Summary

Following the seemingly random murder of Lexa's long time girlfriend Costia, Lexa is kidnapped and brought before a mysterious woman who goes by the name of Echo Black. She offers her a deal, a deal that will change Lexa, as well as her life forever.

Notes

This is my second run at using third person POV, my first being a little one shot.

I'm not sure how often I will update because I tend to look over the chapters multiple times, and by multiple times I mean at least five times with multiple changes. I am determined for this not to suck.

See the end of the work for more notes.
It had been a good day, Alexandria had gone for her daily run that morning without even a single curse thrown at her. Unusual because her path took her through some of the busiest areas in Boston that morning. Nevertheless it had told her that yes, today was the day.

Today was the day that she was going to propose to Costia, her girlfriend of two wonderful years. Today was the beginning of the end for Alexandria, today she would finally begin to put together the family she’d never had.

The smile that appeared the moment she woke never faded, even when she stood under the hot water in the shower. When she stood in front of the steam covered mirror, her hands wiping it away to reveal that still bright smile which graced her plump, pink lips.

Alexandria ran the black comb through her still wet long brunette curls, the snow white towel still wrapped around her body. The contrast astounding against her still flush golden skin but none of that mattered in that moment. All she could think about was the ring in that little black box that sat buried beneath her summer clothing on the top shelf of her closet.

A part of her buzzed in nervous butterflies, but only her forest green eyes and bright smile gave her away. The rest of her remained stoic, and she had to remain that way when she met Costia later that evening.

Alexandria dried her hair, tamed the mane of curls, she applied her make up, reveling in how despite the nervous shake of her hands, had turned out immaculate. She dressed in a clean white button down shirt, a pair of pressed black slacks and shining black shoes.

She'd told Costia that they would meet at a quiet little Italian restaurant a few blocks from their shared apartment.

Alexandira had made sure to have Costia's parents call her out to their home so she could get dressed without giving herself or her intentions away. She was grateful for Costia's parents, granted, at first they hadn't liked Alexandria one bit but over time had learned to love her as their daughter did.

Never in a hundred years had Alexandria thought that Costia's father would give her his blessing to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage. Nor did she ever think that he would help her with the proposal, but sometimes people could surprise you.

Alexandria smiled to herself as she remembered the day, sitting down on that black leather couch. Costia's father, Clayton, sat across from her in a matching black leather recliner. His hands clasped together in his lap as he reclined, his piercing blue eyes never wavering as Alexandria matched his gaze. Alexandria had only been vaguely aware of Costia's mother Virginia sitting beside her, her stare down kept her attention until suddenly the man smiled.

“You want to ask her to marry you Alexandria?” His voice had been deep, gruff, but still friendly as he watched the brunette woman before him.

“Yes sir, but I wanted to ask for your blessing first.” She kept her voice clear, unwavering but that stoic demeanor crumbled as the man nodded.

“If you hurt her, I will personally end you Alexandria Woodson.” The man was on his feet, his hand outstretched as Alexandria stood, teary eyed. She took his hand, his warning hanging in the air as he shook her hand with a single shake.
Virginia was on her feet beside Alexandria, her arms open wide as Clayton dropped Alexandria’s hand. He returned to his seat as Alexandria turned, accepting the offered show of affection from the older woman.

Alexandria was most definitely grateful for Clayton and Virginia, their show of good faith had filled her with happiness as she left the family home on the other side of the city. It formed tears in her eyes even as she stood in the apartment with the little black box in her hand.

She opened it once more, looking over the simple silver band and single diamond before closing the box. She slipped on her black pea coat, pocketed the ring box and left the apartment.

The sun was just beginning to set as she walked down the nearly empty sidewalk, her hands pushed deep into her pockets, one hand wrapped around the box. As she walked, the air began to grow cooler and soon Alexandria could see her breath in the night air.

She walked slowly, she was early when she arrived at the restaurant but Costia was already there. Standing in a long tan coat, her hair in curls, draping over her left shoulder. She wore a bright smile, a smile that Alexandria knew she could never forget.

“You look stunning my love.” Alexandria held Costia's caramel hands before her, looking her over with a deep intake of breath.

“You always say that, even when I've just woken up and look like a gremlin.” Costia murmured, pressing a kiss to Alexandria's cheek.

“And you always do look stunning, you could be wearing a trash bag right now but it wouldn't change what I think of you.” The woman beside her looked down at the sidewalk, only looking back up when Alexandria pulled her into a warm embrace. “I love you.” She whispered into the black curls, her senses completely taken over by the warmth and crisp scent of her perfume.

“And I you, Alex my dear.” Costia's arms tightened around Alexandria's middle, she buried her face into brunette curls.

They stood like this for a moment, standing in front of the quiet italian restaurant at 7:30 at night, no one on the street bothered them and a part of Alexandria wanted to do it now. A part of her wanted to release the beautiful woman in her arms and drop to one knee, then present the ring but its not how she wanted to do it.

She had other plans that did include breaking apart but when Costia pouted at her as she pulled away, it lit her on fire. The nerves came back full force, barging through the confidence that she'd once held up until that moment.

“Come, there is somewhere else I'd like to go.” Alexandria held her hand out for the woman and when she took it, her heart skipped a beat, her breath hitching at the warmth in her hand as they walked.

Alexandria swallowed hard, her heart pounding in her chest when Costia pressed into her side.

“Where are we going dear?” Her soft voice breaking the cold silence around them as they walked beneath rays of yellow light from the street lights.

“The place we first met, love.”

“The coffee shop on Azgeda?”
“The very one.” Costia hummed to herself in quiet thought as they approached the coffee shop, Alexandria held the door open for her then followed her inside, her hand wrapped tight around the black box in her pocket.

The shop was quite empty, a young man sat near the windows with a laptop, another man stood at the counter paying for his drink.

Alexandria motioned for Costia to take a seat as Alexandria ordered, a green tea for Costia and a black coffee for Alexandria. She waited patiently, throwing a silent glance over her shoulder as Costia sat down, her coat draped over the back of her chair. Leaving her in a black cocktail dress that seemed to hug her in all the right places.

Only the clearing of a throat tore Alexandria away from the mouth watering sight, she spun, the blonde barista smiled sweetly, her blue eyes shining bright.

Alexandria paid and took their drinks to the table that Costia was settled at, her slender hands clasped before her on the table top, her ankles crossed beneath the table. She smiled as Alexandria sat across from her, accepting the hot tea graciously, her hand grazing Alexandria’s.

Alexandria attempted to calm her nerves as she peered into the coffee brown eyes that watched her every move. They said nothing, and it did nothing to quell the nervous foot tapping or the tapping on the little black box in Alexandria’s pocket.

Costia watched her with a loving smile, she knew what was going on. She knew what Alexandria wanted to do but she said nothing. She didn't want to push her, she wanted to wait for Alexandria to get up the nerve to do it.

Costia already knew her answer, she had known the answer since the day the little box fell out of the top of the closet when she went looking for a pair of shoes. She just wanted to wait for Alexandria to get up the courage to ask her, she loved Alexandria, she would wait forever if it meant being with her forever.

But watching Alexandria nervously fiddle with the box in her pocket only made her fall deeper in love with the brunette. The insistent bouncing of her leg wasn't bothering her in that moment, she just smiled at the love of her life.

She watched her patiently, she saw the way her fingers tightened around her plastic coffee cup, the clenching of her jaw. The slight bounce to her brunette curls caused by the bouncing of her leg.

The hour ticked by with neither of them speaking still, their drinks had long since gone cold but neither woman seemed to notice it. In fact, there was very little that either of them noticed in that hour aside from each other.

“Alex, its the song that was playing when we first met.” The first few notes of the song were indeed just beginning and filling the air in melodic beauty.

“Eyes Wide Open by Tony Anderson,” the brunette replied with a bright smile as she moved to stand, her nerves suddenly gone. She shrugged off her coat as the door to the coffee shop opened but only Costia turned to glance before quickly looking away when Alexandria shrugged off her coat.

Costia swallowed nervously, her mouth suddenly dry as Alexandria produced the little black box but her attention was torn away when a man stopped beside her.

He stood tall, towering over Alexandria and Costia both. Dressed in a black leather jacket with a gray hood covering his face, his jeans were tattered, his shoes had seen much better days.
“Can we help you sir?” Costia shifted, her attention turning more toward him, worry and fear filling her as the man said nothing. He only pushed a hand into his pocket and drew a black gun out.

The suddenly audible screams of panic exploded around them, the barista disappearing behind the counter as the man raised the gun to Costia's chest.

Alexandria lunged but it was too late, the trigger had already been pulled. Another scream erupted, Alexandria almost didn't recognize it as her own as a bullet ripped through Costia's heart.

Blood splattered across the cream colored tiles as Costia's lifeless body fell backward onto the floor, Alexandria knelt as her side, her hands pressing into the gun shot wound. Warm blood seeped through her fingers, everything that was Costia escaping from the open wound.

Tears fell as she screamed for help, begging for help, for someone to save Costia. She paid no heed as the man left the coffee shop as calmly as he had entered. She didn't even realize when lights from an ambulance and police bounced off the walls of the coffee shop.

She just held on, she held onto Costia. Her blood soaking Alexandria's clothes as she held her in her arms, her face pressed into Costia's limp curls.

Alexandria could hear people around her but she paid them no attention until hands grabbed at her, pulling her away from Costia's lifeless body.

She screamed and begged, her hands digging into the fabric of the blood soaked dress as a soft voice in her ear asked her to let go so they could take her.

It took her fingers being pried away for her to let go and allow herself to be pulled away.

Strong arms wrapped around her waist but dropped her against a wall, a woman with long dirty blonde hair kneeling beside her on the cream tiles. Blood droplets on her white blouse as she held Alexandria's blood soaked hand, black leather gloves encased her hands.

The woman trained her brown hazel eyes on empty blood shot green eyes as she spoke. Questions were left unanswered as Alexandria was taken home, left on the sidewalk outside of her apartment after hours of attempted questioning in a police station.

Her clothes were still blood soaked as she climbed the stairs to the empty, cold apartment.

Memories of Costia flooding her mind as she crumbled to the floor, the dried blood sticking to her skin. The only reminder that that night had actually happened.

