?”

“Why are you talking about us breaking up already?” Lexa asked jokingly, “Are we even together yet?” She couldn’t help but almost laugh, she didn’t mean it seriously; this was Clarke after all, they could joke around with each other. “What I’m saying is,” Lexa went back to her point. “If we could be together one way…why can’t we be together…any other way?”

“You are…” Clarke started, “Terrible with your words.” She added, “They make no sense half the time, did you know that?”

“Yes.” Lexa answered immediately. “You should’ve heard me talking to Octavia before I came here.” She shook her head at herself.

“That bad, huh?”

Lexa nodded, “You have no idea.” She told her. “Look, we’ll get to that bridge when we get there okay?” She asked, going back to what they had been talking about. “I’m not letting go of you any time soon.”

“You’re right.” Clarke nodded, “Why am I even thinking about that now?” She let out a sigh, but she knew why she was thinking about it; Lexa was too important and she didn’t want to do anything that could jeopardize their relationship.

Lexa nodded, satisfied by how that ended before lying back down on the bed. She was never this comfortable around anyone else, not even Octavia really. But with Clarke…Lexa was how she
would be if she was alone. But right now, it was just quiet, Clarke’s hands had made it to tangle into Lexa’s hair, gently playing with it. Lexa was still cold from the short little walk to the Griffins’ house and it had been...an eventful day so far. “Do you think your parents are going to stop us from having sleepovers now?” Lexa asked after a moment, her parents didn’t know she was gay, but Clarke’s parents did. From what Clarke told her, her parents hadn’t shown any negative signs towards anything LGBT, so when they were watching TV one night and a bisexual character came up, Clarke came out to them. And that was it. All her parents did was tell her this didn’t change anything, and that they still loved her. If anything, Lexa was a little jealous of that when Clarke had told her.

“Oh god,” Clarke sighed, “They might.” She almost whined at that thought, making a fake crying sound, “No, that’s not fair.”

Lexa gave her a small laugh, “We could just...not tell anyone...” She offered, “For at least a little while...”

“That doesn’t sound like you,” Clarke looked at her suspiciously. “Where is that coming from huh? Aren’t you the good girl?”

Lexa rolled her eyes, “Maybe it’s love, who knows?” She offered sarcastically, it was actually. And it was also the fact that she was comfortable with Clarke that she could say whatever was on her mind without needing to filter it out.

“Yeah maybe it is.” Clarke agreed, this was a new feeling, really new. But at the same time, it felt familiar and like it was something that should be there, that she should feel like this. Lexa would be lying if she said she didn’t feel exactly the same right now. It was a huge relief too, to both of them, felt like a weight they didn’t know was there had been lifted. They both felt a little more free to have finally told the other how they felt. “It’s not a bad idea though.” She added after a moment.

“I was joking Clarke.” Lexa responded, “Mostly.”

“No, but seriously though.” Clarke argued, “First off, my parents because I don’t want to give up on our sleepovers.” She told her, “Especially now, if you know what I mean.” She couldn’t help but wink at Lexa this time, and if anything, Clarke would say Lexa’s cheeks were going red at that. “And second,” She added, sounding more serious. “You just broke up with Octavia.” Clarke reminded her. “I think it’ll be a little...mean if we go in on Monday holding hands.”

“We hold hands anyways, what’s your point?” Lexa asked, that was true. Holding hands, hugging out of nowhere, cheek kisses, those already existed between the two of them.
“Let me rephrase that you dumbass,” Clarke rolled her eyes, “I think it’ll be a little mean if we go in on Monday being very clear that we’re dating.”

Lexa nodded, she knew what Clarke had meant the first time, “Yeah you’re right.” She agreed. “But for how long though?” Now was her turn to whine, “Because I’m a really bad liar.”

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

okay so the next chapter isn't written yet. all of these chapters were at least drafted and just needed to be edited before i posted it. so the next one isn't done yet. well about a quarter way done. so it might not be up next week but it will be up the week after definitely. i have more chapters written, just not the next one. so yeah. thoughts on this one? i think this is a very important chapter because well? they got together ya know.
Chapter Summary

As the title suggests, it's a coming out chapter. Clarke comes out to someone very important to her and so does Lexa. We see a bit of Clarke's relationship with her dad, and Lexa's with her older sister.

