### Work in Progress

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**Work in Progress**

by **in_anotherlife**

Summary

Modern High School 100 AU

Clarke Griffin comes to terms that she may or may not be in love with her best friend Lexa. I suck at descriptions but I promise lots of fluff, angst and smutty smut ahead :) If you've read my Hollstein fics and enjoyed those, I guarantee you'll love this one too :)

Notes

TW: Alcohol and discussion of sexuality

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Come on Lexa, you got it babe. Go! Go! Go!”

“You know the odds of her hearing you are pretty slim right?” the blonde glances over at her boyfriend shooting him a glare and a ‘shut up’.

“She can hear me. She always hears me.” the blonde replies turning her attention back to the game. Clarke watches the beautiful brunette weave in and out amongst defenders, dribbling the soccer ball with ease before kicking it into the goal. “GOAL!” the blonde shrieks throwing her hands in the air before pointing her finger at the brunette who is pointing right back at her.

“WAY TO GO LEXA!” she shouts again sufficiently annoying her boyfriend.

“Great the game’s over can we go to the party now?” Bellamy asks holding up Clarke’s purse.

“What? Oh, you go ahead, I’ll head over with Lexa.” Clarke’s says giving Bellamy a quick kiss on the cheek before bouncing down the bleachers to find her best friend. The crowd has lessened when Clarke finds her surrounded by her teammates and friends. The blue-eyed beauty weaves her way into Lexa’s inner circle and hugs her from behind. Lexa feels the soft, secure hands pulling her close and she turns to find her best friend pulling her in for a tighter hug.

“You did it Lexa. I’m so proud of you.”

“Couldn’t have done it without you Clarke. I could hear you screaming from the bleachers.”

“I knew you would.” she says pulling away.

“Where’s Bellamy and the boys?” Lexa’s asks walking toward the bench to grab her things.

“They stayed until the end but I told them to go ahead to the party and we’d meet them there.” Clarke says grabbing Lexa’s bag from her.

“Ah right, the party.”

“Lexa…you promised.” Clarke scowls.

“Just because I promised to go doesn’t mean I have to be excited to go Clarke.”

“If you don’t want to go, then don’t go.” Clarke says with a bit more bite than intended.

“You’re my best friend, you come to all my games, of course I’m going to go.” Lexa grabs Clarke’s hand and pulls her into the locker room. “I’ll be quick, okay?” Clarke nods in reply and lays down on a locker room bench and pulls out her phone.

Clarke (7:35pm): See you guys soon!

Octavia (7:38pm): Excellent, how’s Commander ready to party?

Clarke (7:38pm): I still don’t get why you guys call her that.

Clarke (7:38pm): And no, she seems annoyed but I’m sure she’ll be fine once she has a drink or two.
Octavia (7:39pm): Perfect because I’ve got someone I want her to meet.

Clarke (7:39pm): Is she aware of this plan? And who?

Octavia (7:41pm): What do you think lol.

Clarke (7:41pm): Who are you trying to set her up with?

Clarke watches the bubble pop up indicating that Octavia’s typing but a reply never came. She contemplated calling the girl to get the scoop but Lexa was already emerging from the shower. The brunette takes a seat at an opposite bench, still in her towel, as she rummages through her locker for something to wear.

“Want me to braid your hair?” Clarke asks.

“If you wouldn’t mind, please.” Lexa says her head in her locker. “So I’m surprised Bellamy came to the game. What sorts of sexual acts did you have to promise to get him to come this time?”

“I’m offended that you think I’d have to bribe my boyfriend to do something with me.”

“Well when it comes to me, you tend to have to bribe him quite a bit..."

“I do not.” Clarke says pulling harder on Lexa’s hair than usual but Lexa kept her mouth shut.

“Right, are you done?”

“Just about.” the blonde says patting Lexa’s back. Lexa stands and drops her towel, she’s wearing underwear if what you can even call a thin layer of lace underwear and she eases her way into a pair of black skinny jeans, throws on a bra and a white v-neck over it. “You ready Clarke?” Lexa asks grabbing her soccer bag.

“You have no idea.”

When Clarke and Lexa arrive to the party, people are just starting to show up. The girls make their way into the kitchen where their friends are beginning to serve drinks.

“There they are!” Octavia yells across the kitchen counter.

“Hey Lexa, great game tonight.” Bellamy says raising his glass in her direction and Clarke sticks her tongue out at Lexa as if to say ‘I told you so.’

“Thanks Bell.” Lexa replies already downing a shot from Octavia. Lexa signals for another when Octavia cuts her off.

“Not just yet Commander. I want you fully sober...at least for awhile...” Octavia says.

“What, why?” Lexa asks glaring at the girl.

“Yeah why’s that?” Clarke chimes in her eyebrows raised.

“Baby sis thinks she’s found a girl finally good enough for Lexa.” Bellamy answers.

“You knew about this?” Clarke say turning to her boyfriend.

“Yeah it was my idea actually.” Bellamy replies taking a sip of her beer.
“Would someone like to clue me in on what’s going on?” Lexa says grabbing a beer.

“We’re setting you up.” Octavia says flashing a smile to Lexa.

“And you’re in on it?” Lexa asks directing her question to Bellamy.

“Yeah…” Bellamy replies all of a sudden feeling very nervous until Lexa smiles.

“Well, well Bellamy Blake doesn’t hate me after all.” Lexa laughs and before Bellamy can respond Clarke grabs a beer and storms off.

“Someone’s in trouble now…” Octavia whispers, shoving her brother who jumps off the counter ready to go after the blonde.

“No let me.” Lexa says grabbing the bottle of tequila and two shot glasses. Lexa already knew where she’d find Clarke, down by the Blake’s pool.

“Care to tell me what that was all about?” the brunette says taking a seat next to her best friend.

“Nothing.”

“It’s not nothing, you stormed out and made a scene Clarke.” Lexa says pouring them both a shot.

Clarke takes the shot and cringes at the after taste, “I didn’t make a scene.”

“Look if you’re not going to tell me what’s wrong then I’m going to leave you out here to mope while there’s a perfectly good party going on inside.”

“No you won’t.” Clarke says grabbing Lexa’s beer and taking a sip and Lexa smiles because she knows that her best friend is right. Threats like that were pointless, Clarke and Lexa were a package deal and everyone knew it. They’ve been inseparable even before they were born.

“Tell it again mama, please.” the blonde girl pleads.

“I don’t think Lexa wants to hear it again.” Clarke’s mother says.

“It’s okay Mrs. G, I always like your stories.” a gap-toothed Lexa replies and Abby sighs.

“Okay, one more but then you girls really need to get to sleep. Okay?”

“Okay!” the seven-year-olds reply in unison.

“So once upon a time, before either of you were born, Mrs. G and Mrs. W were at mommy classes waiting for your daddies to show up and of course they were late.”

“Of course, daddy’s always late.” Clarke teases.

“Yes, well everyone was pairing up for a lesson and we had no one but each other. So Lexa’s mom and I decided to be partners and we became fast friends and soon after your fathers became friends too.”

“The best of friends, right Mrs. G?”

“The very best, just like you and Clarke.” Clarke snuggles into Lexa’s side already drifting off to sleep and Abby lowers her voice to a whisper.
“Mrs. G?”

“Yes Lexa?”

“Will Clarke and I always be best friends?”

“Do you want to be sweetheart?” Abby smiles.

“Yes ma’am.” Lexa says looking over at the now sleeping blonde next to her.

“Then yes, you always will be. Now get some sleep okay?” Abby tucks both girls in and places a kiss on their foreheads and shuts the door. She’s halfway down the hall before she turns around and leaves the door open just a bit.

“Sorry Lexa.” she whispers.

“That’s okay, I knew you’d remember.”

“Do you want to go home?” Lexa asks.

“Weren’t you paying attention in there L? They’ve got someone for you to meet.” Clarke says taking another sip.

“You’re more important.” Lexa replies stealing her beer back. “Besides, not worth seeing you jealous like this.” Lexa laughs.

“I’m not jealous. I’m just…Upset that I wasn’t in on it.” Clarke replies.

“I’m kidding Clarke. The last thing you’ll ever be is gay.” Lexa laughs and stands up, “Come on Clarke, let’s go.” Lexa extends her hand to the blonde and helps pull her up. The girls head back to the kitchen, the bottle of tequila already running low, to find that Raven and Lincoln have now joined their friends.

“Congrats on the win Lex.” Lincoln says hugging Lexa.

“Thanks big brother, wish you could’ve been there though.”

“Next game, I promise.” he says placing a quick kiss on her forehead.

“It still blows my mind that you two are more sibling like than these two and they're related by blood.” Raven says gesturing toward Octavia and Blake who were now going head-to-head in a game of beer pong.

“Blood isn’t important.” Lexa says getting defensive.

“Chill Commander, I meant it in a good way. I promise.” Raven says throwing her hands in the air.

“Better have or you’ll be running the rest of next practice.” and the glare from Lexa is all Raven needs to know that she means business. Cheers from the next room indicated that someone had won at beer pong and judging from the chants of Octavia’s name it was her.

“Guys! Bellamy’s going to streak the house and cannon ball into the pool!” a random partier yells into the kitchen.

“Oh this is going to be good.” Lincoln says making his way to the patio. The rest of the gang follows and Bellamy makes his way outside stripping down to his boxers.
“Bet’s a bet.” he says raising his beer, chugging it before dropping the remainder of his clothes and mad dashing through the house before jumping into the pool. The party erupts with dog whistles and cat calls.

“Now I see why you’re dating him.” Raven says nudging Clarke’s side.

“Shut up.” the blonde replies. The group makes their way back to the kitchen and Lexa finds her way behind the counter getting ready to make a new round of drinks for everyone. Raven’s disappeared at this point, probably sticking her tongue down her on and off again boyfriend Finn’s mouth, Clarke’s settled to a seat on the counter with Bellamy next to her while him and Lincoln argue over the latest Call of Duty game, and Octavia’s nowhere to be found.

“So game of cards anyone?” a drunk Bellamy asks.

“Maybe later Bell.” Octavia says striding into the kitchen, “I want everyone to meet Costia first.” she says stepping aside to reveal a jaw-dropping brunette.

“Hi.” Costia says waving a shy hand and the group greets her in unison.

“Costia! So great you could make it!” Bellamy says walking over to hug the girl.

“Well when both the Blake siblings insist on you showing up, you show up.” she laughs. Costia makes the rounds greeting everyone one by one this time and when she makes her way to Lexa it’s apparent she’s quite nervous.

“You must be Lexa.” Costia says sticking her hand out for the other girl to shake.

“What makes you think that?” Clarke asks from behind Lexa.

“Because Octavia told me Lexa has the most beautiful eyes she’s ever seen and I’m here to say she was right.” Costia says her eyes never leaving Lexa’s. Lexa blushes when she realizes they’re hands are still together.

“It’s lovely to meet you Costia. Can I make you a drink?”

“I’ll have what you’re having.” the girl replies.

“Shots, we’re doing shots.” Clarke says jumping off the kitchen counter, “and I’m Clarke by the way.”

“Yes, the beautiful Clarke, I’ve heard a lot about you from Bellamy.”

“I’m sad to say I haven’t heard anything about you Costia.” Lexa pinches Clarke and shoots her a glare telling her to back off.

“So how about those shots?” Costia says subtly changing the subject.

“My kind of girl.” Lexa smiles and Octavia shoots her a thumbs up.

After successfully finishing another bottle of tequila amongst each other, everyone is sufficiently drunk at this point. Raven re-emerges from an upstairs bedroom with Finn trailing behind her. Lincoln is chatting with Octavia, they’re both getting a bit handsy with each other but Bellamy doesn’t seem to mind. If he anything there’s no one else he’d rather have dating his little sister than Lincoln. Bellamy and Clarke are comfy on the couch watching the party around them. Clarke gets up to go to the bathroom and does a quick survey of the room to bring Lexa with her but she was
nowhere to be found. It isn’t until Clarke returns from the bathroom that she sees Lexa and Costia sitting in the backyard.

“So how is it we’ve never met before?” Lexa asks. “I’m sure I would’ve noticed you.” and Costia blushes. “I go to Ark Academy.” I know the Blakes through my parents, they were college best friends back in the day.

“A private school girl huh?” Lexa says rather seductively. *God Lexa, get it together you goof.*

“Amongst other things, yeah.” Costia flirts back. “So tell me something.”

“Hm?”

“And please don’t think I’m being too forward but why are you single? I mean I take it that you are since Octavia convinced me to come here tonight and you clearly agreed to meet me.”

“Well if we’re being honest, I didn’t know you were coming until about two hours ago.” Lexa could see Costia’s smile falter a bit, “but, I’m glad I met you and as for being single…I don’t know. I guess I’m just picky.” Lexa says finishing the rest of her drink.

“There’s nothing wrong with being picky.” Costia replies. “I was practically raised to be picky.”

“How can one be raised picky?” Lexa asks, “I’m sorry, that was rude of me to ask. I guess I’m a bit more drunk than I thought I was.” Lexa hiccups.

“You’re cute.” Costia says turning to the girl next to her.

“Hiccups aren’t cute.”

“I didn’t say hiccups were cute, I said you’re cute.” Costia says, her head leaning toward Lexa.

“And you’re also evading my question.” Lexa says her head slightly leaning in.

“I’ve been told I’m quite good at that as well.” Costia says her eyes flickering to Lexa’s lips and back to her piercing green eyes.

“What else are you good at?” Lexa asks her eyes on Costia’s.

“I can show you better than I can tell you.” she whispers. The distance between them is minimal at this point and Costia leans her head in to fill the final space between them before a very drunk Raven stumbles outside calling for Lexa.

“L-E-X-A. Clarke needs you!” she yells again and that does it. Lexa’s head snaps up and Raven rushes over to her. “L-e-x-a, Clarke needs you.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Just come!” Raven says pulling the girl to her feet. Lexa shoots a look to Costia and yells that she’s sorry before she’s dragged back inside and what she finds inside shouldn’t be a surprise to her but it still is. Clarke is sitting on the kitchen counter a fresh bottle of tequila in her hand.

“There’s my girl!” Clarke yells pointing toward Lexa.
“You’ve got to be kidding me.” Lexa says folding her arms. “How many bottles of tequila are there?”

“Come on babe! Body shots. Let’s show them how it’s done.”

“Why can’t Bellamy do this.” Lexa murmurs walking toward Clarke.

“She lost a bet.” Octavia shouts from the other room.

“What did I tell you about making bets when you’re drunk.” Lexa says cupping Clarke’s face.

“Like today?” and Lexa laughs because really Clarke is too adorable when she’s drunk to be mad at.

“Come on Commander, show them how it’s done.” Raven cheers.

“Yeah Commander, show me how it’s done.” Lexa turns to find Costia standing in the doorway, arms folded over her chest making her cleavage that much more visible and Lexa gulps. Lexa looks back at Clarke, a wide grin on her face.

“Oh fine.” Lexa says and the room cheers again. Lexa carefully places a bit of salt on Clarke’s collarbone, Raven hands Clarke a plastic shot glass filled with tequila and Clarke carefully places it between her cleavage eliciting a few oo’s from the group around them, and finally Lexa puts a lime in Clarke’s mouth. Clarke winks at Lexa and the brunette places herself between Clarke’s legs for better access.

Lexa quickly tongues the salt off of Clarke’s sun-kissed skin and lowers herself to the blonde’s cleavage tipping the shot glass into her mouth downing it quickly before releasing it from her lips to bite the lime waiting for her in Clarke’s mouth. Except Clarke had dropped the lime just in time and Lexa wasn’t quick enough to pull back, before she knew it Clarke’s lips were on hers and she could feel her tongue looking for access, access that Lexa quickly granted as the tequila started to get to her head.

“Ow, ow!” Raven cheers and Lexa pulls away.

“Clarke.” Lexa says her eyebrows arched.

“So maybe the bet was to trick you into making out with me…” the blonde says shrugging her shoulders.

“Uh huh.” Lexa says nudging her best friend.

“Could’ve been worse Lexa, you know I’m an excellent kisser.” Clarke says wrapping her arms around her best friend.

“This is true.” and the brunette catches Costia’s eyes and suddenly she felt guilty. Except the look Costia’s wearing isn’t screaming jealousy, it’s screaming want and desire.

“So do I have to be challenged to get that to happen to me?” Costia asks to no one in particular.

“I’m sure Commander would be more than happy to oblige that request.” Octavia says patting the counter space next to Clarke. Lexa watches the way Costia walks toward her, eyeing her up and down and she suddenly realizes she’s biting her lip.

“You know you don’t have to degrade yourself like that to get Lexa to make out with you.” Clarke says.
“You did it.” Costia replies readying the tequila.

“No, she’s right you know?” Lexa says moving away from Clarke and snuggling her way between Costia’s legs. “Why do that when we can just cut to the chase.” Octavia’s practically giddy in the corner seeing that her matchmaking skills worked.

“Alright kids let’s give these two some privacy.” Octavia says pushing people out of her kitchen.

“No stay,” Costia says hopping off the counter, “we’ll go. Lexa…?” she says her hand outstretched.

“Happily.” Lexa says grabbing her hand and following her outside.

“Go back to bed Clarke.” Lexa groans grabbing the covers.

“How do you always know I’m awake before I do anything?” the blonde bickers.

“Because you get gassy right before you wake up.”

“I do not get gassy before I wake up.” Clarke says grabbing at the covers leaving Lexa without any.

“My mistake then, it must be my other best friend who farts in the mornings.” the brunette replies grabbing a pillow and covering herself with it.

“Lexa Rachel Woods you take that back!” Clarke says jumping on the girl.

“You did not just middle name me!” Lexa says propping herself up on her elbows.

“You bet your ass I did.” Clarke says taking the pillow over Lexa’s head and hitting her with it.

“You are such a child Clarke.” Lexa replies shielding herself with her arms. Clarke adjusts herself over Lexa so that she’s now straddling the girl, her hips digging into the girl below hers pinning her down to tickle her sides. “Oh my god! I take it back! I take it back, you are not a child!” Lexa shrieks trying to fight off the tickle attack coming from her best friend. It isn’t until Lexa bucks her hips forward sending a thrill to Clarke’s core that she’s able to get her best friend off of her.

“Fucking finally.” Lexa says turning over to go back to sleep.

“Are you seriously sleeping right now?”

“Are you seriously not hungover right now?” Lexa snaps back.

“I am but it’s sunny outside…”

“So go outside.”

“You could sleep by the pool… I mean you’re already wearing your suit.” Clarke says poking at Lexa’s side again. “So we really did change into our suits and go swimming last night.” Lexa groans.

“Well at first you were naked, I had to convince you to put a suit on. Commander Lexa was very much out and about last night.” Clarke laughs.

“Ugh, fine. If we go to the pool will you please shut up and let me sleep off this headache?”

“Yes, but once it hits noon, I make no promises.”

Clarke’s floating on one of the inflatable rafts while Lexa naps her hangover away in a lounge chair.
or so Clarke thought.

“Clarke.”

“I thought you were sleeping.” Clarke says pulling the one earbud out of her ear.

“It’s impossible to sleep when you’re thinking so loudly.” Lexa replies her eyes still closed.

“How can you possibly hear what I’m thinking.” she scoffs.

“Because you’re playing Muse and you only listen to Muse when you’re frustrated. So what’s wrong?” Lexa sits up and takes a sip from her water.

“Nothing.”

“Clarke, I’m your best friend if you think I don’t know when something’s up then you’re gravely mistaken. You’ve been like this since the party. Now spill.”

“And the Commander lives!” Clarke and Lexa look over to the fence where Octavia and Raven are walking through.

“Raven, use your inside voice if you could.” Lexa begs.

“You got it Captain.” she says before catapulting into the pool.

“So where did you disappear off to last night?” Octavia asks Lexa taking the chair next to her.

“None of your business.”

“Yeah O, you know Commander doesn’t kiss and tell.”

“Thank you Raven.” Lexa says trying to return to her nap.

“Oh come on Lex! You guys were making heart eyes at each other all night! You’re seriously telling me nothing happened?” Octavia pleads wanting more information.

“We kissed.”

“I knew it!” Octavia shrieks.

“We kissed, once. It was nice.”

“And?” Octavia asks as if she already knows the answer.

“And…we’re going on a date tomorrow.”

“Yes!” Octavia says fist pumping.

“What? I thought we were going shopping tomorrow!” Clarke says.

“I’m sorry Clarke, but Costia’s busy until the end of the week, it’s the only time she had available.” Clarke knows Lexa’s being genuine but she can’t help but feel a twinge of jealousy knowing that her best friend was ditching her for some girl she just met.

“It’s fine.” Clarke huffs.

“I promise to make it up to you.” Lexa says.
“Oh barf, you guys are seriously like an old married couple.” Raven says splashing Lexa.

“If Lexa knows what’s good for her she better be making it up to me.” Clarke teases.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Lexa chimes in.

“You know exactly what that means.” the blonde replies.

“Seriously, you two just need to bang out this tension and move on with your lives.” O teases.

“I’d rather bang your brother. Oh wait…”

“Clarke Griffin you promised you wouldn’t talk about anything Bellamy and anything sexually related while I’m around!” Octavia glares at the blonde from across the pool before jumping in and flipping Clarke’s raft over.

“Son of a bitch O! My iPod!”

“Oh relax Princess, we all know it’s in a waterproof case.” Octavia says resurfacing from the pool.

“Yeah Princess.”

“Shut up Commander.”

“You’re going to regret that.” Lexa smiles before diving in and splashing the girls.

Lexa’s date was right around the corner and her nerves were seriously going haywire.

“Lexa you need to calm down.” Clarke says from her bed.

“Clarke, I’m really nervous.”

“The Commander nervous? Thought I’d never see the day.”

“You know I’m really beginning to think that you’re jealous of this girl and I seriously have no clue as to why.” Lexa says sticking her head out from her closet.

“I’m not jealous Lexa, I’m just saying you’re getting your panties in a twist over a girl you barely know.”

“That’s not true. Unlike you, I didn’t spend majority of the party challenging everyone to drinking games. Costia and I actually got to talk…It was nice.” Lexa says popping back into her closet.

“She’s a private school girl.” Clarke scoffs.

“See, you see snobby private school girl, I see hot girl in a private school girl uniform.”

“Oh gross, Lex.”

“Clarke I don’t understand why you’re so against this. It was your boyfriend’s idea after all.”

“Oh and suddenly you’re all about Bellamy?” Clarke’s comment does the trick because Lexa emerges from her closet half-dressed.

“Clarke do you not want me to go?” Lexa asks taking a seat next to her.
“What? No, of course. You should go if you want to go.” Clarke says tussling her hair, “I’m sorry, I don’t know what’s come over me. I think I’m getting my period soon.”

“I hope so. We don’t need any baby Blakes running around just yet.” Lexa jokes grabbing a lace top off the floor and pulling it over her head. “What do we think of this?”

“Gorgeous, Costia will love it.” Clarke smiles and Lexa looks over at her, only wishing that the smile plastered on her best friend’s face was genuine and not fake but she pushed those thoughts aside and focused on taming the butterflies running wild in her stomach. “Alright well I’m headed to Bellamy’s now. You remember our texting protocol?”

Lexa nods as she finishes her braid. “If I text you, all clear. If I call and hang up, SOS.”

“I’m so proud.” Clarke says wiping a fake tear off her face before leaving. “USE PROTECTION.” the blonde yells before exiting Lexa’s home. Clarke heads over to Bellamy’s in hope of distracting herself for the night. She wasn’t sure why she was nervous for Lexa but she summed it up to the fact that she’s protective of her best friend and going out on a date with someone she barely knows is pretty out of character for Lexa. Dating in general is pretty out of character.

Clarke lets herself into the Blake residence and calls out for Bellamy, instead of being met by her heavy-footed boyfriend she’s instead met by a half-naked Lincoln who seems to be trying to sneak out of the house.

“Lincoln.” the blonde greets.

“Clarke.” he says pulling his shirt over his head and exiting the home. Clarke smirks seeing Octavia come down the stairs to meet her. “Looking for someone?” Clarke asks.

“Nope.” the raven-haired girl replies, popping the ‘p’ as she annunciates. “What’re you doing here? Bellamy’s out for the night.”

“Of course he is.” Clarke mumbles under her breath as she grabs her phone to check her messages. “I must’ve missed his messages. I was helping Lexa get ready for her date.”

“Oh yeah tonight’s the big night!” Octavia replies gesturing for Clarke to follow her into the kitchen. Octavia grabs her and Clarke some drinks and they make themselves comfortable in the living room.

“So you and Lincoln?” Clarke says watching Octavia go through Netflix in search of something to watch.

“So you and Lexa?” Octavia rebuttals.

“I’m sorry?” Clarke says almost choking on her iced tea.

“You heard me.” Octavia replies her eyes never leaving the TV screen.

“You do realize I’m dating your brother…Your brother that’s a boy…”

“And you realize that ever since I’ve brought up the idea of Costia and Lexa you’ve been acting like there’s a stick up your ass.” Octavia selects Friends and settles into the couch, “I’m not going to say anything if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“Octavia, I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Clarke genuinely replies.

“Clarke, I hate to break it to you but you are SO in love with Lexa.”
"She’s my best friend."

"No one said you couldn’t be in love with your best friend."

"But I’m not, I love her, we grew up together, but I don’t love her that way."

"Look, I’m not trying to put thoughts into your head, it’s just something that I’ve observed. Don’t think I don’t like you with my brother either, but I always thought you were too good for him."

Clarke sinks into the couch the thoughts of her conversation with Octavia sinking into her mind. She couldn’t possibly be in love with Lexa, right? I mean she’s never been attracted to girls before but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t appreciate a good looking girl and Lexa is definitely a good looking girl. “Clarke, are you okay?” Octavia asks pausing Netflix.

"What, yeah. I’m just, processing."

"Oh my goodness, you really didn’t know, did you…"

“I’m not really sure what I know anymore to be honest.” Clarke says rubbing her temples.

“Well I know I’m not really good with the sharing of feelings but if you ever need to talk, you know I’m here. Speaking as a member of the bisexuals, I know how stressful it is coming to terms with yourself, but you know that no matter what we’re all still here for you.”

“I…I just don’t know what to say."

“Say nothing we’re watching Friends and you know how much I hate it when you guys talk during it.” Octavia nudges Clarke and resumes playing Netflix. If it’s one thing Clarke has always been grateful for it’s Octavia her laid back attitude and her loyalty. Clarke knew she could trust her with her secret, if it was even a secret to begin with. Is it?

_Shit._
Drunk Enough

Chapter Summary

Short chapter but it's only because the third is going to be longer! Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

TW: Alcohol

To say that Lexa is nervous for her date with Costia would be an understatement. The entire drive over Lexa couldn't stop fussing with her hair. The drive to Costia’s wasn’t more than 15 minutes which in the time Lexa was able to un-braid and re-braid her hair…twice. The brunette didn’t know protocol for these types of things. She didn’t know if she should honk, or text, so she decided to go old school and ring the bell to greet her date. The walk to Costia’s front door felt like an eternity but the closer she got, oddly enough, the calmer she felt and when Costia greets her in a low-cut top with tight skinny jeans, the nerves are in full force.

“Hi.”


“You look pretty wow yourself Lexa.” Costia says shutting the door behind her. “Shall we?” Lexa nods and grabs Costia’s hand leading her to her car. It’s when Lexa’s in the car with Costia that she notices the smell. It smells like grass and sweat and oh shit it’s her soccer bag.

“Oh I’m terribly sorry.” Lexa says anxiously looking for an air freshener.

“What? Oh it’s okay. I’m used to the smell of sweaty gym bags. I’ve got two brothers.” Costia replies placing her hand on Lexa’s. “It’s okay, really. Besides the only thing distracting me tonight is my beautiful company.” and Lexa smiles because the line might be cheesy but coming from Costia it was everything.

Their date was a success, Costia had made reservations at a swanky Italian place which Lexa thought was cute, but she didn’t have the heart to tell her she wasn’t a fan of Italian so when Costia ordered for her, she made sure to order herself a salad as well. Their conversation flowed through the night, they certainly were able to get well acquainted. Lexa learned that Costia was to attend Yale in the fall just like her parents, in fact she had already submitted her application for early admittance which seemed to startle someone as organized as Lexa but still she found it endearing. And like her parents, Costia was to major in business law so that one day she may take over the family business and again Lexa was impressed. Costia learned a lot about Lexa, about how her parents adopted, and she learned a lot more about Clarke as well and their dynamic as friends.

“She’s dating Bellamy? Hair swooping, Bellamy?” Costia seems surprised.

“Hair swooping? Oh that’s good I’ll have to use that next time I see him and yeah didn’t you see
them all over each other the other night?” Lexa says rolling the meatball on her plate to one side and back again.

“The only thing I saw that night was Clarke swooning over you.” Costia replies with a bit of a bite to it and Lexa scoffs. “Oh that’s rich. Clarke’s my best friend, we’ve been friends since…the womb, literally.”

“She may be straight by your terms, but there’s a bit more than just friendship on her end.”

“Are you jealous?” Lexa asks eyeing the girl across her.

“Do I have a reason to be?”

“I’m on a date with you, aren’t I?” the brunette replies suddenly getting very annoyed that Costia can’t seem to let this Clarke thing go.

“Would you rather Clarke be here?”

“You’re cute when you’re jealous.” and that seems to do the trick for the girl across from her to lean over the table a plant a soft kiss on Lexa’s lips.

“Princess if you don’t stop pacing the floor you might burn a hole in it.” Octavia says throwing a pillow in the blonde’s direction. “Are you seriously worked up right now?”

“After realizing that I might be in love with my best friend? Yeah O, I’m just a little worked up right now.”

"Why are you freaking out. If you're in love with her, just tell her."

"Things aren't always that simple O. I mean what if she doesn't feel the same way? Clarke runs her fingers through her hair, her frustration building. She needs to get some air. She needs go home. She needs Lexa.

“So…you do love her then?” Clarke pauses and looks at Octavia, the answer written all over her face and for once the blonde can’t conceal her feelings."This is insane.” Clarke says grabbing her bag, ready to go home.

“You’re leaving?”

“I need…to think. And Octavia?” the brunette on the couch looks up at her friend “thanks.”

“Your secret’s safe with me Princess. See you later.”

“Yours is safe with me too.”

When Clarke gets in her car to drive home, her mind immediately goes somewhere else and before she knows it, she’s sitting in the driveway of the Woods’ residence. Lexa’s car pulls in next to hers in a few minutes and it isn’t until Lexa knocks on Clarke’s window that she realizes she’s there.

“Hey you.” Lexa says speaking through the tiny gap the window has.

“Hi.” Clarke’s voice was soft, not that it usually wasn’t but Lexa could sense something in the girl.
“Stay the night?” Clarke nods, climbing out of her car. “What’s wrong babe? Miss me too much?” Lexa says trying to lighten the mood but Clarke just nods and Lexa’s brow furrows. “Mom went grocery shopping earlier, she picked up your favorite.” Lexa singsongs and Clarke’s mood lightens, but only just a bit. The girls make their way into the Woods’ kitchen, it would seem that they were home alone. Lincoln was probably out with Bellamy and Lexa’s parents were on vacation for the next few days.

Lexa grabs the Cherry Garcia from the freezer, two spoons and hands it to Clarke. A silent Clarke grabs it and makes her way to Lexa’s room. Lexa’s frustrated, she doesn’t understand what’s wrong but she also knows better than to push her. Clarke would come to her on her own terms, on her own time.

“How was your date?” Clarke asks when Lexa enters her bedroom.

“It went well.” Lexa says stripping out of her clothes and grabbing a pair of shorts and a loose tank top. Clarke’s eyes raked over Lexa’s tan and toned body. She’s seen her best friend undress in front of her millions of times but for some reason this time felt different. “Clarke you’re staring.”

“What? Oh, just checking you for hickeys.” she smirks.

“Love?”

“Of course you idiot, you’re my best friend.” Lexa replies taking a seat next to her and kissing her cheek. “The absolute best.” and Clarke smiles, the spot on her cheek where Lexa’s lips just were, burning on her skin and suddenly she needs distance.

“Clarke what’s wrong? Is this about Costia?” Lexa was starting to lose her patience, Clarke never acts this way, never.

“Of course.” she scoffs.

“Wanna say that a little louder?”

“I said of course you’d think it has something to do with Costia. Ever since you met the damn girl it’s been all about her.”

“Clarke, what the fuck? Do you have a problem with me seeing Costia?” Lexa lowers herself onto the ground where Clarke decided to distance herself from her and the distance closeness between them was just too much.

Clarke opens her mouth, trying to figure out how to put how she feels into words. “I just hate that you ditched me tonight. That’s all.” Lexa’s face softens and she goes to cup her best friend’s face.

“I’m sorry I had to ditch you too. If it makes you feel any better, I went to an Italian restaurant and it was awful.” Clarke laughs leaning into Lexa’s touch.

“I take it you didn’t eat then.”

“Not much.” Lexa says, her stomach growling giving her away.

“Come on then.” Clarke stands, her hand stretched out to Lexa. “I’ll make us dinner.”

“You didn’t eat either? I thought you were with Bellamy tonight.”
“Oh I forgot he was having a boys night, so I just hung out with O for a bit.” Clarke filled Lexa in on the rest of her night, sans the part she realized she was in love with her best friend, and Clarke got to hear more about her date. And if her gut feeling on Costia from the beginning told her anything she didn’t already know, she definitely didn’t like her after hearing more about their date but being the good best friend, Clarke smiled and nodded. Lexa seemed different to Clarke that night. Her mannerisms were very much the same, but something was different. She wasn’t Lexa, she wasn’t her Lexa but when Lexa curled into her body that night Clarke lost all doubt and worry, because tonight she was hers and that was enough.

For now.

The next morning Lexa wakes up to a drooling Clarke, a drooling Clarke on her chest.

“Hey Princess…” Lexa whispers. “Princess, you’re drooling.” Lexa laughs knowing that Clarke is capable of sleeping through anything, remembering the one time a tornado warning had gone off and Clarke slept right through it. Twice.

“Five more minutes mom.” the sleeping girl murmurs and Lexa can’t hide her smile because half-asleep Clarke is actually quite adorable. Lexa lets the girl sleep, grabbing a book off of her nightstand to read while her other hand mindlessly weaves in and out of Clarke’s blonde locks

“That’s nice…” Clarke whispers her arms pulling Lexa closer to her.

“You up Princess?” the silence from Clarke reassures Lexa that she isn’t but she feels Clarke stirring, which isn’t unusual but Clarke’s fidgeting now making it extremely uncomfortable for the girl beneath her. Lexa moves away from Clarke, giving her room, she wants to wake her from whatever nightmare she might be having but when Clarke moans a soft whisper that sounds like Lexa’s name, she decides not to wake her. Another soft moan comes from Clarke, her hands gripping the sheets around her torso and Lexa suddenly realizes that she isn’t having a nightmare…she’s having a sex dream.

“Yes…” another moan “Yes.” Clarke says more defiantly than the first time “Lexa…” and there it was, as clear as day, her name. Lexa freezes, the ache between her legs growing by the second as she watches her best friend, her Clarke, writhe beneath her sheets dreaming, fantasizing about her. The dream must be intensifying because Clarke’s breathing is suddenly hitched, she’s whimpering and suddenly her eyes open, blinking to adjust to the sunlight cascading through Lexa’s room.

“Lexa?” Clarke’s asks trying to regain her composure after realizing her shirt has ridden up and she’s sweating.

“Bad dream Princess?” Lexa asks hiding behind her book.

“Yeah…Bad dream.” Clarke says stumbling on her words.

Shit. Please…Please…Please tell me Lexa doesn’t know what just happened.

“Right…Well I’m going to layout for a bit and then it looks like the gang has invited themselves over for a pool party since we don’t have class tomorrow.”

“Of course they did.” Clarke sighs.

“Are you feeling better Clarke?” Lexa asks digging through her drawers for a bathing suit.
“What? Oh yeah. I’m sorry about last night. I was just emotional. I shouldn’t have taken it out on you. Forgive me?”

Lexa turns to face her, her blue eyes screaming with guilt, seeking forgiveness. “I’ll always forgive you Clarke.” Lexa places a soft kiss on her forehead, the touch of Clarke’s skin on her lips making her center ache even more. Curious how a simple touch can mean so much. “Tie me up?” Lexa asks.

“What?” Clarke asks her eyes widening.

“Tie my suit…?” Lexa asks turning so Clarke can gain better access to her bikini top. “Oh yeah, of course.” Good save Griffin. Clarke grabs the two black strings bringing them together she can’t help but notice how soft Lexa’s skin is. What she always this soft?

“I left a suit out for you, unless you’d rather go in your birthday suit.” Lexa laughs walking out of her room.

“It was one time Lexa, let it go!”

By the time Clarke made her way down to Lexa’s pool, Octavia and Raven were already there getting comfortable. Lexa was nowhere to be found.

“Hello people who do not live here.” Clarke greets her friends.

“You don’t live here.” Raven says sticking her tongue out.

“I’d rather have Clarke live here than you two mongrels.” Lexa says emerging from the patios doors with water bottles in hand. “Every time I have you two over my fridge is suddenly empty.”

“We can’t help it if your mom buys all the good shit.” Octavia shouts from the other end of the pool. Lexa takes a seat, opening her legs and gesturing for Clarke to sit between her.

“I’ll do you and then you do me?” Lexa asks.

“What?” Clarke replies, her eyes widening again.

“Sunscreen? I don’t want to have to deal with sunburnt Clarke later.” Lexa says grabbing the bottle of sunscreen next to her. Clarke lowers her head to hide the burning in her cheeks, her eye catches Octavia who is making kissing faces at Clarke. The blonde shoots her a glare and Octavia throws her, her best innocent smile.

“Did you not sleep well?” Lexa asks regretting the question as soon as it leaves her mouth.

“I did, why…why do you ask?”

“I did, why…why do you ask?”

“You’re tense is all.” Lexa squeezes more sunscreen onto her hands and massages it onto Clarke. She can’t help but notice how easily Clarke relaxes under her touch and she hears her whimper again and Lexa immediately retracts her hands. Raven shoots a look toward Octavia wondering what that was all about but Octavia just shrugs and continues to float through the pool.

“You’re all set.” Lexa says her lips entirely too close to Clarke’s ears for the blonde’s liking.

“Thanks.” Clarke mumbles moving to switch places with Lexa but Lexa holds her hand up.
“I’m good. I could use a bit of sun, plus you know that my fair skin tans better than yours.” Lexa smiles before diving into the pool. Octavia climbs out and grabs the lounge chair closest to Clarke.

“I see you eyeing your girl.” Octavia says just loud enough for Clarke to hear.

“You’re delusional.”

“Your sunglasses aren’t that tinted.” O says. “Have you talked to her?”

“No. I…No.” Octavia senses the hesitancy in the girl’s tone and motions for her to stand and follow her.

“Where are you two going?” Raven asks peaking over the latest copy of Mechanic Monthly.

“Drinks, margaritas?” O asks and all the girls nod in agreement. When the two are in the safety of the home and out of earshot of the other two girls Octavia begins to pull ingredients for margaritas and Clarke spills about their awkward night and her even more awkward dream this morning.

“Oh you SO have it bad for Commander.” Octavia says slicing up some limes.

“Octavia…I was so embarrassed and I’m so sure that Lexa knew…Her face was a little…flustered when I woke up and realized what was going on.”

“Oh my God, Commander’s got the hots for you too!”

“Octavia…stop…” Clarke whimpers but her whimpers are drowned out by the sound of the blender making their drinks. When the girls return to the backyard they find that Lincoln and Bellamy are now in their company as well.

“Hey babe.” Bellamy says running up to kiss Clarke “you look hot.” and Clarke simply nods in reply, returning his kiss.

“Ugh straight people.” Raven whines.

“Seriously? You realize you were all over Finn on Friday night right?” Bellamy says.

“Yeah we’re over.” Raven says rather emotionless.