Alexandria laid there for hours, through the sunrise, through the sunset, through the shrill ringing of a cell phone somewhere in the apartment. Only moving when Clayton and Virginia appeared at her door, the door swinging open to reveal the brunette still dressed in her blood soaked clothes.

The memory of Costia dying playing over and over, even at her funeral. When she watched the dark wood casket lower into the cold earth.

The only time she forgot was when the woman from the coffee shop stood beside her at the funeral. It forced a red hot surge of anger through her veins at the mystery woman, more so when the woman stopped her at the end of the service.

“Give me a call when you're ready to get your revenge Ms. Woodson.” Her voice was soft, with a slight accent that Alexandria couldn't place, especially not in her rage filled state of mind.
Her hand snapped forward, grabbing the wrist of the woman as she moved to slip a card into her pocket.

“Who the fuck are you, who the fuck are you to show up at her funeral like you knew her!” Alexandria yelled as her voice broke but the mystery woman just watched her with an indifferent stare. “Answer me!” The woman merely shook her head and broke Alexandria's grip, she slipped the card into her pocket.

“Just do it when you're ready miss.” She nodded and walked away, disappearing into the crowd of people that had gathered to see Alexandria's outburst.

Alexandria stormed away, ignoring Costia's parents looks of sadness as she went. She didn't stop until she sat in her black Toyota, her eyes full of tears that threatened to fall as she started the car and drove home.

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There she sat, dressed in Costia's pajamas, her body curled on her side of the bed. Her pillow clutched in her arms, white sheets covering her legs as she cried into that pillow, the ring clutched tight in her hand.

Weeks passed with her barely leaving that position, Virginia came every so often but stopped after the last visit. When she had told Alexandria in soft whispers that they were moving away from the city, going down south.

Days passed after she received the news, Alexandria's empty green eyes staring across the room. Landing on the discarded engagement ring that she'd thrown in rage, when she had been cursing whoever decided to take Costia away from her.

She blinked at it several times before swinging her legs over the side of the bed and standing, she walked slowly until she stood over the ring. Flashes of her rage induced fight within herself coming back to her but she pushed the memories away. Instead she stared down at it as she remembered the funeral and the mysterious woman who had slipped that card into her pocket.

She turned suddenly, making her way with purpose to the table by the front door, her eyes merely glancing over the pile of abandoned mail on the floor by the door. She was on a mission, she had to find that card, she had to avenge Costia's death.

She couldn't just sleep her life away until someone came into the apartment to find her dead, she couldn't do that to Costia.

So she dialed the number on her phone, and waited for someone to pick up but when someone answered it wasn't the voice of the mystery woman.

This woman sounded intelligent, maybe even arrogant in the way she answered the call. It took a second after Alexandria said hello for the woman to hang up, leaving Alexandria to stare down at her phone in anger. Her fingers dialed the number again but with no answer, she dialed again, same result.

The anger built then suddenly left her in a loud huff, she tossed the card, not watching as it landed on the pile of past due bills and letters of condolences by the door.

She returned to her bed, curling back up with the pillow that had long since lost Costia's warm scent and she slept for what felt like only a few hours.
Awoken by a loud banging on the door of the apartment, part of Alexandria wanted to ignore it and just lay there but her curiosity got the better of her.

She stood, only barely in the living room when the door was kicked in, a barrage of wood fragments rained down as a team of people in black tactical gear and guns rushed in surrounding her, causing her to fall to the floor in fear.

The wall of people parted to allow the mystery woman to step through, she looked different, her hair was pulled back into a tight bun, her eyes hard, her lips in a thin, hard line as she looked over the brunette.

She was dressed much like the people with the guns, but a pistol strapped to her thigh, black gloves covered her hands as she knelt down. She grabbed Alexandria's thigh, pulling her closer as her free hand grabbed her face, turning her left and right, eyes roving over her body.

She nodded slowly and released her, she gave a hand single and the guns pointed to the ceiling. The mystery woman stood for a moment over her.

“Do it.” She ordered, Alexandria opened her mouth to question but the butt of a gun came into contact with the back of her head.

After that everything went black for Alexandria, the mystery woman stood over the unconscious brunette as she bent and threw the girl over her shoulder like a rag doll.

When Alexandria woke again, her hands were bound before her and everything was still black. It took a moment for her to realize that a bag was over her head, another moment for her to realize she was sitting on cool leather seats.

She sat quietly as she recognized the hum of a plane engine, she shifted, testing her bonds.

“Stay still or I will throw you from this jet and into the pacific ocean.” It was the mystery woman again, her accent giving her away but this time her voice wasn't soft, it was harsh and commanding.

It only fueled Alexandria's own anger but she obeyed the order, she obeyed when she felt the jet land, when rough hands pulled her from the plane.

A warm breeze caressing her skin as she was pulled down the steps until her bare feet came into contact with coarse dirt.

The mystery woman yelled over her shoulder in an unknown language but the sound of calming waves hitting a beach nearby caught Alexandria's complete attention, she hadn't heard the sound since that vacation she'd taken with Costia.

But the moment of calm was broken by the sound of a gun going off nearby, followed by a thud. She heard no screams, nothing but the woman yelling again and being dragged forward. Alexandria's feet came into contact with a warm, wet substance, causing her to grimace beneath her hood. The feeling of someone else's blood between her toes made her want to vomit.

She swallowed thickly as she was dragged up a set of wooden stairs, then pushed through a door. Her feet slipping on a sudden slick surface, she felt strong hands push her into a chair and the bag suddenly ripped off of her head. She winced at the sudden bright light as she blinked slowly, taking in the room.

The room was bright but cold, marble floors and a dark wooden desk sat before her. Papers neatly stacked into separate piles, a closed silver laptop and an exotic plant with a red flower blooming. The
petals illuminated by the fading light from the sunset that filtered through the back window.

That same light rested on the woman behind the desk, the golden light hitting her pale skin, hitting her flowing black hair that framed her thin, angular face. She was beautiful, except for the piercing set of gray eyes that took in the sight of the disheveled brunette woman before her.

She stood slowly, her elegant black dress hugged her curves as she walked around the desk until she finally stopped, leaning back against it. Her ankles crossed, hands clasped in front of her, a smile slowly graced her thin lips as she leaned against the desk.

“Woodson, Alexandria Woodson, age 20.” Her voice was sharp, but Alexandria nodded at her. “I’m here to offer you a deal Ms. Woodson. The deal is simple, you will give your life to me in exchange for revenge for your lost loved one.”

“I will die?” She croaked out, her throat dry but the woman shook her head.

“No my dear, you will not die, instead I will own you. I, Echo Black, will be your employer and I will own you until you have completed your ultimate mission. Revenge.”

“What will I be asked to do?”

“You’ll do whatever I say, whenever I say, no questions asked. You will be relocated and trained, if for some reason you do not complete a task that I assign you, then you will surely die.” The women stood up straight and walked back around her desk, taking a seat in her black chair before speaking again.

“Do you accept?”

Alexandria sat for a moment, studying the woman before her. Watching her eyes look her over, looking for something that would give something away to tell her if this was real or not. To tell her if this woman was just playing her but she found nothing, not a single clue and so she began to consider the deal. She seriously considered taking the deal, especially if it meant avenging Costia.

Alexandria swallowed hard, her heart pounding in her chest as she opened her mouth but she was cut off by Echo.

“Consider it deeply Woodson, should you accept, your life will change. Everyone you used to know will cease to exist, family, friends will be notified of your ‘death’.”

“I have no family Ms. Black, I'm an orphan.” Alexandria answered truthfully, Echo's lips twitched and her eyes flashed with something that Alexandria couldn't quite place.

Alexandria took a deep breath before looking Echo Black in the eye, “I accept your deal.”

The woman nodded and flicked her wrist, the heavy sound of boots on the floor erupted behind Alexandria, causing her to attempt to jump away but hands caught her. They pushed her back into her chair as a needle was plunged into her arm. She jerked, trying to get away but the strong hands kept her in place as the liquid inside the syringe began to take effect. Her vision went blurry until finally everything went completely black.

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Alexandria breathed in deeply, the sound of nothing becoming increasingly louder before she finally opened her eyes. She flexed her fingers, pulling her knee up as she moved to sit up, taking in the white room and the white sheets she laid on. The room was dimly lit by a single light bulb in the
middle of the room, allowing for nearly everything to be seen clearly but there wasn't much to be seen. The bed she laid on and a single metal table being the only furniture, a camera sat in the farthest right corner from Alexandra. A closed metal, windowless door opposite of her on the other side of the room.

The young woman shifted slowly, testing herself as she moved sluggishly to stand, she was still dressed in Costia's pajamas. She looked down at her bare feet, her breath catching in her throat at the sight, blood and dirt reached from her toes to her ankles.

She fell back onto the bed as the door opened, she snapped to attention as the mystery woman strode in, the metal door closing behind her. She was still dressed in the black tactical gear but this time she carried a metal bucket in her left hand, Alexandria could hear the slosh of water as the woman made her way closer. She could see the water that managed to escape from the bucket hit the floor in fat splashes.

Alexandria stood as the woman approached, her legs felt like jello but she managed to stay upright as the woman tossed the bucket of ice water into her face but she didn't keep her rage inside.

The woman stared at her as the metal bucket hit the floor, the sound echoing off the bare white walls of the room.

Water dripped from Alexandria's brunette curls, they fell into her face, obscuring her vision but she still leaped forward as the anger within her forced her into action. The blood thirsty scream that erupted from her throat as she launched herself at the mystery woman surprised even herself as well as the woman. They fell at point of collision, Alexandria's fists coming into contact with the woman's nose and jaw, blood coating her fists. It looked a single moment for the woman to retaliate, her own fist coming into contact with Alexandria's stomach, causing her to double over with a groan.

"A fighter huh, good but I'm not the one you should be fighting.” The mystery woman spat out blood and onto the floor. “I am Anya, I will train you, I expect you to be ready everyday when I come for you. If not, I will shoot you on the spot, no questions asked.” She grabbed Alexandria's arm, pulling her closer, “do you understand 20?”

“What the fuck is 20 and why the fuck did you throw water on me?”