Chapter Notes

i know i know i know i'm late with the update. but i had to write this chapter after i posted the last one. there was going to be a little more at the end with clexa but if i wrote it then i'd be a week later. so that'll be in next week's chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

YEAR: 2014

AGE: 16

24th January 2014 – Friday

Things had been going pretty well with the two of them, they were both doing really well and they were surprised that no one around them noticed yet. Clarke’s parents had no idea but it seemed like Jake was catching on – her mom though, was pretty clueless. Jake had given Clarke a few questioning looks, especially when her and Lexa were heading up to Clarke’s room for sleepovers. Which was quite often to be honest, it was almost a weekly thing and had been for almost a decade now. Although the two have always been very affectionate and physical, Jake could notice that there was something different now, he couldn’t put his finger on it; didn’t know enough to ask them about it just yet.

“Where's Lexa?” Jake asked Clarke as he walked into the living room. His daughter for sitting on the couch with the TV on, but she wasn’t really watching anything, her eyes were glued to her phone instead. “Wasn’t she supposed to be here tonight?”

Clarke nods at her dad. “Yeah she was.” She answered without looking up at him. “She got caught
up at home with something and can’t make it today.”

“What?” Jake sounded genuinely surprised, “That’s impossible.” She added, moving to sit down next to her. “You guys never miss sleepovers.”

They really didn’t, almost never. But Lexa was sick, she caught the flu and was stuck in bed. She was kind of quarantined to her bedroom for now, for a few days or maybe even a week depending on how she felt. Clarke wanted to go see her but Lexa refused, saying it was best that she didn’t because she didn’t want to get her sick. There was something going around their school at the moment, actually it seemed to be the athletes who were sick. Must have been someone on one of the teams and it spread from there, they all use the same changing rooms and showers after all. So at this point, half the football team was out of school sick and all the swimmers were out of the water for at least a week.

Once Clarke explained what happened and why Lexa wasn’t here tonight, her and her dad fell into conversation about whatever was on TV at the moment. He was the parent Clarke talked to, the one she went to whenever something was wrong. She wasn’t too close to her mom, they didn’t talk about much other than just school and friends and small conversation over the dinner table – she was at work most of the day anyways. Her mom was a doctor, who did a lot of over time, if Clarke didn’t know any better she would think her mom didn’t want to be home. Jake was an engineer, worked on renewable energy, but more importantly he worked 9-5, which meant he was actually home. Her mom returned home after Clarke went to bed last night, she saw her in the morning for only about half an hour.

“Okay, so I have to ask you something.” Jake started, turning on his side to look at his daughter.

“Yeah shoot,” Clarke nodded, her dad sounded a little too serious but at the same time, he was basically her best friend too. “What’s up?”

“So, you and Lexa.” Jake started quietly, doing his best to not give away what he was about to ask. But Clarke looked away slightly, not meeting her dad’s eye. “Is there something going on there?” He asked after a brief pause, almost wanting to laugh at Clarke’s reaction because she looked almost nervous and worried. He wasn’t the strict parent, and getting a reaction like that from Clarke usually just made Jake want to laugh. “Because if there is, as your dad, I need to know.” Okay, he wanted to laugh at himself now, this was his dad voice and Jake was almost certain Clarke wasn’t buying it. But honestly, her reaction answered his question. Any other circumstance, Clarke would be rolling her eyes at Jake and telling him how he needed to stop because the whole serious voice wasn’t working.

Clarke was chewing on her bottom lip, unsure of how he caught on to the of them. They were so careful, if anything, they hadn’t really been acting any differently around their parents then before
they got together. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Clarke tried. She was an awful liar when it came to the people she was close to – and that was mostly just Lexa and her dad, she was actually really great at it when it came to her mom.

This time Jake smiled, a triumphant one; he loved messing with Clarke, one-upping her, catching onto something before his daughter did. “You gotta tell me when you’re dating.”

“I’m not dating Lexa.” Clarke replied a little too quickly for it to sound convincing. And also, she hasn’t come out to her parents yet, oh god I hadn’t even thought about that.