“I’m sure it’ll last long this time…” Bell replies.

“I doubt it. I’ve decided to join Lexa’s team if you catch my drift.”

“We welcome you with open arms!” Lexa says emerging from the pool. “I’ll be right back, Costia’s here.” she says drying off a bit.

“Ash so you two did hit it off.” Bellamy says taking a sip from his drink. “Blake siblings did well on this one.” he says raising his cup and Clarke can’t help but scoff, which she masks by a fake cough to avoid any glares from Lexa. When Lexa returns with Costia, her hair is a bit disheveled and her lips are bruised and Clarke’s stomach begins to churn.

“Ease up on the glass Princess, it might shatter.” Octavia whispers and Clarke glares at her before chugging the rest of her drink.

“Oh do I sense some tension between the Princess and Commander’s new girlfriend?” Raven asks noticing the conversation.
“Go away Raven,” the blonde protests.

“Oh no, now you have my attention.” Raven takes a seat on the same chair as Octavia and the three girls huddle together.

“Hey, no secrets!” Bellamy yells from the hot tub.

“We’re talking tampons and things.” Octavia shouts “Also sex!” she yells back and that shuts her brother up in record time. Clarke glances around the backyard making sure everyone else was preoccupied before talking with her two friends. Bellamy and Lincoln were talking in the hot tub and Lexa and Costia…they were gone. When Clarke turns back to her friends she faintly can make out two silhouettes kissing in Lexa’s kitchen and her stomach churns again.

“Raven if I tell you what I’m about to tell you, you have to swear not to tell anyone. Do you understand? Or I will every little mechanical thing you’ve made and destroy it.”

“Wow you mean business. You got it Griffin.” and they shake on it. When Clarke and Octavia finish filling Raven in Raven sits back with a bit of a smirk on her face.

“I knew it.”

“What?” Clarke and Octavia both say.

“Does everyone but me know?” Clarke says running a hand through her hair.

“Does everyone but you know what Princess?” Lexa asks with a new pitcher of margaritas.

“That…margaritas were made with tequila.” Clarke blurts out and Lexa laughs. “Clarke tequila’s your favorite and you didn’t know that? You’re better than that.” she says laughing still and placing a quick kiss on the blonde’s head. Raven and Octavia try to stifle their aw’s and instead share their googly eyes to each other.

“So who’s up for a game?” Clarke asks clearing the air.

“You guys sure do like your games, don’t you?” Costia asks, staring directly at Clarke. The blonde spots the blooming bruise above Costia’s collarbone and a surge of jealousy courses through her.

“What can I say Costia, it helps us weed out the weak.” Clarke says taking a sip from her drink and this time it’s Lexa’s eyes that widen.

“Clarke, maybe you should lay off the drinks for a bit.” Lexa says placing her hand on Clarke’s.

“Oh, I’m just getting started Commander.” and Clarke downs the rest of her drink while Costia raises hers in salute before doing the same.

“Oh this is going to be good.” Raven says.

“So what game shall we be playing this time?” Costia says her voice dripping in sarcasm.

“I don’t know private school why don’t you pick?” Raven says and Lexa arches her brow in question.

“Cat fight!” Bellamy yells.

“Stuff it Bell.” Lexa and Clarke yell back in unison and suddenly the air is lighter and the best friends exchange silent smiles that say far too much and yet is still ignored. Costia must pick up on
the moment because she grabs Lexa rather possessively and kisses her cheek, before sucking on her ear lobe in front of everyone and Clarke again is burning with jealousy at the sight of Costia treating her like a piece of meat.

“How about truth or dare?” Lincoln suggests and Lexa has never felt more relieved to have her brother there.

“My favorite.” Clarke says grabbing the bottle of tequila and taking a seat in the hot tub with the others trailing behind her.

They’re midway through the game when the questions start getting deeper and the dares even riskier. The blackmail gathered from the first half of the game alone is enough to scar each other for the rest of their lives.

“Clarke, truth or dare?” Octavia asks.

“Is that even a question O? Dare.” Octavia’s smirk should’ve been a dead giveaway to Clarke but instead she gulps down the rest of her drink and prepares herself for the worst.

“Clarke Griffin, I dare you to make out with Raven for…3 minutes.” Octavia says, lingering on the last ‘s’.

“O that’s my girlfriend!” Bellamy protests.

“Yeah your girlfriend that’s about to make out with a hot ass girl.” Raven says cross the hot tub toward the blonde.

“You sure you wanna do this Princess? You can always back out.” Raven teases.

“When has Clarke Griffin ever backed down from a dare?” the blonde says her voice dropping to a rather seductive decibel perking Lexa’s attention.

“Timer starts when lips tough.” Octavia sings.

“And they’re off!” Lincoln says when Clarke leans in first, her lips wrapping around Raven’s bottom lip. Raven moans and Clarke gets hungry for more, maybe it’s the tequila or the way a pair of soft lips feels on hers but she gets greedy. Clarke’s hands wrap around Raven’s waist, pulling the brunette so she was straddling her and Raven happily obliges, her nails digging into Clarke’s back eliciting a hungry moan from the girl beneath her.

Lexa’s jaw drops, literally drops as she watches her best friend get straddled by her teammate. There was something about the way Clarke clung to Raven that irks her. She knows that Clarke is straight, she’s never once shown interest in girls, besides their drunken kisses on dares or losing bets but that’s its. For all intents and purposes, Clarke was madly in lust (as she puts it) with Bellamy and before Bellamy it was another slew of boys.

“Time.” Octavia says. “Girls I said time!” and the two break apart and laugh at each other before settling down for the next round. “You know if I didn’t know any better I’d say you rather enjoyed that.” Octavia says nudging Clarke.

“Maybe I did.” a tipsy Clarke says and that’s what sets Lexa into jealousy mode and Clarke can’t help but feel pride seeing the look on her best friend’s face.
“Well I think I’ve had enough for today.” Costia says standing. “I’ve got to get back to meet my parents but it was great seeing you all again. You too Clarke.” Lexa stands meaning to walk her out but Costia waves her hand to dismiss her. “I’m good Lexa. My driver’s already out front. We’ll do this again.” Costia says pulling the brunette in for a lingering kiss, “perhaps without an audience next time.” and Costia leaves.

“Clarke a word.” Lexa says walking toward her house and Clarke obeys.

“How drunk are you?” Lexa asks shutting the patio door.

“Lexa I just made out with Reyes as if that isn’t any indication enough.” the blonde says, her words beginning to slur. “Why do you want a turn now?” Clarke teases playfully nudging her best friend.

“What if I do?”

“How drunk are you Lexa?”

“Drunk enough.” she wasn’t.
I'm sorry for the delay in update but I've been a bit busy and lack of inspiration really did its damage.

Enjoy!

TW: Alcohol

“Hey, Raven and I are heading out.” the two girls turn to find Octavia standing in the doorway. Lexa snaps out of her trance and goes outside to rejoin her friends. Octavia looks back to face Clarke and whistles, “Did I just interrupt something?”

“What? No, yes, I don’t know.” the blonde replies.

“Clarke…If you love her, you should tell her. Bellamy will be fine, you should just be true to yourself. No one can get mad at you for that.”

“Oh my God Bellamy…I completely forgot.”

“He’ll be fine.” the brunette nonchalantly replies just as Bellamy walks in.

“Hey babe,” the eldest Blake says walking in to grab a bottle of water, “what’re you guys talking about?”

“I was just saying goodbye to Clarke, I’m heading home.” Octavia leaves and it’s just Bellamy and Clarke.

“Something’s up Clarke. Do you wanna talk?” Bellamy asks taking a seat at the counter.

Clarke smiles and looks at him, really looks at him. She likes Bellamy a lot, they’ve known each other since grade school. Bell was older by a year but flunked sixth grade and was held back, hence why he’s in the same year as Octavia and her friends. A bully on the playground was picking on her and Lexa and Bellamy came to their rescue. That’s how they met Octavia too, who back then was quite shy though it might not seem like it now but ever since then Bellamy has basically been part of their group. It wasn’t until summer of their Junior year that Bellamy started to show an interest in Clarke and the rest is history. They’ve only been dating for a few months and Clarke still hasn’t felt that spark, but it’s Bellamy and the last thing she wants to do is hurt him.

“Just a lot on my mind is all.”

“Do you wanna talk about it? We haven’t really talked in awhile.”

Clarke’s buzz was wearing off and her courage was slowly faltering but the way Bellamy looks at her pushed her to go further. “Bellamy I think I want to break up.” Clarke braces herself for the fallout, waiting for her boyfriend to slam his fists on the countertop or walk out but he doesn’t neither. Instead she’s greeted by a pair of strong arms hugging her. “Um…Bell did you hear what I just said?”
“I did and it’s okay. You love Lexa don’t you?” he asks breaking their embrace.

“Wh- what?” Clarke asks trying to suppress an obvious smile and Bellamy laughs. “Bell it’s not funny!” Clarke hisses.

“I’m sorry! It’s just for someone who is so transparent, I don’t understand how you didn’t see it sooner, I mean even Octavia thinks so!”

“She’s the one who brought it up actually…”

“Listen Princess, in all seriousness, you know I care about you, you know I’m always going to care about you, no matter who you’re with. You and I had fun and I don’t regret it, I hope you don’t either.”

“Never, you’re too important to me,” Clarke says grabbing Bellamy for another hug, “and thank you.” Clarke says smiling against his chest.

“Always Princess.”

“Ugh can you two please get a room?” Lexa says emerging from the backyard her hands full of empty cups. “Also Bell, Lincoln’s asking if he can catch a ride from you.”

“Oh chill Commander, I was just leaving. Thanks for having us over and Clarke, keep me posted okay?” Bellamy winks at the girls and leaves leaving Lexa with a very confused look on her face.

“Please tell me you didn’t have sex in my kitchen…” Lexa groans.

“Do you really think I’d do that?” Clarke asks grabbing the cups from Lexa. Their fingers brush against each other and Clarke stiffens from the touch. Her eyes dart back to Lexa’s emerald green eyes and back down to their fingers and for a minute she thinks Lexa might be enjoying the contact too but she quickly pushes the thought aside and moves toward the dishwasher.

“Yes Clarke, I absolutely think that’s something you’d do.”

“Goes to show how much you know.” the blonde sneers.

“Clarke anytime you wanna take the stick out, please do.” Lexa bites back.

“Bellamy and I broke up.” the sound of glass shattering fills the air and Clarke turns to find Lexa standing behind her with shards of glass around her. “Lexa what the fuck?”

“I, sorry. I just spaced out a bit…” instinctively Lexa drops down to her knees to collect the pieces of glass.

Maybe she dropped the glass after finding out Bellamy and I broke up? What, no Griffin Lexa doesn’t see you that way.

“Lexa be careful you’re going to -" 

“FUCK!”

“Cut yourself…Lexa, shit that’s a lot of blood. Sit down.” Clarke hops over the mess on the floor and grabs a towel to wrap Lexa’s finger in. “Lexa…you’re not the clumsy one, I am.”

“I’m sorry Clarke, I guess I’m a bit more tipsy than I thought I was…”
“Drunk enough.” Clarke whispers.

“What did you say?” Lexa says snapping her head toward her best friend.

“Nothing…Just that you’re clearly drunk enough to drop glasses.” Nice save Griffin…NOT! Clarke instructs Lexa to keep pressure on the wound while she cleans up the mess and she can better assess her cut.

“I’m fine Clarke, you don’t need to take care of me.”

Clarke snorts, “That’s rich. You may be Commander on the field but you and I both know that you don’t do well with blood.”

“That’s not true…” Lexa whimpers and Clarke can’t help but smile at how adorable she is.

“It is so true! How you get through soccer injuries I have no idea, but I’m sure the baby blanket in your bag sure helps.”

“Clarke Griffin you promised never to speak of that!” Lexa hisses letting go of the towel in her hand and at the sight of the blood Lexa starts to feel light-headed and her blurry begins to spot. “Clarke… CLARKE.” she screams. Clarke turns around in time to save Lexa from falling off her stool and instinctively carries the girl, newlywed style, to the living room couch. Lexa’s out cold and Clarke doesn’t move to wake her, it’ll be easier for her to clean the wound while she’s out. The cut isn’t deep but it’s deep enough to cause so much blood and Clarke sighs looking at the rest of the kitchen that needs to be cleaned but she bandages Lexa and gets to work.

When Clarke’s finishes cleaning up, Lexa’s still asleep and although Clarke wants to talk to her, she lets her sleep and takes this as an opportunity to catch up on her sketching. Clarke runs upstairs to Lexa’s room to grab her sketchbook, she never goes anywhere without one, and settles on the couch across from the brunette. The sunlight creeping behind Lexa makes her glow. Her sun kissed skin is radiant and all Clarke wants to do is to capture that beauty in her sketch. She starts with her face, Lexa’s strong jaw structure protrudes and even asleep she looks confident, next Clarke focuses on her hair, trying to make it as detailed as possible with the braids woven in and out of her hair. Clarke watches the way Lexa’s chest rises and falls as she sleeps.

“She’s beautiful…” she whispers before dozing off into her own slumber.

When Lexa wakes up the sun is down, she’s on the couch and her finger is throbbing. She looks down and smiles at the rainbow band aid that Clarke must’ve put on her while she was out. She sits up slowly, her head still feeling a bit light-headed and finds her best friend sleeping across from her. Lexa tiptoes to the kitchen, her stomach growling as she pulls out the ingredients to make tacos for dinner. She hears Clarke stir and goes to check on her, but finds that Clarke’s only changed positions and doing so dropped the sketchbook. Lexa grabs a blanket and covers her best friend, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead and she swears that Clarke smiles from it. Lexa grabs the sketchbook and before she putting it away Clarke’s latest sketch grabs her attention. Her fingers trace the outline of her face and frowns when she realizes that Clarke stopped drawing at her shoulders, she makes a mental note to bring it up later, but for now dinner was waiting.

Dinner doesn’t take long to cook and when she’s done setting the table, Lexa finally decides to wake Clarke.

“Clarke, wake up.”

“Go away mom…”
“Clarke, it’s Lexa you idiot.” she says stooping down to get closer to the girl.

“Five more minutes.”

“Clarke, if you don’t get up right now, I’m going to eat your taco.” Lexa whispers in her ear and Clarke’s eyes are wide open. “Morning Princess, dinner’s waiting.” and Lexa pulls her up and drags her to the kitchen.

“Mexican, again?” Clarke groans taking a seat.

“You love when I make Mexican, Clarke.”

“I know, I’m just thinking we need to stay away from all things Mexican for awhile, especially tequila.”

“Oh I second that motion,” Lexa says making a taco and handing it to Clarke, “but for now, eat your damn food Griffin.”

The girls finish dinner and before Lexa can even ask, Clarke is already moving upstairs getting ready for bed. “I love that our friendship is of such few words sometimes.” Lexa says tossing a pair of pajamas toward Clarke.

“You love me.” Clarke says quickly changing and snuggling to her side of the bed.

“I suppose I do.” Lexa settles into bed and Clarke naturally drifts over to rest her head on Lexa’s chest, her other hand splaying across her stomach. “Clarke?”

“Hm?”

“Why did you and Bellamy break up?”

“It just wasn’t working.” Clarke says a little too quickly.

“Did you not love him?” Lexa asks, her heartbeat quickening. She squeezes her eyes shut, hoping Clarke doesn’t hear it.

“You know I don’t Lexa.” and she tries to ignore that Lexa’s heartbeat just picked up.

“Okay.”

“Okay.” Clarke tightens her grip on Lexa’s waist, pulling her in closer.

“Clarke?”

“Yes, Lexa.”

“I like Costia.”

“Okay.”

“Okay.” and Lexa tries tries to ignore that Clarke pulls her hand away.

The next few days at school go by and Clarke and Lexa rarely see each other except at night, which isn’t uncommon for them since Lexa has practice after school most days but when Thursday rolls around and the entire gang gets together for their weekly pizza/movie night and Lexa isn’t there, it
raises some concern.

“Where’s Lexa?” Octavia asks Clarke.

“No idea, haven’t heard from her since before practice.”

“Oh Commander has a date with Costia tonight, did she not tell you?” Raven says through a mouthful of pizza and Octavia shoots Clarke a look but the blonde ignores it and redirects her attention to the screen in search of a film to watch on Netflix.

“Yeah, I forgot she mentioned that…” Clarke mutters.

“So what movie are we watching?” Bellamy asks sporting two full bowls of popcorn with Lincoln trailing behind him.

“Something scary.” Clarke replies and no one questions as to why because everyone knows that Lexa hates scary movies.

Being with Costia is different. Lexa can’t quite explain it but there’s something that just draws her in. Costia pulls her in closer and Lexa can’t help but smile as she does, which is comforting considering they’re watching a scary film and Lexa hates them but they’re still in the early phases of dating and Costia promised her it wouldn’t be so bad, if only she knew how bad her nightmares got.

“Lexus Woods, the Commander, are you seriously closing your eyes?”

“I’m not, I’m just rubbing them, there’s something in them.” Lexa quips.

“It’s just a movie Lex, it’s not real.” The nickname doesn’t sit well with her, but Lexa tells herself it’s Costia’s way of being cute with her so she shrugs and eventually lets her hands fall from her eyes. “Oh this is the best part!” Costia’s eyes shine as the axe murderer on screen gets closer to his next victim and Lexa looks away but she wishes she could’ve shielded her ears too because the sound is enough to make her want to vomit.

“Wasn’t that awesome?” Costia asks shutting the laptop off and scooting closer to the other girl.

“Scary movies aren’t really thing but the girl playing the lead was pretty cute.”

“Oh you’ll learn to love them, I promise. Plus it just gives me a reason to cuddle up closer to you.” Costia smiles and Lexa remembers why she’s there, that smile and the girl it belongs to.

“You don’t need a movie as an excuse to cuddle up to me Costia.” her eyes flicker to her lips and back to the brown eyes next to her.

“But if I don’t get close to you, how can I do this…” Costia leans in, cupping the girl’s face every so gently before making her move. This kiss isn’t hurried, it isn’t chaste or desperate it’s soft and it leaves Lexa wanting more and more is exactly what she gets when she leans back in capturing Costia’s lips in her own.

Beep…beep beep…beep…beep beep…beep beep.

“Son of a bitch go away.” Clarke mutters answering her phone her eyes rolling

“Clarke…I…Can’t…Breathe…Clarke…”
“Lexa?” Clarke shoots out of bed and scrambles to get her keys. She’s already in her car and halfway to Lexa’s when Clarke hears her voice again.

“Clarke…Help…Clarke…I…Can’t…”

“Hey baby just breathe. Lexa, listen to my voice okay? Listen.” she’s met by silence on the other end so she knows it’s starting to work. “That’s it pretty girl, just listen. You’re going to breathe with me okay? I want you to put your hand on your heart, feel it beating? You’re alive, you’re there. Now breathe with me, three seconds in through your nose.” Clarke can hear the girl on the other end taking in short shallow breaths, her heart breaks for her but thankfully she’s already pulling into Lexa’s driveway. Clarke uses her spare key to get in and runs upstairs to her room.

“Clarke?” Lexa’s eyes dart to the blonde bursting through her room sporting her glow in the dark boxers and a black tank top.

“Lexa, I’m here. Come here.” Clarke slides into bed next to her best friend, pulling her in close and Lexa doesn’t fight it. Her breathing is still sporadic but it’s starting to even out and Clarke tells herself it’s not because of her. “Lexa look at me.” Clarke puts space between them so she’s not sitting cross-legged across from her. She takes the panicking girl’s hand and places it over her heart, meanwhile placing her hand over Lexa’s heart. “Do you feel that?”

Lexa nods and tries to ignore Clarke’s rising heartbeat.

“Breathe with me. In two three, out two three.” Clarke can feel Lexa’s heartbeat slowly being to pulse normally and they repeat the breathing exercise a few more times until the room is so silent they can practically hear each other’s heartbeats. Clarke breaks first laying down on her side of the bed, patting the spot next to her for Lexa to follow. The blonde opens her arms and Lexa immediately snuggles into her, laying her head over Clarke’s heart. Her favorite place in the whole wide world.

“I can’t believe you still have those glow in the dark boxers.”

“Shush you, I came right over.” Clarke says playfully slapping the girl’s arm. Silence falls over them again, the sound of Clarke’s heartbeat begins to lull Lexa to sleep but the sudden beat increase shakes her awake.

“Clarke? What’s wrong?” Lexa asks propping her head up on her elbow to get a better look at her best friend.

“Why didn’t you tell me you had a date with Costia tonight?” it was almost a whisper but Lexa could still hear.

“I, honestly it slipped my mind…I’m sorry I missed movie night.”

“She’s important to you right?” Clarke asks propping herself up to meet Lexa eye-to-eye. “If she’s important to you, then I want you to be able to talk to me about her. I’m your best friend after all…”

“Clarke…Of course you’re my best friend. I’m sorry. I never meant to make you feel otherwise.” the moonlight from outside is shining onto Clarke’s face and the pools of blue in her eyes are deeper than she’s used to seeing them, they’re breathtaking. “I’ve never really dated you know? I think I might really like her and I just, I don’t know. I don’t know how to be someone’s girlfriend.”

“So you’re her girlfriend.”

“I don’t know? I mean we’ve talked every single day since the party and I know it’s only been a
week or so but she asked me out, she made the first move tonight and I don’t know. I just really
don’t want to mess this up.” Lexa’s rambling and even though it was about Costia, it still makes
Clarke smile.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Okay, but you talk to me from now on, promise?”

“I promise Clarke.” Clarke smiles and presses a kiss to Lexa’s forehead before turning over to face
the wall, the tears stinging her eyes but she curses under her breath for them to go away. Then she
feels Lexa’s arms wrapping around her waist, her body pressing into her own and she relaxes into
the girl behind her.

“Good night Clarke.”

“Good night Lexa.”

When morning breaks, Clarke is gone.

Lexa slams her locker shut and leans against it waiting for the rest of her friends to show up to walk
to class. She’s already two classes into the day and she’s anxious to speak to Clarke. She takes her
phone out and decides to call Clarke out on leaving without a word that morning.

Lexa (11:10am): You were gone this morning.

Clarke (11:11am): I know, I’m sorry. I had to run home and grab my books before school.

Lexa (11:11am): That’s perfectly fine Clarke. I thought I upset you. I’m sorry about last night.

Clarke (11:12am): Of course, that’s what best friends are for right?

Lexa smiles, Clarke didn’t even know why she had a panic attack last night but it didn’t matter to
her. Clarke’s her best friend and she’d always come running if Lexa needed her and that was enough
for her.

Clarke’s rounding the corner, Octavia and Raven are behind her and the smile that radiates from
Clarke’s face the second she sees Lexa is undeniably amazing.

“Hey best friend.” Clarke says her perfect blonde waves bouncing as she makes her way to hug
Lexa. “Sorry about this morning.” she whispers in her ear, just loud enough for her to hear and Lexa
squeezes her waist letting her know it’s okay.

“Get a room you two.” Octavia drones and Raven just snickers behind them as the four make their
way to Chemistry. The girls gather at their shared lab desk, preparing for that day’s lecture when a
substitute teacher walks in and declares she’ll be showing a film instead. The film was dull,
explaining what happens during chemical reactions, needless to say neither of the four girls were
paying much attention.

“So you guys coming over tonight?” Raven asks keeping her voice low.

“What’s tonight?” Lexa asks.
“I’ve got the house to myself, thought I’d give you and the Blake’s a break from hosting for once. Small get together, just us and the guys. Costia’s welcome to come too Lex—ouch!” Raven shoots a glare toward Octavia who’s shaking her head in disagreement. “What did I do?”

“You were kicking my chair.”

“I wasn’t kicking anything you asshole.” Rave hisses back.

“I don’t have a game tonight, I’ll see if Costia’s up for it.”

“And if she isn’t?” Octavia asks but the way she asks sounds a bit more challenging than anything.

“And if she isn’t, I’ll still be there?”

“Good answer Commander.” Raven teases. “Clarke, you’re coming right? And it won’t be too awkward with you and Bell right? I mean I can uninvited him if you want…”

“Don’t be ridiculous Raven. Bell and I are good.” The bell rings before Raven can ask what else happened but the look she gets from Clarke just confirms what she already knows. “So on or off campus for lunch today?” Clarke asks the girls.

“I’m fine with whatever.” Octavia replies, Raven nods her head in agreement. Lexa on the other hand is silent, her eyes glued to her phone.

“Earth to Commander, anybody in there?” Raven asks knocking her hand lightly on Lexa’s head.

“Reyes I swear I will make you run the entire length of practice if you ever touch me like that again.” Lexa replies, her eyes still glued to her phone.

“Easy Commander, just trying to get your input on lunch.”

“Lunch? Oh, sorry. I don’t care. Actually Costia’s asked that I meet her for coffee. I’m gonna head to do that. I’ll see you guys after school okay?” Lexa kisses Clarke on the cheek rather quickly before leaving the trio.

“So I can take it you haven’t told her.” Octavia chimes.

“I can’t. I can’t tell her.”

“Why not Griffin? You’re single now.”

“She likes Costia, like, likes likes her. She’s so nervous about ruining it with her, it’s actually pretty cute.”

“You know what would be pretty cute? If these two best friends that I know would stop fighting the sexual tension between them and just kiss.” Octavia replies.

“In all fairness O, you’re the one who set the two up.” Raven chimes in, creating more knots in Clarke’s stomach.

“She doesn’t think of me that way.”

“Says who?”

“Says me, can we just drop it please?” it’s clear that Clarke’s getting heated and Lexa not joining them for lunch is probably playing a factor as well. The two other girls do their best not to bring up
Lexa or Costia for the reminder of the day and hopefully they’ll be able to steer clear of it during Raven’s party, but the odds of that were pretty slim.

“Hey Lex.” Costia’s says pressing a quick kiss on the girl’s lips before settling into the booth next to her. “Thanks for meeting me for coffee.”

“Of course. Two days in a row, I’m surprised you’re not sick of me yet.” Lexa teases.

“I don’t think I could ever tire of you to be honest.” the red rushes to her face and Lexa does her best to hide it but Costia catches her and pulls her closer to her. “You’re quite adorable when you do that.”

Lexa makes the first move leaning in to capture her lips, she thinks she could kiss them forever.

“So…tonight.”

“What’s tonight darling?” Costia asks.

“Raven’s having the gang over, she wanted me to let you know you’re welcome to come.”

“You guys sure do party a lot.”

“What? That’s not true?” Lexa tries to hide the fact that Costia might be right, but they were in high school. They all work hard, they all deserve a little fun.

“Well you can count me out for this one. A few of my friends are going to a horror film festival, I actually was going to invite you but seeing as you have other plans…”

“I’m sorry Costia. I already told Raven I’d be there, maybe next time yeah? I’d like to meet some of your friends.”

“Of course Lex, they’re dying to meet you too.”

Clarke and Lexa are the last ones to arrive at Raven’s, the rest of their friends were already two drinks in and Clarke was eager to get caught up.

“Ease up Clarke, we just got here.” Lexa nudges her as she downs her second shot in ten minutes.

“Loosen up Commander, it’s Friday night.” Clarke replies handing a shot to her best friend. “Where’s Costia tonight?” Lexa winces at the after taste of what she’s assuming is some cheap whiskey but she takes it down like a champ, sans a chaser. “She’s with her friends tonight. Some film festival.”

“Well her loss is my gain. Come on, let’s get everyone together for a game.” Clarke says grabbing Lexa’s hand and dragging her to the living room. Raven’s home isn’t as extravagant as everyone else’s, it is just her and her mother after all, but it’s home.

“Commander, glad you could make it and flying solo I see?” Raven teases shooting Clarke a wink.

“I’ve got Clarke, I’m never solo Reyes.” Lexa retorts.

“So who’s up for a game?” Clarke yips. Leave it to Clarke to always get the party started, her competitive nature is something everyone admires.
“Nothing that requires too much effort please, I’d like to relax.” Octavia says subtly leaning into Lincoln’s shoulder.

“Spin the bottle?” Jasper suggests walking into the room, his signature goggles glued to his head with Monty behind him.

“I thought this was a small get together…” Lexa whispers to Raven.

“Word might have gotten out that I was having some people over…” she mutters and suddenly a few more people are walking in behind Monty and Jasper, bottles in hand and clearly ready to party.

“That’s definitely more than a few…” Lexa whispers under her breath and Clarke’s hand is over hers squeezing it tight. Clarke mouths ‘what’s wrong?’ and Lexa dismisses it with a shake of her head and a sip of her drink.

“Well the more the merrier!” Raven exclaims. “We’re playing spin the bottle, if anyone’s interested!” Reyes says to room garnering some attention from a few newcomers. Music is flowing through the room, the party slowly underway and before they know it there’s a circle in the middle of the room with a game of spin the bottle about to get started.

“Are we seriously going to play spin the bottle?” Octavia asks, seeming a bit irked and Clarke can only wonder why but when she sees him eye Lincoln she understands and chuckles to herself.

“No one said you had to play O.” her brother teases next to her.

“Shut up Bell, spin the damn bottle already Raven.”

Raven smiles a devious grin, Lincoln sits to her left, followed by Lexa, Monty, Echo and Jasper. To her right sits Gustus, next is Octavia, Bellamy and Clarke sits center next to Jasper.

“Last chance for anyone to back out.” Raven flirts, eyes flitting to each person in the group.

“Oh come on just spin already.” Bellamy replies and before others can chime in, Raven spins the empty bottle of tequila and it lands on Jasper. There’s disappointment in Raven’s eyes but still she’s a good sport while Jasper’s all too eager to get a kiss. Raven crawls across the circle, grabbing Jasper by the face, leaning in for a kiss on the lips but last minute changes her mind and places a quick kiss on his cheek.

“Oh come on Raven!” Jasper exclaims.

“Sorry Jasper.” Raven laughs. Jasper ignores her and takes his turn, the bottle landing on Clarke. “YES!” Jasper cheers fist pumping.

“Wow Jasper, try to show a little class will you?” Clarke drawls before quickly place a quick kiss opposite the cheek Raven did previously.

“Seriously? Cheek action, that’s all I’m worth?” Jasper pouts and leaves the circle, muttering something about a refill and everyone bursts out laughing. Clarke was up and while everyone else is taking turns at joking on Jasper her eyes were only on Lexa. She loves watching her laugh, the way her eyes just seemed to burst with light, it was intoxicating. Lexa was intoxicating.

“Griffin, you’re up.” Bellamy says nudging her out of her gaze. Clarke’s heart is pounding, her palms are sweaty as she reaches for the bottle, she spins it lightly hoping it’ll land on anyone but Lexa. She knows that if it does she won’t be able to hold back and God did that scare her.
Clarke never had much luck to begin with. The neck of the bottle is pointing to Lexa and there are a few chuckles from the group.

“Pucker up Clarke.” Octavia teases.

Clarke gulps so loud she’s sure Lexa’s heard it. Her heart’s in overdrive and she swears she’s about to lose it but then Lexa crawls toward her and she feels all the tension in her body dissipate. Lexa crawls over, she knows it’s not meant to be seductive but with her eyebrows arched the way they are and her tank top hanging too loose and dangerously low that she can see her bra, Clarke is all sorts of turned on. Clarke licks her lips and she can’t help but notice that Lexa does the same.

“You okay Princess?” Lexa asks.

“She seems to be doing more than okay.” Raven teases.

Maybe it’s the shots of whiskey that are already clouding her head, but Clarke wastes no time in saying what she says next, “Fucking kiss me already Commander.” and she swears there’s a fire in those green eyes before their lips meet. Kissing Lexa isn’t anything new, they’ve kissed plenty of times, practicing on each other growing up, sharing their first kiss because at the time boys were gross and they wanted their first kiss to be with their best friend.

Her lips taste like whiskey and vanilla, Lexa always did love Clarke’s lip balm. The kiss was short but Clarke didn’t care, she sits back, the taste of Lexa still lingering on her lips and she can’t fight back the smile that comes with it. “Not bad Princess.” Lexa teases taking her place back into the circle.

“We both know I’m the best kisser you’ve ever had.” Clarke teases back raising her glass in salute and Lexa rolls her eyes before spinning the bottle.

Lexus was really the one who held all the luck between the two.

The bottle lands on the beautiful blonde across from her and Octavia’s excitement can hardly be contained. “YOU GUYS HAVE TO KISS WITH TONGUE!” she squeals and everyone looks at her like she’s done something crazy.

“Wow O, if I didn’t know any better I’d say you’re a little too excited to see two girls kiss.” Lincoln sneers and Octavia shoots him a glare that makes him knows he’ll be paying for it later.

“Rules are rules, right?” Clarke says already halfway toward Lexa.

“Neither of us were ever sticklers for rules Princess, you know that.”

“Shut up Commander.” Clarke whispers against her lips, her hands ghosting along her waist, pulling her in. Lexa’s tongue traces Clarke’s bottom lip and she does her best not to moan at the touch. Lexa grips her harder, one hand tangled in the blonde locks, the other at Clarke’s waist. Lexa’s tongue make its way into Clarke’s mouth and this time Clarke isn’t able to stifle the moan that erupts from her throat as the taste of Lexa fills her mouth. She tells herself Lexa isn’t enjoying it, that it’s just a game but Clarke can’t help but have hope so she pushes her tongue into Lexa’s mouth, playing the same game Lexa was just doing and when she pulls away she makes sure to bite her bottom lip just a bit. Just enough to make sure she leaves her wanting more.

“Whoa.” Monty says his eyes wide, still reeling from what everyone’s just witnessed.
“Holy shit, it’s getting hot in here,” Raven says pretending to fan herself.

Clarke looks at Lexa, unsure of what her reaction will be but she looks just as turned on and just as out of breath as Clarke is.

“Hey, you okay?” Clarke asks her hand cupping Lexa’s cheek.

“I’m fine. I just need to get some air. Getting a little claustrophobic in here for my liking. Excuse me everyone.” Lexa rises grabbing her drink in the process and excuses herself to the patio.

“If I didn’t know any better I’d say Commander liked that kiss a little too much…” Raven says and silence falls amongst the group.

“I’d say Clarke liked it too.” Octavia adds.

“I knew it!” Monty exclaims, his face lighting up. Clarke turns to face the group her eyes narrowing.

“Did everyone seriously know before I did?” and she’s met with silent nods and downcast eyes. “Fuck…” she whispers before going after Lexa.

When Clarke goes outside to be with Lexa she doesn’t quite know what to expect but then she sees her and everything feels right. She takes a seat next to her best friend and stares out into the abyss of whatever Lexa’s staring at too. They enjoy the silence while the party rages on behind them.

“We don’t have to talk about it.” Clarke says breaking the silence first.

“I feel like I cheated…” Lexa mutters.

“Did it feel wrong kissing, kissing me?”


“Oh...Are you two…official?” Clarke asks, her stomach tying itself into knots anticipating the answer.

“I, I don’t know. How am I supposed to know? Was I supposed to ask her? What if she doesn’t want to be my girlfriend? Fuck Clarke, I hate dating." 

“Hey, hey, relax.” Clarke drapes her arm around Lexa and despite their height difference, Lexa sinks into her wrapping her arms around Clarke’s waist. “Lexa Woods anyone would be incredibly lucky to call you theirs. You are kind, you are beyond intelligent and you’re hot. I mean come on, you’re a catch.”

“That’s some bar you’re setting Clarke.”

Clarke pulls aways, grabbing Lexa by the shoulders and forcing the girl to look at her. “In all seriousness Lexa, you are amazing. You are so beautiful and everything you do, you do with such purpose. You’re this rock hard girl, with a soft heart and if Costia can’t see past the exterior, to the wonderful person that’s inside, that she doesn’t deserve you. But I’m telling you, anyone would be so lucky to have you. I know I would be." 

Clarke sees the tears welling up in Lexa’s eyes, she does her best to ignore it, knowing full well that Lexa hates showing any sort of weak emotion like that. Except it’s Clarke and she knows she’s safe.
“Too bad you’re not into girls Clarke. You and I, we’d be perfect.” Lexa laughs pulling her best friend in for a hug.

*Now’s your chance Griffin, tell her! Tell her!*

Lexa pulls away and when Clarke opens her mouth to say confess her feelings, Lexa’s pulling out her phone and dialing Costia’s number. “Thanks Clarke, you always know what to say. I’ll be back.” and Lexa walks away to speak to Costia.

“Fuck…” Clarke whispers and by the time Lexa returns, Clarke’s back inside lining up shots of whiskey.

An alarm is going off somewhere and Clarke just isn’t having it this morning. She reaches out beside her and slams her hand down, hoping to destroy the mechanism that’s beeping but instead her hand meets nothing but air.

“What the fuck…” she mumbles trying to sit up and adjust to the light in the room. She blinks a few times, trying to wake herself up, she’s in Raven’s room which would explain the nonexistent bedside table, thinking she was back home. Her head is spinning and her throat is dry, her hangover was going to be a complete bitch that day. She sank back into the bed, shutting her eyes and willing herself back to sleep.

It isn’t until she feels the hand softly brushing up against her bare stomach that she realizes that someone’s next to her. She peeks beneath the sheets and that’s when it hits her.

She is a very naked Clarke in bed with a very naked Raven. 

*Fuck.*
Clarke’s eyes are wide with horror at the image of her naked body and Raven’s intertwined with hers. She covers herself up again, head leaning back against the pillow and shuts her eyes trying to recall what happened last night. The only thing she remembers is lining up the shots of whiskey after her talk with Lexa and then…nothing. That’s it. The rest is a hazy blur. Except...

“What’s wrong Princess?” Raven asks taking a seat on the love seat next to Clarke.

“Nothing.” the blonde replies taking another swig from her beer.

“You really should slow down Princess.”

“Can you not Raven? I’m fine, I’ve been alternating glasses of water in between drinks.”

“I’m just looking out for you Clarke. Drowning your sorrows isn’t the best way to handle this, you know that. Plus you might do something you regret.”

Clarke eyes the girl and maybe it’s the whiskey but she’s looking at Raven with lust-filled eyes and before she knows it, her body’s reacting before her mind can catch up. Raven’s taken by surprise when Clarke leans in and places a sloppy kiss on her lips and Clarke’s hands go to cup Raven’s face.

“Clarke. Not that I don’t love a great make out sesh with a beautiful girl, but you’re drunk and you’re not thinking straight.” Raven says pulling away.

“That’s exactly right. I’m not thinking straight.” Clarke says leaning in for another kiss and Raven leans back so Clarke misses. “Raven, seriously?”

Raven takes a look at Clarke, she’s definitely seen her in worse shape but she didn’t feel right taking advantage of the situation. “Clarke, we shouldn’t do this.”

Clarke’s laughing recalling an embarrassing Jasper moment she must’ve missed earlier during the party and Raven loves that Clarke seems to be more like herself. Raven trips over an empty beer bottle on the ground and she stumbles, her back hitting the wall and Clarke steadies her at the waist. Raven’s dark almond eyes flicker from Clarke’s lips to her eyes and back again to her lips, licking hers and biting her bottom lip. Raven grabs Clarke’s shirt at the hem and pulls her in, their lips barely touching, Raven looks at Clarke again seeking permission and the blonde’s subtle lean in is all she needs before making her move.

Clarke kisses her slow at first but Raven’s tongue is telling her she wants more. A groan erupts in Raven’s mouth and she can feel her core aching. Clarke takes this as her cue and grabs Raven’s hands placing them above her head against the wall. Clarke kisses her again just slightly on the side of her lips making her way to the brunette’s neck. Raven arches away giving Clarke better access as
she continues to pepper kisses up and down her neck, stopping at her pulse point to bite her softly. A whimper escapes Raven’s lips wanting more. She breaks free of Clarke’s hold and grabs her roughly for a kiss and sucking on her bottom lip.

“You sure about this Clarke?” Raven whispers against her lips. The blue eyes burn into hers and she can see the lust filling them. Raven nods and pulls Clarke to her room. Somewhere between the few steps it takes to get to Raven’s room, Clarke’s shirt and Raven’s shorts were lost along the way. Raven looks at Clarke, ready to devour her as she sheds Clarke’s shorts and panties, pushing her down onto her bed.