“20 is your number, your ID, your new name while you're here and you smelled like a dead animal.” Anya wiped at the blood on her face, “you've got a hell of a right hook.” She chuckled as she stood, completely ignoring Alexandria look of disgust.

“And you're a bitch.” Alexandria pulled herself up to her bed, water still dripping from her hair as she breathed heavily.

“You'll learn to either hate me or love me, that's your choice 20. We begin tomorrow.” Anya flashed the younger woman a bloody smile as she left the room, leaving the bucket on the floor as a reminder of what had happened.

Alexandria, or as Anya had called her, 20, sat on the bed. Staring down at her still dirty feet, the last few minutes replaying in her head. This is what she had gotten herself into, but was it really worth it?

She laid back on the bed and closed her eyes, willing herself to sleep, she didn't know if any of this was truly worth it but she knew she had no desire to die in that moment. The only thing she could possibly do was survive.
She woke to the sound of a door opening in the distance, the memory of what had happened before she had fallen asleep came flooding back as she stood rapidly on shaky legs.

“Good, you're awake, come with me.” Anya stood at the door, this time dressed in a black sports bra and black pants. “Come on 20, or I'll shoot you.” She drew a gun from behind her back, which caused Alexandria to walk forward as ordered.

Anya stepped into her path as she approached, “what is your name?”

“Alex-” Anya grabbed the front of her shirt, tugging her forward with a scowl.

“Wrong, what is your name.”

“Al-” She pressed the gun into her chest, right at her heart and repeated the question.

“20, my name is 20.” Anya stepped back with a nod, the gun slipped back into the waistband of her pants.

“Good girl, let's go.” The older woman led the way down the long white hallway to a set of elevator doors where she stopped and turned, her hazel eyes looking Alexandria over before pressing a button.

“Where are we Anya?”

“We're at your new home for the next two years.”

And two years it was, for two years Anya brutally trained Alexandria, pushing her limits and pushing her further still. Anya trained her physically, as well as mentally, teaching her to steel herself when necessary. Teaching her how to read the human body for subtle hints at what lurked beneath, just beyond her view.

The woman explained in great detail the things that would be expected of her, that she wasn't allowed to care about her targets. She told her that emotions were not allowed in the field, that the moment she let her emotions control her was the moment she'd failed her job.

Under Anya's supervision, Alexandria learned to shoot, learned about different types of poisons that would be available to her outside of the facility. She taught her how to ensure that she left no trace of herself after a job. Anya even went as far as to teach her knife throwing, the woman knew she may never need it, but Alexandria seemed to enjoy it the most.

The days passed into weeks, then months, then a year and just as Anya had said, Alexandria learned to either love her or hate her but first it was hatred. The hatred she felt for the woman fueled her anger until she learned that her anger only slowed her down, it stopped her from achieving her goals.

The realization took a year to become reality, a full year of fighting herself and fighting Anya. After that she learned to think before she acted, she excelled in the training, far more than before. Anya would even smile at her, a proud smile, a smile that never faded over the next year.

As she trained, the memories of Costia began to fade, they were still there deep inside her but her face didn't haunt her as much as it used to. Her dreams were filled with her training instead, instead of remembering every kiss, she remembered shooting a gun. She remembered dodging the punches and kicks that Anya threw at her, she remembered dodging rubber bullets.
“20, we're doing something different today.” Anya had told her as she walked into the white room, her almond shaped hazel eyes shined, her lips turned up into a bigger smile than usual.

“Which is?” Alexandria was on her feet, the shoes she'd been given almost 2 years were almost completely destroyed by now. Her clothes were torn, but she was clean, her hair washed and pulled back into tight braids.

“Computer simulations.” The older woman stated, her eyes roving over the bare white walls. “You could have decorated in here you know,” She begins suddenly, changing the subject, “it didn't have to stay so lifeless and empty.”

“With what? What would I decorate with Anya.”

“Anything, you could have asked and I would have delivered.” Alexandria knew she was telling the truth, the one time she'd ask for a change of clothes, Anya had readily given it to her the very next day. “Well, lets go, we don't want to keep Echo waiting.” She held the door open, a sarcastic wave to her hand as Alexandria passed before her.

Alexandria walked quietly to the elevators but Anya turned away from them and down a different hallway, she quietly hummed to herself as she went until she stopped in front of a locked door with a scanner. She pulled out a key card and swiped it as Alexandria approached.

“After you.” She held the door open, her fingers tapping against the white metal impatiently.

Alexandria took a deep breath as she entered, her eyes falling on Echo Black, who she hadn't seen in two years.

“20, good to see you're still alive and well.” The woman stood beside a white chair, various machines surrounding it. A couple of other people stood behind her, a woman with short light brunette hair shifted nervously while the man beside her stared wide eyed. His hand gripped gently in his cropped short dirty blonde curls.

Echo Black gestured towards the chair as Anya stood on the opposite side, her hand falling on the arm chair as Alexandria took the offered seat.

“Just relax miss.” The man spoke with a scottish accent, he worked quietly alongside the other woman as they attached various objects that stuck to the skin of her arms and head.

“Do whatever you need to do, I expect results as soon as you're finished.” Echo Black turned to face Anya, a frown on her face as she looked the woman up and down, “come with me 12, we need to speak.” Anya nodded and with a final glance at Alexandria, she left the room following Echo, the door closing behind them.

“We need to remove your shirt miss.” The short haired brunette spoke with an english accent, she smiled sweetly.

“Cut it off of me, I don't care about it.” The two scientists shared a look but the man nodded, a pair of scissors appearing in his hand. He seemed hesitant under Alexandria's stare, “I have a sports bra on, relax.” She tried to reassure him but he only seemed to get more nervous, it wasn't until the woman took the scissors that the job was done.

The shirt fell away, already in tatters to even worse off, the scientists worked quietly over her until they finally stepped back just as Anya stepped back into the room. Her usual smile replaced by a deep frown, her eyes dark with unmistakable distress as she looked Alexandria over.
The scientists looked to her, Anya swallowed but nodded, the female scientist nodded back and began to type away on a computer.

Alexandria gasped as darkness took over, her mind's eye suddenly filled with a memory she had tried so hard to forget. The familiar feel of nervousness washed over her, and she felt warm, too warm almost. The coat she wore was suffocating but the box in her box felt cool to the touch. The woman sitting across from her held her gaze with a soft smile, her eyes reminded Alexandria of her morning coffee. The swirling warm depths that held the woman's soul, held the love that she felt, held her every piece of being.

It made Alexandria wonder how she'd forgotten her, how could ever forget the black curls that cascaded over her shoulder or forget her caramel skin that was the embodiment of beauty itself. How could she forget that tight little black dress she wore that night that hugged her in all the right places, how could forget the love she had once felt for this woman.

She wondered what exactly had possessed her to forget but then she remembered suddenly, she remembered as the man from that night stood by their table, his hand already in his coat pocket. She remembered the blood that had poured from that woman's body and it only took a split second for the man to be disarmed and shot with his own gun.

Then suddenly the memory was gone, she was back in that room with the scientists and Anya, Anya who looked down at her with a sad smile.

“Is she done? Can we go now?”

“I suppose we have enough information to keep Ms. Black happy.” The english woman answered in a quiet voice as she unattached Alexandria from the machines, the man beside her assisting in silence.

Anya held the door open for her to walk through, Alexandria expected to go back to her room but instead they walked past it. Anya led the way, her hands behind her back, twisting in nerves as she walked until finally opening a door.

Alexandria followed her in, only stopping to look the room over, it was clean and so much different than her own room. Bookshelves lined the walls, it even had a TV. Alexandria looked into the corners of the room but saw no cameras.

“No cameras?”

“No, there is nothing here for anyone to know what happens in this room Alexandria.” The moment the name passed through her lips Alexandria froze in shock, she'd never hadn't called her that in 2 years. “Your time here is up, you leave tomorrow but right now we talk, sit.” Anya gestured to a couch that sat pushed against a wall, bookshelves on either side of it.

Alexandria sat gingerly, her eyes still roving over the room. “What is it that we need to talk about?”

“Your name, who you will become, what you will become, all changes tomorrow, anything else that happened here.”
“I thought I was already training to become a hitwoman, to kill whoever and whenever it is required of me.” Anya gave her a sad smile as the young woman spoke, it was true, that was exactly what was going to happen but with one small detail left out.

“Yes, that is true but you must decide your name, it is no longer 20 outside of this facility but it cannot be the same as when you were born.”

“What is your name Anya?”

“Anya Woods.”

“But who were you before?”

“I don’t remember, I’ve been with Echo since I was 20 years old.” Alexandria knew she was lying again, her tell giving her away but she chose to ignore it.

“Where were you born?”

“Australia, you?” Truth, Lexa nodded, that explained the accent.

“Boston, Massachusetts.”

“What did you do before?”

“Military, what did you do?” Truth.

“I attended Polis University, undeclared.”

“That’s impressive.” The brunette shrugged, she rung her hands nervously under Anya’s gaze. “Anything else you want to talk about?”

“You used to be a bitch, now you’re nice, why?” Anya sighed deeply, patting the younger woman’s knee.

“It is required of trainers to do so, I apologize.” Silence fell over them after that, until the brunette finally looked up with a small smile.

“I want to be Lexa Woods.” Anya knew it was the short version of her old name and the 'by the book' part of her wanted to deny her the name but the part that had grown to love the younger woman couldn't care less as long as she was happy.

“Okay, Lexa.”
Philadelphia

Chapter Summary

Lexa and Anya hit up the city of brotherly love but there's one person who doesn't get to feel the love.

Chapter Notes

I apologize in advance if the end upsets anybody.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexa woke with a start in the unfamiliar bed, her eyes shifting cautiously around the room until finally landing on Anya who sat on the couch with a book in her hands. The older woman flipped a page in silence, obviously unaware that Lexa was awake.

“You could have told me to go back to my own room.” Lexa cleared her throat, pulling her knees to her chest.

“Considering how long it's been since I've slept near another person, I found it quite enjoyable.” She marked her place in her book as she stood, a soft smile on her lips.

Lexa put on the practiced facade of indifference but mentally she checked herself and inwardly sighed in relief that she was still dressed.