Jake turned slightly in his seat, looking intently at Clarke. “You are.” He started very seriously. “An awful liar, daughter.”

“And you are awful at acting like a dad, father.” Clarke replied, matching his tone.

Jake was almost offended at that, scoffing before he replied. “But I am a dad. I’m your dad.”

“Sucks to be me, huh?” Clarke replied with a smile this time, looking up at him. “Dad there’s something I have to tell you.” She gave in, this was as good a time as any to tell him. Okay, well Clarke just realized that he hadn’t told her parents she was bisexual. At least, she was steering the conversation away from her and Lexa. And this was her dad after all, she wasn’t worried about telling him, not really – actually she was still nervous, for no real reason, maybe it was because she hadn’t prepared anything to say.

“If it’s about you and Lexa, I already know.” Jake just shrugged.

“Dad shut up,” Clarke playfully swatted his arm. “I’m trying to talk to you about something important.”

“Okay I’ll stop.” He nodded.

“Okay so…” She took a deep breath, “I like girls.” Clarke told him, still not looking up at her dad. “And I like guys.” This time she looked up at Jake. “I’m bisexual.”
“So you and Lexa are dating!” Jake exclaimed a little too loudly.

Clarke rolled her eyes, all that worry and nervousness draining out of her – why was she even worried about telling her dad? “Dad!” She swatted him playfully on the arm. “I’m trying to have a moment.” Clarke told him. “I’m coming out to you.”

“Right, right.” Jake nodded seriously, Clarke could see the cogs in his head working as he tried to come up with another bit. “Well, I am very disappointed in you, no daughter of mine is going to be gay.” That came out a little too over the top, even for him. Clarke only groaned in response. “I’m just kidding sweetie.” He smiled at her. “Thank you for telling me.” Jake brought his arms up, hugging Clarke. “And now your mom owes me $20.”

“Wait.” Clarke said as they pulled away from each other. “Were you and mom betting on me not turning out straight?” She asked him, feigning slight offense.

“No way!” He shook his head, “That would make us terrible parents.” Jake lowered his voice before clarifying, “We were betting on you and Lexa getting together.”

“I told my dad.” Clarke said into the phone later that night as she spoke to Lexa. She missed her, they were supposed to spend the night together; watching movies, cuddling, and then eventually falling asleep in each other’s arms – maybe with some kissing involved. But right now the most she could get was listen to her girlfriend’s voice if she didn’t want to get sick – actually getting sick would probably be worth it. And maybe this was a conversation Clarke would like to have in person.

“How did it go?” Lexa asked her carefully. Jake liked her, and she didn’t want that to change. Well, there wasn’t a reason for that to change, but then again dads do tend to be protective of their daughters when they’re dating. And Lexa didn’t want to be just Clarke’s girlfriend to her dad, she wanted to still be Lexa, Clarke’s best friend since forever who was also her girlfriend now.
“Really good.” Clarke replied and this time Lexa could almost hear the smile in her voice. “My mom still doesn’t know, I mean, I haven’t told her. but it was really nice to tell my dad.”

“What did he say?” Lexa asked in response.

Clarke rolled her eyes before answering her girlfriend. “And now your mom owes me $20.” She deepened her voice, doing her best to sound like her dad. Clarke heard a small laugh from the other side, followed by a what. “My parents bet on us getting together. So I’m guessing my dad was more sure that we’d get together because he just won $20.”

“Well, my parents still don’t know…” Lexa shrugged despite knowing Clarke couldn’t see her. She was scared to tell her parents, Lexa knew it wouldn’t go well, not even slightly to be honest. They were both very religious, church every Sunday and all that. But surprisingly, they never really forced religion onto their daughters; sure when they were younger and they had to go to church on Sundays but once Lexa was older she didn’t want to go and that was that. It seemed like they didn’t hold it against her, Lexa knew her mom didn’t because it was her decision and although her dad said the same thing, Lexa would see there was a little disapproval in his eyes.

“You don’t have to Lexa, you know that.” Clarke told her. She’d told Lexa over and over again that she didn’t have to come out to anyone if she wasn’t ready to. But at the same time, she had no idea what it must’ve been like to not be able to share something like this with your family.