Clarke’s eyes rake over the girl who is now straddling her, running her hands up and down the brunette’s thighs who at some point shed her panties as well. Clarke bucks her hips, her body wanting more contact, more friction and Raven shoots her a smug look before slowly taking her shirt off, feeling Clarke’s blue wonders taking in her toned body.

“You’re staring Princess.”

“I’m taking in what I’ve been missing out on for years.” she teases, running her hands up and down Raven’s abs.

“Well buckle up Princess, you’re in for a lot more than just toned stomachs.”

“I think I can handle it.” she flirts back and maybe she should’ve been a bit more prepared because when Raven unclasps her bra, Clarke’s a deep shade of red and her hands immediately fly to the hardened nipples, rolling them between her fingers. Raven lets out a low moan, her wetness dripping onto Clarke and the blonde smirks, tightening her grip on Raven just a little harder.

“Fuck Clarke…” Raven yells, throwing her head back and grinding into Clarke.

“Raven…you are so wet.”

“Less talking, I need you now.” Raven gasps grinding down again and this time it’s Clarke’s wetness that she feels and she shudders at the idea that she did this to her. In one swift motion Clarke reverses their position, putting her on top of Raven as she takes her own bra off and dangles herself over the brunette, giving her access to suck her perky breasts and Raven is more than happy to oblige.

While Raven makes with her mouth, Clarke’s left hand is scratching up and down Raven’s thigh, getting closer and closer to where the girl wants her the most. The closer she gets to her core, the harder Raven bites at her chest and they’re both whimpering in want. “I want to do you first.” Raven says licking Clarke’s now hardened nipples with soft strokes and Clarke nods.

Raven lays Clarke down, brushing the hair out of her face and kisses Clarke, there’s nothing but lust behind it and both of them are fully okay with it, aware that this arrangement was purely out of want. Raven kisses her way from Clarke’s lips down to her navel before licking and placing hicckeys on her hips. Clarke arches her body toward her, wanting more than just kisses and Raven is happy to give her what she wants.

She runs her fingers through Clarke’s wet folds, finally getting to truly feel just how badly Clarke wants this and Raven almost comes undone at the touch. Clarke gasps her name and Raven smiles at the fact that Clarke would definitely not be a quiet one and she loved it. Raven runs small circles on Clarke’s clit, picking up the pace when Clarke’s breathing steadies and slowing down when it gets heavier. “Fuck Raven, please.”
Ravens thrusts a single digit into Clarke, letting the girl below her get used to the feeling before adding another. Clarke’s walls squeeze around Raven and she knows the girl is close, all her teasing must’ve done the job right. The brunette picks up the pace, letting her fingers come in and out mid-knuckle before thrusting into her harder, her thumb subtly brushing up against Clarke’s clit every so often. Clarke’s getting louder with every thrust, ready to come undone and when Raven swipes her thumb against her again she releases the buildup she’s been holding onto since her kiss with Lexa. The air is filled with Clarke’s moans of ‘fucks and gods yes’ and Raven slows down, letting Clarke come down from her high before sidling up next to the girl bringing her in for an embrace.

“Holy fuck.” Clarke says her eyes still shut and her breathing trying to stabilize.

“I’ll say Princess.” Raven says sucking the rest of Clarke off her fingers.

“How could you date guys after being with a girl?” Clarke asks jokingly.

“I ask myself that every single time I sleep with a girl.” Ravens laughs propping herself up by her elbow to look at Clarke. “Clarke, we’re going to be okay right?”

Clarke turns to face her, she racks her brain knowing she has to be very careful of what she says next. “Nothing’s going to change. I promise. You and I, we both know what this is. I’m okay with it as long as you are.” Clarke holds her breath waiting for a response and when Raven smiles, she knows that everything is going to be okay.

“My lips are sealed Princess.”

“Good, but maybe you can open them up for what we’re about to do next. I know you’re a screamer Reyes.” Clarke says shooting her a wink before getting on top.

Clarke replays her night with Raven over and over again and she doesn’t realize she’s turned on until Raven pokes out from underneath the covers.

“Clarke?”

“Morning sunshine.”

“You still have no regrets?”

“I’m not going to lie, I woke up and freaked out for a second but no, no regrets.”

“Good, me too.” the brunette replies, rolling onto her stomach. “I actually wouldn’t mind if it happened again to be honest…”

Clarke raise a brow and she can feel her core aching for more but she didn’t know how Raven would take it.

“The feeling’s mutual Raven.” and Clarke smiles before bringing Raven back up to her lips, guiding her hand to her wetness.

“Here we go again.” Raven laughs before giving in to the girl beneath her.

Lexa doesn’t know why she’s so nervous. She’s standing outside of Lexa’s house, bagels and coffee in hand. She doesn’t know how she’s going to react, she doesn’t know if she’s going to even want to be hers, but all Lexa knows is she wants to be hers. Taking a deep breath, Lexa finally presses the doorbell and it was barely five seconds before someone answers the door.
“Good morning Miss Woods.” a butler answers the door.

“Good morning, um…”

“Vincent.” the man answers.

“Good morning Vincent, is Costia available?”

“Yes ma’am, she’s in her room.” the butler bows and gestures toward the staircase and Lexa smiles and bows her head slightly to thank him. Lexa knocks softly on Costia’s door, waiting to hear if there’s some movement on the other side.

“Come in.” Costia replies and when she sees Lexa standing in her doorway a small smile appears, but the girls looks a bit frustrated.

“Hey, I hope this is okay.” Lexa says gesturing to herself showing up without notice.

“Of course it’s okay. I just wish I had a bit of fair warning, but I suppose that’s the whole point of a surprise isn’t it?” Costia says walking toward Lexa to give her a kiss.

“I suppose so.” Lexa says blushing at the contact. “You look frustrated, do you want me to go?”

“What? Oh no. I’m just having a little trouble with my studies and I have a dinner with my parents and other Yale alums tonight. I’m just a bit nervous is all.”

“You know I love how determined you are,” Lexa says coming to wrap her arms around Costia who has resumed her seat at her desk, “you are so driven and I have no doubt that you’re going to wow those people tonight.”

“You are far too sweet Lex.”

“It’s not hard to be with you.” she says trying to hide her blush. “Costia, I wanted to ask you something…”

“Hm?” the girl asks taking a sip of her coffee.

“Are we…Are we dating? Because you’re the only person I’m with and I know it sounds so juvenile that we even need to have this conversation and I know it’s only been a few weeks but we’ve been out a few times and we talk all the time and…I just want to know.”

Smooth Lexa, so fucking smooth.

“Lex, don’t be ridiculous of course we’re dating.” Costia says turning to face the girl and kiss her cheek. “I’ve already told my parents about you as well. I was actually hoping you’d come to dinner some time this week to meet them.”

“Really?” Lexa asks her eyes wide in surprise.

“Yes, really,” Costia chuckles, “I’ve got to get back to my essay but you’re welcome to stay if you’d like? I could use the company.”

“There’s nothing I’d rather be doing more than that.” Lexa says giving Costia a quick kiss on her lips before pulling a book out of her bag and posting up on her bed.

“Thank you Lexa.”
Anytime Costia.

It’s close to dinner time when Lexa finally leaves, Costia finished her essay with help from her girlfriend and she even quizzed her on Yale history in the event that some alums asked her any questions that evening. The rest of the afternoon was spent cuddling and kissing the way new couples often do. After leaving Costia’s, Lexa felt great. So great that she neglected her phone and any messages she may have gotten. It isn’t until she gets home that she finally checks to see if she has anything and to her surprise, she actually has nothing. Not a single missed call or message, not even from Clarke. She finds it odd and is about to dial Clarke’s number when she’s interrupted by her mother walking into the kitchen to greet her.

“Hello Alexandria.”

“Oh, hello mother. I wasn’t expecting you back already, where’s father?”

“Already back at the office, how was your week?”

“It was great, we missed you here though.” Lexa smiles going to hug her mom.

“We missed you two as well. Where’s your brother?”

“Probably at the Blake’s. He’s been spending some time with Octavia.” Lexa teases.

“Lincoln would do well to spend time with someone like her. She’ll help him break out of his shell.” she teases back and Lexa laughs. “How about you dear? Seeing anyone?” Lexa can tell her mom’s hinting at something and if it weren’t for social media she probably wouldn’t have known.

“Actually…I…have a girlfriend.” Lexa exhales feeling the weight lifted off of her shoulders. Her parents never had an issue with her being gay but she’s never had a proper girlfriend either.

“Is it Clarke?” her mother asks a bit too quick on draw for Lexa’s liking.

“No mother, Clarke’s straight, we’ve been over this.” Lexa replies rather annoyed and her mother sighs heavily muttering something under her breath. “Her name is Costia. Costia Hielo.”

This catches her mom’s attention who puts her iPad down. “Hielo, as in the Hielo Group, Hielo?”

“That’s the one.” Lexa says as she tosses an apple back and forth.

“Her family owns of the top law firms in the country Alexandria, I might be quick to jump the gun here but that sounds like a match made in heaven. She’s a very appropriate person to date.”

“Yes mother.” Lexa rolls her eyes because as nonchalant as her mother is, she still hates that status in the corporate world was still important to her. It’s not the Lexa didn’t want to follow in her parents’ footsteps in becoming a lawyer, it’s just that she wanted to do it in her own way. She wants to be an environmental lawyer, serving and protecting the Earth, not a corporate lawyer like her parents. But knowing that her mother approves of her choice in a girlfriend did make her feel better. Perhaps they’ll overlook the fact that she doesn’t plan on pursuing corporate law when she goes to college. Lexa gets up, ready to head back to her room before her mother calls out to her again.

“Alexandria, will you please set a date this week for us to have dinner with Costia, it’s polite to do so. And lets set aside a time to discuss your college choices, okay? You need to be applying soon.”
“Yes mother.” she drawls.

“And Alexandria?” Lexa pauses waiting for her mother to continue “I’m happy for you dear.” and Lexa smiles before retreating to her room.

Clarke leaves Raven’s after rounds two, three and four and she honestly has never felt better, it isn’t until she realizes that Lexa drove the night before and she now has to walk back home. The walk isn’t too far, a solid mile at least but it was chillier than usual for November and she can feel the goosebumps creeping up her legs. She hugs her arms to keep herself warm the walk home seeming almost unbearable. She stops and debates calling Lexa, she knows the girl would come if she called but there was a part of her that didn’t want to so she keeps walking. When she gets home Clarke is relieved to see her parents are home, after the night and day she’s had she wants nothing more than to relax in the tub. She gets to her room and starts to undress but when she hears movement in her bathroom she grabs her robe and the bat next to her bed.

When she gets closer she sees light shining from the other side and what sounds like water sloshing around. She grabs her phone, dialing 911 and ready to dial when the door opens and Lexa emerges in her robe.

“LEXA WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!” Clarke screams dropping the bat.

“Clarke! I’m so sorry!” Lexa squeals taking a step back.

“Lexa what are you doing here?” It wasn’t uncommon for either girl to show up unannounced at each other’s home but after a whole day without talking, Clarke wasn’t prepared to come home to a robe-wearing Lexa.

“I, I’m sorry. I’ll go.” Lexa says turning back into the bathroom dropping her robe, revealing her white lace bra and matching bottoms. Clarke swallows hard and shakes herself to focus before Lexa dresses herself.

“No, Lexa. Stay, I’m sorry. I just wasn’t expecting you."

“I’m sorry Clarke but really it’s okay. I’ll just go.”

Clarke’s frustrated, she doesn’t understand why this is so hard or why there’s so much tension between them but she pushes those thoughts aside as she moves toward her best friend to comfort her. “Hey, I’m sorry. I was just startled that’s all. I promise. I want you to stay, you should stay.” Clarke says in her softest voice, bringing her arms to wrap around Lexa’s waist.

Lexa relaxes at the touch and sinks into her best friend. Her rock. Clarke would always be there for her. “My parents are back and they want to talk about my future.” Lexa says intertwining her hands with Clarke’s.

“Is that why you’re here?” Lexa nods pointing towards the tub that comfortable seats two, that’s already filled with bubbles and the faint scent of vanilla in the air.

“I brought your favorite bath salts and you know how much I love your tub over mine.” Lexa says in all seriousness and Clarke laughs.

“This is true, your tub only fits one.”
“Still doesn’t stop us, now does it?” Clarke says scrunching her nose. “Go on and get in. I’ll join you in a second okay?” Lexa nods as she unclips her bra and slides out of her underwear, Clarke tries her hardest not to stare but she can’t not look at her. It’s nothing she hasn’t seen before but after discovering her feelings for the girl, she knew it was wrong to look. When Lexa settles herself into the tub she clears her throat to let Clarke know she’s decent. Clarke turns and drops her robe, revealing her tight black boy shorts and black bra. Clarke turns, keeping her head down to not meet Lexa’s eyes in the mirror. She feels the green eyes on hers and she’s suddenly nervous fiddling with the clasp of her bra.

“Clarke, you okay?” Lexa asks.

“What, yeah. I hate this bra, the clasp always gets me caught up.” she laughs nervously knowing that Lexa will offer to help and sure enough she hears the water sloshing and can feel Lexa’s presence moving toward her in the water.

“Come here you goof.” Lexa laughs easily flicking Clarke’s bra off and the blonde’s breath hitches, wishing it was always Lexa there to undress her. Lexa settles back into the tub and turns around to light candles, because what bubble bath isn’t complete without candles? Clarke shimmies out of her underwear and joins Lexa in the tub.

“What’d you do today? I haven’t heard from you since last night.”

“Last night?” Clarke asks, her pulse quickening.

“Yeah, you texted me saying you were crashing at Raven’s. Anything happen?”

“Princess would you relax? I’m just asking if anything fun happened.”

“I slept with Raven. I’m into girls and not just any girl, but you.

“Nothing out of the ordinary. Spent the rest of the day there, Netflix, the usual. How about you Commander, I wasn’t the only one MIA today.” she asks splashing the brunette.

“I surprised Costia with breakfast. Just hung out and we um…we defined our relationship.” Lexa says as nonchalant as possible.

“And?” Clarke asks pressing her further, knowing what she was going to hear next.

“And…I have a girlfriend.” The smile on Lexa’s face tells Clarke everything she needs to know. Lexa is truly happy being with Costia and as her best friend, she had to be okay with that. Lexa sat idly by while Clarke dated guy after guy, accepting each one, even though some treated her less than what she deserved and not once did she express any negativity and Clarke loves her for that.

“I’m so happy for you Lexa.” Clarke says, plastering on the best smile she can manage given the circumstances.

“Thank you, Clarke.”

The girls enjoy the comfortable silence, adding more bubbles and more salts when need be and this
“My mother wants me to bring Costia to dinner next week.”

“Meeting the parents already? Big step Commander.”

“Clarke…” Lexa whines, “Look I know this is probably overstepping all sorts of best friend boundaries but…”

“Yes pretty girl, I’ll be there to run interference with your mother.” Clarke says waving her hand like it was nothing.

“You don’t have to…”

“I don’t do anything I don’t want to, you know that. Just tell me when and I’ll be there. I promise.”

“Thank you Clarke.” and the smile on Lexa’s face is even wider than when she told Clarke that her and Costia were together, she tries to ignore it. “Alright, I’m before I get anymore wrinkled than I already am,” Lexa says looking at her fingers, “I’m going to get out. Have you eaten yet, I can cook or order out.” Lexa stands unexpectedly and Clarke is completely caught off guard as her best friend’s beautiful body, dripping water, is in front of her. She does her best to avoid looking where she wants to look the most, instead focusing on her best friend’s tight stomach, realizing it was a big mistake after seeing the bruised hickeys on her hip bones. Lexa covers herself quickly and takes a seat at Clarke’s vanity in her plush robe.

“So?” Lexa asks again braiding her hair.

“Um, whatever you want is fine.” Clarke says training her eyes to the water.

“Pizza okay? I’m not really feeling cooking, unless there’s something you want, I don’t mind.” Lexa smiles and Clarke really wishes she wouldn’t. For someone who is emotionally closed off, Lexa had no problem being this way with Clarke and it pangs her to know that she might be this way with Costia.

“Pizza’s perfect, no olives please.”

“I know Clarke.” Lexa smiles leaving to put their order in. When Clarke’s sure that Lexa is gone, she submerges herself into the water, counts to five and re-emerges taking a deep breath instantly feeling better. “Pizza’ll be here in 20. I’ll go grab us a snack in the meantime.” Lexa says popping her head into the bathroom. “Clarke are you okay?” the brunette asks noticing her wet hair.

“Yeah, I’m just gonna shower quick. Meet you in the den okay?” and Lexa leaves with a wave of her hand. Clarke stands, draining the water from her tub and quickly scuttles over toward her shower, closing the glass door behind her and turning the waterfall shower on.

She closes her eyes and lets the water fall over her as if by doing so, it’d wash away all her fears, all her pain, all her feelings leaving her with a clean slate, a fresh mind. But then her thoughts went to Lexa, her smile, her hair, the ways her eyes sparkled when she’d spot Clarke. Her warmth, the way her body fit perfectly with hers, they worked in perfect tandem and then her mind took a turn and she thinks of how Lexa would feel against her, skin to skin. How her soft, supple lips meshed perfectly with hers, her perky breasts and oh God how it would feel to get to run her tongue up and down Lexa’s body. Clarke felt the wetness aching from her core, you’d think that after a few solid rounds with Raven that she’d be down fro the count but no, Clarke’s aching libido wants, needs, aches for more. She aches for Lexa.
The knock on her door snaps her out of her trance, which is probably a good thing because Clarke doesn't know what she would have done if left alone any longer with her thoughts running wild of Lexa. "Clarke, pizza's here babe." She hears through the door and Clarke replies with a short yell saying she'll be down in a second.

When Clarke comes downstairs Lexa's managed to light a fire and already eat two pieces of pizza.

"You look far too comfortable here." Clarke laughs grabbing a slice and taking a seat across her best friend.

"You can always come and be comfortable with me Clarke." Lexa teases patting the space next to her to which Clarke happily obliges only after rolling her eyes.

"And a fire, really Lexa? What're you practicing your seduction skills on me before using them on Costia?" Clarke laughs, nudging Lexa but when she meets her stiffened body she knows she's hit a nerve. "Lexa, hey. Pretty girl I was joking. It was a joke..."

"I don't appreciate that Clarke." The way she says her name leaves a bad taste in her mouth and Clarke suddenly feels very vulnerable. "I just thought a fire would be nice, it's nothing we haven't done before...nothing's going to change now that I'm dating. We're still best friends, what do, it's not going to change."

That's the problem Lexa...everything's going to change...

The only thing Clarke can muster up to say is an apology as she sinks into her father's leather armchair to face the fire, her back facing the brunette. They sit in silence again but this time something's different, it isn't the comfortable silence they enjoyed just an hour ago upstairs, it's the kind of silence that accompanies fear and the unknown. Lexa stands grabbing the leftover pizza and busies herself in the kitchen. No doubt taking her time until she has to rejoin Clarke in the den.

"So I put away the leftovers for you...I guess I'll just go." Lexa says standing awkwardly between the doorway separating the den and the foyer. The green-eyed girl watches the way the light of the fire reflects and bounces off of Clarke's hair, she watches and she waits for Clarke to say something, anything.

“Okay.” Clarke says her voice faltering.

“Okay.” and Lexa almost wishes she hadn’t said anything at all.
Meet the Parents

Chapter Notes

I’m so terribly sorry for the long time in updating. I was trying to figure out the best way to have the dinner scenes play out but here you go!

It’s been a few days and Clarke and Lexa haven’t seen each other since their last encounter, needless to say neither girl was willing to break the ice first but it didn’t change the fact that both girls undeniably missed the hell out of each other.

“When are you going to stop moping and just text her already.” Lexa looks up at the almond eyes as they greet her own.

“I’m not moping…” Lexa pouts.

“You absolutely are moping.” Costia shuts the book she’s holding and crawls toward her girlfriend to hug her from behind, placing her head in the crook of her neck. Lexa smiles, feeling her girlfriend place a soft kiss on her cheek. She catches a glimpse of themselves in the mirror in front of them and she shudders. The image of Costia still in her private school uniform is just too sexy but when Costia speaks again, she’s reminded of why she’s upset. “You should just talk to her already. I can tell it’s hurting you.”

“I don’t even know why we’re fighting.”

That’s a lie; Lexa has an inkling, but she doesn’t quite know where to go with it.

“Best friends fight sometimes, I’m surprised you two don’t quarrel more often with how close you are.” Costia mumbles against her neck.

“Is that jealousy I sense in my girlfriend’s voice?” Lexa teases.

“Say that again.” Costia whispers and Lexa can feel the girl smiling against her skin.

“Is that jeal -”

“No, no the other part.”

“Girlfriend.”

“Yes, that’s the one,” Costia moves to straddle the girl, her arms wrapped tightly around Lexa’s neck before pulling her in for a kiss.

“Girlfriend.” Lexa whispers against her lips and she’s met with another kiss. “Girlfriend.” another kiss, just longer this time. “Girlfriend…” and this time there’s a swipe of a tongue against her lips and before she can whisper the word again, Costia’s tongue is making its way through her mouth, exploring every inch of it, savoring her taste. Their breaths are getting heavy, Lexa’s hands are firmly placed on the other girl’s lower black, getting lower with each kiss, before cupping her ass and Costia whimpers in approval at the new found touch. Costia pulls back remembering that she actually needs to breathe, leaning her forehead against her girlfriend’s, eyes shut and smiling.
“How long do we have until your parents get home?”

“How long enough.” Costia smirks and that’s all Lexa needs to hear before pulling her girlfriend down by her green school tie.

After an hour, well more like two hours of getting to “college application research” as Costia likes to call it, Lexa and Costia finally emerge for air and more importantly the first of two meet the parent dinners. Costia keeps her school uniform on knowing that it sends Lexa’s mind to all sorts of places and despite Lexa’s protests to change into something more suitable for a first innocence with her parents, Costia insists that Lexa keep her outfit on. Lexa shrugs knowing that she’s very much underdressed in her black skinny jeans and white v-neck but Costia insisted that she was perfect just the way she is.

“If it means that much to you, you can change.” Costia says kissing Lexa’s shoulder as the other girl reapplies her make up for the third time that night.

Lexa smiles at her girlfriend through the mirror, “I just want tonight to be perfect, tonight’s the first that that I…”

“That you’ve had sex?” Costia says mimicking a gasp.

“Did my moves give you any indication that I’m a virgin?” Lexa raises her right eyebrow and Costia blushes a deep shade of red. Lexa makes a mental note to try and elicit that sort of reaction more often.

“My parents are going to love you. I promise.” Costia kisses her lips quickly, mindful not to smear the fresh lipgloss the green-eyed girl has just applied and before Lexa can deepen the kiss, their bodies jolt back at the sound of Costia’s butler ringing the bell indicating it was time for dinner.

“You ready Lex?” the standing brunette asks.

“More than ever Costia, more than ever.”

Lexa isn’t quite sure what to expect from dinner that night and judging by the way Costia’s parents (well their housing staff) maintained their home she was very much hesitant. The dining room is beautiful, with antique bookshelves on one wall and the parallel wall being floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking their backyard; Lexa is stunned. The oak finished dining table has four chairs set up, two at each head and two facing each other at the center. Wondering where to sit, Lexa waits for Costia to advise her, but quickly follows suit as Costia stands next to one of the center chairs indicating for Lexa to do the same across from her. Costia’s parents enter the room, and when both parents are seated, Costia takes a seat and gives Lexa a reassuring smile to do the same.

Appetizers are brought out and pleasantries are exchanged. As Costia’s parents listen to their daughter talk about her recent college essay assignment, Lexa takes the time to observe both Mr. and Mrs. Hielo.

Mrs. Hielo is a petite, blonde dressed in a power suit with heels that even she couldn’t pull off if she were shorter. She’s sweet, and Lexa finds herself seeing a lot of her own mother in the woman seated to her right at the head of the table. Lexa’s father on the other hand is quite intimidating, you can tell he’s a muscular man by the way his suit seems to flex with his movements but it isn’t just his appearance that’s intimidating, it’s his mannerisms and the way he speaks that says it as well and his dark hair and eyes don’t help his case either.
“Lexa, Mr. Hielo and I were thrilled to hear that you could make dinner with us this week on such short notice.” Costia’s mother coos, passing the bread basket to Lexa.

“So am I. It’s wonderful to finally meet you two, I’ve heard plenty from Costia.”

That’s it keep it up Lexa, you’re doing well.

Their conversation for now is at minimal very surface level but once the topic changes to law school, Lexa finally loosens up and her girlfriend can practically see the tension leave her body.

“Lexa, Costia tells us you’re looking into law school,” Mr. Hielo says a bit of excitement in his voice. “I must say, it’s rather a bit of fresh air to see Costia with someone so driven and sure of themselves at your age.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hielo, but really it’s all my mother’s doing,” she says, smiling politely before taking a bite of her filet mignon.

“What kind of law were you thinking of going into?” Costia’s father asks.

“Dear, at least let Lexa get through her meal before grilling her.” the blonde teases.

“No it’s quite alright,” Lexa laughs in reply after finishing the piece of meat in her mouth. “Right now I haven’t decided, but I’ve always had a soft spot for the environment. I’d like to explore that further during my studies.”

“That’s very admirable of you,” the dark-haired man replies. “Can I be so bold as to ask why? In this economy, corporate law would be the wisest choice, not mention most financially suitable.” Costia shifts uncomfortably in her seat knowing that her father was challenging her girlfriend to make sure she was enough for her, and despite his intentions being well, he could have worded it a lot better.

“Father, please…” Costia whimpers and it’s her tone that catches Lexa’s attention. Costia is normally so confident, her words always holding such force behind them but right now she seemed…weak.

“It’s okay, I don’t mind.” Lexa says.

“I’ve always loved the environment, nature, every thing about it. It’s electrifying yet terrifying to know that our bodies exist because of the world around us. Without the trees, without the sky, without the Earth to provide us with what we need to sustain life, we’d be nothing. Yet knowing all this, the human race is quick to dismiss these thoughts and bulldoze more and more fields to make room for corporate buildings and fast food restaurants and for what? A profit? An increase in stock sales?” Lexa’s voice began to waver but she continued, fighting back the tears threatening to spill from her eyes. She took a deep breath reminding herself that Mr. Hielo isn’t her mother. "We wouldn’t have any of those things without the environment, so why aren’t more people trying to fight to save it? That’s where I come in, that’s why I fight, because without it, I’d have nothing to fight for.” Lexa finally takes a deep breath after her vehement rant. She shouldn’t be this worked up but she knows why she is and the speech wasn’t meant to sound as abrasive as it probably came off, but she needed this. She needed to lay it all out so that when she tells her mother she’s prepared.

“The world needs more people like you Lexa Woods and if you’re interested, I’d love to introduce you to more people who share your philosophy,” Mr. Hielo smiles and suddenly he isn’t so intimidating.

The rest of dinner is lighthearted and freeing. Lexa learns a lot more about the Hielo family business mentally trying to remember every high profile court case that Costia’s mother and father talk about and before she knows it she’s snuggled into Costia’s sides with a full stomach and her eyes drooping
ready to fall asleep at any second.

“They love you,” Costia says placing a kiss on Lexa’s head.

“What makes you say that?” Lexa asks through a stifled yawn.

“Well for one when you gave your little speech my mother couldn’t stop smiling. And two, my father didn’t look or touch his phone once while you spoke. They approve and that means everything to me.” Costia’s reasoning made Lexa’s heart swell, and for the first time in days her mind didn’t wander to Clarke as she drifted off to sleep.

The next morning Clarke wakes up anxious, it was Thursday which meant dinner with Lexa’s parents and Costia. The anxiety grew throughout the day and knowing Clarke had to face Lexa at lunch didn’t help either, but when Octavia tells her that Lexa’s actually skipping lunch in favor of helping Costia find an outfit for that night’s dinner Clarke is relieved.

“You two still haven’t talked I take it?” Octavia asks stealing a fry from Clarke’s tray.

“We’re just both just busy.” Clarke defends.

“Right…The Princess and Commander too busy for each other…” Octavia teases.

“I don’t know why you keep pestering me about this, you were the one who set them up in the first place.” Clarke snaps and judging by the look on the younger Blake’s face Octavia was ready to retort but Lincoln’s presence distracted her and kept her calm.

“Hi sweetheart.” Lincoln says taking a seat and passing his spare coconut water to Octavia.

“Thanks Lincoln,” Octavia smiles sweetly. “So what time should I be over tonight?”

“Tonight? You’re going to be at dinner tonight?” Clarke asks a bit surprised.

“Yep. Mom and dad want to meet both of our girlfriends,” Lincoln smiles before taking a bite of his burger and the sentiment warmed Clarke’s heart to see the usually quiet Lincoln so happy. “Mom wants to know if you still plan on coming too Clarke. She’s making her empanadas and she wants to make sure she has enough if you’re coming,” Lincoln says.

“Oh…Yeah I actually forgot and my dad’s in town. He wants to run through some college stuff tonight before he goes out of town again.” Clarke says her eyes fixated on the food in front of her, refusing to meet Octavia’s glare. “Actually, I should get a head start on it now. I’ll see you guys later.” Clarke grabs her tray of untouched food, tossing it out before quickly exiting the cafeteria.

“Do I want to know what that is all about?” Lincoln asks.

“Depends.” his girlfriend replies.

“It has to do with Lexa doesn’t it?” Lincoln asks, the tone is his voice shifting from sweet to serious.

“Clarke’s in love with her.” Octavia waits for a reaction but all she finds is her boyfriend grinning from ear to ear. “You knew too?”

“O, isn’t it obvious?”
“I mean it’s been obvious to me and Raven but I didn’t think it was that obvious to everyone else. Hell, even Bell knew.”

“Yeah he’s mentioned it once or twice,” Lincoln nods before finishing the rest of his burger. “I say let the girls be. Lexa seems to really like Costia and so far I have no complaints. If Clarke wants to come out to my sister, she’ll do so on her own accord.”

“How do you do that?” Octavia asks smiling at her boyfriend.

“Do what?”

Octavia leans in for a kiss, “You’re just so…steady. I don’t know how to explain it, you’ve just got a way with words.”

“I am a Woods after all.” Lincoln replies before kissing Octavia again.

The lovebirds were so distracted with themselves they failed to notice Clarke watching them from afar. The blonde sighs to herself and runs her hand through her hair. That’s what she wants, she wants a relationship like Octavia and Lincoln’s. They’re each other’s best friends, they’re goofy and they just mesh well together. Clarke turns and heads toward her spot, well their spot really, but today it was just going to be hers. As Clarke makes her way down the familiar hallway, walls adorned with plaques of names and faces who are long forgotten, she finds the spiral staircase and her mind goes back to when her and Lexa first discovered this place.

“Clarke, we really shouldn’t be wandering off…” a slightly annoyed Lexa says.

“Lexa will you relax? It’s just Freshman Orientation, we can’t get detention or anything! Besides, where’s your sense of adventure?”

“My sense of adventure is fully intact, thank you very much, I just don’t want us to stray too far off from the group.” Clarke stops walking and turns to look at her best friend. Lexa tried her best to dress as “professional” as possible by her parent’s standards for their three hour Freshman Orientation and she wonders how anyone could possibly make khakis look as good as Lexa does.

“Lexa, do you trust me?” Clarke asks offering her hand to the brunette.

“I trust you more than anything Clarke.” the blonde smiles in response to Lexa’s hand filling the spaces between hers as they continue to roam the abandoned hall. The walls were covered in plaques and school memorabilia dating back from what seems like forever. The girls laugh and mock previous era’s fashion statements until they reach the end of the hall meeting a black, metal spiral staircase leading to what looks like a door.

“Clarke Griffin, don’t you dare…” but Clarke was already halfway up the staircase leaving a very frustrated Lexa below huffing and puffing with quite a pouty face. “Clarke what if that door has an alarm rigged to it…”

“Well there’s only way to find out!” Clarke pushes the door open before the brunette below could protest further. A ray of light shines through from the small crack she’s opened and before opening it further Clarke waits for any indication of an alarm and when it doesn’t come she’s already halfway through the door when Lexa begins her climb above. When Lexa is reunited with Clarke she understands why her blonde has been so quiet, the view from their high school roof is breathtaking.

Their high school is situated on a small hill, on the opposite side of their small town of Polis. The view overlooks the surrounding neighborhoods and the beach just 20 minutes away. “It’s beautiful…” Lexa whispers, intertwining her hand with Clarke’s. The girls stand side by side for a
few minutes taking in the beauty around them before Lexa’s phone rings breaking both girls out of their trance. “Shit it’s my mom.”

“Hi mom.” Clarke tries to read Lexa’s face for some indication of how the conversation is going but when Lexa hangs up after a few more seconds she isn’t too worried. “Mom’s waiting for us in the parking lot.”

“Oh okay, I thought the school called her or something,” Clarke says a rush of relief flooding her body. “Do you think we could stay up here for a few more minutes?” Lexa can tell there’s something wrong but she doesn’t question it. Instead she pulls the shorter girl to her and holds her from behind.

“Of course Clarke.”

Clarke stands, arms crossed as she watches the world move around her from her safe haven above. She doesn’t realize she’s crying until a few tears drop onto her forearm. She’s visited their spot alone many times before but for some reason this time felt different than the others. Clarke moves toward the east side of the building’s roof and takes a seat on one of the makeshift benches that over the years was added, assumably by the janitorial staff as the girls learnt that some of them would escape up there to smoke.

Clarke knows she’ll regret doing this later but for the time being, she needs this so she finds the brick that’s a darker shade of red than the others and quickly jimmies it out of its place to reveal a black tin box with the initials CG and LW etched onto it. Clarke takes a deep breath before opening the box, well aware of what she'll find but even so she continues. With a shaky hand she lifts the lid and smiles, a photo of the girls as kids on their first day of school together greets her, along with photos from every first day of school they’ve had together through the years. Clarke remembers the day she suggested doing this, keeping a box hidden behind a brick and how Lexa mocked her suggestion because of something she saw on ‘One Tree Hill’ but still she agreed to do it.

Every year they’d come up to the roof and write their predictions, hopes, dreams, fears, for the new year. Throughout the year the girls would go up together and check off the things they’ve accomplished, the things they’ve changed and it brought so much joy to them both seeing how much has changed yet they were still the same. The girl’s agreed to not read each other’s predictions but trusted one another to read it to one another and that was enough for them.

The warning bell for next period rings, Clarke wipes her tears away and grabs a scratch piece of paper from the box to scribble down one more thing to her list for the year:

November 6, 2014
Fall out of love with my best friend.
- CG

Clarke shoves the note into the box before returning it to its place behind the brick and rushes back downstairs to head to her next class. Today was going to be a long day.

It was 5pm and Clarke still wasn’t there, dinner started promptly at 5:30 and Lexa was starting to worry. Lexa paces her room, trying to figure out what to do when Octavia bursts in.

“Hello Octavia.”

“Hey Commander,” the girl says taking a seat on her bed. Octavia notices the pacing and she can tell Lexa is nervous. “You’re not nervous are you? Your parents are going to love Costia.”
Lexa gives her a small smile and Octavia can tell it isn’t Costia she’s worried about.

“It’s Clarke, I haven’t heard from her yet and usually she’s here by now…” Octavia nods and tries to pull out her phone without Lexa noticing, she quickly types out a text and slides her phone back into her pocket.

“Clarke’s probably just being Clarke. You know how the Princess is.” Octavia reassures her friend and almost as if on cue, Lexa’s phone vibrates on her desk and Lexa immediately rushes over to it. She’s frowning and Octavia can tell that Clarke just broke her heart.

“She’s not coming, her dad’s in town and they’re going through college applications tonight.”

Octavia rolls her eyes at the same excuse Clarke fed her and Lincoln earlier but puts on her bravest face for Lexa.

Octavia stands and loops her arm through Lexa’s, “Don’t sweat it Lexa. I’ll run interference tonight for you.” Octavia knows it isn’t the same to her friend but she’s smiling, so it’s start.

When the girls enter the dining room, Lincoln is setting the table and Octavia quickly grabs the setting meant for Clarke and returns it to the kitchen. Lexa fills her brother in on Clarke’s absence and he squeezes her shoulder in reply. They were definitely a sibling duo of few words but they made up for it in silent gestures and reassuring smiles. The doorbell rings and Lexa’s face is fuller knowing that it’s her girlfriend and as she rushes toward the door to greet her she’s cut off by her mother.

“Hello! You must be Costia!” Mrs. Woods coos gesturing for Costia to come in.

“Hello Mrs. Woods, it’s so lovely to finally meet you.” Costia hands her a bouquet of flowers and Mrs. Woods’ smiles graciously accepting the gift.

“I like this one Alexandria,” the older woman replies. “Thank you Costia, but please call me Erin.”

“Well Erin, I’m going to drag my girlfriend away for a few moments before the interrogation, I mean dinner begins.” Lexa says flashing her mother a million dollar smile before pulling Costia away from her mother’s wrath and into the living room.

“You shouldn’t be rude to your mother, Alexandria,” Costia teases kissing her girlfriend lightly on the cheek.

“Never again,” Lexa replies kissing her back.

“Lexa…As much as I love kissing you, we should get back to your parents, don’t you think?” Costia says before succumbing to another kiss.

“I know, I just missed you…” Lexa says kissing her again.

“Well that, I can understand,” Costia smiles against her lips, kissing her again before dragging Lexa to the dining room.

Dinner was surprisingly not as awkward as Lexa anticipated it to be. Lincoln must’ve informed their mother that Clarke wasn’t going to be there because there was no mention of her during dinner. When the conversation turned to college and what each of the high schoolers had in mind for their futures, Costia was very quick to jump into the conversation.

“So Costia, it’s no surprise I know who your parents are,” Costia chuckles and nods. “Is it safe to say that you’ll be following in their footsteps?”
“Mom…” Lexa whimpers. Costia grabs her hand under the table and traces soft circles onto her reassuring her it was okay.

“Yes Erin, you would be correct. I’ve actually already accepted my admittance to Yale for next Fall.”

Erin’s jaw drops and both her kids snicker at her moment of shock, “Costia that is quite an accomplishment, you should be very proud of yourself. Now maybe some of that determination and hard work will rub off on my daughter.” and Lexa’s face falls again.

“I assure you, Lexa has been making immense strides in her college application process. Haven’t you babe?”

The term of endearment makes Lexa smile and when the girl looks at her mother, she sees she’s smiling too, “Mom your Woods legacy of having a lawyer is a daughter is safe. I promise.”

*It just won’t be corporate law.*

After the brutal conversation of their futures and colleges, Erin directs her attention to Lincoln and Octavia. There’s no denying that Octavia is fierce as she goes head-to-head with Mrs. Woods countering every question or statement she throws her way and at the end of the night Erin is satisfied at her children’s choices in partners.

“I apologize that Mr. Woods was unable to join us tonight, he’s held up in New York at the moment and I unfortunately have to meet him tomorrow morning. I’ll let you kids do what you kids do these days and thank you Octavia and Costia again for coming to dinner. We should make a habit of this.” Erin smiles and stands from the dinner table to begin collecting the dishes but she’s stopped by Costia.

“You cooked, let us handle the cleaning Erin,” Costia smiles and in that moment Lexa swears she might be falling in love with her.

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**Clarke (6:00pm):** Open the door, I’m outside.

**Clarke (6:02pm):** Raven, open the door...

**Clarke (6:03pm):** I am not opposed to breaking in, your car’s in the driveway. I know you’re home.

**Clarke (6:05pm):** Reminder you’re the one who said I could come over.

**Clarke (6:05pm):** RAVEN.

**Raven (6:06pm):** Holy shit Griffin, keep your panties on.

**Clarke (6:06pm):** I’m not wearing any.

**Raven (6:07pm):** Well in that case...

Clarke smirks at the response as the door opens and Raven’s already grabbing her by the collar of her jacket and crashing their lips together. Clarke doesn’t bother to ask if Raven’s mother is home before she slides a hand down the front of the brunette’s jeans feeling the wetness waiting for her, when Raven moans loud enough for the neighbors to hear Clarke finds her answer.
“You’re getting good at this.” Raven moans against Clarke’s skin as the blonde busies herself unbuttoning Raven’s blouse.