“Relax Lexa, nothing like that happened!” She chuckled as she approached the bed, “despite our fucked up situation, you're more like a little sister to me.” Anya watched the younger woman as she nodded slowly, the clench of her jaw giving away her sudden nervousness when she recalled what today was.

“I leave today?” Anya nods slowly as she sat down next to her, her hand settling on her arm.

“Yes, we both do.”

“Where are you going?”

“With you, Echo always sends experienced with the inexperienced, got to make sure all of her time and money doesn't go to waste with you ending up in prison for murder.” Lexa laughed nervously at that, “now, get up, you need to get dressed but since you don't have much then I guess you'll be wearing my clothes.”

Anya smiled down at the younger woman as she walked across to the room a black chest of drawers. She glanced once more at Lexa as she pulled out a black t-shirt and faded blue skinny jeans.

“I expect you're more of a t-shirt and jeans type girl, am I right?” The brunette opened her mouth to answer but then stopped herself, she wasn't sure. She couldn't exactly remember, she felt like something was definitely missing but she wasn't sure exactly what.
“I don't know, I mean, I don't remember.” The smile Anya had had faded at that, her eyes glued on the other woman, “Shouldn't I remember?”

“It happens sometimes, people forget things like that after they've been here for a while.” She tossed the clothes at Lexa and turned around, “get dressed, we leave soon.”

The brunette dressed quickly, the clothes were a little big on her but she didn't mind, it was a welcome change from the tattered white t-shirt and tight black pants she'd worn before. She pulled her worn shoes back on and stood up off the bed.

Anya glanced at her and turned to face her fully, “a bit big on you but it'll be okay for now.” She strode over to the opposite side of the bed and picked up a bag that Lexa hadn't seen before. “Come.” She led the way through the door and down the long hallway to the elevators, they opened as they approached.

No elevator music played as they rode, Lexa was unsure of how long they rode but soon enough the doors opened onto a floor she'd never been on. It was busy, people everywhere, people in suits with ID cards hanging around their necks. No one acknowledged them as they walked past sets of offices, Anya weaved expertly through the crowd, Lexa hot on her heels until finally they stopped at another elevator.

This one did not open as they approached, they were instead forced to wait, Lexa took the moment to look around the room they had stopped in. Her gaze being attracted to a sign on the wall that read Tri Kru in big, bold black lettering.

“Anya, what is Tri Kru?” She whispered, leaning closer to Anya.

“It means tree people, name of the corporation.” The doors dinged open before Lexa had a chance to ask more questions.

Anya took her by the arm, pulling her in before anyone else had the chance to join them in the elevator and pressed a button.

“Are there others like it?” Anya ignored her as she pulled a blindfold out from her pocket.

“Put this on, now.”

“Why?”

“Just do it, or I have to knock you out.” Lexa took it from her and pulled it on as the doors opened again, she jumped as a cool breeze suddenly blew into the elevator. “Walk forward.” Anya ordered and Lexa obeyed, walking forward slowly.

Suddenly Lexa's senses were filled with sounds and smells of a forest, she heard birds chirping somewhere nearby but through the blindfold she saw nothing. Leaves crunched underfoot as she walked, Anya's hand on the small of her back leading her forward. Lexa felt the shade of the trees overhead thin out until her shoes came into contact with concrete, then only hot sun on her skin.

“Stop.” Anya ordered again, Lexa obeyed promptly, she had to completely trust Anya in this moment but nothing prepared her to be picked up and swung over the older woman’s shoulder. “You can't really walk up a set of stairs with a blind fold on.” She explained with a soft laugh, Lexa felt the woman begin to ascend the stairs rather quickly, even with the added weight.

Lexa heard the sudden roar of an engine coming to life and she knew immediately that they were boarding a plane, her suspicions corrected as Anya sets her down onto her feet and pushed inside.
The door closing quickly as Anya wiped the blindfold off.

Lexa blinked several times getting used to the sudden dim light, the windows were covered but she wasn't quite sure why they needed all the hiding of the facilities location. She knew she wouldn't be able to pin point it on any map.

Anya shoved her into a seat and buckled her in as if Lexa were a child, “I can buckle myself in.” Anya shrugged at her.

“You weren't moving and we needed to get going, Philadelphia is a good 6 hour flight.”

“Philadelphia? We're going to Philadelphia?” Anya nodded as she pulled a book from her bag.

“Yes, philly, you may as well take a nap or something, unless you want me to read to you.” She says waving her book in Lexa's face.

The brunette pushes it away, choosing to recline in her seat, “no thanks.”

When Anya had said 6 hours, she really meant 6 hours.

By the second hour mark, Lexa was thoroughly bored out of her mind. There was very little to entertain herself with, she had even resorted to going through Anya's bag, much to the older woman's displeasure.

“That is the fifth time you've gone through that bag, there isn't anything new in it, I promise.” She closes her book, her thumb holding the page.

“But I'm bored!”

“I can still read to you if you like.” Lexa scowled at her and turned away, “what? Too old to be read to?” She laughed softly at the other woman who huffed in annoyance.

“I'm 22, I can read to myself.” She snaps, turning back to look Anya in the eye.

“Woah, looks like we've got a badass over here.” Lexa scowls at her, “relax, and if you had taken the time to notice, there is another book in my bag.”

“Liar, I took everything out.”

“I taught you to leave no stone unturned Lexa, now look again. This time skip nothing or I will throw you from this plane.”

“You've threatened that before but you've yet to do it.” She says digging through the bag again and sure enough she pulls out a second book, thicker than Anya's by far. “How the fuck did I miss this?”

“Maybe we should turn this plane around if you managed to miss Gone With The Wind.”

“A better question is why do you even have Gone With The Wind, this book is older than both of us combined, probably even with the pilot.”

“You want to talk shit about Scarlet O'Hara then I'm kickin' your ass.” Her tone was completely serious, the look in her eye was full of fire and it all reminded Lexa of their first meeting. Lexa simply nodded and sat back in her seat, opening the thick book to the first page.
By the fourth hour mark, Lexa was a good way into the book but something else threatened to take over her thoughts. She glanced at Anya, she had a faint smile on her lips, her knees pulled up to her chest as she read. Lexa studied her for a moment, curious as to what had possessed her to give up the military and work for Echo Black training murderers.

“Lexa?” Anya was staring back at her, curiosity gleaming in her eyes.

“Yea?”

“You were staring, is something wrong with the book?”

“Oh, no, nothing is wrong. It is interesting actually, I see why you like it.” She lied smoothly, Anya seemed to accept her answer because she nodded slowly and went back to her own book. She sighed deeply, attempting to get back into the book. “Actually, I do have a question.” She closed her book slowly, her index finger holding her place.

“Ask away.” Anya kept her eyes on her page, eyes slowing traveling down the page.

“Am I your first? The first you've trained, I mean.” Anya shook her head, her eyes never leaving her book.

“No, I had someone before you but she died in an accident.” Her voice unwavering, but her jaw clenched.

“I'm sorry.”

“Her name was Tris, she died in an explosion, she was younger than you.” She swallowed thickly, her eyes rimmed in tears as she looked up, “she was my little sister, and I made a mistake that got her killed.”

“I'm sure it wasn't your fault Anya.” Anya shook her head, leaning back into her seat, staring at the ceiling of the plane.

“It was, I should have never let her go out onto that bridge alone. I should have followed my gut.” She looked back over at Lexa and gave her a weak smile, “don't die Lexa, please.”

“I survived you, I can survive anything.” Lexa answered truthfully, her fingers threading through Anya's. She expected the older woman to feel relieved but she only frowned at her, her eyes serious.

“Our lives are no longer set in any type of stone, we are at the mercy of Echo Black, if she decides that we are no longer useful then she will end us.” Lexa hadn't been prepared for that answer.

Two hours later, the plane landed on a private runway not far from Philadelphia, it was late into the night but Anya insisted on driving them into the city anyway. Proclaiming that she wanted to sleep in a real bed for once, not a metal cot in a hole in the ground.

Lexa kept her eyes glued on the city as Anya drove the silver Lexus, the city was still so bright even with it being so late. Few people and cars were on the streets but Anya drove slow anyway. Allowing for Lexa to get a good look of the city. They passed bar after bar, restaurant after restaurant, all aglow in bright lights. Lexa glanced at Anya, a lazy smile on her lips as the woman drove. One hand held onto the bottom of the steering wheel, the other haphazardly hanging out of
the window.

It didn't take long before Anya pulled up to the curb outside of an apartment building, it looked older on the outside but inside it was modern and new. They had to be let in by a doorman, who smiled warmly but sleepily, he waved kindly as the elevator doors closed in on the two women.

“Have you been here before Lexa?” Anya asked quietly, her voice low and sleepy.

“No, always wanted to come here but never had the chance, rarely left Boston actually.” The elevator doors opened, revealing a short, dimly lit hallway with 3 apartment separate apartment doors. The doors were of a light colored wood, black letters and numbers indicating which was which.

Lexa followed Anya as she walked down the hall, approaching apartment C3, she unlocked the door quickly and pushed it open. The apartment was dark, except for a single light on the kitchen area. Anya sighed as she flicked on lights, revealing the rest of the apartment.

Lexa had expected it to be small considering they were in the city but it was a decent size, a good sized modern kitchen, dining area and living room. A short hallway directly opposite of the apartment door. The apartment was already furnished, probably due to Echo, black dining table and chairs in the dining area. Black leather couch separated the living room from the rest of the room with a large plasma TV pushed against the massive windows overlooking the city streets.

“An-” She was cut off by a door closing down the hall, Anya was already gone for the night. Lexa clicked her tongue and checked the front door, making sure it was locked before heading off down the hallway after Anya. Lexa stopped at the first door, looking in to see it was a decent sized modern bathroom. The second door was a bedroom, the last door she assumed to be the bedroom that Anya had decided to claim.

Lexa stepped into her room, flicking on the light and closing the door behind her with a soft click. The room was decently sized, big enough for a queen sized bed, chest of drawers and a bare desk. Luckily the bed already had sheets on, which Lexa was grateful for, she suddenly felt tired at first sight of the bed. She pulled off her jeans and slid between the sheets of the bed, sighing contently at the feel of it against her skin.