“I know.” Lexa agreed. “But they’re my parents.” She added. “It’s not the same as when I didn’t to want to come out at school.” Clarke heard her let out a long exhale. “I know I’m not lying to them. But it feels like I’m…hiding myself, like I can’t actually be me around them.”

Clarke thought about it for a moment, nodding to herself before speaking. “Okay well, have you thought about telling your sister?” She suggested, “It’s not as intimidating as telling your parents, but she’s also family.”

Lexa shook her head. “I can’t. I love her too much for her to look at me like…there’s something wrong with me.” Anya was…a bit like her parents, she wasn’t really openly homophobic like her parents, but maybe there have been some unkind backhanded comments here and there. “You know what she’s like, right?”

“Yes, but that’s why I think she’ll…understand when you come out.” Clarke tried. “It’s different when it’s someone you’re close to rather than a stranger.”
“What if it’s no-”

“She loves you.” Clarke cut her off. “She’s your sister and from what I know, she will do anything for you Lex.” She heard a small hum of agreement before continuing. “You never know, alright? Anya may have been…a little insensitive in the past but this is you. This is her baby sister who she loves more than anything else in the universe.” They were close, they were very close actually; they didn’t use to be, Anya was about four years older than Lexa and well, they kind of barely talked when they were younger – her parents were actually a little concerned. But something happened as they got older, they grew closer, they spent more time together, talked more. “You could give her a chance.” Clarke said before quickly adding, “But not if you don’t want to, there’s no pressure okay?”

“That’s the thing though,” Lexa sighed into the phone. “I want to tell her. She’s one of the most important people in my life and I really really want to tell her.” She paused. “But I’m scared she’s going to hate me, or like, at least see me differently.”

Clarke thought about it for a moment, that was…a possibility; she was incredibly lucky that her dad was so good about this – oh god, what about mom? Clarke couldn’t help but think, maybe she would be okay with it but not quite as supportive as her dad. “I think I have an idea to test the waters Lex.” Lexa could almost hear that smug smile playing on her best friend’s lips and it almost worried her, “Tell her about me, tell Anya I’m bi and see how she takes it.” Clarke elaborated. “I’m not a stranger to her so it’ll be a little different but its not as high-stakes as you coming out to her y’know?”

“That is…” Lexa thought about it, “A really good idea actually.”

“Why do you sound surprised? I have good ideas all the time.”

Lexa remained silent for a moment, that wasn’t true, not even remotely. “Of course you do honey.”

They didn’t do FaceTime calls that often, or phone calls even, Lexa and Anya didn’t really like talking unless it was face to face – Lexa didn’t like talking period. But this was important and Lexa knew she wasn’t going to see her sister for another few months and she really really needed to tell her. After talking to Clarke the other night, Lexa felt like she had a chance for the first time to tell
her sister without things going bad. Okay maybe she wouldn’t exactly tell Anya straight away because she needed to know how she was going to take it first.

“What’s up kiddo?” Anya said to her sister as she watched her on her screen. She looked jittery, and uneasy, not making eye contact. “You look nervous.”

Lexa finally looked up at her, chewing on her bottom lip as she tried to think about how to bring it up. “There’s something I need to talk to you about.” She was supposed to start with Clarke, start with telling her that her best friend had come out to her and see how her sister reacted to that. But for some reason, it didn’t feel right. Sure Clarke was the one who suggested this but Lexa still felt like she shouldn’t be outing Clarke – okay at this point almost everyone knew Clarke wasn’t straight. She just wanted to get it out there, she wanted to just tell Anya what it really was. Lexa had to believe her sister would be okay with it, that she would still love her just as much. This was Anya after all, she had to be better than that. “Promise me you won’t get mad?” She asked her hesitantly before continuing.