“Shut up.” Clarke says biting her pulse point.

“Oh angry Clarke, I like…”

Clarke pushes Raven onto the couch and straddles her. Raven bucks her hips upward and Clarke moans at the feeling of her own wetness she didn’t realize was there. Raven tugs at the hem of Clarke’s shirt waiting for her permission before taking it off and Clarke not wanting to waste any time takes it off along with her bra and quickly slides out of her jeans leaving her completely bare in front of Raven.

“Fuck.” Raven whispers as she quickly undresses herself as well before bringing their lips together again. The couch was proving to not be as comfortable for both girls so they move to the floor and Raven rolls over giving herself the vantage point from above. She grinds her hips into Clarke’s and almost comes undone at the feeling of their cores meeting. Their thrusts sync together and Clarke begins to pant, she’s close but Raven wasn’t going to give her that satisfaction just yet. Without warning she fills Clarke with two digits and pumps into her quickly. The blonde arches her back away from the floor, eager and desperate for more. She can’t take the teasing for much longer so Raven curls her fingers and uses her other hand to squeeze Clarke’s right breast which she finds is more sensitive than the left and the girl beneath her completely unravels. Raven slows down her thrusts allowing Clarke to ride out her high before pulling out and sucking on her juices, making sure to get every drop.

Clarke watches her and her eyes fill with lust. She grabs Raven by her hair pulling her in for a kiss and her core aches for more when she tastes herself on the other girl’s lips. Mimicking the girl’s actions from earlier, Clarke thrusts two fingers into Raven without warning and watches as the girl loses her balance and almost falls onto her. The blonde holds her steady as she thrusts into her.

“Faster,” Raven moans and Clarke smirks picking up the pace. “More. Clarke…Clarke, more,” she continues to moan as she rolls her hips in sync with the other girl’s thrusts. Clarke obliges adding a third digit and Raven immediately tightens around her. Clarke curls her fingers once, twice, and halfway through the third time Raven is shouting expletives along with the girl’s name completely coming undone. Clarke slowly pulls out of her and sucks her fingers clean and moans at the taste.

Raven is spent as she slumps down to the spot next to the blonde, “Fuck.” Raven says again, grabbing a blanket from the couch to cover themselves.

“I’ll say.” Clarke laughs.

“So as much as I love getting fantastic orgasms from a beautiful girl, are we going to talk about this?”

Clarke shuts her eyes, willing herself to be brave enough to have this conversation but Raven speaks again, “Clarke I’m okay with this situation we have going on. I don’t want you or myself to feel like we’re taking advantage of the circumstances but I’m still in love with Finn and this thing we have, it’s very much a welcomed distraction.”

“I’m in love with Lexa.”

“News flash Princess, you’ve been in love with Lexa.”

“So you’re still in love with Finn?” Clarke asks rolling onto her stomach to see her friend better.

“Yeah…but there’s nothing there. I mean, I love him, but there’s no future there. He’s just…You
know after my dad left Finn was the first one I turned to. He was there and it just felt right and sometimes I’m afraid that I only stayed with him because he was the only tie left I had with my dad. I know this probably sounds insane…”

Clarke cups the brunette’s face and places a soft kiss on her forehead, “It’s not insane Raven. I understand, love makes us do some pretty crazy shit.” and this makes Raven smile.

“So speaking of love…You going to tell me why you bailed on dinner with Lexa then?”

Clarke groans preparing herself to tell Raven why but the sound of the patio doors sliding open interrupts her and as Clarke tries to cover herself Octavia’s voice fills the room.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me.”
“Please tell me that this is a fucking joke!” Octavia yells.

“O, don’t freak out,” Raven says her voice surprisingly calm. She hands Clarke her shirt and her jeans, holding the blanket above her allowing her some privacy as she changes. When she’s done Raven wraps the blanket around herself and takes a seat.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Octavia’s voice booms again.

“Octavia…please,” Clarke whimpers.

“Please, what? Clarke are you kidding me?”

“O you have no idea what’s going on, cut her some - ”

“You, shut up,” Octavia says pointing her index finger at Raven while her eyes burn holes into Clarke. “I thought you love Lexa.”

“I do,” Clarke says running her hand through her hair. “And Raven…She still loves Finn. This isn’t by any means a relationship. We’re still friends but we just get each other and we both have… needs.” Clarke’s reply seems to satisfy Raven as she doesn’t add anything.

The guilty girls look up to Octavia who’s still standing, her arms folded across her chest.

“Please don’t tell her…” Clarke whispers.

“How dare you put me in this position Clarke,” Octavia starts. “You should have been there tonight. You should have been at the dinner your best friend asked you to go to.”

“She had Costia, she didn’t need me there,” the blonde replies.

“Really? She didn’t need you there?” Octavia’s voice was getting loud again and Raven took it as her cue to excuse herself to her room. “She was so fucking upset you weren’t there. She’s your best friend Clarke, what is wrong with you?”

“I fucking love her Octavia. That’s what’s wrong. I fucking love her, are you happy now?” Clarke’s yell soon turns to sobs and it’s Octavia that catches her before she collapses, her arms pulled tightly around her. “I love her O…I love her and she’ll never know…She can’t ever know.” hearing the sobs Raven comes out clothed and joins the two in a big embrace.

“We’ll take care of you Clarke,” Raven says.

“We both will,” Octavia promises.

The girls let Clarke cry it out, doing their best to soothe her sobs and try to cheer her up a bit. By the time she’s calmed down the sun has set and it’s almost 9pm. Clarke finally manages to get Raven
and Octavia to relax, promising that she’s okay and without much protest, probably due to their 
exhaustion, they let her leave. Clarke’s halfway down the driveway to her car when Octavia calls 
after her.

“Clarke,” she says pulling her in for a hug. “I don’t understand what you’re doing with Raven. I 
don’t get it, but I promise I won’t say anything. Just…be careful, okay?” Clarke hugs her tighter, 
letting the shorter girl know it’ll be okay and she leaves.

The ride back home isn’t that long of a drive but Clarke’s mind was still reeling from what just 
happened so she takes a detour before going home. She flashes back to sleeping with Raven, their 
talk about Finn, Octavia finding out and oh God, hearing how upset Lexa was with her. Clarke’s 
parked outside of the park her and Lexa used to go to as kids, the park swings have heard more 
secrets than the walls of their bedroom. It starts to rain and the sound of thunder quickly breaks 
Clarke’s trance. She sighs and decides to go home. A quick five minutes later the water is down 
pouring and she curses herself for not remembering to keep an umbrella in the car. She’s running 
up the driveway, doing her best to keep her purse over her head and that’s when she sees her.

Her hair drenched, mascara running and glasses. She’s wearing her glasses which only means one 
thing. She’s been crying.

“Lexa,” Clarke says joining her best friend on the stoop which thankfully is sheltered from the rain. 
“Lexa, look at me.”

Lexa looks at Clarke, her green eyes, watery through the black rimmed glasses, “Why weren’t you 
there?”

“Lexa…”

“No, Clarke you said you would be there, why weren’t you there?”

“I told you, I had college -”

“Cut the bullshit Clarke. I’ve been outside of your house since after dinner, your parents aren’t even 
home!”

“Lexa, can we please go inside. Let’s talk inside,” Clarke pleads, beckoning her toward the front 
door. It’s then that she realizes that Lexa has a spare key, a spare key to her house that she opted not 
to use but instead sat outside in the rain, waiting for her.

“I don’t want to go anywhere with you Clarke,” Lexa accents the ‘k’ in her name, causing the 
blonde to shudder. “I don’t want to go anywhere until I know what the fuck is going on.”

“Lexa, please,” Clarke begs.

“Clarke, no.”

Clarke watches Lexa, her back facing her and she’s never seen her so stiff before. So…formal with 
her. The silence is no longer comfortable between them the only thing heard is the pounding of the 
rain and the waves of thunder floating around them. Clarke is at a loss for words, she doesn’t know 
what to say. What would she want to hear if she was Lexa? What could she possibly say to make 
this better. Clarke is lost in her train of thought she doesn’t even realize that Lexa’s already walking 
down her driveway and in the direction of her house. Clarke surveys the street and realizes Lexa’s 
car is missing.

“Lexa, wait!” Clarke runs after her, the rain blurring her vision. Lexa keeps walking, “Lexa, please!”
Clarke yells again and this time the brunette stops and turns to face her, her eyes have never looked so cold.

“What, Clarke, what do you fucking want?” Clarke can tell she’s still crying despite the rain but it doesn’t stop her. She grabs Lexa’s waist and pulls her in, Lexa’s taken by surprise but she doesn’t do anything to stop her and then it happens.

Clarke’s lips are on hers and at first she’s stiff, but then she eases into it and she’s kissing her back. Clarke deepens the kiss, moving one of her hands into Lexa’s hair pulling her closer and closer, needing more of the contact. More of Lexa.

*I’m kissing her, I’m fucking kissing her.*

Clarke pulls back, realizing what she’s done, “Oh my God. Fuck. Lexa, I’m…I’m so sorry…”

Lexa stands stunned at what just happened, she brings her hand to her lips, lips that are still on fire from Clarke’s lips on hers. She’s never felt that fire before, not even from Costia.

“Clarke, it’s okay.”

“No, no, no Lexa, you don’t understand, it’s not okay.” The storm continues to rage around them, lightening striking the sky and illuminating it for seconds before returning to darkness. Lexa moves closer to her best friend and Clarke braces herself.

“Clarke, it’s me,” Lexa’s voice softens and it breaks Clarke’s heart because she knows that what she’s about to say is going to change everything. Eighteen years of friendship will be gone, down the drain and the idea of losing her forever breaks her heart.

Lexa grabs the hem of Clarke’s shirt and pulls her to her. Her arms wrap around Clarke’s neck and the other girl reciprocates wrapping her arms around her waist. Clarke begins to sob knowing this is the last time things will ever be normal between them. She can’t keep up the charade any longer. She can’t, for her sake and more importantly for Lexa’s.

“I love you Lexa,” Clarke whispers. “I love you more than I should. I love you more than a best friend and I, I can’t lose you…But I know that I’m going to and I’m so, so, sorry…” Clarke passes out, whether it’s from physical or emotional exhaustion she isn’t sure, but Lexa doesn’t care. She lifts Clarke up and silently thanks her soccer coach for all those years of conditioning and muscle training, as she easily carries Clarke back toward her home while her words still burn in her head.

*I love you Lexa.*

Lexa carries Clarke to her room and gently lays her down. She takes a seat in the reading window Clarke has in her room, it’s Lexa’s favorite spot in the Griffin residence. She sighs and looks over at her best friend, her best friend who loves her.

*What am I going to do?*

Lexa watches over her replaying their conversation over and over in her head until the sound of the storm outside and storm raging in her head lulls her to sleep.

When Clarke wakes up the first thing she remembers is the kiss, the kiss that preceded her confession her love to Lexa.
Oh my God, Lexa.

Clarke realizes she’s in her room and Lexa isn’t next to her, her eyes immediately go to her reading window where the beautiful brunette sleeps. She didn’t leave, she’s here. Clarke grabs one of the blankets on her bed, walking over to drape it over her best friend. Clarke’s slightly hovering over the girl, tucking in the edges of the blanket around Lexa to make sure it doesn’t fall off when Lexa mumbles something.

“Clarke…” her breathing is steady and Clarke doesn’t know if she’s dreaming or actually talking to her so she ignores it and quickly tucks in the other end of the blanket. She pulls away but she’s quickly brought back to the girl when Lexa grips her hands, “Stay with me Clarke.” Clarke gulps. Lexa’s eyes are still closed, she looks so peaceful, Clarke can’t say no. The blonde quickly untangles herself around Lexa and takes a seat on the ground with her back against the reading nook, her hand still safely intertwined with Lexa’s. She kisses the girl’s hand and falls back asleep. When Lexa hears Clarke’s steady breathing she opens her eyes, her hand still being held by Clarke.

She loves me.

Clarke wakes up to the sound of her alarm buzzing and she finds herself back in her bed. She looks toward the window, the blue blanket she tucked Lexa into was neatly folded on the bench. The blonde pulls herself out of bed and heads into the bathroom, she needed to get ready for school, what she wasn’t expecting was a note and a Starbucks drink waiting for her on her vanity.

Let’s talk tonight.
You’re still my best friend, Clarke.

X,
Lexa

Clarke smiles before she breaks into tears again. She draws herself a bath and walks back to her room to grab her phone, sending a quick message before climbing into the tub. She grabs the bluetooth remote, blasting the sounds of Muse as she attempts to drown out her thoughts.

Lexa hasn’t seen or heard from Clarke since last night. She still wasn’t sure what to make of it, hearing that Clarke, her best friend Clarke Griffin is in love with her. She has so many questions and she doesn’t even know where to start. For once in her life, Alexandria Woods did not have a plan and it scared the absolute shit out of her. The warning bells rings and she slams her locker shut and makes her way to lunch hoping to find Clarke there.

She wasn’t.

She grabs herself a salad and takes a seat next to Octavia and Lincoln who are clearly too involved in their own world to even notice that she’s there. It isn’t until Raven slams her tray down that they break apart and acknowledge their friends. Lincoln kisses Octavia on the forehead and leaves, hoping to miss the wrath that is Raven.

“About time,” Raven teases. “For a second I thought he was going to devour you right here.”

“Oh shove off Raven, it’s not like you aren’t getting laid.” Octavia snarks and her eyes go wide and
the realization of what she just said but Lexa is so caught up in her own world that she barely comprehends was just said.

“Have either of you seen Clarke today?” Lexa asks, Raven nods a no while Octavia fidgets in her seat.

“O?” Lexa asks her voice quite stern this time.

“I haven’t seen her, no. But she texted me this morning saying she wasn’t feeling well. Maybe she stayed at home?” but the way she said seemed like more of a statement than a question. She knew something and she wasn’t letting up but Lexa didn’t push her.

“Thank you, Octavia,” Lexa grabs her tray of uneaten salad and tosses it before quickly leaving the cafeteria.

“What was that about?” Raven asks through a mouthful of fries.

“I don’t know but I think Lexa might know.”

“How would she know? Unless…” Raven searches for the right words but comes up empty. “Do you think?”

“There’s only one way to find out,” Octavia pulls out her phone and dials Clarke’s number. “Fuck, it went straight to voicemail,” the girls try calling three more times before giving up, each call going to to voicemail.

Lexa’s chest is tight and she feels like she can’t breathe. She needs air, she needs to get out of there. She hurries down the old and familiar hallway of bronzing trophies and black and white photos until she finds the spiral staircase and begins to climb. When she pushes through the door she finally feels like she can breathe. She takes a few deep breaths, trying to get calm herself down, trying to ignore the fact that she wishes it was Clarke helping her breathe rather than herself.

“Lexa?”

Green eyes dart over to where the voice is coming from and she’s met with warm, watery blue ones, “Clarke?”

“Lexa, what’s wrong?”

“Clarke, what’re you doing here?”

“I…I just needed some air,” she says trying to subtly wipe the tears from her eyes.

“I figured you ditched school today,” Lexa says trying to do the same.

“Mom called me in but I just needed some air,” Lexa nods as she takes a seat next to the blonde.

“So we should talk…” Lexa begins.

“Do we have to?” Clarke asks rather embarrassed.

“Clarke…”
“I know Lexa, I know.”

“You…you love me,” Lexa says.

“I don’t know.”

“Clarke.”

“Okay, fine. Yes, I love you. I don’t know what came over me or how it happened, I just…I love you. Ever since I’ve seen you with Costia and the way you treat her and how…I don’t know. Ever since that party, something’s been…different,” Clarke buries her head in her hands trying to assess what she just said before continuing but Lexa cuts her off.

“Are you sure this isn’t just you being jealous that I’m spending more time with Costia?” Clarke’s offended by the accusation and her tone quickly turns sour.

“Are you serious Lexa?”

“Clarke, I just, I’m sorry. The timing of your confession just seems rather…coincidental. I start dating someone, spending time with them and all of a sudden you’re in love with me?”

“You know what…” Clarke stands. “I don’t need this. Who the fuck do you think you are to tell me what or why I’m feeling the way I’m feeling.”

“Clarke that’s not -”

“No that is exactly what you’re doing Lexa. Rack your brain Lexa, I never asked you to reciprocate, I’m not asking for us to date. You asked what was wrong, I told you and now you’re accusing me of confusing love for jealousy?”

Lexa is speechless, she’s never seen Clarke this riled up and this time it’s Lexa who is at a loss for words. Clarke scoffs at the silence and makes her way to the door to leave.

“For the record Lexa, I’m not asking you to love me back. I know you could never love me that way, why do you think this was so hard for me?” it takes Clarke everything in her to keep it together as she utters those last few words to her best friend and Lexa fails to make an effort to move or reply, she shuts the door behind her and walks away.
2 days. 48 hours. 2,880 minutes.

That’s how long it’s been since Clarke and Lexa have seen each other or spoken to each other since their confrontation on the roof. Their weekend was silent on both ends. Lexa was out of town for a soccer tournament which helped relieve her stress, not by much, but it was something. Meanwhile Clarke stayed home all weekend drowning her sorrows in Rocky Road ice cream and Netflix. Monday came too soon for both girls and the idea of running into each other at lunch made both their stomachs knot.

Lexa is standing in front of her locker, completely unaware of the presence that’s now around her.

“Earth to Commander,” Raven says snapping her fingers. “Are you coming to lunch today or will you be sucking face with Costia instead?”

Lexa slams her locker, “Fuck off Reyes,” turns on her heel and leaves. Octavia sees the interaction from down the hall and immediately rushes to Raven’s side with Clarke behind her.

“What the hell was that about?” Octavia asks her eyes still following Lexa as she turns down the hall.

“I have no idea. I just asked if she was coming to lunch today or if she’d be sucking face with Costia…” Raven muttered. “You don’t think they broke up or anything do you?” The question was clearly aimed toward Clarke who was avoiding both pairs of questioning eyes.

“You okay Princess?” Octavia asks.

“Never better,” the tone in her voice and the bags under her eyes say otherwise but the girls knew better to push it. The last thing they needed was a guarded Clarke Griffin on their hands.

“Hey what do you say we ditch the last half and just lay out at my place? It’s too nice outside to be here anyways,” Octavia says shoving her books in her locker. The other two girls are quick to agree and follow in Octavia’s footsteps out the doors to freedom.

Octavia drives the girls back to her house, letting the convertible top down. Raven’s in the backseat going on about the mechanics of the car and how Octavia really should just let her drive the car like it’s meant to be driven. Octavia manages to shut her up by handing her over the car manual so she can distract herself while she turns her attention back to the road and Clarke.

“You told her didn’t you?” Octavia asks her eyes on the road.

“Yes.”

“And?”

“She doesn’t love me back,” Clarke says her watery eyes hidden behind her blacked out shades.

“Did she say that?”

Clarke takes a minute to ponder the thought because Lexa never did say she didn’t, she didn’t say much at all to begin with. Clarke nods a nod and Octavia lets out a sigh.

“You two should talk.
"We did. We tried, but it just - it just didn’t go well," Clarke replies. "She thinks that I’m confusing my love for her with jealousy because she’s been spending so much time with Costia. She thinks I’m just jealous."

"Princess, you are jealous," Raven chimes in, clearly having lost interest in her previous activity. "Clarke, she just doesn't...she doesn't understand why you're jealous. She doesn't realize that you're like head over heels, Pretty in Pink, kind of in love with her."

The words take a minute to sink in for the blonde. Raven was right.

"She's probably just as upset as you are," Raven finishes.

"She doesn't seem to care," Clarke mutters. "She doesn't seem to care that she's lost me. We've been best friends since the womb and she just..." Clarke begins to cry and she doesn't realize just how much she's been holding in until then.

"Clarke, she cares. You know she cares," Octavia pulls over. "Listen to me. If it's one thing I've learned about Lexa, she just needs time. You know that better than anyone else."

"What if I don't have time to wait?"

"No one's saying you have to wait babe," Raven says leaning over the center console to squeeze Clarke’s hand. The trio sat in silence, Octavia nor Raven made an effort to move. Clarke needs them, so they’re going to stay right where they are. When Clarke seems to have mellowed out a bit, Octavia starts her car and drives them back to her place.

When they get back to the Blake’s residence Octavia’s worried how to handle Clarke, but when Clarke jumps over her car door and beelines for the pool she knows she’s going to be okay. Raven arches her brow a devious smile growing on her face before taking after the blonde.

“Today’s going to be a long day…” Octavia whispers before following her friends.

A day of sun and fun out by the pool is exactly what Clarke needs. She’s floating on an inflatable raft, the sun glistening against her stomach, a smile on her face.

“Someone looks happy,” Raven singsongs maneuvering her float next to Clarke’s.

“I’m still sad…I mean Lexa’s all I’ve known for years…What if we never bounce back from this?"

Raven’s brow furrows, “You will. You two are endgame Clarke, even if it just ends in a friendship. You two will find your way back to each other.”

“I don’t know if I can settle for just having a friendship…” it’s the first time Clarke’s uttered those words and when she does she feels weightless. She knew from the beginning that she could lose her, correction, that she would lose her. She shudders at the memory of Lexa’s lips on hers that night in the rain, under any other circumstance, it would have been the most ideal kiss.

“Princess, you still in there?” Raven asks splashing Clarke.

“Yeah. I don’t think there’s anything I can do. I said my piece, whatever happens from here is up to her. It’s out of my hands,” Clarke says raising her hands to the sky.

Raven looks around the backyard, looking to see if Octavia’s in earshot, she isn’t, before she opens
her mouth.

“Clarke…About our…situation…”

Clarke lowers her sunglasses to her eyes meet the brunette’s, “What about it?”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No,” Clarke replies quickly. “Unless you want to…”

“As long as the rules still apply as before,” Raven says shooting her a wink. “Care to seal the deal with a kiss?” Raven winks again.

Clarke rolls her eyes, “Don’t push your luck Reyes,” Clarke says before jumping off her raft and onto Raven bringing them both beneath the water.

“I leave you two alone for five minutes and I come back to you guys dry humping in the pool,” Octavia smirks.

“There’s nothing dry about this,” Raven teases.

“Raven Reyes if you have sex in my pool!” Octavia raises her voice and Clarke laughs a sweet laughter they’ve all missed.

Sitting in her last class for the day, Lexa is beyond annoyed. Her teacher’s allowed the class to work in pairs that day and usually Lexa would work with Octavia but she’s missing from class which is odd because she was in their third period history class earlier. The brunette puts her earbuds in trying to focus on the math problems in front of her. Her phone buzzes and it’s a text, she quickly glances around the room to make sure her teacher wasn’t watching her before opening the message.

Costia (2:36pm): Still on for tonight babe?

Lexa smiles, Costia would make her feel better.

Lexa (2:38pm): Wouldn’t miss it for the world. Dinner at your place right?

Costia (2:39pm): Yep, I hope takeout’s okay with you. My parents are out and I told the house staff they could have the week off. So just us tonight.

Lexa (2:39pm): I have zero complaints about that. See you after school.

Costia (2:40pm): Can’t wait <3

Lexa locks her phone putting it back in her pocket. Yes, tonight was definitely going to make things better. The last 20 minutes of class are dreadful and instead of working on her math problems, Lexa thinks of Clarke. The vulnerability that flashed through her eyes as she confessed her feelings. Feelings that she has no idea she’s been harboring.

_I know you could never love me that way._

The words echoing in her head, haunting her. Why didn’t she do something? Why didn’t she say something, anything. Lexa doesn’t want to lose her but from their last conversation it seems like she
has but she was determined not to. Lexa Woods is not a quitter, she is not someone who backs down, Clarke’s her best friend and she’s going to make sure she knows it. Whatever this thing is that’s going on Lexa wants to hear her out. She remembers how it was when she first came out and if this is something that Clarke’s struggling with internally, she wants to be there for her. The bell rings and a flood of students race toward the door, Lexa rolls her eyes waiting for the mob to die down. Once she’s out she makes a beeline for her car and pulls out her phone and calls her.

“Hey babe, don’t get mad but I’m going to have to cancel tonight. I promise, I’ll make it up to you okay?” Lexa nods while she’s on the phone. “Thanks babe. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Lexa was determined to patch things up no matter what. Clarke Griffin was not going to slip through her fingers. She types out a quick message to Clarke telling her she’s coming over and she’s off.

The determined brunette stops by their favorite Chinese takeout restaurant making sure to get all their favorites before stopping by Clarke’s favorite cupcake shop grabbing a variety mix that they used to buy as kids. Lexa shoots Clarke another message, she hasn’t heard from her in the last hour it’s taken her to get things ready, but she figures she’ll just let herself in and surprise her. That’ll definitely show she’s trying to get things back to normal.

Lexa pulls into Clarke’s driveway, a burst of adrenaline runs through her seeing that Clarke’s car was parked as well. She grabs their takeout and dessert and lets herself in through the back. The Griffins were anything but formal so strolling through their backdoor was no big deal, especially when it comes to Lexa. She easily makes her way through the backdoor, dropping the food off on the kitchen counter and heading toward the cabinets to set the table. Lexa pauses for a second, hearing some sort of commotion upstairs, she brushes it off.

“Probable just Clarke being clumsy, as usual.”

Lexa continues to set the table and then moves to divid their food evenly amongst the two of them and that’s when she hears it. It’s low at first, barely audible if the house wasn’t so silent. Lexa thinks she’s imagining things but when she hears it again. Another moan and…a whimper? Maybe? The third time she hears it, she knows she isn’t imagining things.

“Fuck…yes…harder!”

Lexa almost drops the glass in her hand hearing those words, words that undeniably are coming out of her best friend’s mouth. Lexa looks at the table she’s set and looks back into the hallway, to the staircase leading to Clarke’s room. She knows she should leave, she knows she shouldn’t but she does. Lexa tiptoes toward the wooden staircase, stepping over each step she knows that creaks. Another moan feels the air, this one significantly louder and breathier than the ones before, Lexa ignores the queasy feeling she gets when she hears it.

“Harder! Fuck…oh…fuck, fuck, fuck fuck,” the voice cries out.

As she reaches the final landing, Lexa stops dead in her tracks. Clarke’s bedroom door is wide open and Lexa’s jaw drops when she sees them. Clarke’s on her back pulled down toward the end of her bed. Her thighs hanging over some brunette’s naked body, her head moving in an up and down motion, with one hand in between her thighs.

“Fuck…Ra…Raven I’m gonna…” Lexa watches as her best friend, her Clarke, comes at the hands (literally) of Raven Reyes. Raven her teammate Reyes. Raven her friend Reyes.

“ Took you long enough Princess,” the kneeling brunette says wiping her mouth.
Clarke laughs as she props herself up on her elbows and that’s when she sees her. A blur of braided brunette hair spins around so quickly as she bounds down the stairs.

“FUCK!” Clarke pushes Raven away grabbing the bed sheet and runs after her. “Lexa, wait!”

Lexa doesn’t know why she does but she stops. Her chest is tight, her pulse is racing, why was she so upset? Clarke tucks the sheet tighter around her, creating a sort of toga-like outfit and follows Lexa into the kitchen.

“I’m sorry, Clarke. I should have called.”

“What? No, Lexa…I’m sorry…”

“How long?”

“What?” the blonde asks.

“How long have you known you were into girls?”

“Oh…I don’t know. It was just one day I liked Bellamy and the next day I didn’t. I realized that I…That I love you,” Clarke says her eyes never leaving the other girl’s face who was looking everywhere but at her.

“You love me so you sleep with Raven?” the tone in her voice didn’t sit well with Clarke and her attitude shifts.

“Lexa is there a reason you’re here? Is there a reason that sleeping with Raven is a problem?”

“Speak of the devil…” Lexa mutters, Clarke turns and finds Raven quickly buttoning up her top. She doesn’t know why but the sight of Raven completely disheveled from her intimate moments with her best friend enrages her. She looks her up and down from her sex hair, swollen lips and bruised skin, Lexa clenches her hands into fists, the jealousy sweeping through her.

“I didn’t mean to interrupt, I just…my bag’s in here,” Raven avoids Lexa’s death glare as she grabs her bag rushes out the door quickly muttering a goodbye to the two girls.

“So?” Clarke’s hand is on her hip and Lexa knows she means business by lash in her tone.

“I came here to make up,” Lexa says gesturing to the set up kitchen table. “I, I wanted to talk. I wanted to know more about what you were feeling…” Clarke’s eyes soften as she sees the perfectly set table with all her favorites and that’s when it hits her how stupid she was being, sleeping with Raven to feel something, anything but the desire she has for Lexa.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to spy on you two. What you two have…It’s, it’s none of my business,” Lexa edges her way to the door, trying to keep her head on straight. Clarke sees where she’s going and immediately puts herself between Lexa and the door.

“Lexa…Don’t go. Let’s talk, please…” greens eyes meet nothing but dark blue ones, the type of blue that anyone would swoon over and Lexa shakes her head, “No.”

“No?”

“I don’t…I don’t want to talk Clarke,” Lexa takes a step forward and Clarke suddenly feels very self-conscious that she’s standing in nothing but a white bed sheet but when she feels Lexa’s lips on hers everything else fades away. She tastes like dark chocolate, her favorite kind and Clarke is quick
to deepen the kiss, her tongue looking for entry and Lexa moans at feeling. The brunette pins the blonde against the door with her hips, her hands running along her side, Clarke gets goosebumps from the soft touch. They finally break for air, the girls lean their foreheads against each other, Clarke’s hand cupping Lexa’s cheek.

“Lexa…” Clarke whispers.

“Clarke…” the other girl whispers back.

“I…What just happened?” the blonde asks.

“When you first entered Octavia’s room and you said ‘I love her, I am so fucking in love with her.’” Lexa says kissing her forehead, “get changed and lets eat.”

Clarke smiles at the touch of the girl’s lips on her skin and her stomach does a somersault. I love her, I am so fucking in love with her.

Lexa watches her best friend, the way the sun shines from behind her as she smiles. I did that, I put that smile on her face.

Dinner that night wasn’t anything new, the girls sat across from each other, sharing their favorite food, laughing and talking like nothing ever happened. Except this time around there are lingering looks, subtle brushing of hands when they hand each other more food, and the much more obvious, flirting. Lots and lots of flirting.

When dinner’s through Lexa doesn’t even have to say that she’s staying the night, she simply grabs Clarke’s hand and leads her upstairs. The smell of sex breaks through their happy-go-lucky barrier as they walk into Clarke’s room and they’re brought back down to reality. Lexa pauses looking at the undone bed and proceeds to take a sit at the reading window, Clarke nods and follows sitting across from her.

“So we should try this again,” Lexa says brushing the bangs out of Clarke’s face. “We should talk.”

“Okay,” the blonde says rather nervous. “I, I don’t really know where to start. I guess, when you started dating Costia…I just - “ at the mention of her name Lexa’s eyes widen, she had completely forgotten about Costia, which in all honesty should say enough to her, but still.

“Shit,” Lexa mutters and Clarke understands.

“Maybe we should talk later…”

“No, no. Clarke this is our time, we’re going to talk now…if that’s okay with you. I’ll take care of Costia later,” Lexa says grabbing her best friend’s hand and squeezing it. “Tonight’s about us,” Clarke swoons at the words, tonight was all about them.

Clarke and Lexa. Lexa and Clarke.

Clarke squeezes Lexa’s hand back, taking a deep breath before continuing their previous conversation, “So when I started seeing you two together…I don’t know what happened…But then after one day things just clicked. Octavia noticed it first and when she brought it up that’s when I realized it. I wasn’t just jealous because you were spending time with someone else, I was jealous because I wanted to be that person. I still want to be that person. You’d talk to me about your dates
and then seeing her kiss you when we had the pool day at your place…God Lexa I wanted nothing more than to be her. To be the girl on your arm, the one who sends you into overdrive and makes you smile. I just wanted - want, to be yours."

Lexa watches the way Clarke’s expressions change as she tells her everything. The way Costia’s name makes her frown and her voice gets lower but when she talks about her and how it felt to be kissing her, her face lights up and Lexa wants to make her feel that way all the time.

“Lexa?” Clarke calls her name, breaking her out of her hypnotic trance.

“Mm?” Lexa replies.

“You’re staring,” Clarke grins.

“I like staring at beautiful things Clarke,” Lexa replies and the blush that creeps onto Clarke’s face is absolutely priceless.

“As I was saying…” Clarke giggles, “The night of the party at Raven’s, when we had that talk outside, that’s the night we slept together. I wish I could say I was out of my mind wasted, but neither of us were;” Clarke watches as Lexa’s body tenses at the mention of sleeping with their friend. “I promise she was respectful, it was my idea…we’ve really only met up to do it three times, including tonight and…” Clarke starts to tear up. “Lexa I, I wanted my first time to be with you. I don’t regret it with Raven, I just, I really wanted my first time with a girl to be…to be with the person I love…”

“That’s why you broke up with Bellamy…” Lexa scoots closer to the girl, leaning her forehead against Clarke’s while she brushes the tears away from her best friend’s face.

“Lexa, never in a million years did I think you would reciprocate. I was trying so hard babe…So hard to forget, to bury these feelings and it just got to the point where I couldn’t. It literally tore me apart, it tore us apart. I can’t lose you Lexa, I can’t.”

The tears are coming too fast for Lexa to wipe away so she does the next best thing. She kisses Clarke’s forehead, then another on her nose, followed by small pecks along her cheeks, catching the tears in her lips.

“Clarke you could never lose me, not in a million years,” Lexa seals their fate with a final kiss to Clarke’s lips and when Lexa feels Clarke respond immediately she knows she’s done for. She knows it’s real.

*I’m in love with Clarke Griffin and she fucking loves me back.*
Heartbreak

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the delay in updating but I wanted to wait to put up a decent update rather than a pretty shitty one so I hope this was worth the wait!

As always thanks for the feedback!!

Morning comes sooner than both girls would have liked, Lexa’s phone alarm is ringing, waking her from her slumber while Clarke is still very much latched onto her hip sleeping. The brunette smiles, brushing some of Clarke’s hair away from her face, and snoozes her phone. They both could use some more sleep, not to mention the cuddling, that was an added perk as well.

When her alarm goes off a second time, Lexa groans in annoyance but she knows that neither girl could afford to be late. She slides out of Clarke’s grasp, regretting it the moment the girl’s warm touch was no longer on her. She quickly brushes her teeth before walking into Clarke’s massive walk-in closet, grabbing a simple pair of skinny jeans and a white v-neck, quickly changing before going to wake her best friend. Lexa stands in the doorframe of the closet as she takes in the site before her.

How could I have been so blind? When all this time Clarke was right in front of me?

She smiles and quietly tiptoes to Clarke’s side of the bed, Lexa’s body was quickly replaced with her pillow and a small pool of drool that Lexa is very grateful didn’t end up on her earlier.

“Clarke,” she whispers. “Clarke…It’s time to get up.”


Lexa smiles, “With an offer like that how could a a girl refuse? Sadly, I have to because we’re going to be late if you don’t get up and get ready Clarke.”

“Kiss me.”

“Brush your teeth.”

“Lexa,” she whimpers, her famous pout beginning to form.

“Clarke,” Lexa starts her hand on her hip. “You very well know that if I get anywhere near that bed again, I’m never coming back up,” Clarke exaggerates a sigh and Lexa rolls her eyes. “But…if you get up and get ready in the next ten minutes…I promise to give you everything and anything you want later.”

Clarke would have been a fool to miss the insinuation in her best friend’s voice. She immediately shoots out of bed, into the bathroom to brush her teeth and back into her room to quickly change with four minutes to spare. She walks out of her closet, arms folded across her chest with a smirk on her face.

“Well done and with four minutes to spare,” Lexa says clapping for the girl.
“I believe I’m owed a reward,” Clarke says walking towards the brunette standing near the edge of the bed.

“Clarke…We have to get to school…” Lexa replies but her confidence is waning and Clarke knows it. The blonde is inches away from her, her hand raises to cup the beautiful brunette’s face, gently caressing her, before she moves her hand to push her down towards her bed.

“Clarke…” Lexa says rather breathy as the blonde goes to straddle her. Lexa’s nervous she’s never seen this side of Clarke, even when she’s dated guys she’s never been quite the aggressive type. Aggressive flirter, yes, aggressive physically, none from what Lexa was aware of and she’d really rather not think about that at the moment.

“I’m just collecting what’s owed Lexa,” Clarke whispers as her lips begin to trail a string of kisses from Lexa’s collarbone to her ear and back around to the other side.

“Clarke…” but this time it’s a low moan and Clarke can already feel the heat from her core aching for more. Lexa moans again but this time Clarke stifles it with her lips, her tongue searching for access to get even more of the girl below her. Clarke raises her self slightly and smirks as Lexa immediately follows in search of more.

“We’ve got school Lexa,” Clarke teases hopping off her best friend and grabbing her book bag.

“I’m going to get you back for that later Clarke,” is all Lexa can mutter as she quickly re-braids her hair and straightens herself up before following after Clarke.

When they arrive at school, the girls park towards the back of the student lot, enjoying the people watching as they wait for the warning bell to ring. Just as Lexa opens her mouth to speak, her phone sitting in the cup holder begins to ring, the screen filling with Costia’s face.

“You should -”

“Yeah,” Lexa answers the call as Clarke tries her best to not to eavesdrop.

“I actually can’t meet tonight, can we meet for lunch?” still on the phone, Lexa grabs Clarke’s hand and begins to trace soft circles into her palm. “Okay, I’ll come over then. Bye.”

“That was Costia,” Lexa says her eyes trying to read the girl next to her.

“I gathered as much,” Clarke says a bit sassy.

“Clarke, we…I need to end things with Costia, I’m going over during lunch to end things.”

“To her house?”

“Yeah, I guess private schools don’t have classes today and she needs to tell me something, so it’s perfect timing in my book,” Lexa says unraveling her braid and combing her fingers through her hair. This was her tell and Clarke knew it far too well.

“Hey, one step at a time, I’m not going anywhere. I couldn’t even if I wanted to,” Clarke reassures her squeezing the girl’s hand. The warning bell rings and the girls sigh, before exiting Clarke’s car. Before parting ways Lexa pulls Clarke toward her and gives her a soft kiss before leaving and if the girls had paid more attention to their surroundings, they would’ve seen Costia parked on the opposite end of the parking lot watching them.
“Princess, you look rather chipper today.” Octavia says sliding next to the blonde at the lunch table.

“I take it you haven’t heard then…” Clarke says taking a bite out of her salad and Octavia’s eyes widen.

“Did you finally tell her?” Octavia squeals and Clarke blushes as a few students turn around to see what’s going on.

“Not here,” Clarke whispers taking another bite.

“Are you seriously going to make me wait?” Octavia asks rather annoyed.

“Wait for what?” a male voice from behind interrupts.

“Oh, hey Bell,” Clarke smiles gesturing to the seat across from her. The shaggy-haired boy smiles and takes a seat, stealing a few fries from his sister’s tray.

“So what are we waiting for?” the older Blake sibling asks, Clarke shoots Octavia a glare, unbeknownst to Bellamy.

“Clarke was going to show me this mole…” Clarke practically chokes on her food. “On her back,” Octavia finishes resulting in a very disgusted Bellamy.

“That’s my cue to leave,” Bell says grabbing his tray and joining the football team’s table, where Lincoln was also seated.

“So?” Octavia inquires again.

“She kind of walked in on me and Raven last night…”

“WHAT?” this time Octavia’s outburst gathered the attention of more than half the students in the cafeteria so Clarke grabs Octavia by the wrist and leads our out towards the art wing, she finds an empty studio and drags her into it.