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“Lexa! Its time to get up!” Anya stood at the foot of the bed, her hands on her hips. Lexa merely buried her head into the incredibly soft pillow, choosing to ignore the woman. “Get up or I'm getting a bucket of water.” Still nothing from the brunette, Anya shrugged and proceeded to pretend to walk away but still got nothing from the brunette.

“C'mon or I'm getting into that bed with you and pushing you out onto the floor.” Still no response, “did you fall back asleep? Damn.” Anya crawled onto the bed, pulling back the sheets from the small woman's body. She nudged her repeatedly, until ultimately deciding to stand up on the bed and proceeding to jump next to the younger woman.

“Go away Anya, I'm tired.” She grumbled into her pillow.

“No, get up, Echo is in the living room waiting for us.”

“She can go fuck herself honestly, what time is it anyway.” Anya laughed softly.

“6 AM, now get up.”
“Hell no, too early.” Anya sighed in defeat as she slid off the bed and left the room. Lexa sighed in relief at the sudden quiet, however it was short lived when Anya re-entered the room with a jug of ice water.

“Get up or this water is being dumped on you.” Anya received a muffled no. “Yes, now.” Lexa shook her head as Anya stepped up beside the bed and dumped the water on her.

“What the fuck Anya!”

“I told you to get up!” Lexa huffed and sat up, water dripping off her long hair. “You can go back to sleep when Echo leaves, but right now you need to get up. I don't like her being here, makes me nervous.” The brunette nodded slowly and grabbed the jeans that she'd left beside the bed, slowly pulling them on as Anya left the room with a victorious grin.

Lexa followed her, pulling her back into a damp ponytail with a scowl on her face.

“Finally 20, took you long enough to wake up. Maybe 12 should have killed you before we spent 2 years training you to sleep in past 6.” Echo spat, venom lacing each word.

“It was a long plane ride Ms. Black, it was my fault.” Echo ignored Anya's excuse as she pulled out thick envelopes as she stood from her coat pocket. She approached Anya first, handing her one of the envelopes before making her way to Lexa. The woman scowled at Lexa as she merely tossed the envelope before taking a step back.

“Goodbye then.” Lexa ignored her as the harsh woman left the apartment but Anya watched her, relief washing over her as she disappeared.

“So, what are these.” Lexa asked opening the envelope.

“Our Ids, a couple credits cards in our fake Id names, to keep us afloat while we're here.” Lexa nodded as she read her 'new' name, Lauren Gray. “Who'd you get, I got Anne Mason.”

“Lauren Gray, I look like a total bitch in this picture though, and my hair is shorter, does this mean I need a haircut?” Anya laughed as she took the Id from her.

“Well, you do need a haircut anyway, that mane of yours is getting a little out of hand.” Lexa clicked her tongue and took back her Id.

“I like it long, its pretty.” She looked Anya up and down, “besides, if either of us needs a haircut, its you.” She paused, a sly grin appearing as she took a few steps back. “And maybe a coloring, you've got grays showing.”

“Oh shut the hell up, if I have any grays its because of you, you little shit.” Lexa laughed at her as the woman ran her fingers through her hair, inspecting it with a frown. “Don't laugh! I'm only 26, I can't have grays!”

“Maybe I will get a haircut then, new city, new look?” The brunette tossed the envelope onto the glass coffee top and dropped onto the couch with a groan. “Is there at least coffee?”

“No, you'll have to go down the street for that, also, we need to go shopping for you. One of us will get a job later if I know Echo well enough.” Lexa pulled herself up off the couch cushions.

“Go get me coffee please.”

“Oh no, I'm not getting you a damn thing, you called me old.” The woman made her way back
down the hall with a flip of her hair.

“I was kidding! C’mon!” Lexa yelled after her to no avail. She groaned as she stood up off the couch and went to her room to retrieve her shoes. “I’m leaving!” She yelled as she left the apartment, her ID and credit card in her back pocket.

Lexa made it to the lobby before Anya came running after her from the stairwell. “Fuck you're fast,” she panted as she bent over, her hands on her knees.

“You shouldn’t be out of breath, you’ve chased me through a complete obstacle course at nearly top speed for 30 minutes before catching up to me.” Anya reached out and yanked her close.

“Shut up.” She pushed her backwards, causing Lexa to stumble into a girl with long, dark brunette hair and dark brown eyes. She held a laptop under her arm protectively as her free hand shot out to grab Lexa.

“I'm sorry! My sister pushed me!” Lexa explained as she turned to face the girl who merely smirked.

“I don't mind, its not everyday a pretty girl gets pushed into me.” Lexa stood there in a shocked silence but Anya spoke up for her.

“Ignore her, shes terrible at talking to girls, I, however, am great at it.” The girl laughed, a soft blush spreading across her cheeks as Anya smiled brightly at her. “I'm Anne by the way, and this,” she gestures to Lexa, “is my little sister Lauren.” Lexa gave Anya an odd look, her usual accent completely gone, replaced by an American accent.

“I'm Daisy, nice to meet you both.”

“Likewise.” Anya tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear as she glanced at Lexa, she looked nervous. “Would you like to get coffee with us? We were just heading out.”

“I'd love to.” Daisy smiled sweetly, her eyes flicking between Lexa and Anya. She led the way through the lobby, holding the door open for the two other women. “You guys just move into the building? I don't think I've seen you around before.”

“Oh yes, we just moved here from Vermont.” Daisy nodded with a smile, “we don't quite know our way around town yet.” Anya sounds innocent enough, an innocent smile along with her tone.

“Well ladies, I'd be happy to be your personal tour guide!”

“You don't have to, we don't want to take you away from your day.”

“Oh, I don't have anything planned for today, I was just going to sit in a diner down the street and work on my laptop, but I can do that any day of the week.” She tightens her grip on the laptop, emphasizing on what she'd said. Anya nodded, her eyes following the movement.

“Well, thank you for taking time away from it, we appreciate it.” The two women walk off down the sidewalk together, leaving Lexa to walk behind them. She yawns, shielding her eyes from the bright sunrise.

“Walk faster Lauren! We're going to leave you behind!” Anya yells waving at Lexa, Lexa frowns at how far the two women had managed to get through her sleepy haze. Anya stops Daisy, speaking to her as Lexa catches up. When she manages to reach the two women, Daisy is smiling at something Anya had said while Anya smirks triumphantly.
“Finally you slow ass, keep up or go back home.”

“I'd love to but someone doesn't like to keep coffee in the apartment.” Anya huffs at her, Daisy giggles as she opens the door to the coffee shop they stand outside of.

“Oh, okay, I'll go to the store later and buy some.” Anya hurries inside, flashing Daisy a smile with Lexa on her heels. “Go sit Lauren, I know what you want already.” Lexa nods and takes a seat in a booth next to the window, the sunlight filtering in across the off white table. She watches as Daisy and Anya order, Anya's hand dropping gently onto Daisy's arm. Daisy gave Anya a soft smile, but the woman glanced over her shoulder at Lexa.

She looks away as the two women approach, Anya setting Lexa's coffee before her. “Black, like your morning soul.”

“Funny, thank you.” Lexa sips slowly as a wave of deja vu washes over her, she feels like this is important but she isn't sure why. She stares at the cup in her hand, her hand tightening around it instinctively. Something, definitely something she thinks to herself as she looks at it.

“What do you think Lauren?” Lexa looks up at Daisy who is looking at her with a cocked eyebrow.

“I'm sorry, what?”

“I said, your sister said you needed to go clothes shopping and a haircut, we can all go together if that's okay with you.” She smiles wide, taking in the young brunette's disheveled look. “Unless you'd like to stay here and stare holes into your coffee.” She teases.

“Yea, that would be great, fresh face that isn't this chick.” Lexa shoots a glance at Anya who frowns at her.

“You aren't exactly fun to look at everyday either.” She retorts.

“Yeah, whatever, you guys totally have the best gene pool ever, lets be honest ladies.” Daisy announces standing up, her coffee in hand.

“Yours isn't so bad either.” Lexa replies with a smirk, Anya laughs at Daisy's blush.

“So the sisters are flirty, this will be fun.”

“Oh, we're a lot more than flirty, just get to know us.” Anya is on her feet beside Daisy. “Get up little sister, we got places to be, people to see.” She grabs Lexa's arm, dragging her out of the coffee shop.

“Oh, do you guys mind if we stop by my apartment? I need to drop off my laptop if we're going to be out for the day.” Anya nods in unison with Lexa.

“Of course, maybe this dweeb can actually brush her hair too.” Lexa huffs at her. “You look like a raccoon that's been digging through a trashcan,” she catches Lexa frown. “I'm just being honest.”

“Sure.” Lexa speeds off ahead of the other two women.

The three women sit in a hair salon, Anya flipped through a magazine with Daisy looking over her shoulder, pointing out hairstyles that she liked.

“So what do you want to do Lauren? Are we taking away your Mufasa mane?” Anya jokes with a smile, Daisy takes the magazine out of her hands.
“I don’t know, what do you think I should do?” Anya hums in thought, twisting a lock of her hair between her fingers in thought.

“Get it cut to your shoulders! Like you have it in your driver’s license, I always liked that on you.” Lexa nods as a woman with brightly colored short hair approaches.

“Which one of you is next?” She chews her gum loudly, her hands on her hips as she leans forward. Her cleavage put on display through her low cut white tank top.

“That would be me.” Lexa stands and follows the woman.

“So what would you like me to do today?” She asks as Lexa takes a seat, the woman leans against the chair, her cleavage pressing into the base of Lexa’s neck.

“Just cut it to my shoulders, kind of like..” She pauses, pulling out her driver’s license to show the woman somewhat of what she meant. “This.” The woman takes it and studies it for a moment before nodding and handing it back.

“Alright.” The woman worked quietly, taking her time washing and cutting her hair. Lexa could see Daisy and Anya through the mirror in front of her, they talked quietly to themselves while they waited. Lexa watched Anya as she leaned in and whispered in Daisy’s ear, causing her to laugh out loud.

“Done, hope you like it.” The bright haired woman announced standing in front of her. Lexa stood as the woman moved away, looking at her hair in the mirror. She watched Anya and Daisy stand, approaching her from behind. Anya threw her arms around Lexa’s shoulder.