“I’d never get mad at you.” Anya replied almost instantly. She wasn’t entirely sure what Lexa wanted to talk to her about but whatever it was, she seemed a little nervous. She didn’t see much of that from her sister, Lexa rarely ever showed any emotion and even when she did, nervous and scared was never it. “What’s up?” She asked before trying to lighten the mood, “Did you kill someone or something?” Anya gave her a smile, jokingly asking her as she expected that to receive at least a small laugh from her younger sister. But Lexa didn’t move, she remained perfectly still, doing her best to try and look away from Anya on her screen, “Please tell me you didn’t kill someone.” Her voice was more serious now, she didn’t quite believe Lexa had but at this point it looked like whatever it was, it was bad.

“No, no,” She shook her head in response. “I didn’t commit a murder.” Lexa rolled her eyes. “And if I did, you think I’m stupid enough to talk about it over a video call?” This time there was a smile, just barely.

“Okay, then what is it?” Anya asked again. She wasn’t a very patient person, she didn’t like to be kept waiting or guessing, Anya liked to just get to the point. “Spit it out Lexa.” Her voice rose slightly, not out of anger or anything like that, but just out of impatient.

“I’m gay.” Lexa blurted out, sounding a little irritated by her sister and it was almost like her brain just wanted her to shut up. “Okay? I’m gay.” She repeated, voice a little calmer now as she realized the seriousness of the words coming out of her mouth.

Anya remained silent for a moment, unsure of how to react to what she just heard. “You’re what?” She asked her, falling silent. That was the last thing she was expecting to hear, actually Lexa saying she had killed someone would’ve been less of a shock to her. Okay, maybe she wasn’t the
most tolerant when it came to LGBT people, but what did that mean now? This was her sister, the person she loved more than anything else in the world, the person Anya would do anything for her – so what now? She wasn’t entirely sure how she should feel at the moment, it was more confusion than anything. But at the same time, she didn’t want to say something that might upset her sister. “Are…are you sure?” That was all she could say, there was a part of Anya that wanted to straight up say no you’re not gay or you’re too young to know that but Lexa was telling her about it, that meant she had to be absolutely sure. Lexa wouldn’t have brought it up unless she thought it over herself for way too long.

Lexa nodded, trying to read Anya’s face. She wasn’t sure what she saw there right now, her sister was always hard to read. “Yeah, I’m sure.” She spoke quietly, she wanted some sort of reaction from Anya, even if it was a bad one, she just wanted to see something from her. But her face was just blank, it looked empty and cold and emotionless. “Say something, please.” Lexa spoke again after a pause, Anya wasn’t saying anything, she wasn’t actually even looking at her.

“I…I don’t really know what to say.” Anya replied honestly, finally bringing her eyes up to meet Lexa’s.

Lexa watched her, that wasn’t a good sign, and it almost made her want to cry again. “You’re mad.” She stated monotonously.

“I’m not mad.” Anya replied calmly, “I couldn’t be.” She added. “Look, Lexa you’re my sister and you will be no matter what.” She told her. “And I love you, and I will love you no matter what, alright?” Anya asked her, speaking slowly, wanting her to hear her. She looked upset now, the tremble in her lips, eyes getting a little glassy. “I’m not mad at you, I’m not upset at you, and I definitely don’t hate you.” This time her sister cracked a small smile, just barely there. “I love you, I mean it. Nothing will change that.”

“Are you sure?” Lexa asked, eyes feeling with tears threatening to spill. “You don’t seem very happy about it.”

Anya took in a deep breath, letting it out very slowly as she thought about it. “Just…give me a little time to let this sink in okay?” She asked. “I’m not upset or mad or anything like that okay?” She tried. “Just give me a little time, I don’t want to say the wrong thing or upset you without realizing it. So just give me a little time.”

Lexa nodded at her, not sure how to react. “Okay,” If anything, this was one of the better ways this could’ve gone. Anya wasn’t mad at her or even upset…but well, she didn’t really understand it quite yet. That’s fine, I can handle that. “All the time you need.”
“I love you.” Anya repeated. “Don’t you forget that.”

Chapter End Notes

i bet y'all weren't expecting that from anya huh? also yes please let me know what you thought.

End Notes

leave me comments, send me asks (bottom-lexa on tumblr), tell me what you thought. this fic means so so so much to me you have no idea and i really hope y'all enjoy it as much as i did writing it. and here's the playlist for this fic. i update it with a new song with every chapter.

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