“Listen Princess, you’re cute and all but you’re kind of not my type,” O smirks.

“Do you want to know what happened or not?” Clarke snaps and Octavia raises her hands in defeat.

“So Lexa walks in on you two…Did she go all Commander?”

“No…she actually walked out. I swear O it was mortifying, she walked in right as I…you know…” Clarke says her cheeks turning the same shade of red plastered across various canvases in the studio. “Anyways, I run after her and Lexa doesn’t even seem mad that I was sleeping with Raven. I mean she’s mad but she’s not torn up about it, she was more upset that I didn’t tell her I was interested in girls…And then the next thing I know she’s kissing me and I’m kissing her back and we sat down to have dinner and it just went back to normal.”

“Clarke…” Octavia says as she begins pacing the room. “Not that I’m not thrilled for you because, nothing makes me happier than seeing two people get together that are clearly meant for each other but did you guys even talk?”

“We did. I mean she had me start from the beginning, from the party at your house, the jealousy, Costia, and how things started with Raven.”
“Costia, she’s still with Costia?” Octavia asks her brow beginning to furrow.

“Technically yes…” Clarke begins. “But she’s ending things with her now actually.” Clarke says taking a look at the text she just received from Lexa.

**Lexa (12:03pm):** Just got here, I’ll meet you during free period, our place okay?

**Clarke (12:03pm):** Our place.

“Okay,” Octavia says. “So you’ve poured your heart out to Lexa but has she done the same in return?”

The question puzzles Clarke, rendering her speechless as she racked her brain trying to figure out if Lexa said a single thing last night about how she feels. All she remembers is Lexa kissing her and everything else just fades into the background.

“I, I don’t know,” Clarke stammers as the realization hits her. “I mean she kissed me, a lot, she kissed me a lot O and she said that I’d never lose her…”

“But did she ever say she was in love with you too?”

“Do you think she’d be ending things with Costia if she didn’t? Oh my God O, what if she doesn’t love me that way?”

“Good point,” the brunette says. “Clarke, you shouldn’t worry. Lexa’s ending things with Costia, just like you said. It’s going to be okay. I’m happy for your Princess, I’m proud of you for telling her how you feel.”

The warning bell rings, indicating the end of their lunch hour and before they go their separate ways Octavia pulls Clarke in for a bone-crushing hug.

“Good things come to good people Clarke, remember that.”

Lexa drums her fingers along the steering wheel of Clarke’s car, since they drove together that day, she didn’t have a choice but to take the blonde’s car, which isn’t usually a problem but Clarke’s car is messier than usual. The brunette takes a deep breath, her nerves at an all time high as she makes her way to Costia’s front porch. She rings the doorbell and can hear the sound echoing from inside before she hears who she assumes is Costia jogging over to the answer the door.

Costia answers the door in her sports bra and tight pair of yoga shorts, while her toned abs glisten in sweat. Lexa gulps because, shit.

“Hey you,” Costia greets her kissing her cheek. “Sorry I’m all sweaty, I was just finishing a workout.”

“No problem.” Lexa says her eyes raking over her abs. Costia catches this and pulls the girl into her home and pushes her against the now closed door. “Wha- what are you doing?”

“I want you so bad right now…” Costia replies lips leaving kisses up and down her neck and she smiles hearing Lexa whimper. “What’s wrong Lexa, don’t you want me?”

“Costia, please…stop,” Costia pulls away, her usual smiling face replaced with a look that could kill.
“I’m your girlfriend, why don’t you want me?” Costia asks one hand on her hip, while Lexa squirms beneath her gaze.

“Costia…” Lexa’s hands are tightly wound together, knuckle turning white as if she’s trying to contain the emotion willing to spill out of her.

“You know what Lexa, save it. I saw you with Clarke this morning.”

“What?” Lexa’s eyes widen.

“Yeah, after I didn’t hear from you last night I figured I’d surprise you at school today but turns out I was the one left surprised.” Costia says rather emotionless, but behind the hazel eyes tears are threatening to fall, instead she walks toward her staircase and takes a seat, her eyes never leaving Lexa’s.

“I was going to tell you,” Lexa says following the girl to sit down but maintain the distance.

“Tell me what? That you’ve been cheating on me?”

“Costia I haven’t been - we kissed twice. I’m sorry. I swear to you it was nothing more than that, but…” Lexa struggles to find the words.

“Spit it out Lexa,” Costia says, the tone of her voice replicating the lash of 1000 cuts if that were even possible.

“I came here to end things,” Lexa finally says, the confidence in her voice becoming stronger. She knew she had to do this.

“Trust me Lexa, you’re not going to be the one ending things here today. I just wanted to see if you would actually have the decency to admit what happened with you and her,” the hurt girl says balling up her fists.

“Her name is Clarke,” Lexa bites back.

“Right, Clarke,” Costia repeats her tongue clicking after her name.

“Costia, please believe me when I say that I never meant to hurt you,” Lexa must have said something right because Costia’s body seems to soften.

“I’m just, I’m mad okay? I tried so hard to fight the feeling of thinking you two were a thing or had feelings for each other but every single time you came back to me and reassured me and I wanted to believe it so badly and you made a fool of me Lexa. I’m humiliated.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry isn’t enough…” she whispers.

“I know but it doesn’t mean I’m not sorry. Costia you really are great, but…I owe it to myself to see where this will take me.”

“You mean you owe it to Clarke,” the bitterness doesn’t go unnoticed.

“I owe it to both of us and you owe it to yourself to be with someone better than what I can offer,” The room goes silent as both girls try to read each other, trying to figure out what to do or say next, “I’m going to get going.” Lexa says standing and reaching for her keys in her back pocket. “Good luck with everything Costia, I mean it.”
Lexa shuts the door behind her, her heart’s racing a million times a minute but she can’t deny the sense of relief she feels after what just happened. She pulls out her phone, sending a quick text to Clarke to let her know she’s on her way. Just as Lexa begins to pull out of her driveway, Costia runs out and flags her down.

“Lexa!” Costia jogs over the driver’s side and hands her a folder. “It’s the paperwork, for your internship.”

“What? Costia, no I couldn’t, not after…”

“Lexa, you work hard and this is a good opportunity for you. Please don’t deny yourself this because of us. It’s not fair to you. I may not be too fond of you at the moment, but I know how to separate business from personal things, this is business and you deserve it. Head over heart, that’s what dad always used to tell me. Good luck,” Costia drops the folder on her now ex-girlfriend’s lap and runs back into the house.

Lexa sits for a moment, reveling in what just happened. She couldn’t believe that despite everything Costia was still willing to help her, she really couldn’t believe it.

Head over heart, head over heart.

“Hey Princess.”

Clarke’s back is to the roof’s door, the wind blowing her hair perfectly as she looks out towards the beach. Lexa takes a seat next to her and grabs her hand.

“Clarke?” the blue eyes were focused on the horizon, entranced by her surroundings, barely noticing that Lexa had just arrived.

“Hm?”

“Clarke, what’s wrong?” Lexa turns to straddle the bench opening up her body to Clarke, showing her she can be vulnerable with her.

“Lexa do you love me?” Clarke asks her eyes still facing outward. The question takes Lexa by surprise, just hours ago they were wrapped up in one another, planting soft kisses, enjoying each other’s comfort and giving each other promises that could only be spoken with their eyes, “Clarke how could you ask such a thing?”

“That isn’t an answer.”

“Clarke,” Lexa nudges at the blonde for her to face her to meet her eye-to-eye. “Clarke, of course I love you. Clarke, please look at me.”

“But do you love me like I love you? Like, I want to be your girlfriend, take you on romantic dates, love me?”

“Clarke you and I have been part of each other’s lives since birth, I have grown to love you in so many ways. You’re the only person who knows my deepest secrets, you’re the only one who can chase the nightmares away, you know how much I hate Italian or the nickname Lex, you know that when I’m sick all I need is a cup of tomato soup and my favorite Disney movie. Clarke you are the only person who knows me the way you do and you’re the only one I want to know me that way. I
couldn’t fathom having this, what we have, between anyone. Realizing these feelings for you… They’ve been so…eye opening,” Lexa strokes Clarke’s cheek. “These feelings, they scare the hell out of me Clarke.”

“You’re not alone you know…”

“Clarke, I know I’m not alone, but do you understand that you’ve had time to process this?”

“Lexa what is there to process. You either want this or you don’t,” Clarke turns away, her eyes back on the horizon. She doesn’t know why she’s so upset, she thought this would be easy. They were best friends after all, yet Lexa was seeming to make this more difficult than need be.

Lexa gets off the bench and for a second Clarke thinks she’s going to run, instead Lexa gets down on her knees in front of her, placing both hands firmly on her lap, “I want this. I want all of this,” Lexa says green eyes sinking into blue ones. “I just want this without messing it up. I want to take it slow. I want to get to know the Clarke that isn’t my best friend. I want to learn what makes you nervous…I want to know what makes your heart race…” Clarke squeezes the other girl’s hands, reassuring her that she understands.

“Do you think we can do that?” Lexa asks pulling herself up bringing her face to face with the blonde.

“Yes. Together, yes,” Clarke kisses her and it’s unlike any of their ones before. It’s soft yet strong, it’s a promise. Lexa breaks away, “Hey Clarke?”

“Yes, Lexa.”

“Does this mean we have to stop sleeping together?” Clarke laughs at the seriousness in Lexa’s voice. “Of course not Lexa, but you can’t get mad if I drool on you.”

“Never.”

Lexa has soccer practice after school and as much as she’s dreading it instead of being able to spend time with Clarke, Lexa knows she has to. They’re both leaning against Clarke’s car saying goodbye when Raven walks by. She gives a curt nod to both girls before walking towards the locker room.

“You should be the one to talk to her,” Clarke says.

“I suppose you’re right,” Lexa says placing a soft kiss on the short girl’s forehead. “I’ll see you tonight okay?”

“You better,” Lexa gives her another kiss before walking in the opposite direction when she hears Clarke give a little yelp from behind her.

“Clarke?” Lexa asks a quizzical look on her face.

“What can I say, I hate to see you go, but I love to watch you leave,” Clarke winks before jumping into her car leaving a laughing Lexa on the sidewalk.

Lexa enters the locker room, the smell of musty gym lockers filling the air, she quickly changes and heads to the row of lockers behind hers to look for Raven but the girl was already gone. This was going to be harder than she thought, Lexa heads out to the practice fields, taking a headcount of her
team stretching but then she notices someone running in the distance. Raven. Lexa excuses herself from her team, leaving Echo in charge of warming the team up and jogs over to where Raven is running suicides.

“You’re going to wear yourself out Reyes,” Lexa says.

“I'm trying to pull my weight Commander.”

“Raven,” she keeps running. “Raven!” Lexa’s voice booms throughout the field and she’s almost certain the entire team heard her as the chatter that once was in the air has slowly dissipated.

“Raven, talk a walk with me.” The team captain’s voice softens and Raven obliges. The two girls walk silently to the main soccer field, taking a seat on the bleachers.

“Raven I’m not upset with you,” Lexa says breaking the silence first. “Clarke, she explained your… situation,” Raven is still silent. “I’m not going to lie I was definitely taken off guard walking into what…I…well you know, but I have feelings for her, feelings I didn’t realize I had before and in a weird way, I suppose I have you to thank for that.”

“Seriously?” and Lexa laughs. “I suppose that sounds rather stupid,” the Commander says. “But it’s true, if I hadn’t seen what I had seen, I don’t know how long it would have taken me to realize my feelings for her.”

“For someone as intelligent as you, you are pretty oblivious to shit like that Captain.”

Lexa chuckles, “I’m fully aware.”

“Are we going to be okay?” Raven asks. “You know me, I’m not one for drama but I would really hate to see our friendship, all of ours, get ruined.”

“I understand, I do have to ask though…”

Raven turns to face her team captain, “Lexa, it was just sex,” and she can see the girl cringe at the words but she it was the truth. “I promise you there weren’t and will never be feelings like that, it was strictly…physical.”

Lexa nods, her face stoic again, “I understand, thank you Raven.”

“So are you two…?”

“We’re figuring it out,” Lexa smiles. “But yes, I hope we will be.”

“Can I say something without being out of line?”

“Raven I believe we’ve crossed that line last night don’t you?”

“When you were with Costia, you didn’t smile like this,” Raven gestures to the grin on the other girl’s face.

“That’s because what I have with Clarke is real.”

“Commander who knew you were such a sap!” Raven exclaims slapping a hand on her back but when she sees Lexa’s reaction she draws back, “Too soon?” Raven asks.

“Laps Reyes, start running,” Raven waits for Lexa to laugh or give an indication that she’s kidding but after a few more awkward seconds of silence she begins running and it’s only halfway through
her first lap is when Lexa starts to laugh.

When Clarke gets home she’s overwhelmed with a series of emotions. From relief to joy, to fear and love. The series of events from the last few days were completely overwhelming and she wasn’t quite sure what to make of it. All she knew was that she loves Lexa and in a surprising turn of events, Lexa feels the same way. Clarke runs upstairs to change into a bikini and lay out while she waits for Lexa to come over, it was a beautiful day and she wasn’t going to let it pass her by. She grabs a bottle of beer on her way through the kitchen before settling into an oversized lounge chair in her backyard. Everything was going well.

Well almost everything.

“Clarke Griffin, we need to talk,” the sun that was just radiating off her skin is suddenly gone and replaced by a tall shadow in the form of her mother.

“Hello to you too mom,” Clarke smiles.

“No this isn’t one of those talks Clarke, we need to talk.”

Shit, she knows. She knows I like girls.

“Mom I can explain,” Clarke beings sitting up.

“Yes, you will. You’ll explain to me why Marcus Kane sent me over internship papers stating that you declined the offer.”

Fuck.

“Mom, you know that’s not what I want to do. It’s my life, don’t I get a say in it?” Clarke replies, quickly on the defense.

“Clarke, it’s just an internship, it’s just to give you exposure to what it could possibly be like, it’s just to -”

“Just to what? Show me how I can be just like my parents who are never home?” Clarke doesn’t know what overcomes her as she begins fighting her mother’s words.

“Clarke…Is that really how you feel? Your father and I, we work hard. We work hard to provide you the life you have and I haven’t seen you complain since."

“You’re not around enough to hear me complain,” the blonde mutters.

“That’s not fair Clarke,” Abby takes a seat on the lounge chair parallel to her daughter, her brows furrowed and Clarke can tell she’s hurt her.

“I didn’t mean for it to come out that way,” Clarke begins. “I didn’t mean for it to sound like I don’t want to be like you and dad because I do. I just want to be passionate and happy doing something I love just as much as you two do.”

“And what is that?” Abby asks. Clarke takes a moment to figure out how best to put what she wants to do with the rest of her life. She knows that simply saying art would break her mother’s heart, but if she could find a strategic way to put it, she knows that she’d understand. At least she hopes she will.
“I want to be an artist.”

“Clarke…Sweetheart,” Abby struggles to find the words to tell her daughter something, anything that wouldn’t sound judgmental or break her daughter’s heart. “Your dad gets back tomorrow night, why don’t we talk to him tomorrow? We can sit down, as a family and we’ll talk, okay?”

Clarke seems relieved at the mention of her father as she nods in agreement with her mom, “Thanks mom.” Abby leaves her daughter poolside to get started on dinner when her phone rings.

“This is Dr. Griffin,” she answers as she pulls out a suitable sized pot to boil water in.

Clarke hears the sound of pots and pans clashing from the kitchen and in a matter of seconds she’s rushing through her patio doors to find the cause of it. The younger Griffin finds her mom on the floor surrounded by a few pots and pans, her face as pale as the linoleum beneath her.

“Mom?” Clarke asks rushing to her side. “Mom?” Abby’s eyes are glazed over staring into nothingness, “Mom please talk to me, you’re starting to scare me,” Clarke grabs her mother by her shoulders and shakes her slightly.

“Jake,” she mutters.

“Dad? Mom what about dad!” Clarke’s shouts shaking her mother more, “Mom what about dad!”

“Crash. Hospital. Jake…” Abby’s still emotionless as the words fall from her lips. The words come crashing down onto Clarke as she slumps down next to her mother. Her dad was involved in some sort of crash, he’s at the hospital. She needs more information but she knew she wouldn’t get it from her mom. Help, she needs help. She needs Lexa. Clarke pulls herself together long enough to grab her mother’s phone. She quickly dials the number she’s known by heart and when she utters the words into the phone they come out as sobs.

“My dad was in an accident.”
It Could Have Been Anyone

Chapter Summary

Tissues, tissues, where the fuck are my tissues.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the delay in writing but I hope this chapter makes up for it...but I highly doubt it. Enjoy and thanks for reading as always! I look forward to comments and reactions!

Clarke paces back and forth, hands on her hips, with a frustrated expression. Lexa watches her like clockwork. She walks to the vending machine, sighs, turns around and walks back toward the brunette before repeating the process. Lexa’s mother is next to her, iPad in hand trying to work with her assistant to clear her schedule up the next few days to be at home. She clicks off the phone and puts her arm around her daughter, lowering her voice to whisper. Lexa nods as she gives her mom’s hand a squeeze and stands toward Clarke.

“Clarke, why don’t we get some food,” Lexa suggests but the blonde is stubborn and just shakes her head in disagreement. Lexa looks at her mom, eyes pleading for support but Erin just nods reassuring Lexa it’s her who should be doing this. “Clarke,” the sound of her name sounding more commanding this time. “Clarke let’s go get some food.”

“I’m not hungry Lexa, I can’t think about anything right now.”

“Then you’ll come sit with me and watch me eat,” the brunette retorts. Clarke scowls but when her eyes meet Lexa’s she sees she’s not being rude, she’s trying to comfort her. Clarke nods, lacing their hands together and exiting toward the cafeteria. Erin watches the two girls with nothing but pride in her eyes. Despite the current situation, Erin was happy that the girls had each other.

“When do you think they’ll figure it out?” Erin turns to find Abby taking the seat next to her, the expression on her face, unreadable but after years of friendship Erin can tell she isn’t ready to talk about it so she plays along.

“The girls?” Erin smirks. “I don’t know I think we might just be waiting on Clarke to figure it out.”

Abby scoffs, “Please, she’s been in the sourest of moods ever since Costia’s been around.”

“She’s a sweet girl. She’s driven, her parents are very important people, she’s going to Yale in the Fall,” Erin says but Abby is quick to notice the hesitation in her voice.

“But?” and Erin sighs. “But she isn’t Clarke…Costia, as much has she would’ve been a good influence on Lexa, the girl is stone just like her mother, she isn’t someone who can teach her to live, someone to tell her it’s okay to color outside of the lines sometimes, she’s no Griffin.” And that’s when Abby begins to cry, "Abby, how is he?” Erin asks turning to squeeze her hand.
"He’s hanging in there…Some idiot in a pickup truck came out of nowhere and clipped side of the taxi he was in. Jake took the brunt of it…He still hasn’t woken up yet…"

"He’s going to be okay Abbs. You just have to believe that."

"No…Erin, hes…I’ve seen his charts, I’ve spoken to Callie and Marcus, from a professional standpoint, he isn’t going to make it. There’s no way, it’d take a miracle."

"Then a miracle is what we’ll get,” Erin takes the other woman’s hands in hers and squeezes tight. “We’ve got the best doctors in the world at our disposal and if they’re not enough, I’ll hunt them down dammit. Anything you need, we’re here for you."

The two best friends walk hand in hand to the cafeteria in silence, every so often Lexa would look at the girl next to her searching for some sort of signal, anything but she couldn’t find it. Her strong, solid best friend was faltering before her own eyes and Lexa, protector of Clarke for once in her life felt helpless. There wasn’t much left to pick from when they entered the cafeteria, Lexa settles for a pre-made salad, grabbing a turkey sandwich for Clarke as well. She knows she’ll at eat sooner or later. While Lexa goes to pay she scans the room for Clarke who went ahead to grab them a table, she finds her in the back where two single windows sit.

“The food here sucks,” Lexa mutters taking a bite out of her salad.

“Hospitals suck,” Clarke replies, her eyes never leaving the window. “I can’t believe my mom actually wants me work in one.”

“What do you mean?”

“I told her I wanted to be an artist…”

“You’d make a fantastic artist Clarke, you already are,” Lexa says noticing the corners of Clarke’s lips slightly turn upward.

“Well mom and I were arguing earlier, before…” Clarke’s voice started to give way, “before…” Lexa rushes to her side immediately enveloping Clarke into her embrace. She could feel the silent tears begin to puddle on her arm and hugged her tighter.

“I’m here Clarke, whatever you need, I’m here,” Lexa whispers.

“I’m scared Lexa…”

“I know Clarke, I am too.”

Lexa’s phone vibrates interrupting their embrace and she knows better than to check it but at this ungodly hour of night she knows it must be important.

**Mom (11:31pm):** Mr. Griffin is awake, bring Clarke.

Lexa smiles as she types out her response, “Clarke your dad’s awake, let’s go.” Lexa throws away their barely touched meals and grabs Clarke’s hand, she can feel the girl shaking so instead wraps an arm around her waist to keep her steady. When the girl’s return to the waiting room Callie and Marcus Kane are there with Mrs. Woods and Lexa can tell from their expressions that it isn’t good.

“Clarke, sweetheart your mom’s waiting for you down the hall, room 214,” Callie says giving her a small smile. Clarke can sense it too, the tension in the air and she knows that no amount of
preparation could ever prepare her for what comes next. Lexa feels her body tense, she turns to stand in front of Clarke blocking everyone else from her view.

“I’ll be right out here,” Lexa says her eyes locking onto Clarke’s. “I’m not going anywhere.” Clarke nods as her body instinctively leans into Lexa’s and Lexa places a soft kiss on the girl’s forehead. “You’re going to be okay Clarke,” Lexa whispers before stepping aside allowing Clarke to move past.

Clarke gives the adults a forced smile as she makes her way down the hall, somewhere behind her she hears Erin say something to Lexa about just being friends and she doesn’t know why but it calms her. Clarke hears her dad before she actually sees him and it’s the weakness in his voice that stops her from entering.

“Abigail, please.”

“Jake, no.”

“Don’t let me become of one those vegetables, I would never want to live like that, Clarke would never want me to live like that,” The mention of her name brings the teen to tears as she leans against the wall next to her dad’s door trying to hear more.

“Jake please fight.”

“I am fighting sweetheart but you know I have seen enough of these,” Jake coughs, “kinds of cases,” he coughs again and from the sounds of a spits something up that from Abby’s reaction must be blood, “so Abby…please.” Clarke hears the room go silent for a few more seconds and she takes this time to gently knock on the door after gaining some composure.

“Hey kiddo,” Jake grins and despite his bruised face and battered body, Clarke can tell he’s happy to see her.

“Hi dad…” she says trying to keep the tears at bay. “You look like shit.”

Jake and Abby laugh and Clarke immediately regrets saying it when she sees Jake wince in pain causing him to cough again.

“I’m going to check the status on your last CT, Clarke will you stay with your dad?” Abby asks already knowing the answer.

“Of course,” the blonde says suddenly very timid.

“Well are you going to give your old man a hug or what?” Jake asks. He watches Clarke’s face, her brows are furrowed, eyes are blood shot and he knows she’s been crying. “You won’t hurt me Clarke, you can hug me. I promise, it’s okay.”

Clarks takes a deep breath and forces a small smile on her face before taking a seat next to her dad, Jake pulls her in for an embrace and does his best to keep it together while his baby girl falls apart in his arms.

“You’re not going to be okay are you?” Clarke murmurs into her dad’s chest.

“No sweetheart, I’m not,” and this time it’s Jake who cracks. “Do you know how proud I am of you?”

“Oh come on dad,” Clarke says and Jake can practically hear her rolling her eyes.
“I mean it. I’m sorry I haven’t been around much and now…now who knows what time we have left…”

“I’ll be okay,” Clarke says her blue eyes meeting those responsible for her own beautiful hue. Jake nods understanding the weight he’ll be leaving his daughter with but even in her eyes he can see the hope barely glistening in her eyes.

“I know you will, you’re a Griffin after all,” Jake says smiling pulling his daughter in for another embrace. Clarke pulls away and settles herself into the chair previously occupied by her mother. “So what do you say we find something to watch on this thing?” Jake asks gesturing to the flat screen in his room. There were perks to having parents as doctors and this is something Clarke let herself bask in while she plopped her feet onto Jake’s bad, while he clicks through the HD channels looking for something to watch. It wasn’t until they were halfway through a rerun of Full House that Jake spoke again unrelated to the episode.

“Your mother mentioned your argument to me.”
Clarke scoffs, “Of course she did. Leave it to mom to tell you about our argument while you’re on your dea-“ Clarke stopped.

“Clarke, it’s okay.”

“Dad…” Clarke looks at her father, her rock, her mentor now so vulnerable and week. “How am I going to do this without you…”

“Look in the mirror Clarke, there’s more of me in you than you know,” Jake says squeezing his daughter’s hand. “I told your mother I want you to take up art.”

“Dad, no. I want to follow in your footsteps…” Clarke begins before Jake interrupts hers. “Sweetheart, if I weren’t laying here right now, would you still be saying that?” Clarke shakes her head acknowledging her father is right.

“Clarke, you need to know something,” Jake says muting the TV. “This right here Clarke,” Jake says gesturing to his current physical state, “this could have happened to anyone. I just want you to remember that.”

The blonde nods, tears threatening to spill, “I love you dad.”

“I love you too Clarke,” Jake says bringing the volume back up and that’s how Abby found them, laughing about Full House and sharing inside jokes from Clarke’s youth. She never wanted the moment to end. Abby clears her throat trying to get Clarke’s attention but it’s Jake who answers.

“There’s my girl,” his eyes smiling at his wife.

“Here I am,” she smiles. “Clarke, visiting hours are almost over but I’ve talked it over with Marcus and you’re welcome to stay the night with your father if you’d like.

“Are you staying?” she asks her mother.

“I am.”

“Then I am too,” Clarke says looking at her dad whose skin has become significantly paler.

“I’ll let Marcus know. Why don’t you let Mrs. Woods and Lexa know they can go home for the night.”
“Erin and Lexa are still here?” Jake asks glancing at the clock on the wall. “It’s almost 1am.”

“Well you know how Erin is,” Abby says.

“And Lexa?” Jake asks his voice changing as if insinuating something.

“You know how Lexa is,” Abby smirks her eyes darting towards the blonde who was suddenly entranced by an infomercial on the television completely oblivious to the conversation her parents were having. Jake smiles and his eyebrows rise to which Abby simply nods her head and smiles confirming her husband’s thoughts.

“Clarke…Clarke,” Abby says getting her daughter’s attention. “Can you please let the Woods know they can go?”

“What?” Clarke says her eyes snapping to meet Abby’s. “Sure. I’ll be right back dad,” Clarke says placing a kiss on Jake’s forehead before leaving.

When Clarke returns to the waiting room the image before her is one for the books. Erin’s slumped over against the wall next to her sleeping, while Lexa is cuddled into a corner of one of the couches. Knowing that Erin doesn’t like to be woken up based on previous family vacations together, Clarke decides to wake Lexa up first. She takes a seat close to where Lexa’s head is and runs her fingers through her hair, leaning down to whisper in her ear.

“Lexa,” she whispers. “Lexa wake up, it’s me.” Lexa stirs but makes no indication that she’ll be waking up. “Lexa, baby it’s me…” Clarke whispers again but this time placing a soft kiss on the brunette’s cheek and that surely does the trick.

“Mm Clarke?” Lexa asks, slowly blinking to adjust to the light. “Is everything okay?” Lexa asks trying to sit up but the second she does, Clarke scoots further in the couch gently pulling Lexa’s head into her lap.

“No…but right now this is exactly what I need,” Clarke whispers her fingers back to being tangled in Lexa’s hair and the girl below sighs in relief. Lexa grabs onto the hem of Clarke’s shirt, her knuckles grazing Clarke’s stomach and in a matter of seconds the blonde is fast asleep.

When Clarke doesn’t return in an appropriate amount of time Abby searches for her only to find her slumped alongside Lexa whose head was still resting on Clarke’s lap while Clarke’s head lay atop Lexa’s hip. Their position in no way looked comfortable but what caught Abby’s eye were how their hands were intertwined and after the night she’s been through, that was exactly what she needed to see. Abby dims the lights a bit in the waiting room and holds her breath as she attempts to wake Erin up without too much noise. The doctor softly shoves Erin’s arm until she wakes, Abby drags a finger to her mouth telling Erin to keep her voice down and points towards their daughters and both women smiles.

“You owe me $50 bucks,” Erin whispers following Abby into the hallway.

“As if, you don’t win this bet until we know who initiated what!” Abby teases and it’s when they’re in a better lit area that Erin can truly see the results of the night written all over Abby’s face.

“You don’t need to be strong right now Abby, no one will think any less of you for being a little vulnerable right now. He’s your husband and you right now should be an emotional wife,” Erin says but Abby isn’t listening, instead she’s focused on the blonde sleeping just a few feet away. “Abby, Clarke’s a big girl, she has been for quite some time now and you know she’s a lot stronger than you give her credit for and she has Lexa, don’t you worry about her right now. Worry about Abby,
worry about you."

Abby nods. She knows that Erin’s right, ever since she stepped foot into the hospital she’s been a doctor and not a wife. Her logical and rational side kicked into high gear when really what she needed to be was a wife, a mother, a best friend.

“Thank you Erin…I’m going to stay with Jake tonight, I know you’ve been here all night but -"

“I’ll watch over our girls, don’t worry,” Erin gives her a reassuring smile before pulling her in for an embrace. “Trust that whatever happens is meant to happen, I’ll be out here if you need anything and Christopher should be arriving within the hour."

“Thank you Erin, so much,” Abby says pulling away from the embrace and heading back to her husband. Erin turns to face the girls again but it seems that the girls have somehow managed to move so they were both laying the same way, facing each other with Clarke’s head safely tucked into the crook of Lexa’s neck.

“Just another one for the baby books,” Erin says to herself before snapping a few photos of the girls.

When Lexa wakes up she feels an aching in her back when she turns to find the cause of it, she sees it’s Clarke’s elbow digging into her spine and she smiles. She doesn’t remember Clarke climbing onto the couch to sleep with her but she sure as hell isn’t complaining waking up to her.

“Good morning daughter,” Erin smirks from the chair across her waving a cup of coffee in her face.

“Mother,” Lexa says avoiding her devious grin.

“You two were quite cosy,” Lexa’s mother teases again.

“We were just sleeping,” Lexa says standing carefully making sure not to disturb Clarke.

“Sleeping, is that what the kids are calling it these days?” a man says from behind Erin and Lexa grins running to hug her father. “When did you get in!”

“Oh around the time you and Clarke decided to kiss in your sleep before changing spooning positions,” Christopher says.

“We did not -” but Lexa stops and closes her eyes, yes…they very much did do that.

“I knew it!” Erin squeals.

“Mother please,” Lexa says rather dryly. “Oh just wait until I tell Abby, she’ll be ecstatic and I can finally collect on our wager."

“Wager? You bet on us?” Lexa says raising her voice, immediately regretting it when she hears Clarke groan, waking up. “Lexa…Come back to bed,” and Lexa’s face turns a deep shade of red as she turns to look at Clarke whose face is buried in the soft cushion and back at her parents who are grinning from ear to ear.

Lexa struggles internally but she knows what the obvious decision is, she sits back down on the couch and cradles Clarke’s head onto her lap, soothing her back to sleep, “I’m right here. It’s okay.” Clarke wraps her arms around the girl’s waist as she looks for more contact. Lexa feels the two sets of green eyes on her and she knows she’ll have to talk to he parents later but right now Clarke needs
her and that’s all she cares about.

“Looks like I’ll be paying you as well...” Lexa’s father laughs before kissing his wife on the cheek.

“Did everyone seriously know before we did?” Lexa asks rather annoyed and her parents laugh but the laughter is soon interrupted by Callie who comes rushing into the waiting room a panicked look on her face. Lexa sees her first and nods her head. She gently caresses Clarke’s cheek and leans down to whisper in her ear. Her parents watch with adoring eyes as Lexa tries to find the words to wake the girl from her slumber without making her panic.

“Clarke…You need to get up now…” Lexa looks at her parents and they give her encouraging smiles to keep going. “Pretty girl, it’s time to get up. Your father needs you now Clarke.”

At the mention of her father Clarke’s eyes snap open and she turns to look up at Lexa understanding what she means, “It’s going to be okay Clarke. I’m going to be right here.” Clarke sits up and buries her head into Lexa’s chest, breathing deep and it breaks Lexa’s heart to see her this way. Forgetting they weren’t alone Lexa captures Clarke’s lips in hers and fuels everything she can into the kiss to make up for the lack of words she’s tried hard to express and Clarke reciprocates answering her. When they pull away they lean their foreheads together and both girls are crying.

“It’s okay Clarke, it’s okay sweetheart,” Lexa whispers and Clarke nods kissing Lexa quickly on the cheek before standing to go to her father. Under normal circumstances she’d be embarrassed that Mr. and Mrs. Woods had just witnessed a very intimate moment between them but that was the least of her concern at the moment. She hugs them quickly, murmuring her thanks for being there and follows Callie down the hall.

She hears the sound of the ventilator before she sees it and that’s when she knows. His fight is over. Today Clarke Griffin will have to say goodbye to her father.
The ceremony was beautiful and intimate, nothing too flashy, Jake would have hated that. After letting Jake go, Abby was a mess but Clarke already knew that would happen. Jake kept the family together despite the distance the family often faced he was the glue to the Griffin clan and now it was gone. It was Clarke and Abby left now but deep down it felt like it was just Clarke. The youngest Griffin was going to be the glue to keep the family together, a responsibility she never envisioned having but she knew had no choice in accepting.

To say Abby was more or less completely withdrawn after burying Jake is hard to say. The day after the funeral she was already on a flight to China to meet with other scientists in an effort to help their case studies of finding a cure for some disease or another, Clarke wasn’t really listening. Abby insists it was necessary to go, that the science could be revolutionary and Clarke nodded along knowing deep down it was just to get away.

A week had gone by and Clarke wandered around aimlessly, a shell, waking up, going to class, coming home, sleeping and doing it all over again. But in true Griffin nature she was still social she just wasn’t…present. No one in their group of friends said a word, because Lexa was there. Lexa was the strong force keeping her together. Only in the midst of the night under protection of the moonlight and stars would Clarke allow herself to unravel as Lexa would her tight and lull her to sleep with sweet whispers and humming Clarke’s favorite songs.

Another two weeks go by and Clarke begins to be herself again. It was after a routine Skype call with her mother did Clarke suddenly snap and Abby should have known it was coming. Lexa excused herself as the conversation grew even more heated. She could already hear Clarke swearing at her mother as all her insecurities and longings for her beloved father came spilling from her lips.

“You just left,” Clarke sobs.

“There was work to be done sweetheart,” her mother replies.

“How can you say that? How can you possibly say that when he’s…he’s fucking gone mom!” Abby takes a second as she turns around to shut her office door before returning to the screen. “Clarke, this is what your father would have wanted. He would have wanted us to move on with our lives…” Abby says through soft cries.

“But it’s like you’ve completely forgotten him! How could you just forget him?” Clarke yells knowing it isn’t Abby’s fault.
“Is that what you think? Clarke…Sweetheart, I could never forget your father,” Abby pleads as she grips the computer screen as if it’d bring her closer to her daughter. “He’s with my every single day, I carry him everywhere I go. I hear him at work when I’m overthinking a problem, I hear him when you say hello, I see him when I see you. There’s more of your father in you than you think. I’m not saying don’t be sad, I’m not saying don’t get mad at what’s happened…I’m just saying feel what you’re feeling Clarke and then start again the next day. Survive, Clarke.”

The words stung the younger Griffin but she knew her mother was right. It had only been a few weeks since her father’s passing but to her it felt like an eternity. There’s nothing anyone could say to her to help fill the void she felt every morning but there was something she could do. She could wake up everyday and tell herself it was going to be a good day and that just because she had a good day didn’t mean she was forgetting her father. Her dad was with her every step of the way, maybe not the way she wants him to be, but he’s still there.

“I just miss him so much mom…” Clarke says as her cries slowly start to lessen.

“I know Clarke, I miss him too,” Abby prepares to say something else but is interrupted by her voice being paged over the intercom. “Sweetheart…I’ve got to go…”

“It’s okay. I’m okay mom,” Clarke says and for the first time both Abby and Clarke believe it.

“I’ll talk to you soon. I’ll be home in a week. I love you Clarke.”

“I love you too.”

The call ends and before Lexa can even knock, Clarke is softly calling for her to return.

“I should be calling you Commander for how you handled that,” Lexa whispers as she pulls Clarke in for an embrace. The blonde laughs as she buries her face in Lexa’s chest.

“But then what would I call you?” Clarke teases.

“Your girlfriend,” Lexa says too easily, before realizing what she’s said.

“No…” Silence falls upon them, “I mean yes…Only if you want to, clearly this isn’t how I envisioned asking you to be my girlfriend Clarke. I promise you I’m far more romantic than this and I just couldn’t help it, I’m sorry it just came out without -"

Clarke silences the rambling girl with a soft kiss. Lexa too eagerly accepts the kiss, sighing into it as her body relaxes flush against Clarke’s.

“Clarke Griffin, girlfriend to Lexa Woods,” the blonde murmurs.

“Lexa Woods, girlfriend to dorky Clarke Griffin who speaks in third person,” the brunette says back only to be met with a soft slap to the arm before Clarke pulls her into bed. It didn’t take long for Lexa to fall asleep, both girls completely spent from their day at school, just thankful for it finally being the weekend. Clarke grabs her sketchbook, settling into the armchair facing her window. It was a clear night, perfect for sketching as the stars twinkled about her. She found the Big Dipper and swore she saw one of the stars shine brighter than the rest. She smiles as she whispers barely loud enough for anyone to hear, “Hi dad…See that girl over there? That’s my girlfriend, Lexa.”

Reyes (7:43am): How’s our Princess doing?
Reyes (7:43am): Is that weird for me to call her our Princess? You know I didn’t mean it that way right?

Reyes (7:43am): I just meant ours as in collectively…as in our friends.

Reyes (7:44am): Commander?

Reyes (7:44am): Lexa…I’m so sorry.

Reyes (7:45am): Seriously, I’m really sorry.

Lexa laughs and rolls her eyes as she flips another pancake over before grabbing her phone to reply.

Lexa (7:46am): Chill Reyes, I’m making breakfast. She’s better, she had a talk with her mom last night. Are you and O still good to help me out today?

Reyes (7:46am): Oh phew. Yeah we’re on our way. See you guys in a bit.

Lexa (7:47am): Great, patio door is open and try not to hit on my girlfriend when you get here ;)

Reyes (7:47am): Roger that Commander.

Reyes (7:48am): WAIT DID YOU SAY GIRLFRIEND?!

“What smells so good?” Lexa turns to find a very grumpy Clarke dressed in boy shorts and one of Lexa’s soccer hoodies and the brunette couldn’t help but smile. “Lexa, you’re staring.”

“I’m sorry, I can’t help it if my girlfriend is just so beautiful,” Lexa says flipping another pancake before a pair of arms snake around her waist. Lexa turns around to face the sleepy blonde to kiss her good morning but there was something about the way Clarke was handling herself that morning that seemed different. She was lighter almost, carefree, a bit more like the old Clarke.

“You’re staring again,” Clarke says with a smile.

“Like I said, I can’t help it if my girlfriend is just so damn beautiful,” Lexa leans down to capture Clarke’s lips in hers, slightly running her tongue across the girl’s bottom lip eliciting a soft moan. Clarke begs for more contact as she slightly opens her mouth to the other girl, which Lexa eagerly fills with her soft tongue. The stand wrapped in each other kissing as if they’ve never kissed before and it isn’t until the smell of something burning breaks into the air that the two part.