“Looks great! Almost like before.” She ran her fingers through the brunette curls happily, “what do you think Lauren?”

“I like it.” And she meant it, it felt like someone had taken a load off of her but she already missed the long hair. She would just have to get used to it, she ran a hand through her hair as Anya paid.

“It looks great Lauren, wish I could pull off hair that short. I tried once but it ended up looking really weird.” Lexa smiled at Daisy as Anya returned, pushing her card back into her pocket.

“Next stop, the mall!” Lexa groaned as Anya took her by the arm, Daisy on the other side of her. Anya and Daisy talked about clothes as Lexa kept her mouth shut. Suddenly Anya went silent, her hand in her pocket pulling out a vibrating phone. She released Lexa and dropped back as she answered the call. Daisy stopped but Lexa pulled her forward, she knew it was something important if she had dropped away from them to answer it.

“She’ll catch up but what about you Daisy, what do you do?” Lexa asked, trying to draw her attention, Daisy gaped at her in surprise as she glanced back at Anya.

“I work for a company, fixing computers, not really interesting. What do you do?” Her attention focused on Lexa, as if she’d forgotten about Anya entirely.

“I’m in between jobs right now, having just moved and all, but your job sounds interesting.” Anya came jogging up, cutting between Daisy and Lexa.

“My apologies ladies, had a call about a job.” Lexa snapped to stare at Anya, the woman responded by pushing into her with a shake of her head.

“That’s great Anne, did you get it or was it an offer?”
“Oh, I got it! I start Monday! Nothing special though, just a receptionist job.” Anya smiled sweetly.

“Still! Congratulations!” Daisy patted her shoulder.

Lexa sighed in relief as she followed Anya into their apartment, it had been relatively quiet when they’d left Daisy in the lobby. Lexa dumped the bags of clothes onto the floor of her bedroom, not bothering to do anything else with it until she'd shower.

“Lex, you have your first job.” Anya announces following her into the bathroom, watching her as she turned on the water. “Remember the receptionist thing I told you about earlier? That's yours, you go in on Monday.” She explains, her voice soft, her accent back in full force.

“I have to kill?” Lexa asks turning to face Anya, who nods slowly.

“We'll go over the file together after you've showered.” Lexa swallows thickly, pushing Anya out of the bathroom and closing the door in her face. Lexa sat on the edge of the bathtub, her fingers under the water, deep in thought.

She was going to be killing someone soon, someone she knew nothing about. Not that knowing anything about said person would make it anymore easier. The person could have a family, a wife or husband, kids. Could have their whole entire life ahead of them, only to have it cut short by someone with a massive amount of money and very little sense of value on another human beings life.

Lexa chewed her bottom lip as she stripped and stepped into the shower, she knew she had no right to judge someone else's decisions. We are all entitled to having the option to make a choice, whether it be good or bad.

Anya sat on the couch alone with her silver laptop resting on top of her thighs, she scrolled slowly through the email that explained the job in extreme detail as she waited for Lexa to finish her shower. She chewed on her bottom lip in concentration, the job was a bit much for a first timer but Anya had no say in the matter. All she could do was prepare Lexa as best she could before going in.

“Anya?” Lexa's voice pierced through her thoughts, causing her to jump. She hadn't heard the younger woman enter the room.

“Lexa! Good to know your training has paid off in at least one way.” Anya grumbled as she tried her slow her heart rate. Lexa smiled triumphantly at her frightened friend, “yeah, yeah, don't get cocky. I was just thinking about your first job.”

Lexa sat next to her on the couch, dressed in a over sized t-shirt. “Stole your shirt, hope you don't mind.” Anya scowled at her.

“I do mind, that's my favorite sleep shirt!”

“Mine now.” Lexa smirked, taking the laptop away from Anya. “So this is everything about the job?” Anya nodded as Lexa scrolled through the file. She read in silence, her brow furrowing the more she read.

“I might have to sleep with the guy?” Anya nodded slowly.

“Yes, anything to get close enough for you to kill him without any suspicion.”
“But.. I'm gay Anya, I don't know if I can do this.” Anya froze, her eyes wide in worry as she looked at Lexa. She swallowed and clenched her jaw in thought, looking back at the open file. She should've known considering where she'd found Lexa.

“I know you can do this Lexa, its a lot like acting. You've got to make them believe, there is no room for suspicions that will get you killed.” Lexa nodded slowly, she was still very nervous and uncomfortable but it was either do or die.

Lexa stood in the middle of the apartment, dressed in a form fitting black pencil skirt, white blouse with a black business jacket over it. She fidgeted nervously as Anya came before her with a pair of black stilettos.

“Relax Lexa, you'll be okay. Just remember your training in that hole in the ground.” Anya held her hand as Lexa slipped into the heels, for once she was taller than the older woman.

“Training was different, the guy there wasn't hoping to get a hand up my skirt at the first chance he got.” She shifted her weight unsteadily, her heart already pounding in her chest.

“I know Lex, I know.” Anya clenched her jaw, silently cursing Echo Black for giving the young woman this job. “You look beautiful, kind of like a librarian but librarians can be sexy too.” Anya took a step back, giving the girl a once over.

“Thank you Anya, but you'll be nearby right?” Lexa presses a hand to her hair, checking the bun on the back of her head.

“Yes, I will be right downstairs the whole time, I promise.” Lexa nodded solemnly, it did nothing to calm her nerves and Anya understood. She'd been the same way the first time she did something like this, just in her case, she did end up sleeping with the guy in order to kill him. Anya silently hoped Lexa wouldn't have to do the same. “Now, do you remember where I put the powder?”

“It’s in my purse, side pocket, next to mints.” She pressed the simple black purse tighter into her side with a nod as she walked out of the apartment, Anya beside her. The older woman gripped the handle of the door on the rental car as Lexa slide into the seat. She offered her a weak smile, hoping to cheer Lexa up when she sat next to her in the driver's seat.

“Remember to breathe okay?” Lexa nodded as they fell into an uncomfortable silence. A silence which remained as Anya drove them to the tall, glass building that the 'interview' would be taking place.

It was a busy Monday morning, men and women rushing about as Anya brought the car up to the curb. She put the car in park and turned fully towards Lexa, her hand covering hers. “Ready?”

“No, I'm not ready, can we pretend I died and move to a little secluded island in the middle of nowhere?” Anya laughed softly, but she knew Lexa was completely serious.

“I wish, but here.” She held out a manila folder to Lexa, “your fake resume in case they ask, but they shouldn’t. Remember Lex, stay confident, make them believe you belong there.” Lexa went to open the car door but Anya stopped her. “Put these on first.” She held out a thin black leather case.

“Glasses?” Lexa put them on, pushing them up, amazed that she could actually see through them. She looked at Anya who smiled warmly at her.

“Perfect, you look like a real innocent nerd now, okay you can go.” Lexa nodded and left the car,
she straightened her skirt before heading into the building.

She rode the elevator in silence, men and women on other side of her in the packed metal box. She stepped off on her floor and strode into the lobby in feigned confidence. The receptionist nodded at her, gesturing for her to take a seat next to a blonde woman in a tight white dress. Lexa smiled politely as she sat, she glanced at the other women in the lobby, all of them here for the same thing.

Lexa swallowed thickly as an office door opened and her target stepped out, he smiled as a name was called, a professional smile but his eyes said differently. Lexa looked once more around the room, taking note of the other women and their exposed chests. She glanced down at herself, noting that her blouse was completely buttoned up and with a sigh she unbuttoned it. Exposing her own breasts, silently thanking the push up bra that Anya had insisted on.

“Maria Smith?” The receptionist called smiling sweetly when Lexa stood, she hadn’t realized the other woman had left and her target was at the door to his office with a bright smile. Lexa returned his smile and sauntered into the office, standing near the door as the man closed the door behind them.

“Take a seat Ms. Smith, don’t be shy.” He gestured to a brown leather chair that sat before his dark wooden desk. Lexa took the offered seat, feeling the man’s hands graze her hips as he walked behind her. She swallowed her nerves and kept the warm smile on her lips as the man asked her professional questions concerning the job.

“Now, Ms. Smith, you have an impeccable resume, much the same as many of those women out there but the real question is. What will you do for this job? How badly do you want it, because any one of those other women out there will do anything I ask without blinking an eye.” Lexa smiled sweetly, dropping her head before looking back up at the man as he cocked an eyebrow at her. She silently thanked her training as she stood and sauntered around the desk, leaning against it before the man. Her ankles crossed, hands clasped in her lap, it only took a second before the man leaned forward, eyes trained on her. Disgust filled her at the look in his eye, it took everything she had not to just snap his neck but she pushed it all away, focusing on the task at hand.

“Well Mr. Reed,” Lexa took down her brunette hair, allowing her curls to cascade over her shoulder as she leaned forward, allowing him to look down her blouse at her cleavage. “I’m afraid you’d have to work for the services that I can provide.” She looked at him over the rim of her thin black glasses, holding his gaze with a devious smile.

“Ms. Smith, you drive a hard bargain.” His hand was on her thigh, sliding up slowly as he moved to stand but Lexa dropped a hand to his chest, pushing him back into his seat. She stood over him, giving him a seductive look. Her free hand unbuttoning her jacket, his eyes were firmly planted on her movements but she stopped suddenly.

“Do I have the job Mr. Reed?” She licked her lips and bit her bottom lip, he nodded swiftly, his hands pulling at her wrists, pulling her closer. “Do I start today Mr. Reed?” He nodded again, attempting to kiss her but she pulled away. “Work first, play later Mr. Reed.”

“Of course Ms. Smith, of course.” She stepped back, putting her hair back up into a bun and straightened her clothes as she walked back around the desk to her purse. “Bring me coffee Ms. Smith, I like it just like I like my women, hot and delicious.” Lexa rolled her eyes before looking over her shoulder at him, she smiled sweetly as she left the office, purse under her arm.

Lexa was determined to end this as quickly as possible. She poured his coffee, she glanced around the room as she dumped the powder into it. Smiling to herself as she stirred it, marveling at the way
the coffee still appeared normal.