“Shit,” Lexa says turning back to face the stove. The pancake she flipped almost two minutes ago was completely burnt, coincidentally just as Raven and Octavia arrive.

“I thought you said Clarke wasn’t cooking,” Octavia says nudging Raven.

“Fuck off, O, my cooking isn’t that bad and for your information it was Lexa who burnt the pancake,” Clarke says with a smug grin as she takes a bite of bacon from a nearby plate.

“I wouldn’t have burnt it if someone knew how to keep their hands to themselves,” Lexa spits back, her eyes still full of lust for the blonde now sitting at the kitchen counter.

“Please tell me you guys didn’t have sex in here,” Octavia says backing away from any furniture.

“We did not have sex Octavia, not here, nor anywhere else for that matter,” Lexa says setting the record straight while she plates food for each girl.
“Gee well thanks for letting them know we haven’t done it yet…” Clarke mumbles taking another bite of her bacon, her tone hard to miss.

“Clarke, would you mind helping me grab some orange juice and milk from the fridge in the garage?” Lexa asks eyeing the two other brunettes already greedily eating their meals.

“Sure.”

The girls barely make it through the garage door before Lexa pins Clarke against the wall. Her hands firmly yet softly holding onto Clarke’s.

“Lexa, what are you -"

“Clarke, let me talk,” Lexa’s eyes soften when she sees the uncertainty in Clarke’s expression. “I’m sorry for saying what I did in front of the girls. Truth be told…And call me old fashioned for saying this but I want to take you on a proper date first. I want to show you there’s more to me than just Lexa Woods, your childhood best friend,” Lexa says fidgeting with her hands but never breaking eye contact. “I want to say all the right things, do all the right things and sweep you off your feet. I want the first time I touch you in certain places to be embedded in both our memories, I want it to be a moment we both look back on and realize how much we truly love each other.”

“Lexa…” Clarke says as she brings a hand to cup the girl’s face.

“Clarke I just want it to be perfect, you deserve perfect.”

“Lexa,” Clarke giggles, “we could be in sweatpants watching Friends reruns and it’d still be perfect.”

“Well maybe for the second date then,” Lexa smirks before giving Clarke a soft kiss. The girls grab the drinks from the fridge and as Lexa leans in open the garage door for Clarke her voice drops to a whisper, “And Clarke? After we’ve had a few…moments…it’ll be quite obvious to everyone Princess,” Lexa says in her most seductive voice sending chills down the blonde’s spine and the brunette laughs as the blonde stands in her place in awe. Yes, dating Lexa was going to be a whole new ball game.

After breakfast and unbeknownst to Clarke, Octavia and Raven were kidnapping the blonde for a day of much needed pampering. She did protest quite a bit at first but when Lexa handed her, her spa itinerary for the day she was quick to retract her previous statements.

“Why aren’t you coming with?” Clarke groans leaning against Raven’s car.

“Princess, stop, you’re really making us feel special with all those comments,” Octavia mocks but Lexa knew it was more than that. The day apart would be the most time they’ve spent apart since Jake’s passed and as much as it broke Lexa’s heart to do, she needed the time to prepare for that night.

“I promise the day will fly by and you’ll understand why later. Do you trust me Clarke?” Lexa asks her green eyes pleading with the ocean blue.

“I do, just text me okay? Please?” Clarke asks as she gets into the backseat.

“I will, as long as you promise to enjoy yourself, okay?”

“Okay,” Clarke says and with a few kisses and gagging sounds from Octavia and Raven, the girls were off for a day of fun but for Lexa it would be a day of making sure everything was perfect.
“Clarke will you stop checkin your phone every five minutes, you literally just called her,” Raven says trying to snatch the phone away from the blonde.

“I just want to make sure she’s okay,” Clarke says throwing her phone into the pocket of her plush white robe.

“She’s more than okay, she planned this whole thing,” Octavia says, eyes closed as she enjoys the massage portion of her pedicure.

“How long has she planned this for?” Clarke asks.

“Two, maybe three weeks,” Raven answers and that’s all Clarke needs to hear to finally let herself relax. “You’ve got a good one on your hands there Princess.”

“I do, don’t I?”

“ Took you long enough,” Octavia replies. “Lincoln and I almost started a pool with the gang to see how long it’d take!” and Clarke laughs.

“What’s so funny?” Raven asks.

“Our parents…Mine and Lexa’s they all had a bet going on too apparently,” Clarke says still laughing.

“And who won?” both girls ask in unison.

“My dad,” Clarke says with a grin.

“Can he hear me?” Clarke asks taking a seat next to her dad’s bed grabbing his hand.

“He can,” Abby says standing above her daughter.

“Hi dad…” Clarke says as the tears begin to flow uncontrollably. “I’m going to do my best to make you proud…I never told you this enough but I love you so much…”

Abby places her hand on Clarke’s shoulder, gripping it tightly to steady herself as her cries no longer remain silent.

“He loves you so much Clarke, you were his world, from the day you were born, you were everything to him.”

Clarke smiles through the tears knowing that her mother was speaking true, “You know he was in on the bet too,” Abby says.

“What bet?”

“The Woods and us…We may have placed a wager on when you and Lexa would realize your feelings for each other…"

“Mom, I’ve been meaning to talk -”

“Not the time nor is it relevant to me Clarke, or your father,” Abby continues. “We raised you to be who you want to be, who you feel is right to be. Whether you love a man or a woman, whether you become a doctor or an artist…We raised you to find your true self.”

Clarke’s sobs become heavy again as she she squeezes her father’s hand tighter, hoping for a miracle
knowing there wouldn’t be one. The Griffin women sat in silence as their cries lessened and only the noise of the ventilator filled the air. It was Clarke to speak first, “So who won the bet?”

“Your father,” Abby smiles.

“Somehow I’m not surprised that Mr. G won,” Raven says looking at Octavia trying to gauge the situation.

“Me either,” Octavia chimes in, shrugging her shoulders but when they see Clarke smiling they know it’s okay.

“Dad always knew best,” Clarke says still smiling.

Octavia sends a quick text to Lexa, letting her know what just happened but reassuring her that things were still okay. When all three girls were done with their pedicures they moved toward the manicure stations before they were all to receive massages before calling it a day.

“You know Princess I could get used to this kind of treatment,” Octavia says as she relaxes into a comfortable armchair.

“My girl’s really something isn’t she?” O says sharing a smirk with Raven knowing what the rest of the night had in store for the blonde.

Lexa checks her watch for the fifth time. Raven texted her ten minutes ago that they’d left the spa which means she has at least 20 more minutes until Clarke gets there and if Raven remembers she’ll get another text when they were within 10 minutes of the house. Lexa decides to do a quick run through of the house, making sure everything was in place.

Clarke’s room was set up like the inside of a tent, with draped sheets stemming from the center of the ceiling creating a tent like atmosphere, that took longer than she would have liked to admit to set up. On the ground Lexa had arranged a multitude of comforters and pillows for them to cuddle in later while a film projected onto one of the sheets she hung on the opposite end of the room, she clicks it on and off to make sure it’d go off without any complications.

Lexa makes her way back down to the kitchen to make sure their food was staying warm in the oven. Two rib-eye steaks with mashed potatoes and broccoli, Clarke’s favorite that Lexa learned to cook from Jake a few years back. He also told the girls that while there were many things every person should know how to do, cooking a steak was definitely on the list. Lexa eyes the place settings making sure she isn’t missing anything and when her phone buzzes she immediately jumps right back into action.

She quickly pops the bottle of champagne letting it fizzle while she runs around the kitchen lighting candles. She just had enough time to pour some bubbly into both flutes before she hears a car pull into the driveway. Lexa takes a deep breath and gives herself a once over before heading over to the front door, opening it before Clarke could.

“Hi,” Lexa says, the blood already rushing to her cheeks as she takes in the sight of Clarke.

“Hi,” Clarke says blushing just as much. “Are you…going to let me into my house?”

“Fuck, right yeah!” Lexa says stepping aside.
Why are you nervous? Calm down Woods!

As soon as Clarke crosses over the threshold of her own home she wraps her arms around the taller girl’s neck and pulls her into a kiss, “Hi” she says again and Lexa greets her again with another kiss, “Hi.”

“So is this what it feels like to be on a date with Lexa Woods?” Clarke asks intertwining their hands and taking note of the very romantic setting Lexa has made.

“This is something I’ve never done, so I hope it doesn’t disappoint,” Lexa replies leading Clarke down the hall into the kitchen and there’s something about the fact that this too is all new for Lexa that chases away any doubt Clarke may still have.

The closer they get to the kitchen the more nervous Clarke gets. She can hear her favorite jazz playlist playing in the background and the smell of what she hopes is a steak fills the air with every step she takes in that direction but what she wasn’t expecting was the beautiful arrangement.

The kitchen table was sprinkled with rose petals and tea candles with a bottle of champagne and two flutes filled waiting for them. The kitchen was dimly lit, with nothing but the candlelight and few fairy lights Lexa had so strategically hung up earlier. Clarke was speechless as Lexa led her to her seat at the table, pulling out her chair for her. The brunette moves away and Clarke instinctively grabs her hand to keep her from getting further.

“Clarke,” Lexa laughs, “I’m just going to get our food out of the oven. I’ll be back, 30 seconds at the most, I promise,” she says kissing her atop her head.

Clarke’s still mesmerized at the sitting, waiting to wake up any second but she doesn’t. Instead breaking her trance is the plate of food presented in front of her.

“Dad’s favorite,” she says smiling.

“And yours,” Lexa adds handing Clarke her glass of champagne.

“What should we toast to?” Lexa asks and it takes Clarke a few seconds to find the right words.

“To what comes next,” Clarke says as the two girls exchange smiles clinking their glasses together.

"To what comes next," Lexa repeats smiling.
What Comes Next

Chapter Summary

Sex train - full steam ahead.

Chapter Notes

Two updates in one week? Who the fuck am I? I don't know how I feel about this chapter, writing wise at least but I hope you guys like it anyways!

Looking forward to reactions and feedback! Thanks guy!

To say that Lexa Woods planned the most perfect first date would quite honestly be an understatement. As the girls finished their dinner and shared conversation there was something completely undeniable in the air that neither girl could ignore.

Their longing for one another.

Not a single second went by during dinner that Lexa’s eyes weren’t on Clarke. Memorizing every bit of her, as if she was seeing her for the first time. Dinner ends and Clarke insists on helping Lexa clean up but the brunette wouldn’t have it. When Clarke stands from her chair, Lexa immediately rushes over to pull it out for her and when Clarke reaches to grab her plate Lexa grabs her hand instead.

“Lexa, come on,” Clarke nags.

“Clarke,” Lexa says her eyes smiling into the blonde’s, “would you just stop so I can kiss you?” the blonde’s taken back by the soft yet commanding tone in her girlfriend’s voice but obliges as she leans forward to have Lexa meet her halfway.

Her lips tasted sweet and Clarke’s groaning internally at the thought but they taste like Lexa. She tastes like the first breath of air you take when you walk outside, she tastes like that first sip of coffee in morning, she tastes like homes, she tastes like Lexa. Sadly for Clarke, Lexa breaks the kiss and whispers in her ear that their night is just beginning sending the blonde’s butterflies into overdrive.

Lexa intertwines their hands, kissing Clarke’s cheek before leading her down the hall and up the stairs to her room.

“Are we going inside?” Clarke teases as Lexa hesitates at the door.

“Keep that up and maybe I'll just call it a night now,” Lexa replies causing Clarke to pout but before she says another word Lexa steps aside and gestures for Clarke to go in first.

Clarke gasps when she opens the door standing frozen in the doorway taking in every inch of the room from top to bottom. Lexa wraps her arms around Clarke’s waist, settling her head into the crook of Clarke’s neck. Clarke nuzzles her in return, “Lexa this is…”
“It’s all for you,” Lexa says cutting her off. “Do you remember the summer we were 8?” Lexa asks untangling herself from Clarke and pulling her into the center of the room where an abundance of pillows and blankets await them.

“Ugh how could I forget? That’s the year our parents sent us to Camp Jaha and it ended up being nothing like the camp brochures!” Clarke laughs as she lays down, grabbing Lexa’s arm and wrapping it around her so she can settle onto the girl’s chest.

“I don’t know what they were thinking sending us there,” Lexa laughs. “We thought it’d help you two learn practical life skills!” Lexa says mocking her father’s voice.

“If by practical they meant learning how to place a bucket strategically beneath a leaky roof before it floods your bunk!” Clarke replies.

“Do you remember how terrible those bunks were Clarke? How every night we slept together in one of our beds in fear that the entire building would collapse on us?”

Clarke nods before speaking, “Yeah and every night we’d dream up what we wished our room would look like. One night you wanted it to be a spaceship and one night I wanted it to be…” the memory comes rushing back to her as Clarke realizes exactly what Lexa did.

“Lexa…how did you…”


“If our room was a spaceship then we wouldn’t be in camp Lexa. We’d be in space!” Clarke says teasing her best friend.

“That’s not true! It could be designed to look like in space but really we’d be in this crummy camp,” the brunette pouts. “Besides I don’t hear any ideas coming from you.”

“I wish we could make our tent look like a fairy house,” Clarke says suddenly full of embarrassment.

“Fairies aren’t real Clarke.”

“Use your imagination Lek-sa,” Clarke says sticking out her tongue. “Imagine pretty lights all around, with tons of pillows and blankets -”

“For forts?”

“Uh huh! With all our favorite snacks! Doesn’t that sound pretty?” and the brunette nods in agreement before tucking herself into the other girl’s side as they both fall asleep dreaming of their fairy home.

Clarke lifts her head and sees the girl watching her with nothing but passion in her eyes. She stretches her neck a bit to capture her lips. They kiss for what seems like an eternity. Lexa traces her tongue along Clarke’s bottom lip and before they knew it their tongues were speaking a language of their own. Clarke moves to straddle the girl and Lexa moans at the gain of contact. Clarke leans down to kiss her again and this time there’s so much more behind it. She wants her, needs her, yearns for her and Lexa understands as she responds with kisses filled with just as much passion.

“Clarke…” Lexa whispers against her lips.

“Yeah?” Clarke whispers back, her eyes shut as she leans her forehead against the girl’s.
“Thank you.”

“Thank you?” Clarke asks slightly pulling back to look at her girlfriend and Lexa nods.

“Thank you for existing, thank you for telling me you love me and for telling me you want more.”

“Lexa…Will you shut up so I can kiss you?” Lexa laughs and is quickly shut up by Clarke’s lips on hers, her tongue seeking entrance as her hips grind into the girl below.

“F-f-f-uck…” Lexa mutters as Clarke picks up the pace with her hips. Lexa feels the heat growing from her core as she syncs up with Clarke’s motions. Lexa latches onto Clarke’s neck, peppering soft kisses up and down her until she reaches her pulse point. She bites soft at first but when Clarke lets out a moan in the sound of Lexa’s name, the brunette sinks her teeth in a little harder.

“Lexa!” Clarke lets out arching her neck to give Lexa better access but Lexa was already moving her lips lower down her body. Her hands wander beneath Clarke’s shirt slowly rising higher until she’s cupping her and even through her bra Lexa can feel the hardened peaks. Lexa swiftly removes the girl’s shirt, hers quickly following and they take a moment to look at each other.

“You are beautiful Clarke Griffin.” Lexa says sending tints of red to the girl’s cheeks before kissing her again. Lexa places her hands on Clarke’s lower back and in one fell swoop has Clarke beneath her.

“The Commander has moves,” Clarke flirts.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Lexa replies as she begins kissing her way down Clarke’s chest, unclasping her bra taking the girl by surprise.

“Oh Lexa…I’d like to know many things…” Clarke says closing her eyes, enjoying the attention her nipples were now getting from Clarke’s tongue, “Oh…Lexa…” she moans.

“Tell me,” suck, “more Clarke,” Lexa says softly sucking the girl’s nipple.

“I want…I want to know what it feels like to…” her voice shaking, “what it feels like to have you inside me…I want to know what it feels like to have you make love to me.”

Her statement causes Lexa to stop what she’s doing and Clarke whimpers at the loss of contact but when Lexa whispers how much she wants to make love to Clarke she knows she’s done for.

Lexa steadies herself above the other girl, quickly undoing her skinny jeans and shimmying out of them. She’s above her, bare except for her matching set of black lace panties and bra and Clarke can feel her breath hitch. The blonde bites her lip, pupils blown as she watches her girlfriend kiss down her body until she reaches her hip bone where she leaves her mark. Lexa looks up at Clarke and back down toward her jeans, Clarke nods her consent and Lexa is far too quick to remove the remainder of both their clothing.

The two girls lay completely naked, now facing each other, chest to chest, legs intertwined. Their breathing becomes rapid as they feel each other drip onto one another while their hands caress each other’s faces. Clarke makes a move first slipping her thigh into Lexa’s growing heat and she’s met with such wetness as Lexa grinds into her. Lexa however didn’t want to waste anymore time as she drags her fingers up Clarke’s thigh and runs two fingers through her folds.

“Lexa,” she moans, so Lexa runs her fingers through Clarke again and instead of returning her attention to Clarke’s clit, Lexa brings her two fingers to her mouth to taste her.
“Mmm,” Lexa moans. “Clarke you have no idea how incredible you taste,” taking her by surprise Clarke lunges forward to kiss her, tasting a bit of herself only heightening her want for the girl.

“My first,” Lexa says as she gently pushes Clarke onto her back, giving her one last kiss before running her tongue through Clarke’s slick folds.

“Fuck!” Clarke yells, “A…a little warning next time Lexa!” Lexa nods from below causing her nose to slightly rub against Clarke’s swollen clit as her tongue teases Clarke’s entrance earning another set of moans from squirming girl above.

Though she can tell by the way Clarke moves her hips to Lexa’s tongue she can tell she’s close, but Lexa takes her time. Every lick, every soft bite and swipe of her tongue has purpose. She softly sucks on the swollen nub before entering two digits into the girl and Lexa moans at the tightness already constricting around her fingers.

“Yes…” Clarke whispers her breathing becoming erratic. Lexa increases her thrusts, pumping in and out of the girl curling her fingers every so often causing Clarke to shudder.

“Lexa please…” Clarke begs, the tone of her voice making Lexa want her to come even sooner. She picks up the pace curling her fingers with every thrust, her tongue still on the girl’s clit and she watches as Clarke’s chest bounces with each thrust. Lexa adds a third digit and with two quick thrusts Clarke is unraveling beneath her. Lexa’s name and a series of expletives are bouncing around the room as she rides out her high. Lexa stills her fingers, allowing her tongue to bring her down and with a nod from Clarke she slowly withdraws but not before licking up any remainders of Clarke.

“Holy…shit…” Clarke whispers while Lexa stares at her doe-eyed, happy to have pleasured her girlfriend for the first time with much satisfaction.

Clarke sits up, eager to please her girlfriend but to her dismay Lexa tells her she should rest, “Are you telling me you don’t want this right now?” Clarke teases as her fingers begin to trace the v-shaped outline Lexa has from her soccer training.

“Oh I very much want this but I’m afraid if we continue you won’t make it until round three Clarke,” Lexa teases back.

“My Commander is ambitious isn’t she?” Clarke says as her fingers begin to trail closer to Lexa’s heat.

“Your Commander, Clarke?”

“Oh yes, my Commander,” Clarke whispers as she plunges two fingers into Lexa without warning.

“Fuck!”

“Commander…” Clarke says as the thrusts in and out of the girl and maybe her mind was playing tricks on her but she could’ve sworn that at the mention of her nickname Lexa became increasingly wet. So naturally she tries it again, “Commander…” she whispers and this time it isn’t a trick, Lexa is dripping down her thighs and dripping all over Clarke as the girl fucks her harder.

“Clarke, fuck…harder,” Lexa begs to which Clarke happily obliges. Picking up the pace and inserting a third digit Lexa moans at the feeling of Clarke stretching her, taking her, fucking her harder with each thrust. Clarke can feel Lexa’s muscles clamp around her making it almost impossible for her to continue thrusting so instead she lowers her tongue to the girl’s clit and one swipe of her tongue is all it takes for Lexa to completely lose control. Her hips grind into Clarke, her moans are incoherent as the adrenaline rushes through her and she swears she sees stars.
Clarke laps up the remnants of Lexa on her thighs and her fingers before kissing her way back up toward the girl’s lips.

“Earth to Commander,” Clarke teases kissing the corner of Lexa’s mouth.

“I will never hear that nickname the same way ever again…” Lexa groans turning to her side to face her girlfriend.

“Oh just wait until I’m screaming it in bed Lexa,” Clarke says with a glint of lust in her eyes.

“Mmm, well I do love the idea of you screaming for me in bed…” Lexa says kissing Clarke before they roll over and start over again and again and again.
Clarke’s snores are what wakes the brunette up but she doesn’t mind it as she sees the golden body thrown across her own bronzed one. The smell of sex and Clarke’s vanilla perfume is in the air and Lexa thinks she could stay like that forever but she knew forever had an expiration. The last weeks have been about Clarke, rightfully so, but Lexa knew that the two girls faced another challenge soon enough. A challenge in the form of college applications.

“I can hear you thinking Alexandria,” the blonde softly murmurs. The brunette smirks as she brushes a few golden locks from Clarke’s face, “Let’s get one thing straight Clarke Griffin, just because I’m your girlfriend now doesn’t mean you get to call me Alexandria.”

Clarke opens her eyes, her hue of blue instantly brightening the room. She sits up perching her head on her freshly manicured hands as she looks at her girlfriend. Waking up next to Lexa as her girlfriend is by far her favorite Lexa to wake up to.

“Are you telling me that as your girlfriend, I don’t get special perks?” Clarke pouts.

“Are you telling me that you don’t appreciate the special set of perks I gave you last night?” Lexa says rather smugly, “All night, if memory serves me correctly,” The seduction in her voice sends shivers down Clarke’s spine that and the fact that she was still very much naked laying on a very make Lexa.

“Perhaps you should refresh my memory Commander,” Clarke says her eyes never breaking Lexa’s and she can see the brunette swallow hard.

“I believe,” Lexa says lifting Clarke’s chin upward, “that could,” her lips ghost just above Clarke’s, “be arranged my heart,” she whispers before kissing her with every fiber of passion in her body. Clarke moans at the touch, the way Lexa’s lips move against her own should be illegal because she’s sure nothing should feel this amazing and yet it does and it’s all hers.

Clarke finally breaks for air, “Is that a yes Lexa?” the brunette nods before reconnecting their lips and pulling the blonde to be completely on top of her. Clarke’s hips grind into Lexa and the girl below moans at the wetness lapping its way onto her lower stomach as Clarke continues to roll her hips.

“Fuck…Clarke,” Lexa says breaking herself out of her trance and sitting up.

“What’s wrong did I hurt you?” Clarke asks, her eyes beginning to fill with worry.

Lexa nods, “No, no beautiful, no. I was just hoping to give you another set of perks...” Clarke’s brows arch. “Preferably just in your shower...And then maybe in your kitchen...And then maybe the pool...And then -“ but Lexa doesn’t have a chance to finish as Clarke is already in her bathroom starting the shower leaving a very bewildered Lexa behind. The sounds of Clarke’s favorite sultry jazz instrumental fill the air and Lexa can already see the steam emanating from the barely closed
“Lexa if you make me wait any longer I’m going to have to get started without you,” Clarke calls.

“You wouldn’t dare Princess,” Lexa says rather smugly, “Oh I wouldn’t be so sure Commander, I got a new shower head last week…but if you’re so confident…” Lexa didn’t need to be told twice as she quickly makes her way to the bathroom and pushing Clarke against the door.

“You were saying?” Lexa asks her eyes smoldering with heat but Clarke doesn’t reply she kisses her instead biting her bottom hard enough to draw blood but Lexa doesn’t even care, it only fuels her more. Clarke pulls Lexa flush to her, their naked bodies already glistening with sweat from their previous hot make out session in bed. Lexa pulls away and her girlfriend whines at the loss of contact but Clarke quickly stops when Lexa pulls her into her shower.

The larger than normal shower is filled with steam as one of the waterfall shower heads wets both girls. Clarke silent praises her mother for renovating her bathroom as a birthday gift months prior. Their lips meet again and Clarke’s tongue eagerly looks for entrance that Lexa happily grants her. Clarke rests her hand on Lexa’s waist as the other one creeps its way towards the brunette’s aching core. Lexa’s abs tense in anticipation for the other girl’s touch. Clarke backs her into the tiled wall, despite the temperature in the shower the tiles were definitely too cool and Lexa winces but when Clarke starts to kiss her way down her neck, she knows she won’t be cold for much longer.

“Stop teasing me Griffin,” Lexa manages to get out and Clarke stops what she’s doing all together to face the frustrated girl, “I didn’t mean stop completely…”

Clarke smirks seeing the frustration she can cause to the other girl. The blonde leans in, one hand against the wall while the other teases the aching girl, “Listen Commander,” Lexa whimpers as a single digits begins to tease her entrance, “I’m going to take all the sweet time in world,” Lexa whimpers again but nodding in reply. Clarke smirks again and rewards the girl with two digits and Lexa nearly loses her balance at the surprise.

“Harder,” Lexa moans as she wraps a leg around Clarke pulling her deeper into her. Clarke slows down a bit but puts more force into each thrust, curling her fingers every so often. Lexa’s moans echo throughout the bathroom and Clarke swears she can come just from hearing her.

“Clarke…I…” Clarke can feel it before she hears it as Lexa tightens around her and with two more rough thrusts and a curl of her fingers Lexa comes undone. The brunette can barely stand as the blonde stills her fingers inside her but is now rubbing the girl’s swollen clit with her thumb throwing the girl into yet another series of spasms. Lexa gently pushes Clarke away from her, but close enough to lay her head on her shoulder as she tries to regain all five of her senses.

Clarke smiles to herself taking pride in her accomplishment as she pulls Lexa’s face to hers to give her a small kiss. She pulls away to begin washing her hair but Lexa takes her by surprise and suddenly has her pinned against the wall, both of them underneath the warm water.

“Well Commander…” Clarke teases but stops after she realizes that Lexa is no longer in view and in about two seconds she’s about to understand why.

Lexus cuts right to the chase as she runs her tongue slowly through the Clarke’s folds, “Oh fuck!” Clarke moans.

“You were saying Clarke?” Lexa teases and Clarke bucks her hips beckoning her want for more and with a devilish grin Lexa was more than happy to oblige.
Their shower lasted longer than anticipated mainly due to the fact that Lexa insisted on making sure Clarke got all the soap off her back and when they were both deemed clean by Lexa, they made their way to the kitchen for breakfast. The girls fought over who would make who breakfast but they finally agreed on a compromise. Lexa would take care of coffee and fruits and Clarke would take care of the waffles.

“I could get used to this,” Clarke said across the table as she watches her girlfriend pour syrup on her waffles.

“I hate to break it to you Clarke but we’ve been doing this well over 10 years now,” the reply earned Lexa a grape to the face.

“You know what I mean you asshole,” Clarke laughs taking a bite of her waffle.

“I do and I agree. This is per -“ Lexa’s interrupted by the sound of patio door sliding open and she doesn’t even have to look up to know who’s there.

“Lincoln you can come in they’re clothed!” Raven yells as she strolls through with Octavia and an embarrassed Lincoln shortly behind. Clarke looks at her girlfriend who’s definitely annoyed and her blue eyes plead with her not to get upset.

“Hey guys,” Clarke says giving them a small smile. The trio grabs a seat at the table and Lexa rises grabbing her plate and before Clarke can say anything Lexa plugs the waffle iron back in and begins to make more batter. Clarke goes to put another pot of coffee on and all three friends thank their gracious hosts. As Lexa begins to mix the batter she feels a pair of arms snake around her waist and she immediately melts into the girl’s touch.

“Hi,” Clarke whispers just loud enough for Lexa to hear.

“Hi.”

“I know this isn’t what we had in mind for today…but I promise to make it up to you tonight,” Lexa stops what she’s doing and turns to wrap her arms around Clarke’s neck.

“Would I rather be spending the entirety of our day naked? Yes,” Clarke laughs. “But a day with our best friends and my beautiful girlfriend sounds like a pretty good day too,” Clarke grins, her eyes shining as the sunlight hits them in the perfect way that makes them look almost aqua.

“Thanks Lexa! Besides, who knows how many days we’ll have left with all of us like this before we’re all headed off to college,” Clarke gives her a quick kiss on the lips before heading to pour everyone a cup of coffee. What she failed to see was Lexa’s face at the mention of school. Lincoln, Raven and Octavia are already in their swimsuits so they offer to do the dishes while the others get changed. Clarke quickly changes into her white swimsuit while Lexa takes her time with her own.

“Need some help?” Clarke asks grabbing the strings behind the other girl’s back to securely tie them together.

“Thanks,” Lexa mutters and Clarke notices the loss of enthusiasm.

“Hey…Lexa,” the brunette turns putting on her best face for her girlfriend. “Lexa, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” I’m scared.
“It’s not nothing, you were quiet all morning and now I feel like you don’t even want to be here… What’s going on?”

“I don’t know, I’m just not feeling well. Maybe I should just go home.”


Lexa gives her a small smile, “It’s okay Clarke. You guys go hangout and I’ll head home, besides I don’t want you to have to keep on coming up here to check on me.”

“Then I’ll kick everyone out and I’ll take care of you,” Clarke protests wrapping her arms around Lexa’s neck giving her that look that she can never say no to.

“You know I’m starting to feel a little better. How about I stay in the shade and you can kick everyone out in a few hours?” Clarke kisses her girlfriend trying to take away whatever Lexa is feeling and when she pulls away she can tell it’s worked a bit.

“You’re getting good at that,” Lexa grins her eyes still shut from their kiss. Clarke leans back in and she can hear her heartbeat pounding in her ears, “I love you Lexa,” and the brunette closes the gap to tell her she loves her too.

When the girls come back downstairs their friends are already settled into their usual spots along the poolside. Clarke grabs one of the wider lounge chairs and brings it into the shade as she lays down both her and Lexa’s towels. Lexa gives her a confused look but when Clarke clammers onto the chair and pats the space next to her Lexa feels her butterflies go into overdrive. Clarke wraps her arms protectively around Lexa and her rigid body immediately relaxes into her. They watch their friends argue over who gets what inflatable in the pool and the two girls share private laughs as they watch their friends like two mothers from afar.

When Octavia finally gets her portable speaker to work the air is filled with the latest Top 40 hits while everyone falls silent to enjoy the beautiful day. Lexa curls into Clarke, her head tucked into the crook of Clarke’s neck and that’s when Clarke knew something was up. Lexa the protector rarely ever curls into Clarke, not that there was anything wrong with it but Lexa always preferred to be the big spoon between the two. It was the protective girl in her.

“Hey,” Clarke whispers, “you doing okay?”

“I’m in your arms Clarke, everything is okay,” Clarke smiles as she tightens her grip on the girl.

“Clarke?” the blonde hums in response. “I’m scared.”

The confession takes the other girl by surprise as she pulls away slightly to look for the green that complement her blue. It’s not very often that Lexa Woods admits to any sort of fear other than her fear of scary movies, but when she does it’s not to be taken lightly. Clarke softly nudges the girl to look at her but Lexa can’t, she won’t. The tears are starting to form and Lexa’s doing everything she can to keep it together, now especially given that their friends are just a few feet away.

“Hey we’re going to grab some water from inside, anyone need anything?” Clarke announces, quickly standing and successfully pulling Lexa up with her, her head hanging low to hide her current expression. Their friends all say yes and the two girls disappear inside. The second they’re through the doors, Clarke cups Lexa’s face and really looks at her, the fear so present and Clarke can’t help but wonder what she’s done to cause her this pain.
“Lexa, please talk to me,” Clarke pleads, the soft pads of their fingers wiping away the other girl’s tears.

“I, I’m sorry Clarke. I shouldn’t be so weak,” Lexa says trying to calm her emotions while pulling away from Clarke.

The gesture hurts Clarke but she does her best not to let it show, it was her turn to be there for Lexa, “Baby, I can’t figure out how to fix this if you don’t tell me what’s wrong…I’m your girlfriend now Lexa and even if I wasn’t, I’d still be trying to figure out what’s wrong.”

Clarke’s confession seems to do the trick because Lexa’s body seems to completely relax and the brunette takes a few steps back towards the girl. Lexa shuts her eyes for a few seconds and takes a deep breath before fixating her eyes on Clarke.

“I’m scared Clarke,” she takes another deep breath. “I’m scared for what happens in a few months. We haven’t even discussed colleges yet and I’m afraid I’m going to lose you and we’ve just found each other,” Lexa’s bottom lip quivers and Clarke is quick to capture the girl’s lips in her own before the stream of tears begin to flow. Clarke pulls away and embraces the girl, holding her as close to her as possible as her hand traces soft patterns into Lexa’s lower back.

“I’m scared too Lexa. I know these past few weeks haven’t been easy for you either. I hope you know how much everything you’ve done for me and for my family means to me.”

“It goes without saying babe,” Lexa replies.

“Even so, I don’t want you to think you’re alone in your insecurities. I’m still, you know I’m still trying to figure it out too. My dad told me to pursue art before he…Well you know,” Clarke still couldn’t say the words but that didn’t bother Lexa, she knew in time Clarke would be okay but the scars were still fresh and everyone understood.

“I know Clarke.”

The girls pull away and Clarke pulls Lexa to the living room where they settle onto their favorite chaise only this time it’s Lexa who holds Clarke.

“I’ve had this vision in my head for as long as I can remember,” Clarke begins. “It’s me and you, our parents dropping us off at college, helping us move in while we stash our alcohol from them only to have them find it later as they rearrange our furniture,” and Lexa laughs because she knows this would happen and she places a soft kiss on Clarke’s hair urging her to continue.

“And then we’d finally get them off our back but both probably be a mess by the end of the night missing the comforts of home and probably spend an hour Skyping with both our parents. And when we’re both finally tuckered out, we’d lay in those uncomfortable twin beds together and pretend we were back at Camp Jaha, describing what our perfect room would look like.”

“That sounds perfect Clarke,” Lexa says her eyes closed as if she sees it already.

“But now…” Clarke sighs, “but now I don’t know what’s going to happen,” you can tell there’s a sense of sadness behind her voice, a sadness that only Lexa could understand.

“I know. I’m not saying I don’t want us to look into the same schools, because there’s nothing I’d want more than for us to continue living our lives together Clarke but I don’t want you from achieving your dreams,” Lexa finally says it. The words she’s been afraid to say since they’ve started dating and their impending future awaits.
Clarke opens her mouth to speak because the idea of going somewhere Lexa isn’t breaks her heart.

“But that doesn’t mean I want to break up. We didn’t get a chance to discuss it before but I want to say it now, breaking up is off the table. I’m never going to hang that over your head and use it as a bargaining chip. We are in this together. We agreed on that and I plan on upholding that promise to you and to your dad.”

Clarke smiles as the tears begin to fall because the image of Lexa promising Jake to take care of her is just too much for her to handle but it’s another reminder as to how alive Jake still is even if it’s in the hearts of others like Lexa’s.

“Have I told you how much I love you lately?” Clarke asks, pulling herself up to look at Lexa.

“Once or twice I think,” Lexa teases before leaning in to kiss her girlfriend.

“We’ll get through this together Lexa.”

“We always do my heart, always.”

Had Lexa and Clarke been paying attention to their surroundings, they would’ve seen Lincoln’s figure standing in the kitchen unintentionally listening. Being Lexa’s big brother, he could always tell when something was wrong, so when Clarke announced they were going to grab drinks and hadn’t returned in 10 minutes, he knew something was up. His baby sister was always up for a good pool day but that morning something was different. Lincoln silently retraces his steps back outside, giving the girls a few more minutes of sanctuary before sending in Octavia to interrupt with what he has in mind.

“Hey babe,” Octavia says toweling off from the pool, “You have that look, is everything okay?” she asks.

A man not known for many words, Lincoln calls Raven over and peeks over his shoulder to make sure he has time to say what he’s about to say.

“I didn’t mean to eavesdrop on them but it seems as if Clarke and Lexa may be going through some things we aren’t aware of,” Raven goes to open her mouth but quickly shuts it after Lincoln shoots both girls a rather serious look. “Lexa’s my sister, I know when something’s wrong and I heard them mention something about the future and college and not knowing what’s going on. I think,” Lincoln pauses to try and figure out how best to proceed, “I think we need to somehow bring up the fact that we all should sit down and look at schools together. I think doing it together as a group would help alleviate a lot of the pressures and insecurities they’re having.”

Octavia is beaming from ear to ear listening to her wonderful boyfriend talk strategy to help his sister and Raven just shrugs as she pulls her phone out to text Bellamy and everyone else the game plan.

“So O I’m going to need you to go in there and be all…you know, you,” Lincoln says.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Octavia retorts and Raven interjects, “It means go in there and be your boisterous self and announce that we’re going to have a college applying lockdown party followed by a get wasted party at my place!” Raven says. Lincoln shakes his head disapprovingly but if that’s what it’s going to take to get their friends to come together for the two girls, then that’s what’s going to happen.

Octavia goes into the house and immediately walks toward the two figures in the living room.

“Octavia we know it’s you, you don’t need to tiptoe,” Lexa yells.
“Seriously?”

“Seriously O, you have elephant feet,” Clarke adds and she’s met with a quick pillow to the face and a shit eating grin from Octavia.

“You’re lucky I love you two so much,” Octavia says taking a seat across from them. “So the three of us were talking out there and we wanted to do something for you guys, you know as a thank you for always having us over.”

“Octavia we never invite you guys over…You just show up…” Lexa teases and Octavia rolls her eyes and continues.

“As I was saying…We’d like to do something for you guys and we’d like to do it here, if that’s okay?”

“Why am I not surprised?” Clarke laughs. “Of course it’s okay, what do you need from us?”

“Nothing. I just need you to lock yourselves in your room and Clarke you do whatever you need to do to keep Controlling Commander over here away so she doesn’t interfere.”

The mention of the nickname immediately shoots red into Lexa’s cheeks, while Clarke seems to be trying to stifle a laugh. Octavia’s confused but as the gears start to turn and she pieces it together her eyes go wide. An expression of disgust quickly spreads across her face followed by a complete smug one as she high fives Clarke and joins in on the laughter.

“Octavia, not a fucking word,” Lexa threatens but it only makes the girls laugh even louder, grabbing the attention of Raven and Lincoln who walk in shortly after.

“What’s so funny?” Raven asks and a quick glare from Lexa to Octavia only makes her want to know even more.

“Octavia, may I remind you that my brother is in this room,” Lexa grits but this only seems to make Octavia’s eyes sparkle even more.

“Lexa, what makes you think your brother doesn’t have a nickname of his own?” Lexa eyes practically bug out of her face as she moves her gaze from Octavia and to her brother and despite his dark complexion she can see the embarrassment creeping onto his face.

“NO. NO. NO. THIS IS NOT, NO. OCTAVIA BLAKE I SWEAR ON THE GODS I WILL -“ Lexa doesn’t get the rest of her statement out because Clarke’s grabbing her hand and practically dragging her up the stairs and into her room. Clarke shuts the door and locks it but even through the barrier her friends can hear Lexa yelling at the younger Blake and while Raven and Octavia exchange fist bumps Lincoln leans it to Octavia that she should not be expecting him to do that thing she likes oh so very much and walks away.

“Clarke.”

“No Lexa.”

“Clarke,” Lexa says again.

“Again, no Lexa,” Outside of Clarke’s room the girls can barely hear a thing with the music so loud
drowning out anything else.

“This is torture,” Lexa says rolling over onto her stomach and a lightbulb suddenly goes off in Clarke’s head.

“I know something that won’t be so torturous…” Clarke says in a lower register that Lexa knows far too well so she decides to play along.

“You know Clarke…Octavia said to do whatever you needed to do to keep me…restrained,” Lexa flirts.

Clarke blushes at the thought of a restrained Lexa, her body helpless to her every touch, “I don’t,” Clarke clears her throat, “I don’t think she exactly said restrain.”

“Oh so you didn’t want to keep me preoccupied then?” Lexa asks.

“I never said that Commander,” Clarke says pulling herself closer to Lexa and she could see her swallow hard.

“Prove it.”

And that’s all Clarke needed to hear before ravaging her Commander. Twice.

Two hours later a soft knock wakes both girls and Octavia pokes her head inside, “We’re ready for you guys.”

Clarke’s still groggy as she nudges Lexa awake but the brunette swats her away and pulls the girl closer into the crook of her neck. Clarke nods at Octavia assuring her they’d be down in a few minutes so Clarke can wake her up the only way she knows these days, with soft kisses and strategic placement of her hands on Lexa’s body.

“You are insatiable Clarke,” Lexa whispers not bothering to open her eyes but a faint smirk makes its way across her face.

“I could say the same about you my love, but that isn’t why I’m waking you up.”

Lexa opens her eyes at the sound of muffled voices coming from the first floor and she remembers who else is still around, “I suppose it’s back to reality?”

“Just until we see what they have planned, then I promise tonight it’s me and you,” Clarke smiles kissing her girlfriend on the cheek.

“Great! Now I have that stupid song stuck in my head!” Lexa scowls allowing herself to be dragged from bed and down the stairs to reunite with their friends. What the girls weren’t expecting were Bellamy, Echo, Jasper and Monty being there as well, not that they minded. The living room’s couches were pushed back and in the center was a table stacked with pamphlets and a series of laptops strategically placed for each person.

“Not that we don’t appreciate…this,” Clarke gestures, “but are we turning into some sort of call center? I’m confused.”

Lincoln appears from the kitchen and he gestures for his sister and her girlfriend to follow and without question Lexa obliges with Clarke quickly in tow.
“Lincoln, what is the meaning of this?” Lexa asks as he pulls out a chair for his sister and then for Clarke. The rest of their friends quickly find their seats and all eyes are back on Lincoln who still remains standing at the head of the table.

“We thought that we all needed a change of pace from all our recent activities,” Lincoln begins. “So we took it upon ourselves to get everyone together to sit down and check out colleges.”

Silence fills the air as it suddenly begins to click with the confused brunette, “You heard us.”

“No, Lexa we didn’t,” Lincolns immediately defenses but Lexa can see right through his expression. Lexa stands, walking to her brother and as he braces himself for what comes next he feels her strong arms pull around his chest as she leans in for a hug.

“Thank you,” she whispers just loud enough for him to hear.

“You’re welcome,” he replies. Octavia and Clarke look at the siblings embracing, smiles plastered on their faces and Clarke mouths a thank you to Lincoln and he bows his head in acknowledgement.

“So where do we start?” Bellamy asks rubbing his hands together as he begins sorting through pamphlets.

An hour into the gang’s college application study session it was practically silent as each high school senior was busy typing away applications and researching. Bellamy is stationed at the table with Lincoln as the two compare sport scholarship programs, next to them is a slightly frustrated Octavia who can’t seem to figure out what she wants to major in, meanwhile Clarke and Lexa have relocated to their chaise, both girls sitting cross-legged facing each other with their respective laptops in hand. Jasper and Monty have disappeared to the kitchen (shocking) and to everyone’s surprise Raven and Echo have taken up residence on the floor working together.

Clarke lets out a sigh of frustration as she shuts her laptop, Lexa notices and does the same.

“Talk to me pretty girl,” Lexa says grabbing Clarke’s hand. The reverse in roles isn’t something Lexa was expecting but nevertheless she’s prepared.

“I’m just frustrated. I don’t know what I want to do. Art or medicine. Is there a medical art major I can do instead?”

“Medical art? Sounds trip Griffin!” Jasper says bringing a few snacks to the group, with Monty following with drinks.

“Have you thought about art therapy?” Echo asks.

The notion has never crossed Clarke’s mind, she’s never even thought about combining both of her passions together. Of course the medical aspect wouldn’t be as invasive as surgery or anything but it would still have some sort of psychological attachment to it.

“Echo Sparks, full of ideas,” Raven says nudging the girl next to her and Clarke swears she sees a bit more to the glimmer in Raven’s eye that not many would see.

“Art therapy,” Clarke whispers. *No that didn’t sound bad at all.* As if on cue, Lexa crawls into Clarke’s lap and sets the girl’s laptop aside while pulling her own on her lap and pulling of a search engine. She types the words ‘art therapy colleges’ and immediately lists of the top schools with art therapy programs pop up. Clarke’s eyes light up and so does Lexa’s even though she can’t see them because her top three schools are amongst them.
The gang wraps up their college applying party an hour later, everyone seemed pretty content with their choices, even Lexa who was the most apprehensive to begin with.

“Well gang, party at my house?” Raven announces.

“A party? Raven we’ve been working at this all day,” Clarke groans.

“Work hard, play hard Princess,” Bellamy chimes in. The older Blake throws up a douchy peace sign before Jasper and Monty follow him out to his truck to leave.

“Echo you’re not going with?” Lexa asks and she’s met with a blushing face.

“Oh I’m going to just head over with Raven,” Raven’s face may be buried in her backpack but Lexa and Clarke could recognize that blushing smile from miles away. The girlfriends exchange devious grins as they brush off the awkward encounter but making note to embarrass Raven later on.

“Right…” Lexa says, “Lincoln and O?”

“We’re going to go and…” Lincoln looks at Octavia looking for help for an excuse, “We’re going to,”

“For fuck’s sake Lexa I’m going to go bang your brother before the party,” the younger Blake says nonchalantly and with that she grabs Lincoln and leaves.

“I used to like that girl,” Lexa says with a stern face. Clarke laughs as she finishes cleaning up before settling herself onto Lexa’s lap.

“You know,” she whispers in the girl’s ear, “Lincoln doesn’t have to be the only Woods getting laid before the party…”

“And you call me insatiable,” Lexa grins before pulling the girl in for a kiss.

When Raven said she was throwing a party her friends didn’t realize she was throwing a party. When Clarke and Lexa show up there’s almost a line to get inside the house that the girls have to go through the backyard to get inside. Lexa sees a few girls from the soccer team so she goes over to say hi, while Clarke looks for their friends. The blonde finds Bellamy flirting with some girl she recognizes from the volleyball team and she shoots him a thumbs up. Jasper and Monty are outside attempting to get the sprinkler to shoot shots of alcohol without much success, Octavia is playing beer pong with Lincoln and their host seems to be lost in the fray. Clarke forgets her mission and instead goes in search of some beverages. She knows Raven keeps the good alcohol in the fridge in the garage so Clarke immediately heads there and immediately regrets it when she walks in on a Raven on knees in front of Echo’s half-naked body.

“FUCK SORRY!” Clarke says slamming the door behind her.

“Shit!” Echo hisses followed by Raven’s giggles, “It’s just Clarke, she’s not going to say anything.”

“Clarke can still hear you by the way!” Clarke says through the door and Raven opens it handing her the beer she assumes she was looking for.

“Sorry about that Princess,” Raven winks taking a sip of her own beer. Echo quickly comes out of the garage, her hair only slightly tussled that you wouldn’t know what she was previously up to, but
the smeared lipstick and the rosy cheeks were a dead giveaway.

“Clarke,” Echo says before walking away to find her friends.

“Care to share Reyes?”

“She’s not…I don’t know, she’s not out yet I guess,” Raven shrugs taking another swig of her beer. Clarke can tell something’s wrong but she isn’t going to push her friend if she doesn’t want to talk. So instead she grabs Raven’s hand and leads her towards the counter to line up some shots.

“So you and Lexa huh?”

“Yeah,” Clarke smiles finding the tequila and pouring two shots for her and Raven. Both girls grimace before slamming them down but reluctantly flip their glasses over for another round, “You’re not still pining over me are you Reyes?” Clarke teases.

“In your dreams Princess,” Raven says before downing the next shot.

“Raven, my girlfriend won’t be in anyone’s dreams but mine,” a booming voice commands from across the kitchen. Clarke smirks adding another shot glass to her line up as she slides one over to Lexa who takes it with ease and sans a chaser. Clarke licks her lips at the sight.

“Roger that Commander,” Raven says saluting her and Lexa must be too tipsy to care because her embarrassment doesn’t show but the look Clarke gives Lexa sends chills down her spine.

“Hey bitches!” Octavia squeals hopping on the counter and taking a swig of the tequila, “I hate this shit,” she says taking another swig and Bellamy rolls his eyes as he grabs the bottle from his sister.

“Easy baby sister,” Bellamy says taking a swig himself.

“You know Bell just because I’m a girl doesn’t mean I can’t drink as much as you,” Octavia pouts grabbing the bottle back. The Blake siblings go back and forth with silly comments and their friends watch the tennis match between the two until nothing remained in the bottle, despite that there wasn’t much left to begin with.

“Lincoln, you should probably get Octavia away from Bellamy,” Lexa warns her brother who silently nods and weaves through the crowd to effortlessly pick up his girlfriend and leave the room. Bellamy doesn’t protest, he’s come around to one of his best friends dating his sister, but it didn’t mean he was any less protective of her. He shrugs it off and turns to chat up another girl instead.

“Hey you,” Lexa turns to find her tipsy girlfriend swaying.

“Hello my heart,” Lexa says leaning in to kiss her forehead, “You’re drunk.”

“I’m almost drunk, there’s a difference,” Clarke smiles.

“If you say so baby,” Lexa says kissing her again. “Come outside with me?” Clarke agrees and when the cool air hits her she finds herself back to a more sober state of mind. The girls take a seat on a vacant lounge chair, Jasper and Monty have retired from playing with the sprinkler and instead are passed out on the lawn with an empty glass of Monty’s moonshine, typical.

“Today was pretty great, don’t you think?” Clarke asks as her fingers weave through Lexa’s wild looking but untangled hair.

“I can’t imagine having spent it any other way,” she replies allowing herself to relax against her
girlfriend.

“I wish we could have this forever,” Clarke murmurs.

Lexa looks around her, her friends passed out on the lawn, her other friends dancing and making fools of themselves inside and then her girlfriend. Her wonderful girlfriend and how in just a few months they’d be going away to college and who knows from there. Earlier in the day the girl's agreed not to tell each other where they applied. The idea of not knowing drove both girls mad but Lexa felt a bit calmer knowing that during Clarke's research for schools with art therapy programs three of her top schools were included. Clarke's lips find her cheek and her fears quickly subside, instantly relaxing her. Tonight she isn’t going to worry. Tonight she’s going to be Lexa Woods, head over heels for Clarke Griffin.
It’s March and the anticipation of receiving their college acceptance letters grew more and more each day. Their first semester as high school seniors went by quickly and the tension between Clarke and Lexa had never been higher as the fate of their futures hung in the balance.

“I don’t know why you two just don’t tell each other where you applied,” Octavia says dribbling a soccer ball in Clarke’s backyard while the blonde sun bathed.

“Because we said we wouldn’t and you know Lexa, she’s big on keeping her word,” Clarke snaps back. “I’m sorry O, I’m just frustrated. We should be getting our letters any day now and I’m freaking out.”

Octavia stops dribbling and moves to sit next to Clarke. The blonde sits up, pulling her knees to her chest and resting her chin onto her knees, “What if things change?”

“Clarke you and Lexa were made for each other, do you really think that going to separate colleges is going to change that?”

Clarke closes her eyes and tries to think of a time other than their falling out earlier in the school year that they ever spent more than a few weeks apart and nothing came to mind.

“Just talk to her,” Octavia nudges her. “The worst thing that can happen is she says no and asks to wait but I’m sure Commander’s having just hesitations as you are Princess.”

“Thanks O, how have you and Lincoln been doing? Since…you know…”

Octavia’s expression quickly changes, “We’re okay.”

Her answer is short and Clarke knows she shouldn’t push it but she knows she hasn’t talked to Raven about it so she knows that she hasn’t spoken to anyone yet.

“You know you and I could very well be in the same boat O. You can talk to me.”

In early January, Lincoln accepted a full ride scholarship to the University of Southern California to run track and field. It took everyone by surprise, Lincoln didn’t talk much about what he wanted to do in the future and he’s a hell of a runner, to turn down something like that would be stupid. So he accepted and it resulted in Octavia and him taking a break. It also resulted in Octavia and Lexa falling out for while after she found out that Lexa knew about Lincoln’s decision and failed to tell anyone.

“It wasn’t my place to say anything Octavia.”

“You’re supposed to be one of my best friends Lexa! How could you not tell me that my boyfriend
was moving across the country!" Octavia threw her water bottle across the room, not aiming for anything in particular.

“Octavia, I’m sorry. Lincoln’s my brother, he asked me not to tell you. What was I supposed to do?”

“I don’t even know where to start Clarke. Lincoln’s moving halfway across the country I applied to schools on the East coast. I don’t know how this is going to work.”

“We just have to have faith O…Everything will work out the way it’s supposed to.”

It’s a Tuesday when Lexa receives her last piece of mail from a university and judging by the size of the envelope, it was one of acceptance. She casts it aside with the other four, one from each school she applied to. That was the deal her and Clarke made and she was keen on keeping her word, neither girl was to open their letters until they received one from every school. But deep down Lexa was happy knowing that she was in to at least one college of her choice. The brunette flops down onto her bed and grabs her phone.

“Hey babe,” she smiles.

“Hi pretty girl.”

“What are you doing right now?” Lexa asks tracing mindless circles on her thigh.

“Well I just got back from a run and -”

Lexa sits up, “Clarke Griffin participating in a form of exercise? Do my ears deceive me?”

“Oh shut up Lexa!” Clarke laughs.

“Come over? Mom and dad are out for the night.”

“Are you propositioning me Lexa Woods?”

“Depends, does Netflix in sweat pants get you all bothered and hot?” Lexa teases.

“Throw in some pizza grease stains and I’m sold.”

“Thirty minutes sound good?”

“Thirty minutes. Love you.”

“I love you too, Clarke.”

Lexa quickly dials the number to their favorite pizza place making sure to order extra breadsticks knowing Clarke will want them when they’re cold. Clarke shows up on time shortly followed by their dinner. The girls settle themselves on the living room floor, Clarke scrolls their queue on Netflix looking for something they’ve previously watched fully knowing that the two would just end up making out halfway through. The thought still gave Clarke butterflies, so when Lexa pulls her in for a kiss Clarke doesn’t even think about the movie she’s selected. It’s when they’re about 15 minutes in the movie that they realize the film she’s picked is Accepted.

“Clarke,” a breathless Lexa mutters. “Just turn it off.”

Clarke peels herself off Lexa and shuts the television off. She sits crosslegged across from Lexa the mood clearly ruined.
"I need to talk to you about something," Lexa’s jaw clenches knowing it wasn’t going to be good. The brunette nods not sure she wants Clarke to continue but knows she doesn’t really have much of a choice either.

"I got a call the other day," Clarke continues. "From NYU."

"NYU…Okay, what did they want?" Lexa asks her expression beginning to relax.

"It was the Dean of Admissions, he was calling to say that he was impressed with my portfolio and -"

"Clarke, do you want to go to NYU?" Lexa cuts to the chase.

"Lexa wait, just let me finish…please," Clarke pleads and Lexa sees the urgency in her eyes and reaches over to squeeze her hand, "They were impressed with my portfolio and my personal essay on why I wanted to pursue art therapy and there’s this summer program. If I say yes, they…they want me there two weeks after graduation."

Clarke feels the weight lift off her shoulders as she finally confesses what she’s been harboring for a few days and she’s honestly never felt better. She’s expecting the world to collapse, for Lexa to get upset but what she doesn’t expect is to feel Lexa’s lips on hers. It takes her a few seconds to realize what’s happening before she reciprocates. With every kiss Clarke felt something different.

Kiss. *I love you.*

Kiss. *I’m so proud of you.*

Kiss. *I’m going to miss you.*

Kiss. *I’m scared.*

Kiss. *I love you.*

The two part for air, their foreheads resting on each other. Lexa speaks first, "You’re going."

It wasn’t a question, it was more of a statement and Clarke can feel the stomach twist itself over and over again but hearing that Lexa was going to accept her decision means the world to her.

"I am…Please don’t hate -"

Lexa quiets her with another kiss, "I could never hate you Clarke Griffin. I’m so happy for you."

"Do you mean that? I know we were supposed to wait and talk to each other but…the phone call… I…I didn’t know what to do," Clarke’s on the verge of tears and Lexa’s heart breaks with Clarke thinking she could ever be upset at her for something like that.

"Clarke, it was a dire situation. I understand and I guess since we are on the topic of colleges, I suppose I should…” Lexa stands and opens one of the kitchen counter drawers, pulling a stack of envelopes. Five to be exact.

"So we’re doing this?" Clarke asks.

"Are you saying yes to NYU?" Lexa rebuttals, Clarke nods her expression is unreadable but slowly breaks into a smile at the thought of her life and upcoming experiences in New York.

"Then we’re doing this," Lexa crosses her legs and sits back on the floor, one hand gripping her
letters, the other hand in Clarke’s. Lexa takes a deep breath, releasing her grip from Clarke, her hands are trembling as she goes for the first envelope but Clarke stops her.

“Hey, look at me,” green meets blue and Lexa instantly relaxes, how Clarke manages to do that to her every time she’ll never know, “whatever happens, I’m here. We’re going to get through it together.”

Lexa nods, her hands still slightly shaking and again Clarke stops her. Instead she grabs the letters from her hand and places the five envelopes face down on the plush carpet. Lexa looks at her questioningly but understands when Clarke finishes arranging them.

“Pick one, don’t flip it over, just open it and read me the letter,” Clarke smiles.

Lexa nods and reaches for the first letter, “Miss Woods, I’d like to congratulate you on your admittance to the Class of 2019 at Stanford University…”

Clarke squeals and throws herself into Lexa’s arms, knocking the girl down, “Stanford baby. You got in to Stanford!” then it hits her, Stanford is in California…California is not near New York…Not by a long shot. Lexa is still completely in shock that Stanford wants her that she’s completely oblivious to Clarke’s reaction. The girls straighten up and Lexa reaches for her second letter. A flush of relief rushes through her, she’s accepted into Columbia, followed by an acceptance to NYU that Clarke seemed to downplay her excitement for, probably not to pressure her. The fourth was a letter of acceptance from Boston University and the last…the last one, was the one Lexa was worried about the most.

“Clarke…I,” Clarke takes the hint and takes the envelope from her girlfriend, keeping it facedown. Lexa shuts her eyes, as Clarke begins to tear open the letter. Her heart is pounding in her ears she’s sure Clarke can hear it. She takes a deep breath hearing the girl across from her unfold the piece of paper. The piece of paper that would determine the rest of her future.

By now Clarke should have seen the school’s logo and if the blonde is surprised or upset she doesn’t show it. Instead with a steady voice she murmurs the words Lexa has only ever dreamt of hearing.

“Miss Alexandria Woods, we are pleased to congratulate you on your acceptance to Yale University for this coming Fall.”

Lexa open her eyes and it’s as if everything is moving in slow motion. She looks at Clarke, her face lighting up. The letter falls to the ground and Clarke is moving towards her, arms are being thrown around her neck and then she feels them. Clarke’s perfect luscious lips, moving against her and hers moving against them right back. Her vision is up to speed and for a second she loses herself in Clarke’s touch because there she’s safe. There she has no hard decisions to make, there, in the arms of her girlfriend Lexa is invincible and nothing can touch her. When Clarke pulls away, the brunette cringes at the loss of contact but then she’s pulled out of her gaze when Clarke begins to talk.

“Lexa, Lexa are you listening?”

Lexa shakes her head, moving her focus from Clarke’s lips to her blue eyes. Her calm in the storm.

“I got in?”

“You got in Lexa, the Ivy League is calling,” Clarke feels tears start to prickle at her eyes, she’s never felt happier.

“Well, don’t know if I’m going to go there,” the pragmatic Lexa says.
“Lexa don’t be stupid, it’s Yale! Yale! Bulldogs! Woof!”

“Did you just ‘woof’ Clarke?” Lexa asks with a straight face.

“Maybe…” Clarke giggles as she moves herself to be in Lexa’s lap. “Hey Lexa?” she asks nuzzling the girl’s neck.

“Yeah Clarke?” Lexa replies enjoying the contact.

“You’re going to Yale.”

“I’m going to Yale.” Lexa repeats.

Within the week, the rest of the gang received their letters of acceptance. Lincoln’s committed to USC, Lexa to Yale, Clarke to NYU, Raven to Columbia and Octavia to NYU. Bellamy was the only one who opted to stay home, he isn’t quite sure as to what he wants to do and instead of blowing money on a year worth of electives, he’s opting to attend the local community college. So with everyone’s futures set, the gang celebrates the only way they know how, with a good old fashioned bonfire party on the beach.

“Hey Lincoln, help me with the kegs will you?” Bellamy calls from his truck. Lincoln jogs over leaving Raven and Clarke to set up the rest of the picnic tables while Lexa and Octavia went to find some firewood.

“So Princess you ready to take the Big Apple by storm?”

Clarke smiles as she passes the plates to Raven, “It’s going to be different, that’s for sure,” Clarke replies. The girls finish setting up and pour themselves a heavy portion of Monty’s moonshine. The girls enjoyed the view of the waves coming to meet the shore and then retreating. It was calming.

“I’m scared,” Clarke says.

“Of what? The city? Clarke you and I both know that you were meant for more than this small town life. New York is your kind of town and you’re going to make it your bitch.”

Leave it to Raven to reassure Clarke of her insecurities and before Clarke could continue their conversation Octavia and Lexa were returning with firewood.

“Hey pretty girl,” Lexa smiles dumping the logs in the pit before leaning down to kiss her girlfriend.

“Hi,” Clarke replies trying to catch her breath. She leans in for another kiss but a loud cough from Lincoln stops them.

“Sorry Linc,” Clarke blushes.

“Don’t apologize Clarke, it’s bad enough we’ve had to endure hearing Lincoln and Octavia banging it out regularly when you’re over,” she turns her attention to her brother. “The very least you can do is put up with me making out with my girlfriend,” Lexa teases swooping in for another kiss.

Clarke smiles into their kiss, she loves this side of Lexa. The need to have you now, want to kiss you for as long as I want, Lexa. She was going to miss this Lexa. She was going to miss everything about her. Lincoln turns a deep shade of red after his sister calls him out and Octavia just shrugs, clearly proud of her sexual ventures and of course Bellamy picks this time to walk up and join his friends.
“It’s not my fault we have a healthy sex life,” the younger Blake says and Bellamy quickly does a u-turn towards the kegs eager to fill up his cup to drown out the laughter behind him.

“How about we get this party started bitches!” Octavia exclaims and that’s all it takes for everything to shift into gear as more and more of their classmates start to arrive. Bellamy mans the bonfire with Raven, while Octavia and Lincoln take care of the grills. Lexa is off playing soccer with her teammates while Clarke is socializing with Jasper and Monty.

“So what are you guys up to for next year?” Clarke asks.

“Well I’m off to Boston University,” Jasper says taking a sip of his drink, “and Monty still hasn’t decided yet.”

“There’s still time,” Monty rebuttals.

“Yeah, there’s definitely still time,” Clarke says but her attention isn’t towards her friends, her eyes are on Lexa. She’s watching her girlfriend swiftly pass her defenders and go in for a shot but she slips in the sand and falls on her ass, breaking into laughter. Clarke smiles and shuts her eyes trying to remember that image of her forever.

“Something else on your mind Princess?” Jasper teases.

“Maybe,” she smirks, “I’ll see you guys around okay? I’m gonna go mingle.”

“Mingle, sure Princess,” Jasper says throwing Clarke a wink.

Clarke goes to refill her drink and grabs Lexa one as well. She smiles and nods at the rest of her friends as he passes them by until she makes her way to where the girls are playing soccer.

“Hey Commander, can I steal you away for a bit?” Clarke calls out as Lexa goes to steal the ball only to have her trip on it at the sound of her nickname. The brunette pulls herself up and shakes the sand off of her body. Clarke squeezes her thighs at the sight of her girlfriend dressed in just a black bikini and a pair of short jeans shorts with the button undone showing her matching black bottoms.

“You should really close your mouth Clarke,” Lexa teases grabbing her beer from her girlfriend.

“Sorry Commander, I can’t help it when you’re looking like…that,” Clarke says her eyes raking over Lexa’s glistening body.

“Like what Clarke?” Lexa’s replies, her eyes piercing Clarke’s. She arches her back slightly and squeezes her abs in an attempt to stretch but really all it does accentuate her cleavage causing Clarke to drop her jaw again.

*Check mate.* Lexa thinks. She chugs the rest of her drink, stands and holds her hand out for Clarke to take, “how about a walk on the beach?”

Clarke gulps, her mind still clearly somewhere else but she chugs her drink too and joins her girlfriend.

“You don’t play fair Woods,” Clarke teases grabbing hold of her girlfriend’s arm as they begin their walk along the shore.

“Neither do you Griffin. You don’t think I noticed you bending over earlier while you helped tap the keg? Please Clarke, if anything you started this, I just ended it and won,” Lexa says rather smugly.
“Touché.”

The girls continue to walk and before they know it they’re quite far down the beach from their friends but Lexa doesn’t seem to be stopping anytime soon.

“We should turn back soon,” Clarke says tugging her girlfriend back toward their end of the beach.

“Just a bit further, I want to show you something,” Lexa pleads and Clarke obliges allowing herself to enjoy their alone time knowing they wouldn’t have these moments for much longer.

The beach steeps a bit downward and that’s when Clarke realizes where they’re going. Five minutes later they’re walking up toward a cove protected by a private beach and large rocks, big enough to fit both girls and with room to spare. When the cove comes more into view Clarke sees it, a picnic blanket and what looks like a bottle of champagne.

“Lexa…how?” Clarke gasps.

“Octavia helped me while we went for firewood,” Lexa says nonchalantly.

“Alexandria Woods you are quite the romantic,” Clarke says pulling her girlfriend to her for a soft kiss.

“I do what I can,” the brunette smiles.

The girls make their way to the blanket, settling themselves to face the water and the waning sunset. Lexa pops the champagne, pouring them both a glass in plastic cups. Lexa settles herself behind Clarke, the blonde immediately nestles herself into the crook of Lexa’s neck lifting the plastic cup to her lips for a sip. The girls sit in silence, nothing but the sounds of the wave crashing and their soft breaths fill the air. The sun is setting on the horizon and while Clarke can’t take her eyes off the horizon, Lexa can’t take her eyes off of Clarke.

“Clarke,” Lexa sits up straighter causing the other girl to move, “I know this isn’t easy for you. For either of us.”

The orange and red sky is a perfect backdrop for the blue of Clarke’s eyes that are now boring into her.

“I just want you to know that I’m in this. I know you’ll have to leave soon after graduation and I know that both of our schedules are going to be insane but I want you to know that I’m in this. I know it’s not going to be easy. There are going to be nights when all we want is to cuddle up together. There are going to be parties that we wish each other was at but I love you so much Clarke Griffin that this relationship, what we have is non-negotiable to me. I’m not going to go down without a fight. I just want you to know that.”

Lexa lets out a deep breath she hadn’t realized she was holding in. Once again all they hear are the crashing of the waves and the sounds of their heartbeats pounding in their ears.

“I’m not going anywhere Lexa. It’s me and you until the end babe,” Clarke leans forward, capturing the other girl’s lips in hers. It doesn’t take long for their clothes to be discarded. The girls make love under the new moon with waves keeping them in sync, drowning out their moans.

The girls return to their party, bottle of champagne in hand and the party they left earlier that night definitely wasn’t as rowdy as it was when they returned. The girls recognized a few faces from their high school but the other half must be from a different district.
Lexa steers Clarke in the direction of their friends who have claimed one of the bonfire pits as theirs. The girls stand back for a minute watching as Jasper and Monty drunkenly play the guitar in an attempt to get everyone to sing along. Lincoln is wrapped around Octavia, roasting s’mores and Raven and Echo are surprisingly cuddled together in front of everyone. Needless to say it was definitely a moment worth capturing. Lexa pulls her phone out taking a quick video, noting to send it to everyone later on. The girlfriends join their friends, Octavia and Raven throw both girls a dirty smirk followed by a wink, while Bellamy pours them drinks and hands it to them.

“How can you guys believe we made it?” Jasper announces.

“We’re not there yet Jas, we still have finals,” Raven reminds them.

“True but we’re practically there,” Octavia chimes in.

“It’s crazy to think this is one of the last time we’re going to all be together,” Clarke adds and Lexa wraps her arms tighter around the girl, giving her a soft kiss on her cheek.

The group enjoys the cackling of the firewood and the somewhat coherent music coming from Monty and Jasper but their party is soon interrupted by a loud commotion behind them.

“It’s a private party, you can’t be here,” they hear someone yell.

“It’s a public beach, we can be here if we want to be.”

“Don’t you rich bitches have somewhere else to be?”

Bellamy and Lincoln jump up hearing the voice belong to one of their teammates. They walk over to the ruckus shortly followed by Octavia and Lexa. When they reach the circle they find a few of the private school kids trying to steal some of their alcohol.

“You heard them,” Bellamy steps in, “it’s a private party.”

“The beach is public, we can be here if we want to be,” the guys says and Bellamy instantly recognizes him as Murphy, resident asshole of Ark Academy.

“Listen, we’re more than happy to share the beach, we have enough wood for everyone but you can’t go stealing our booze,” Lincoln jumps in.

Lexa’s amused watching the meatheads go head-to-head like something out of Westside Story, she feels Octavia next to her and grabs her hand a squeeze reassuring the girl that Lincoln could hold his own.

Murphy scoffs at Bellamy’s offer and to spite him grabs Bellamy’s drink out of his hand and takes a sip, spitting it out seconds later, “Just as I suspected, cheap ass liquor.”

Bellamy moves in for a punch, Murphy flinches but Lexa jumps between the two guys, arms extended to keep them further away.

“Be the bigger person Bell, walk away,” Lexa’s voice is soft yet commanding, the older Blake is frustrated but he nods his head and walks away. Murphy laughs at his retreat and throws out a few vulgar names at the boy but that’s all he manages because his face instantly makes contact with Lexa’s fist.

“Crazy bitch!” Murphy yells, holding his nose that was for sure broken.
“He may have asked you nicely to leave but I wasn’t going to give you that satisfaction. Take your stupid goonies and get the fuck out, now,” Lexa’s eyes are narrowed, she isn’t a force to be reckoned with. Murphy stands tall, trying to hover over Lexa but it does nothing to intimidate the girl. She crosses her arms over her chest and nods in the direction for him to leave. Murphy mutters another verse of expletives and knocks down the table holding all their alcohol before leaving with his friends.

“Commander that was badass!” Octavia yells, patting her friend on the back Lexa couldn’t help the smirk on her face, “I need to get some ice for my hand, I’ll be right back.”

Lexa makes her way to the nearest cooler, she grabs a handful of ice and wraps it in a few paper towels. Not paying attention to her surroundings she accidentally knocks over the girl behind her waiting for the cooler.

“Oh shit I’m so sor - Costia?”

“Lexa…Hi…"

It’s been months since Lexa has seen her ex-girlfriend, not that either girl was purposefully avoiding one another but their circles just never crossed, despite Costia’s friendship with the Blake family.

“I should’ve known you’d be here, Grounder party and all,” Costia says offering a small smile.

“Yeah, sorry I spilled your drink. Can I get you a new one?” Lexa asks. Costia hesitates but eventually gives in when she realizes she doesn’t recognize the people around her.

“Did you come here alone?” Lexa asks as she begins to make the girl a rum and coke.

“No, I’m with a few of my volleyball teammates, but quite a few people dispersed after that altercation with Murphy. I guess he got punched in the nose by one your friends,” Costia laughs but her eyes widen when Lexa proudly holds up her bruised fist.

“Meet my friend,” Lexa laughs gesturing to her fist.

“He deserved it, he’s an ass,” Costia nods. “So how have you been?”

“I’m well. I just heard back from colleges and declared the other day. How about you?”

“I’m okay. Despite early admittance I’m still kept pretty busy, you know how my parents are.”

“I remember yes,” Lexa says wincing as she tries to wrap the ice around her fist.

“Here let me help,” Costia says. “So where have you decided to go in the fall?”

“Yale actually,” Lexa says wincing again.

“Yale?” Costia’s voice is excited. “Lexa congratulations, that’s amazing!”

“It is, isn’t it?” Lexa grins. Costia finishes wrapping Lexa’s hand but something behind Lexa catches Costia’s eye and she quickly stands to leave.

“It was nice seeing you Lexa, I’m sure we’ll see each other at Yale. Don’t be a stranger and -”

“Hello Costia,” Lexa turns to see a very cross Clarke.

“Hey babe,” Lexa gently says, she knows she has to be careful with how she proceeds. “I bumped
into Costia when I was getting ice for my hand, she was just helping me wrap it."

“Ice for your hand?” Clarke asks but before Lexa can answer the blonde is already unwrapping the fist Costia previously finished wrapping.

“Anyways…It was nice to see you both. I’m going to find my friends and Lexa my father says the internship still stands if you want it. Have a good night you two,” with a small nod Costia leaves the couple.

“She wrapped this all wrong,” Clarke says rewrapping Lexa’s hand rather tightly.

“Fuck,” Lexa winces.

“Well if it was wrapped right the first time it wouldn’t feel like this now,” Clarke snaps.

“Clarke. We were just talking,” Lexa whispers not trying to gain the attention of the people around them.

“Why would I care?"

“Clarke, please. It’s okay if you’re upset but we were just -,” Lexa says.

“I’m not upset,” the blonde huffs finishing her wrap on Lexa’s hand. “You’re good to go, don’t go swinging at anyone else Lex,” Clarke turns to leave but not before grabbing a bottle of tequila on the table next to her.

Lex. She called me Lex.

Lexa looks defeated. She doesn’t know what Clarke thinks she saw but it was nothing and she knows it’s nothing but from the way Clarke is now glaring at her from across the beach she knows Clarke definitely thinks it’s something. Clarke is passing the bottle of tequila back and forth between Octavia and Raven so Lexa decides to leave her be as she joins Lincoln with his friends and a few of her teammates.

“You okay?” Lincoln asks.

“Costia’s here. I ran into her at the cooler and I think Clarke thinks something happened because Costia helped me wrap my hand.”

Lincoln sighs, “She’s already emotional as it is, I wouldn’t think much of it. Let her cool off and be with the girls for awhile. It’ll blow over in the morning.”

“She called me Lex…” the way the name sounded on her own tongue made Lexa shiver. She hated that nickname and Clarke using it on her was no accident.

“Ouch. Well hey why don’t we just go over to the girls in a bit, she probably just needs some space. Don’t sweat it little sister,” Lincoln says putting an arm around the shorter girl.

Lexa watches Clarke laughing with their friends out of the corner of her eye. She takes a long sip from her drink and nods in agreement with Lincoln, “Yeah, you’re right.”

Lexa gets caught up in a dribbling contest with a few of her soccer mates and Lincoln’s friends. The brunette’s laughing so hard she almost forgets about her fight with Clarke.

Almost.
Clarke’s infectious laughter rips through the beach, only a few stragglers remain and when Lexa looks over to the campfire, she sees that her friends have now begun entertaining themselves with a game of truth or dare. Lexa watches as Jasper attempts a backflip, a drunken and half-assed attempt resulted in him face down, ass up in the sand. Lexa laughs from a distance before returning to her game.

Lexa’s on a roll, not having dropped the ball in at least 20 kicks by Lincoln’s count but when hears the whoops and hollers of her friends across the fire she loses her balance and stumbles. She’s kneeling in the sand, laughing off her fall but when she looks up she finds her girlfriend, straddling Raven Reyes and giving her a not so platonic lap dance (if there even was such a thing) to what sounds like a song by The Weeknd. Lexa watches as Clarke’s body so fluidly moves against Raven’s, their lips just inches apart, foreheads leaning into one another’s. Lincoln notices it too and stands in front of his sister to block her view and help pull her up.

“Take me home Lincoln.”

Without a word Lincoln obliges and protectively places his arm around Lexa’s shoulder as he leads her in the opposite direction towards his car. Not once does Lexa look back, especially when the tears begin to flow.

Clarke falls back into the sand laughing when the song finishes and her dare is up. Octavia pretends to fan herself at how hot what just happened was, Jasper and Monty are still in disbelief and Echo is cracking up in the corner. Clearly the tequila has worked its way into the blonde’s system. Clarke tries to stand again but fails miserably.

“Steady there Princess,” Bellamy laughs helping Clarke gain her footing.

“You were always such a gentleman Bell,” Clarke says grinning.

“I try,” Bellamy says, it’s clear the alcohol has been long gone in his system and he’s exhausted.

“Hey O, Lincoln took off so do you want me to give you a ride home or are you going to slum it with these guys?”

“Lincoln left? He didn’t tell me,” Octavia says reaching into her back pocket for her phone.

**Lincoln (12:32am):** Hey babe, sorry to leave suddenly but Lexa needed me. She saw Clarke giving Raven a lap dance and got upset. I’ll call you in the morning. Shoot me a text when you’re home. I love you.

With a concerned look on her face Octavia looks at Clarke and then back at Bellamy. The look on his face says he knows why Lincoln left too.

“Echo didn’t drink tonight so she can drive us,” Raven pipes up.

“Wait, Bell why did Lincoln leave without telling us that asshole!” a drunk Clarke yells.

Bellamy struggles with a reply. Either he tells Clarke the truth or he lies, neither option seemed ideal given the state that Clarke was in but luckily he didn’t have to say anything at all.

“He took Lexa home,” Octavia says.

“Lena went home?” Clarke says her tone suddenly very alert.

“Actually Bell, why don’t you take Clarke and I home, she’ll crash at our place,” Octavia says. She
goes to hug everyone goodbye before taking Clarke by her waist and leading her back to Bell’s car.

The second they’re in the car, Clarke fall fast asleep, Octavia sits in the backseat with her rubbing her back to keep her from waking up. When they get home, Bellamy carries Clarke into Octavia’s room.

“Thanks big brother,” Octavia says giving her brother a small hug before crawling into bed next to her friend. The last thing Octavia hears before falling asleep is Clarke sighing Lexa’s name.
Repercussions

Chapter Summary

Sorry to have left you guys hanging for awhile but I hope this does it justice :)  
Also - I'm fairly sure I'm wrapping this up in a few more chapters, probably two more!  
AND shameless plug but check out my heartbreaking Clexa Series, 'The Beginning of the End' because you guys know you love to hate me :)

Lexa Woods woke up the next morning like it was any other day. Her head throbs slightly from the night before but it doesn’t deter her from getting up at 9:30AM sharp to go on a run. She grabs her headphones, pulls on her trainers and heads down the beaten path of the nearby forest preserve. The path starts out the same, easy and clear at first but around the 1.5 mile marker when everyone tends to turn back around, the brunette keeps going. The gets harder, more twists and turns, more tree stumps to jump over but Lexa doesn’t mind. After another few paces she reaches her destination, a hidden clearing home to a beautiful lake. It was only by chance that she stumbled upon this haven, well not so much chance but stalking Clarke that she came across it.

“I hate my parents!” Clarke sobs into the phone.

“You’re being dramatic,” a voice on the other end replies.

“Lexa!” Clarke whines. “How can you say that! They crossed the line!”

Lexa’s smiling because she knows her best friend is probably pouting on the other end but she does her best to put on her serious voice and talk her best friend down from whatever meltdown she’s having this week.

“I’m running away. That’s it!” Clarke hangs up the phone with a defiant huff, grabs a bottle of water, some cookies and her CD player before rushing out of her house and down the street towards the forest greens a few blocks away. After walking in the woods for a solid 10 minutes, Clarke was officially lost. Her lower lip quivered, threatening to let out a sob but the defiant blonde held her head up high and continued to trudge along. Had the blonde stopped and turned back around she would have seen her best friend trailing closely behind her, protecting her from a distance.