She carried the cup back to his office, setting it before him then watching him sip it slowly. She watched as his face twisted in sudden pain, as he clutched at his chest and collapsed against the desk. His breath ragged as she coughed blood onto his desk calendar. Lexa watched him in silence, uncaring and impassive as he slowly died before her. She stepped forward, wiping away her prints from the coffee cup. She grabbed the discarded manila folder from his desk before leaving the office.

Lexa ducked her head to avoid cameras until she made it to the stairwell. Her purse still tight against her side, the manila folder under her arm as she took two steps at a time until she reached the ground floor. She walked slowly through the lobby, still avoiding cameras until she was on the sidewalk.

A part of her felt guilty, only to remind herself that this was her work now. Killing people when she was given the order, not allowed to care as they died before her, not allowed to feel for them. She tried to remember how this all started when she spotted the rental car but all she could remember was training with Anya for two years. Nothing more beyond that, not a single thing and it frustrated her.

She pushed it away as she opened the car door and slide in next to Anya who gave her a bright smile.

“Its done, quick and easy.” Anya nodded, a part of her proud at how quickly Lexa had completed her first job. Much faster than she herself had ever hoped to.

Chapter End Notes

LEXA IS STILL SUPER GAY, I PROMISE.

It wasn't fun writing but I put myself in this boat when this little idea popped into my head. I couldn't exactly keep it entirely to women who are killed, wouldn't be right.
New York to Boston

Chapter Summary

3 years

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

3 Years Later

New York

In three years nothing had changed except herself, she learned the hard way exactly what this work demanded. She learned that friendships of any kind were doomed to end before they even really had a chance to start, she learned that love entirely had absolutely no place within herself anymore. She learned to truly adopt the cold, steely gaze that Anya had trained her only to use when she worked.

Lexa clenched her jaw as she walked hurriedly towards the subway station, her heels clicking against the wet concrete. She hurried down the wet stairs descending into the dimly lit depths of the station. With a sigh of relief at the sight of the subway still stationary, she rushed on board and took a seat away from the other passengers.

She pressed her knees together, smoothing down the incredibly short, tight black skirt she wore. She pulled a mirror from her purse, and for a moment she almost forgot that she was someone else for the time being. A woman with straight black hair and piercing blue eyes stared back at her. Her make up dark and haunting, her clothes bordering on getting her a public indecency charge.

She pursed her lips and put the mirror away. She stared at her feet as she subway rode along its track, a loud hum keeping Lexa from slipping away into her thoughts as she waited for the man to appear. She knew it wouldn't be long, she'd spent the past couple of weeks trailing him, she knew his daily routine and now was the only good time for her to strike.

It was a Wednesday night, well past midnight, the few other passengers on the subway had gotten off one stop back along the track but the man was due at the next stop. She'd studied his picture and seen him face to face many times before now waiting for this chance but she knew he wouldn't be able to recognize her.
The subway lurched to a stop, the doors opened and he stepped on, Tom Lark, age 23. He looked little different from the day before, but only his clothes were different. Ripped jeans and a loose white t-shirt, a cocky smile as he sat across from Lexa.

His bright brown eyes focusing on her, taking in the sight of the young woman who smiled back at him. Lexa sat quietly, her smile never fading as she uncrossed her long legs, allowing her skirt to ride up. She watched as he followed the movement, obviously craning his head in an attempt to see up her skirt.

He smirks as he stands and drops himself heavily onto the seat beside Lexa, his hand dropping onto her thigh, sliding up until meeting the hem of her skirt. Lexa smiles and turns away from him, counting the seconds before he turns in chase, his hand gripping at her thigh roughly.

Lexa swallows back the familiar sickening feeling that began to build in her chest at the rough handling, shes dealt with this before, in fact shes dealt with worse. She lets out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding as the subway came to a halt, allowing her to stand, throwing a flirtatious smirk at the man before leaving the car.

She counts the minute and a half that it takes for him to catch up, his hot breath on her neck, his rough hands gripping at her ass as she leads the way into the public bathrooms. Lexa glances around quickly as he pulls on her arm, spinning her and pinning her against the dirty graffiti ridden wall.

Lexa grits her teeth when his hands attempt to push between her legs, his hot breath on her face as he tries to kiss her. She sighs in impatience as his free hand grips at her hip, fingers pulling at the hem of her black tank top. He takes the sigh as encouragement, Lexa slides her hand over the front of his jeans, sudden nausea sweeping over her, her other hand slipping behind her back.

Her fingertips grazed the cool metal of the gun tucked into the waistband of her skirt, she ducks as he attempts to kiss her again. Instead pushing her face into his neck, hand pulling him closer as she pulls the gun up between them. The gun remains hidden among clothing as Lexa hears the subway begin to pull away from the station and the moment shes been waiting for finally arrives. She presses the gun into his stomach and pulls the trigger, pushing him backward as the gun goes off.

Blood splatters across the mirrors behind him, his body landing with a thud against grimy white tiles. Lexa knows no one could have heard the gun shot through the silencer, coupled with the sound of the subway leaving the station. She steps over his body, taking care not to step in the blood as she takes his wallet.

*Mugging gone wrong*, Lexa thinks to herself as she pockets both her gun and the wallet before
leaving the bathroom. She walks through the empty subway, the soft clicking of her heels echoing off the walls as she passes a police officer, offering him a small smile as she goes.

On the street above, Lexa strides toward the black car with the black tinted windows, engine running. The night air is cool against her bare skin but the car is warm, Anya smiles from the driver's seat.

“Have fun?”

“Loads.” She replies sarcastically, looking the older woman over, noting the change in her dress from earlier. She now wears a black business suit, crimson blouse underneath her jacket. She sweeps her dirty blonde hair over her shoulder as she pulls the car away from the curb. “I don't want those anymore.”

“You're young and beautiful, you have to play the pretty whore until you're my age sweetheart.” Her laughter is soft, her smile bright.

“You're only 29, and still one of the most beautiful women I've ever met.”

“I know.” She flips her hair dramatically, her eyes drifting from the road to Lexa as the younger woman opens the stolen wallet. Flicking through credits cards, counting his money. Anya turns her attention back to the road, pulling into a underground garage. “We're being moved Lex.”

“We've only been here a year.” Anya shrugs as she parks the car, popping the trunk and stepping out of the car. Lexa follows her around to the back as the woman unzips a black duffle bag, revealing a change of clothes for Lexa.

“Change, dump the wallet, take his money and dump your old ID, you know the drill.” Lexa nods and changes in the middle of the underground garage, modestly out the window in the dimly lit garage. She dumps the clothes, her old ID and the wallet in a nearby trashcan before getting back into the car.

“Where are we going to?” She asks, pulling the black wig off her head, freeing her long brunette curls then removes her eye contacts, smiling when her forest green eyes come back into view in the mirror above her.
“Boston.” Anya whispers quietly, her hand gripping Lexa's as the younger woman freezes. She remembered Boston, but only bits and pieces. She remembered living there since she was a child, then a massive blank space until meeting Anya.

“Why Boston.” She asks, keeping her voice low. “I thought Harper and Monroe were in Boston.”

“They were removed to the west coast, Harper missed a shot and it glanced off a wall, hitting a innocent.” Anya releases Lexa's hand to fiddle with the radio.

“Why was Harper taking the shot if Monroe is a military trained sniper?” Anya shrugs, beginning to hum along to the radio, her fingers tapping against the steering wheel as she drove. They fell into a deep silence until the Boston city skyline comes into view.

Lexa clenches her jaw as a wave of unease swept over her, she hadn't been to the city since Anya had taken her from her apartment 5 years ago.

“Think of it like when we moved to Philadelphia, bright new city, meet new people!” Anya breaks the silence, attempting to brighten the mood and flashing her a bright smile.

“Burn those bridges when we get moved again, forget the people I met and was beginning to like, like Daisy for instance. I miss her! She was sweet, she fixed my laptop after you fucked it up with porn!” Regret bubbled in Lexa as she remembered the woman from philly, she missed her bright smile and constant sarcasm.

“I never watched porn on your laptop, that was all you Lexa.” Lexa scoffed at her, keeping her eyes on the city as it grew bigger in the sunrise.

“I will request that we be placed permanently, okay?” Anya is quiet, her voice void of the hope she was attempting to instill in Lexa.

“Okay, I'll believe it when I see it.” Lexa knew that would never be played permanently, she figured it would be at least a year before they were moved again. She hated that Anya would even attempt to make her hopeful at the idea.

“Look, how about for this city we use our actual names, only using fakes when we go on jobs. How about that Lexa?” Lexa sighed, it would have to do, at least she’d be somewhat real with whomever
she met. “I know its hard Lexa, trust me, I know. I've been doing this for nine years, I've made and lost so many people that I can't even begin to tell you.”

“Okay Anya.” Anya drove the car into the city, slowing down and allowing Lexa to watch the city pass by. “Do you remember where I lived here?”

“Somewhere nearby if I recall correctly, it would take some digging into old files to be certain, unless you remember by sight yourself.” Lexa shrugged as they rounded a corner and a little italian restaurant came into view, a flash of a memory passed through her when the car passed by. The feeling of deja vu sweeping through her, something she only ever seemed to feel in her dreams.

“Lex? You okay?” Anya stares at her as they sit at a red light, the golden sunrise illuminating her worried features.

“Fine, just get us wherever you're taking us.” She replied through clenched teeth, she squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head, trying to push away the feelings that bubbled up.

Anya watched her silently but drove faster, the city passing by in a blur until she pulled the car up to a curb. She rested her hand on Lexa's shoulder and shook her gently, she was unsure of what had suddenly upset Lexa but she wouldn't push the woman. Not until she came to her herself to talk about it. “We're here Lex.”

Anya walked alongside Lexa and into the apartment building, the man at the lobby desk nodding to them as they stepped onto the elevator. Anya glanced at the younger woman, studying her clenched jaw and nervous shifting as they rode.

The doors opened once more, revealing a young blonde woman and a brunette standing side by side, both holding coffees but still looking quite tired.

Anya stepped aside to allow them on as the elevator closed once more and continued up to their floor.

“New to the building?” The blonde asked, her ocean blue eyes soft as she eyed Anya. “We're F4 if you guys ever need anything.”