Clarke was beginning to lose all hope but she tuned out the rest of the world by blasting her CD player as loud as it could possibly go. Eventually she finds a clearing ahead and runs to it like it’s her only hope. She smiles as the reflection of the sun sets in the pool of water. She takes a seat near the shore, close enough to where the water kisses her feet and watches the world around her go by. Lexa leaves her alone for awhile, sitting patiently on a nearby tree stump. Clarke clearly wanted to be alone and Lexa wasn’t going to ruin the moment for her. It wasn’t until Clarke’s CD player had run out of battery that she heard a familiar sneeze come from behind her.

“Lexa? You scared the crap out of me, what are you doing here?”

“Making sure you’re safe,” the brunette replies taking a seat next to her best friend.

“I think you’re stalking me,” Clarke huffs.
“I think you’re being dramatic again,” Lexa says extending an arm to wrap around her best friend.

“Does my mom know you’re here?” Clarke whispers taking in the familiar scent.

“No but we’re going to have to go back at some point. You didn’t bring enough cookies.”

Clarke nods and snuggles closer to the girl, practically forgetting the reason for her argument with her mother to begin with. It didn’t matter anymore. It didn’t matter because Lexa was there and that was all she ever needed.

“I thought I’d find you here,” Lexa doesn’t turn around knowing exactly who it is. She doesn’t look at the girl either when she feels her presence come closer.

“I’m surprised you’re up this early,” Lexa manages to say.

“Me too…But if Octavia felt the need to wake me up by dumping water on my head then I must have done something pretty terrible,” Clarke sighs and plops down next to her girlfriend. Lexa tries her best not to look at her but it’s useless. She sees Clarke’s hair braided to the side while donning a baseball hat, her hair still visibly wet.

“You can laugh, it’s okay,” Clarke speaks again, only to be met by silence. The girls stare out onto the lake, the sounds of birds chirping and water moving is all that surrounds them. Suddenly the air is lighter, the stress is gone and the two are who they’ve always been. Clarke and Lexa. Lexa and Clarke. The effect that their little oasis has on them is something they’ve never questioned. Whenever they were there everything was okay. Even when it wasn’t.

“Do you remember the last time were here?” Lexa asks.

Clarke smiles, “I do. It’s been so long,” Lexa nods.

“This place holds more secrets than anyone will ever know,” Clarke says, courageously taking Lexa’s hand in hers. The brunette doesn’t fight it. “You first told me you liked girls right over there and you told me how nervous you were about kissing girls. So I kissed you. That was our first kiss,” Clarke points to a random tree stump and Lexa scoffs

“Clarke there are tons of tree stumps here, how could you possibly know which one specifically?”

“I’ll show you,” Clarke stands, brushing the sand off of her legs and extends a hand to Lexa. Reluctantly she takes it and follows her girlfriend, “Look at the stump.”

“It’s just a stump Clarke.”

“Llexa, please…Just look at it,” Lexa couldn’t say no to the blue yes on her. She crouches down to take a better look at a small gasp escapes her throat.

“Clarke…I’m speechless.”

To any passerby the tree stump merely looked scarred, years of wear and tear taking its toll on the wood. But if you took a closer look you’d find a 07.02.12 carved into the wood.

“I never wanted to forget that moment.”

“What moment would that be?” Lexa asks standing back up.

“The moment the tide had changed.”
“You sound like a terrible rom-com Clarke Griffin,” Lexa smirks.

“So what if I am?” Clarke leans forward to kiss her. Her lips are soft and Clarke wonders how she’s ever spent her time kissing anyone else’s lips before.

“I know we need to talk,” Clarke says pulling away. “Last night…It wasn’t okay. I was drunk and I know that’s not an excuse, you know I’ll never use that as an excuse Lexa, but I…I don’t know what came over me.”

Lexa pulls away, “You were jealous of Costia. You were jealous and you acted like a child Clarke,” the blonde winces at the words but she knows that they’re true. “Clarke I’m with you. I love you. If that’s not enough, then I don’t know what else to do.”

The words broke through the air and Clarke stood frozen unable to move, unable to speak. So Lexa continues.

“We both were a little out of it last night, yes. We were put into an undesirable situation with unwelcome guests, yes. But why did that change your trust in me?” Lexa’s voice was beginning to falter and if Clarke could tell she wasn’t letting on. She knew how difficult it was for Lexa to come completely undone. She knew it wasn’t easy for her to do this.

“I know you’ve been going through a lot Clarke. I can’t even begin to fathom how you feel most days but I try so hard for you…” the tears were falling too fast for Lexa to stop them and Clarke’s immediately at her side but Lexa holds out a hand stopping her from moving any closer. “I try so hard to make you happy…And to, and to be there for you. To make sure that you know how much I love and care about you and after last night, I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to make you happy. I don’t know if you’ll ever be able to just trust that I love you…I feel like I failed you Clarke. Seeing how upset you got over Costia talking to me. What’s it going to be like when I’m school? I don’t know what I’m going to do then Clarke.”

Clarke’s eyes were brimming with tears as Lexa completely unraveled before her. Each word cut like a knife and Clarke wasn’t sure where all the emotions were coming from. She tries to rack her brain for instances in the past few months and suddenly it all starts to make sense to her. She’s been selfish, selfish with Lexa, selfish with her friends but they did it without question, without need for appreciation because they love her. Lexa loves her. Octavia, Raven, Bellamy, they all love her. After years of feeling alone and abandoned by her own parents, Clarke found a new family in her friends and here she was absolutely shitting on them.

“Lexa, I trust you. With my heart, I trust you,” Clarke pulls the girl to her and brushes the tears from her eyes.

How is it that even so sad she can look so beautiful.

“I don’t deserve you Lexa,” Clarke whispers.

“You’re my best friend Clarke. You’re my heart. If you don’t deserve me then I don’t deserve you either.”

“I shouldn’t have walked away from you last night.”

“It’s fine,” Lexa says trying to brush it off but Clarke doesn’t let her. She cups both her hands on Lexa’s face, her thumbs slowly wiping the fresh tears that continue to fall, but their eyes meet and Lexa’s stomach is suddenly doing flips.

“It isn’t okay that I walked away from you last night,” Clarke says while her eyes say so much more.
“Lexa Woods, it is not okay that I decided to drink myself stupid and give Raven a lap dance. Whether or not it was in good fun, it wasn’t okay.”

Lexa nods thinking Clarke’s finished talking but she goes on, “Lexa Woods, you have every right to feel the way that you do, I hurt you. I know that but you have every right to know that I love you and knowing how much I’ve hurt you, hurts me too. I’m not saying it’s going to be any easier when we’re in college, but I know that I’m not going to lose you. You have been so incredibly amazing to me since…since dad died. I will never be able to repay you for that but I’m going to try. So please…Don’t give up on me…Not yet.”

“I could never give up on you Clarke,” Lexa closes the distance and captures Clarke’s lips in hers but Clarke pulls away before another kiss can commence.

“You could never fail me,” Clarke says this time closing the distance herself and this time it feels right. It feels like home. Lexa deepens the kiss, her hands securely placed on Clarke’s hips holding her close to her. Clarke pulls away from the kiss ever so slightly to run her teeth on Lexa’s bottom lip and the brunette whimpered. Clarke doesn’t waste time in then trailing the tip of her tongue slowly across Lexa’s bottom lip, silently begging for entrance that is so happily given. Their tongues do a dance of their own as their hands begin to graze each others body, softly swiping and tickling familiar spots that the girls have grown to know so intimately the past few months.

The girls break for air, lips swollen, breathing heavily, pupils blown in search of and in need of more. Neither girl had the patience to walk back to one of their homes and it was Clarke that took initiative. She cups her girlfriend’s cheek again and chills shoot through her when she feels Lexa lean into her touch. She kisses her softly and breaks, whispering words only meant for Lexa to know. Lexa allows herself to be guided by Clarke away from the tree stumps and closer to the water and sanded area. Lexa pulls their bodies flush as she begins to lower herself to the ground slowly, with Clarke following her with short kisses across her neck.

“Are we really doing this?” Clarke asks and Lexa laughs. “You’re the one into rom coms Clarke, I’d assume you’d be okay with taking me right here,” Lexa laughs again.

Clarke frowns, “You know it’s not about that right?” she intertwines their hands as Clarke adjusts her body above the other girl. “You know I’ve never just wanted to fuck you or take you…” her cheeks begin to the blush the shade of red Lexa’s loves so much, “It’s never been about that for me. I just love…I love getting to know parts of your body that are only meant for me. The same way mine is only meant for you…I know that -”

Lexa silences her with a kiss and she can feel Clarke smile into it. Lexa kisses her deeper. I love you Clarke. Clarke pins both Lexa’s hands above her as she begins to trail kisses along her neck and down her chest. I love you Lexa. And once more the lake and trees were witness to secrets that they’ll only share with each other.

Ever since that day in the woods Clarke has been different. Not that she hasn’t been nurturing or attentive in the past, but it’s different now. She’s more of who she used to be before Jake passed. Her cheery smile can be spotted from a mile away, her eyes shined brighter than ever and everyone could see a big part of that was because of Lexa. The days leading up to graduation was quickly down to single digits. Which meant that Clarke’s time at home was dwindling as well.

Lexa’s sitting at the kitchen counter when her dad comes home from his latest business trip. He’s been quite absent lately and despite her mother telling her it wasn’t anything to be concerned about, she knew she was lying.
“Hey kiddo,” a tall, dark-haired man says, setting down his briefcase.

“Hey dad, long time no see,” Lexa says leaning into her father as he kisses her cheek.

“I know, I’m sorry but I’m here now. I’ll be here until after graduation,” although her exterior is stoic and unchanging, deep down Lexa was filled with excitement knowing her dad would be there to see her and Lincoln graduate. Lexa nods to her dad’s reply and goes back to what she’s working on. Letters, lots and lots of letters. One for everyday that Clarke and her will be separated when she leaves for school. Some for when she misses her, some for when she’s sad, some for when she needs a reminder of how amazing she is. The brunette has waited long enough to begin them, knowing that by doing so, it only meant her best friend would be leaving her soon and Lexa isn’t ready for that.

Lincoln walks in with Octavia shortly behind him, Mr. Woods looks up from the fridge to greet them. Octavia gives him a curt hello and her cheeks instantly redden while Lexa and Lincoln snicker. Octavia had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Woods in a not so appropriate position a few months back. The younger Blake is still trying to erase the image of Mr. Woods’ face when he walked in on the couple during a very sexy strip tease.

“Octavia will you be joining us for dinner?” Mr. Woods asks trying to lighten the mood.

“If that’s not too much trouble, I’d love to,” Octavia smiles taking the seat next to Lexa. She peeks over at what Lexa’s working on and despite the girl’s effort to shield her letters, it was pointless against Octavia. Mr. Woods leaves the kids and heads to the backyard to begin the grill. He calls back into the kitchen to tell Lexa to invite Clarke over, which really wasn’t necessary as the blonde was already on her way over.

“Well, well Commander what do we have here?” Octavia teases trying to grab one of Lexa’s completed letters.

“Drop it Octavia or I’ll tell father that you’ve snuck into Lincoln’s room at night,” she threatens and both Lincoln and Octavia’s eyes go wide.

Lincoln clears his throat but it cracks as he tries to speak up, “How did yo-“ Lexa smirks, “Dear brother, it’s really not your fault that Octavia can’t keep her noises to a minimum.”

“Lexa, you perv!” Octavia exclaims.

“I’m a light sleeper, idiot! Either keep it down or get caught…again,” Lexa snickers but when her father walks back inside with a rather embarrassed Clarke behind him, she quickly shuts up.

“Look what I found trying to climb the trellis outside your room Alexandria,” this time it was Octavia’s turn to laugh.

“Sorry Chris, I was just trying to woo your daughter, can you blame me?” Clarke shrugs, placing a quick kiss on Lexa’s cheek.

“No, I really can’t,” he says beginning to chop vegetables for kabobs, “perhaps Octavia can learn a few stealth moves from you Clarke seeing as she does the same almost every other night into Lincoln’s room,” the kitchen quiets and the only thing moving other than the knife meeting peppers are the eyes of each teenager wondering how to reply. It isn’t until Chris snorts and everyone else shortly follows into uncontrollable laughter.

“Sorry Chris,” Octavia replies wiping tears from her eyes.

Mr. Woods waves the knife in the air as if physically clearing the tension, “Just so you two know,
we have a perfectly good door. Quite a few of them, I suggest using them from now on."

"Who is using what now?" a voice from the hall echoes as Erin joins the chatter-filled kitchen.

"Oh I was just informing our future-children-in-law that we have doors and if they feel so inclined they should use them."

"Oh perfect!" Erin says, kissing her husband on the cheek. "How was school today kids?" A series of, ‘good’, ‘fine’, and ‘okay’ filled the air and Erin politely nodded fully aware that all four high school Seniors were completely done with school, mentally at least. Clarke edges closer to Lexa and the brunette freezes hoping that the blonde doesn’t see what is clearly right in front of her. Octavia sensing this, pulls Clarke away muttering something about grabbing drinks for everyone in the basement. Lexa lets out a sigh of relief as she quickly gathers her letters and runs them upstairs to her room. She slips them between a stack of philosophy books on her desk knowing Clarke wouldn’t ever bother to look there. Looking out the window, sees the clouds start to make their way toward them and she goes into her walk-in closet to grab a sweatshirt for both her and Clarke. She doesn’t hear her come in and she really should have.

Clarke was in no means a light-footed person but Lexa was usually able to detect her coming. The lights go out and Lexa quickly panics when she turns to find that the closet door is shut as well but there was something familiar about the air in the closet. Instead of the fresh smell of her laundry detergent, she smells…vanilla. Vanilla and a hint of the BBQ from outside. It’s Clarke.

"Turn around Commander," her voice is low and husky, dripping with want. Lexa doesn’t think twice as she turns around and obeys. Lexa feels the other girl’s breath on the nape of her neck, she silently thanks the gods for whatever it was that possessed her to put her hair up earlier, Clarke sucks on the girl’s pulse point lightly and she smiles feeling the way Lexa’s legs are beginning to weaken. She pulls away and the brunette whimpers but Clarke gives her a quick nibble on her earlobe assuring here that the fun was surely just about to begin.

Before Lexa can turn around in hopes of more contact from her girlfriend, Clarke’s hands are at her hip and inching higher and higher up her sides until they barely graze the peaked buds on the girl’s chest. Feeling Lexa begin to lean further into her, Clarke quickly grabs what she’s been hiding in her back pocket and draping it across Lexa’s neck. The silk sends chills down the girl’s spine and Lexa groans at the idea of what Clarke may be toying with. When she feels the silk cover her eyes, Lexa feels her core begin to tighten. I was right. Clarke quickly knots the silk tie on her girlfriend’s head, tight enough that it doesn’t slip but loose enough that it didn’t hurt. She then leads Lexa to lean her back against the closet door and she quickly undresses herself, leaving her bare except for the thin piece of lace covering her mound. Lexa smells her…Clarke’s scent and instinctively she reaches out her hand to find her but Clarke quickly swats it away and instead pins both of Lexa’s hands above her which in doing so pushes her entire body onto Lexa’s. The brunette is about to protest but when she realizes that Clarke is naked she changes her mind.

“Turn around…” Clarke pauses as she finally leans in to kiss Lexa on her lips, slipping her tongue ever so subtly as well before pulling away to whisper, “submit.”

Lexa moans and instinctively her hips buck forward causing her to feel her ruined boy shorts, “Clarke…”

“Yes, Commander?,” she replies in the sultry voice that she knows will drive her crazy. Lexa allows herself to soak in the slow, torturous but welcomed contact from Clarke before answering her.

“I’m yours.”
Clarke was expecting some sort of reaction from the girl but nothing to that degree. She kisses her girlfriend, slow at first but the passion quickly grew and both girls were exploring each other like it was their first time. Clarke’s the one to pull away, resting her forehead against Lexa’s, both of their breaths are unsteady and heavy. Clarke grips the hem of the girl’s shirt and quickly discards of it, she moves to unbutton Lexa’s black shorts, taking longer than necessary, to allow herself the time to run her fingers over Lexa’s core through her soaked panties.

“Please…”

Clarke skirts her hands over Lexa’s naked body once more before touching her where she’s been dying for it the most and she almost comes at the contact. Clarke quickly discards both of them of their remaining clothing and pulls Lexa flush to her. Both girls moan at the feeling of each other’s wetness and Clarke can’t wait any longer. She gives Lexa one last rough kiss before decorating her body with kisses until she’s on her knees with Lexa in front of her, ready to be taken. Clarke kisses each of Lexa’s hip bones before placing a soft kiss on the aching bud between her legs.

“Oh…”

Clarke decided not to waste anymore time as she ran her tongue ridiculously slow through Lexa’s folds, lapping up the girl’s juices and Lexa’s legs practically gave out but Clarke’s hand was already guiding Lexa’s leg over her shoulder to help keep her steady. Clarke runs her tongue through her again this time a bit quicker knowing her girlfriend wouldn’t last long.

“Clarke, let me…let me see you.”

Clarke responds by nibbling a bit on the girl’s clit and Lexa takes a sharp breath, “For fuck’s sake Clarke,” Clarke smirks, loving the reaction she’s eliciting and Lexa bucks her hip forward trying to get Clarke’s attention and the girl kneeling is more than happy to continue. Clarke’s tongue swirls around the hardened clit and Lexa swears she’s already seeing stars. The lack of ability to see anything that’s going on below her only seems to have heightened her senses, each swipe, each kiss and nip from Clarke does something completely different to her than times before, not that she was complaining or anything. Finally Clarke’s tongue finds its way to Lexa’s entrance, a simple flick upward and Lexa is slowly beginning to drip onto her, only making Clarke hungrier for more. Clarke is past slow and steady at this point, she’s thrusting into the girl fast and the image of Lexa’s chest bouncing with her at every thrust only motivates Clarke to do it harder.

“Fuck, baby…Clarke…I’m so close,” Lexa moans. “One more…” she pleads and Clarke adds a third into her, her tongue still swirling on her clit, and after three more hard thrusts and the curl of her fingers Lexa is undone. Lexa’s hips move frantically, thrusting onto Clarke and Clarke can barely move her hand as Lexa rides out her high but her tongue never stops moving. When she finally feels Lexa begin to slow down Clarke removes her tongue and instead gently sucks on Lexa’s clit, sending the girl into another high.

“Fuck, Clarke…” Lexa’s voice is shaky while Clarke kisses her way back up the brunette's body, stopping to pay special attention to the girl’s breasts that she had neglected earlier. She releases each nipple with a soft pop before placing a wet kiss on Lexa’s lips. The brunette groans at the taste of herself on her lips but it’s the right amount of adrenaline that she needs to flip their positions, putting Clarke against the door with Lexa in control.
“Lexa…” Clarke whispers against her lips. “We don’t have time for this…dinner…downstairs…” the blindfold on the girl still remains but Lexa didn’t doesn’t need to see to know where and when to touch her girlfriend. It’s almost instictual at this point as she leans in to capture Clarke’s lips. Lexa’s right hand drags itself up and down the girl’s leg and she can feel the wetness literally dripping down her leg and Lexa whimpers…She gathers enough of the girl on her fingers and brings it to her lips. Clarke’s watching her silhouette in the dark and she’s never been more turned on in her life. Lexa sucks her fingers dry and that devilish smirk of hers reappears.

“You think you’er so…Ah…” Clarke moans as Lexa surprises her by plunging two fingers into her. She’s making it excruciatingly slow for her and Clarke can barely stand it. She knows what Lexa wants but she’s determined not to give it to her.

“She’s making it excruciatingly slow for her and Clarke can barely stand it. She knows what Lexa wants but she’s determined not to give it to her.

“Lexa…We…We can’t be late to dinner…”

“We can be and we will…” Lexa replies the tone of her command only turning Clarke on even more. Lexa picks up the slow pace and begins to curl her fingers, hitting Clarke in the spot she knows is guaranteed to make her beg but stops halfway and returns to her slow in and out thrusts. The brunette pushes herself closer to her, allowing herself to grind her hips into Clarke’s while she thrusts and she that it was driving Clarke insane as some of her juices found their way onto the blonde’s legs. Lexa grabs one of Clarke’s hands and guides it to her dripping core, “Look at what you do to me Clarke.”

The blonde throws her head back at the feeling of how wet her girlfriend was again and she doesn’t even think twice when she thrusts two fingers into her causing Lexa to gasp. The room is filled with nothing but low moans and the sound of their thrusts. Lexa gives up on wanting Clarke to beg as she quickens the pace adding a third digit. Clarke’s thrusting is frantic and she’s beginning to lose control, she picks up her pace in Lexa and the girl moans at Clarke’s new speed. Their hips are rolling into each others, their hands moving quicker than either girl probably ever has and Clarke leans in to kiss Lexa both of them lose it but they swallow each others moans with their lips as both girls ride out their orgasm.

“Fuck,” Clarke mutters, her sweaty forehead leaning against Lexa’s who has now removed her blindfold.

“I’ll say,” Lexa replies pressing a gentle kiss on Clarke’s forehead before reaching behind her to turn the light on but doing so causes Clarke to press closer against the door and her hand instinctively grabs hold of the door knob, flinging both girls on the floor of Lexa’s room. Octavia had the unfortunate timing of walking in at that exact moment.

“My eyes, my eyes!” she squeals trying to shield herself from the naked girls on the floor but her squeals only caused more interruption as Lincoln bounds in after her to see what was wrong only to have him turn and collide into Octavia as he tries to shield the image of his naked sister.

Erin happens to walk by and catches sight of the mixed up teenagers on Lexa’s floor only to shake her head and call down to Chris, “Chris! The kids will be down in a second, they’re caught up in some weird orgy!”

Despite the earlier situation the kids were in, dinner wasn’t in the least bit awkward. The conversation was light and humorous but Lexa knew it wouldn’t hold much longer as her father made the round to discuss college and what’s to come.

“So, graduation,” Chris says taking a swig of his beer, “you kids excited?”
Sensing the tension between Clarke and Lexa at the discussion of graduation, Octavia decides to diffuse the situation first, she was always good at that. “Yeah. I mean we’ve been waiting for this our whole high school career. I know we’re all excited for that next step,” Octavia grins.

“You all should be, I know how hard you’ve worked,” Erin says squeezing Octavia’s hand next to her and Lincoln is beaming at his mom at the kind gesture from her towards his girlfriend.

“Clarke you’ll be leaving us soon, how’s your mom feel about it?” Chris asks.

“She’s, she’s excited for me. I mean she’s been traveling a lot more than usual lately so I suppose it won’t really make a difference whether I’m here or not.”

Lincoln practically chokes on his water at Clarke’s confession. The blonde didn’t mean for it to come out the way it did but it wasn’t entirely false either.

“You know your mother misses you Clarke,” Erin says and the blonde nods.

“I know, I just wish she didn’t have to but you know being here,” she gestures to the air around her, “it’s too much for her. I wouldn’t be surprised if she sold the house.”

Both adults nod their heads, understanding what Clarke means without having to say it and Lincoln takes this as an opportunity to begin clearing the dishes and Lexa follows suit leaving Clarke and Octavia with their parents.

“Octavia, how are you holding up?” Chris asks turning his attention to his son’s girlfriend.

“I’m okay. I know it’s going to be hard…With Linc being across the country but I have no doubt that we’ll work through it. We’re end game Mr. W,” Octavia grins.

“Yes, I believe you two are…end game as well,” he smiles before turning his attention to Clarke but before he can even say anything Lexa is asking to excuse herself and Clarke and head to bed. Her parents nod and the girls say their goodnights before clambering up to Lexa’s room.

“So that wasn’t awkward at all…” Lexa says, beginning to undress and settle herself into a comfortable pair of soccer shorts and an oversized t-shirt, while Clarke simply grabs a pair of her boy shorts and a tank top to sleep in.

“It wasn’t Lexa.”

“I’m sorry, he should have known better than to ask that,” Lexa says as she moves to get under the covers.

“He wasn’t out of line Lexa. He’s your dad. Your parents, they’re like a second set of parents to me and God knows I can always use more of those -”

“Clarke…” Lexa pats spot next to her and Clarke instead lays her head in Lexa’s lap, moving the brunette’s hand into her hair as well, “I spoil you too much,” Lexa teases as she begins to softly weave her hands through Clarke’s blonde locks.

“You love me,” Clarke says sticking her tongue out but Lexa only nods in response. “Your parents are just looking out for me. I’m going to miss them a lot you know? You and them were there for me after dad passed…I’ll never be able to repay your family for the kindness they’ve given me.”

Lexa knows Clarke would never in a million years have to repay their family, they’ve been friends for as long as they’ve both been alive, but Lexa understands how much they’ve grown to mean to
her, especially the past few months.

“You’re always going to have a home here Clarke.” *You’re always going to have a home with me.* The girls take comfort in the silence knowing that their days were numbered but they didn’t need to talk to enjoy each other’s company.

“Hey Lexa?”

“Yes, my heart?” she smiles, the exhaustion so apparent in her eyes.

“I love you.” *I’m scared.*

“I love you too.” *I’m scared too.*
To the Future.

Chapter Summary

Here it is. The final chapter. Thanks for incredible outpour of support on my first Clexa fic! I hope you guys will stick with me through the sequel and my other ones! The chapter's definitely shorter than I thought it would be but I'm honestly really happy with it, so I hope you guys will be too!

Be on the look out for an epilogue with the letters Lexa's written to Clarke! Epilogue

The overplayed instrumental of Pomp and Circumstance fills the school’s gymnasium as one-by-one graduates march in to greet their parents eagerly awaiting the ceremony. Octavia and Clarke being two of the first ones already standing at their seat were already busy away texting their group chat waiting for the rest of their classmates and more importantly their friends to file in as well. After a solid 10-minutes of continuous marching the rest of their graduating class was finally inside the now stuffy gym.


Clarke smiles as she strains her neck turning behind her to find her girlfriend. When they lock eyes they give each other a small wave.

Clarke (10:25am): So do you babe. How long do you think this is going to be?

Lexa (10:26am): Short I hope. I’m hungry.

Clarke (10:27am): I told you to eat this morning.

Lexa (10:28am): If I recall I did eat this morning ;)

Clarke blushes at the message and she can feel Lexa’s eyes smirking at her from the rows behind her but she doesn’t dare look back.

Clarke (10:29am): That’s not what I meant Commander.

Lexa (10:29am): I don’t remember you telling me to stop.

Clarke (10:30am): Okay…Now is definitely not the time to be doing this. Pay attention, it’s almost my turn, love you!

Lexa (10:30am): Always, Clarke.

Their guest speaker was boring, the speech from their principal and valedictorian even more boring. It was almost 11:30am when they began announcing names and the soon-to-be graduates have never been more thankful for having a small graduating class. In true Blake fashion the two siblings walked, well more so strutted across the stage, arms fist pumping in the air after receiving their diplomas. A few more rows of students shuffle their way across the stage and Lexa’s eyes immediately fixate on the blonde curls sticking out beneath her blue graduation cap.
“Brody Grath,” the announcer calls and a complimentary applause follows. Clarke was next and her blue eyes search the sea of graduation robes for green ones. The two connect and smiles spread on both faces. Lexa mouths the three words that when strung together sound so melodic to Clarke and when her name’s called Clarke swears she hears Lexa cheer the loudest.

Clarke didn’t care much for the rest of the ceremony until the rest of her friends were on stage as she whooped and hollered for each of them. And then the moment she was waiting for finally came. Lexa stood tall and stoic as she fidgeted with her graduation cap that Clarke had spent almost 15 minutes pinning to her head earlier that morning and Clarke couldn’t help but laugh.

“Alexandria Woods,” Lexa smiles and nods her head politely as she shakes the hand of her counselor and accepts the diploma from her principal. As she stops to pose for her photo with him she catches a flash of blonde hair and she realizes that Clarke is standing, still clapping for her. It’s in that moment that Lexa knew.

I’m going to marry Clarke Griffin.

“Parents, family, and friends please help me congratulating the graduating class of 2015!”

The gymnasium erupts with cheers and applause. Lexa even hears Octavia yell, “WE DID IT BITCHES!” but she didn’t care about any of that. The gym is almost in chaos as graduation caps are being thrown in the air and others are doing their best to dodge them. Lexa does her best to avoid being hit by them as she weeds her way in and out of the crowd to find her. She had to find her and tell her.

“Looking for someone?” Lexa turns and finds Clarke a few feet away, hair a bit frizzed from her cap but still nothing short of beautiful.

“Marry me,” Lexa blurts out.

Did she just...”What?” Clarke yells trying her best to drown out the surrounding celebration as she moves to get herself closer to the girl.

“Marry me,” Lexa says again taking Clarke’s hands in hers. “Marry me Clarke Griffin."

“Lexa, you don’t know -"

Lexa’s eyes are still as passionate as ever when she cuts Clarke off only to replace her words with a lingering kiss and she’s being pulled from the gymnasium and being led to their spot. They climb the ladder up to the roof for what will probably be the last time and when they get up there the air is warmer and the girls feel lighter. Before Clarke can say anything again Lexa pulls her into a searing kiss, trying to convey everything she feels into the kiss like it’s her last breath. When they pull apart they lean their foreheads together and revel in the intimate moment they shared just minutes ago.

“I need to show you something,” Lexa whispers the words vibrating against Clarke’s lips. The blonde nods as she allows herself to be led towards their familiar spot against the wall. Lexa loosens the brick with ease and pulls out their box of confessions. Clarke’s chest tightens when she sees Lexa’s hand skim her confession from November.

“Please don’t feel embarrassed…I read it…After things happened with us, I came up here during my free period and I saw it.”
“Lexa, I can explain,” Clarke says reaching for the tin box.

“No, Clarke. Really, it’s okay. Seeing this… It made me realize how real it was. How it wasn’t just about jealousy or whatever I accused you of. I was such an idiot to say those things to you but that’s not what I brought you here to see.”

Lexa grabs a similar looking scratch sheet of paper and hands it to Clarke. Lexa watched with anxious eyes as Clarke unfolds her confession.

November 12, 2014
Marry Clarke Griffin.

Lexa tries to ready Clarke’s expression as the girl reads the three simple words over and over again. Fuck, Lexa! What did you just do? If Lexa was any sorts of worried she wasn’t showing it. She waited patiently what felt like hours when in reality was only seconds for Clarke to realize what was happening. Blue eyes peer over the piece of paper, hands shaking as she reaches for a blank piece of paper and a pen, shielding herself as she writes.

May 1, 2015
Marry Lexa Woods.

Lexa patiently waits for Clarke to finish, her nimble fingers folding the piece of paper before handing it to her girlfriend.

“Are you sure?” Lexa asks and Clarke nods, blue eyes waiting for a reply. Lexa’s hands are shaky as she unfolds it once and then twice to find the three words she was hoping to see. Tears begin to silently fall down Lexa’s cheeks before emeralds meet sapphires.

“I’d be an idiot to not want to call myself your wife,” Clarke says pulling Lexa in for a kiss. I love you.

Lexa pulls Clarke tighter to her. I love you too.

Both girls deepen the kiss, simultaneously thinking…I’m not scared anymore.

When both girls finally find it suitable to tear themselves away from each other, they make their way down to the parking lot where they know their friends and family are waiting. Based on the vibrations from their phones, they’ve been gone for quite some time.

“So nice of the Princess and Commander to join us!” Octavia shouts just a few feet away gathered with all their friends and family.

Abby, Erin, and Christopher just shake their heads laughing and Clarke squeezes Lexa’s hand tighter when they approach their parents, Lexa understanding why without even having to ask. In front of them was a picture perfect moment with only one thing missing, Jake. Clarke begins to slow her pace and Lexa noticing decides to cut ahead to distract their parents first. Clarke clutches at the necklace her father gave her as a child and swears she can hear her father’s voice telling her how proud of her he is. Clarke finds her strength again and goes to hug her mother immediately.

“He’d be so proud of you Clarke,” Abby whispers.

“I love you mom,” Clarke replies, biting back the tears.

“I love you too,” Abby says unable to fight the tears and as she pulls away Clarke only pulls her mom into another hug and whispers a few words in her ears. When the two break apart, Abby shoots
a huge grin to Lexa and the brunette knows that Clarke’s told her. Clarke Griffin was going to be her
wife. Before Lexa can say anything to Abby, the older Griffin pulls her into a bone-crushing hug,
pulling questioning stares from Erin and Chris but no one says anything. Lexa and Clarke join their
friends in a rounds of hugs and graduation selfies before the gang poses for their signature group
shot, followed by traditional family photos as well. The final photo taken was of Abby, Chris, Erin,
Lincoln, Octavia, with Lexa and Clarke holding hands but they weren’t looking at the camera, they
were looking at each other, eyes bright and smiles bigger than ever.

As expected a graduation party awaited the girls bringing together all their families and close friends,
nothing too spectacular. While parents swapped embarrassing stories of their children over dinner on
the patio, the graduates lounged near the Woods’ pool passing a bottle of champagne back and forth
between them. Lexa and Clarke were snug on a lounge chair, while Lincoln and Octavia did so on
the chair next to them. Raven sat with her legs dipped into the pool with Echo leaning on her
shoulder, having what looks like a very serious conversation. Bellamy on the other hand kept his
distance from the group, keeping his mother company at the table with the rest of the parents.

Laughter erupts from the table of parents and the kids turn to find their parents wiping tears from
their eyes as Christopher finishes telling them what Lexa assumes is the embarrassing story of when
they found her and Clarke covered in mud trying to blend in with the Earth. Lexa opens her mouth to
defend herself but Clarke is quick to keep her quiet with a kiss which Lexa happily accepts. Clarke
kisses her again, excusing herself to grab some food from the grill and Lexa misses her warmth
immediately. After a few seconds Lexa decides to follow her, not wanting to miss any opportunity to
be together but her path is quickly cut off by Abby who asks her to accompany her to the kitchen for
refreshments. Once they’re in the security of the kitchen, Lexa begins to pull a few drinks from the
fridge to offer them to Abby but she shakes her head.

“This isn’t why I wanted to come in here,” Abby says and Lexa feels like she should have seen this
coming. A lecture. “Lexa, I never thanked you for what you did, for Clarke and for me when Jake
passed. I know I’m no the mother of year and I don’t apologize for what I did because it was
something I needed to do but I know when I’ve fallen short. Truth be told, I felt comfort being away
knowing that you were here for her.”

“Abby…”

Abby raises a hand, “Please, let me say this,” and Lexa nods.

“Alexandria, you have been a part of this family from the moment your mother and I met. You have
been like a second daughter to Jake and I. I know that I’m not the only one who is proud to be able
to call you my soon-to-be-daughter-in-law…And with that being said, I want you to have this.”

Abby raises her left hand and gently slips off the beautiful Victorian engagement ring. The ring is
breathtaking, truly exquisite and was given to Jake from his grandmother to give to Abby when he
proposed. Never, in a million years did Abby think she could part with it, but after learning of Clarke
and Lexa’s relationship, she finally found her one exception.

“Abby…I can’t,” Lexa says unwilling to take the ring but Abby grabs her hand, places the ring onto
Lexa’s palm and closes her fingers around it. “You can Lexa and you will. For Clarke, for me, and
for Jake.” Lexa nods, understanding the importance of her gesture and hugs her future mother-in-
law.

Lexa does her best to make it look like she wasn’t just crying in the kitchen as she follows Abby
back out onto the patio. At this point all the kids have joined their parents as they swap stories from
their younger years. When Lexa and Abby join the circle, Clarke moves a bit to let Lexa sit next to
“Abby, it’s your turn for a story,” Chris says and with a twinkle in her eye Abby replies, “I know just the one.”

This wasn’t the first time Clarke had tried to run away because of some argument and Jake knew it wasn’t going to be the last time either but like any good parent, he followed Clarke the moment she left. He biked slowly, watching from afar as his daughter sobbed silently, eating her cookies as she rushes towards the woods a few blocks away. He keeps his distance, allowing Clarke some sanity and the space she needs to feel whatever she’s feeling. He was never the type of parent to subdue his daughter or make her feel like her feelings weren’t warranted. He wanted Clarke to be expressive, to find herself.

After a few minutes of wandering, Jake finds Clarke realizing that she’s lost. Her eyes are wide with horror but he doesn’t interfere, not yet. Because a few feet away he sees Lexa, protective, best friend Lexa, swiftly making her way down the path towards the blonde. Jake smiles as he continues to follow both girls now.

Jake finds comfort in the trees as he watches his girls a few feet away. He hears Lexa sneeze and fights the urge to say, “Bless you,” knowing it’d blow his cover. Instead he watches the brunette comfort his daughter. Lexa throws an arm over Clarke as if it’d somehow protect her from the world. He hopes that’s how it’ll always be. He watches as the two argue about Clarke not bringing enough cookies and feeling like Lexa’s stalking her and he can’t help but laugh.

“I hate my parents,” Clarke huffs.

“No you don’t,” Lexa says rolling her eyes.

“How can you say that! You don’t even know what they did!” Clarke complains.

Lexa rubs the girl’s back before continuing, “Clarke, they’re your parents. They probably did what they thought was right.”

“Lexa…” Clarke whines, “they read my diary!”

Lexa’s jaw drops in disbelief, “No way!” she says and Jake does his best to stifle his laugh.

“Uh huh! They read it…and they saw what I wrote about…” Clarke’s eyes scan their surroundings as if she knew someone was listening in…”They saw what I wrote about kissing…”

“Kissing? Who are you kissing Clarke Griffin?” Lexa asks rather annoyed that her best friend has been withholding information.

“I wasn’t kissing anyone Lexa, I wrote about wanting to kiss someone.”

“Is it that stupid boy Wells…” Lexa whispers and that’s when Jake knew.

“He’s really a nice guy Lexa…”

“Okay,” and Clarke may not have heard the disappointment in Lexa’s voice but Jake definitely did. The girls sat in silence a bit longer before Clarke talks again.

“Have you kissed anyone?” Clarke asks and Lexa just shakes her head. “Why not?” Clarke asks again.
“I don’t know. Lincoln kissed a girl and he said he wished he hadn’t,” Lexa shrugs.

“How come?”

“He said it was gross and weird and he didn’t really like the girl. He said he wished it was someone important to him.”

Clarke ponders Lincoln’s advice before grabbing Lexa’s hand, “Hey Lexa?”

“Yes Clarke?” Lexa replies, taking her eyes off of the lake.

“Will you be my first kiss?” Lexa’s eyes are wide at the request yet there was still something comforting and familiar about the way she looked at Clarke.

“Don’t you want Wells to do it?” Lexa asks and Jake’s giddy with excitement.

“I want someone important to be my first kiss. Don’t you?”

“I do.”

Both girls turn their heads to face each other, slowly bringing their faces closer and closer before Clarke closes the gap between them. It was soft and quick, but perfect. The girls broke apart, grinning from ear to ear before turning back to watch the lake. Jake quickly takes his phone out and takes a picture, sending it to Abby, Erin, and Chris. Yes, this was going to be the beginning of something amazing.

“Dad saw our first kiss?!” Clarke practically screams in embarrassment.

“How did you think the bet started sweetheart?” Abby chuckles. A roar of laughter erupts around the table as Clarke and Abby begin to bicker over the situation but Lexa sat there in silence.

“Abby?” Lexa asks. “Do you still have that photo?”

Abby’s eyes soften before pulling out her phone, “Of course I do. We all were waiting for the right time to show you.” Abby swipes a few more times before finding it and hands her phone over. Clarke and Lexa huddle closer together to see it. The photo is perfect, at a glance you’d think it was posed, and came in a new picture frame. It was that good. Clarke and Lexa look back to each other and it’s as if they’re back to that moment just three years ago.

“I love you, Clarke.”

“I love you, Lexa.”

The brunette smiles and leans in to capture her fiancé’s lips as her thumb gently swipes the ring in her left hand.

End Notes

Feedback is ALWAYS appreciated! I love writing and finding AO3 is a great outlet and knowing that there are people out there actually enjoying this makes it even better! Always come play with me on Tumblr (writing-au.tumblr.com)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!