“Yes, we just drove in this morning, I'm Anya and this is my sister Lexa.” She gestured to herself,
and Lexa who kept her eyes on the closed elevator doors but vaguely aware of Anya's accent. “I apologize for my sister's behavior, she is feeling a little under the weather.” The blonde nodded, moving to stand next to Lexa. Her blue eyes roving over her as she turned to introduce herself and her friend.

Lexa wondered if Anya was serious about what she'd said in the car earlier, the use of her natural accent was not something she ever did around anyone but Lexa herself. It was too much of a giveaway should she run into someone she'd spoken to before with the accent.

Anya was getting risky but the other two women in the elevator didn't seem aware of the accent.

“I'm Clarke Griffin, and that's Octavia.” The brunette smiled at her name being said, pushing her long hair over her shoulder, her sharp hazel green eyes watching the other two women closely.

“Octavia Blake at your services.” The doors opened and Clarke stepped off, Octavia on her heels. They smiled and turned to go but stopped when Anya stepped off, Lexa in tow.

“We live on the same floor then?” Anya asks fishing a set of keys out of her pocket, pointing to a door that read F2, “Right there, down the hall from you two.”

“Good, I can come crash at your place when Clarke decides to lock me out for time with her annoying boyfriend and listen to that sexy accent.” Octavia winks at Anya as she elbows Clarke who scowls at her.

And there it was, the acknowledgment but Anya seemed unfazed.

“Your girlfriend is literally five minutes away, you don't have to barge in on Anya and Lexa!”

“Raven and I aren't dating Clarke, we've told you.” Clarke huffs in disbelief.

“Oh whatever, I walked in on you two about to bang on her dining room table” Octavia blushed, continuing to deny it as the two walked away, leaving Anya and Lexa to go to their own apartment.

“Those two are annoying, glad they left.” Lexa speaks for the first time since entering the building.
“I like them, maybe I'll invite them over sometime soon, beer and pizza.”

“Tell me when so I can leave.” Anya laughed softly as she unlocked the apartment door and pushed the door open. She stepped in and smiled.

“The boys already brought everything in that I requested, Lincoln and Nyko aren't so useless after all.” Lexa shrugs and takes off down the hall, not bothering to look around the apartment. “The master is mine! Keep your young hands off it!” Her only answer is getting flipped the bird followed by a door slamming.

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Lexa chose to sleep, she dropped onto the queen sized bed unceremoniously, kicking her shoes off onto the light hardwood floors and curled underneath the white sheets. She groaned at the softness against her skin and the warmth of the bed, it was perfect. She drifted slowly, allowing herself to fall into an uneasy sleep as a dream began.

It was a dream that she'd dreamed before but it was different this time, the woman she laid next to on the bed had a face and a brilliant smile. The woman rested curled into Lexa's side, her caramel skin dark against white sheets, her coffee brown eyes unwavering as she stared into Lexa's.

“Alex? Are you awake?” Her voice soft and to Lexa it feels like she's heard it a million times. She revels at the way the woman conveys a love for her with just those few words and that bright smile. “Wake up baby, we have to go soon, remember?”

“Why, where are we going?” Lexa sits up in the bed, the sheet falling away from her at the movement. The woman beside her sits up alongside her, her hand on Lexa's thigh.

“My mother asked us to a brunch, remember? I told you yesterday when you got home.”

“I don't remember, I'm sorry.” Lexa blinks and suddenly the woman is gone. The bed beside her is empty, the sheets are cold to the touch but Lexa still feels her presence nearby.

“Who are you?” She asks no one in particular as her bedroom door opens, revealing Anya in a t-shirt
and shorts.

“Who is who Lexa?” Lexa shakes her head and falls back onto the bed. “Are you sure you're okay Lex?”

“I'm fine, just woke up from a dream.” Anya narrows her eyes in disbelief.

“Well, Clarke, Octavia and their friend Raven are here. They wanted to watch a movie but their TV is broke, something about a guy throwing a remote into it during a baseball game.” Anya mutters walking away, leaving the bedroom door wide open. “Get your ass up Lexa.” She heard the yell across the apartment and Lexa smiled tiredly.

Lexa stood on shaky legs, opting to change her clothes before leaving the room. She pulled on a pair of clean jeans and a dark green muscle shirt from her chest of drawers. She knew she'd have to thank Lincoln and Nyko if she ever got to see them again.

“Oh, there she is, miss angry.” Four pairs of eyes fell onto her from the black leather couch.

“You must be Lexa, I'm Raven Reyes, top mechanic at Zero G, at your service.” A young woman jumped up and stopped in front of her, her hand outstretched. The woman gave her a cocky smile, her brunette hair pulled back into a ponytail.

“Nice to meet you Raven.” Lexa shook her hand, only for Anya to shoot her a shocked look.

“Oh my god, she didn't kill you, she must think you're hot.” Anya clearly in awe, the brunette standing before Lexa laughs.

“I know I'm hot, so thank you.” Raven struck a pose, eliciting a giggle from Clarke.

Lexa rolled her eyes, “oh fuck off Anya, I'm not that mean.”

“You guys should see her in the morning before coffee when we're alone, if looks could kill.”
“I believe it, the look she had in the elevator earlier.” Clarke imitated being shot and pretended to die on the couch, eliciting laughter from her two friends.

“Alright guys, in all seriousness, what are we going to watch?” Octavia asks, the remote in her hand. “Action? Horror? Comedy? Romance?” She wiggles her eyebrows at the last genre and purses her lips.

“Love is weakness, my vote is horror.” Lexa called out from the kitchen area, a coffee cup in her hand as she leaned against the black marble counters.

“You don’t get a vote miss sleep til noon, and love isn’t weakness.” Clarke holds her gaze for a moment, letting her statement sink in before looking away. “Someone else vote.”

“Comedy!”

“Horror!”

“Romance!” Lexa scowls at Octavia, she already knew Anya would vote comedy but she was glad for Raven’s shout for horror.

“Clarke has the deciding vote, what will it be Clarkey.” Raven pokes the blonde in the side impatiently.

“Chill, give me a second and don’t call me Clarkey, you know I hate it.” Raven shrugs and snaps her fingers impatiently. “If you keep on, I’ll vote romance then you’ll secretly be happy because I know you love to watch romance movies with Octavia.” She paused with a smirk, “oops, your secret is out.”

“Fuck you Griffin.”

“I vote comedy.” Anya fist pumped the air victoriously, collective groans echoing her. “You can’t exactly watch a horror movie in the middle of the day, defeats the purpose of getting scared senseless,” Clarke explains.
“True but, Clarke, if you think of me in any way as a friend, let us watch Grown Ups.” Anya faces Clarke, her face hopeful, her lip quivering as she gives her puppy dog eyes.

“Anya, I've seen you do some fucked up shit but that tops it.” Lexa mutters from the back of the couch, recalling the time that she watched Anya run down the streets of New York during a blizzard in nothing but short shorts and a tank top with a gun in her hand. “Besides, you only like it because of that one scene with the car.”

“You like it too Lex, don't even try to deny it.”

“The scene with the blonde? Oh man, I almost forgot that was in it.” Octavia and Anya high five each other.

“You guys are perverts, how are we friends.” Clarke huffs as she stands, moving to stand next to Lexa.

“Ignore Clarke, she likes it too, she just doesn't want to admit it.” Raven smirks as she sprawls out across the spot that Clarke had vacated.

“Whatever, Lexa, how about me and you go out for some lunch? Just us, leave these horn dogs to their movie.” Lexa looks the blonde over, “please? I'll pay!” Lexa mulls it over before giving the blonde a curt nod, free food is always worth it.

“Clarke, make Lexa get a haircut while you're out, that hair of hers is getting a little too long.” Anya stands at the TV, putting in the Grown Ups DVD.

“I like her hair, its gorgeous, all curls and awesomeness.” She pauses to pick at her own blonde locks. “So much prettier than mine.” She pouts.

“I'm taking your boots Anya, and Clarke, your hair is pretty too.” The blonde beams at Lexa's compliment.

“Fine, but don't ruin them, you know they're my favorites and do something with your hair, you look like a troll doll.” The brunette scowls at her as she picks up the boots from beside the couch, sitting on the arm and lacing them up.
“How about I braid it?” Clarke offers, Lexa sighs knowing the blonde just wanted to touch her hair. “Please Lexa!” Lexa nods slowly, Clarke claps her hands in excitement.

“Okay, sit at the table, you're too tall with those boots on.” The blonde disappears down the hallway and returns with a hairbrush as Lexa sits at the glass dining room table. How Clarke knew the brush was hers was beyond Lexa.

Clarke works quietly, her soft hands working through Lexa's hair. The tugs from the hair brush working out tangles being the only thing keeping Lexa aware, it was so different than when Anya did her hair. Anya didn't make her feel this relaxed and safe, but with Clarke she felt she could fall asleep right now and be entirely content with it.

It frightened her, she knew she couldn't fall for a girl she'd probably end up having to forget within a year.

Lexa still closed her eyes however and let out a content sigh, she shivered gently when Clarke's fingertips graced the back of her neck as she braided her hair into a single braid. She felt Clarke's breath on her ear when she whispered for her to wake up.

“I'm awake Clarke.” Lexa murmured as she stood up, grateful that the other three women in the room were intently watching the movie they'd picked. “Thank you.”

Clarke smiles happily, taking the brunette's hand and leading her from the apartment with a quick goodbye to the other women. They just make it to the elevator when Anya appears, a leather jacket in hand.

“Put this on Lex, its cool out today.” Lexa rolls her eyes, ignoring the offered jacket. “Take it young lady.” She orders, her voice rising. Lexa turns, staring her down but takes the jacket and pulls it on.

“Sometimes I swear you wished I was your daughter instead of your sister Anya.”

“Someone has to look after you, remember that time you fell in a lake? You wanted to walk back to camp soaking wet! While it was snowing!” Lexa shrugs, “you could have died that day Lex but whatever, I'll just let you die next time!”
“I don't need to be mothered Anya, I'm 25 and what about Clarke, are you going to mommy her too?” Anya shook her head, frowning as she turned away from them.

“Clarke is a grown woman, she knows how to take care of herself.” Clarke laughs softly beside Lexa causing the brunette to look over at her.

“You should be nicer to her, she just loves you Lexa.” The elevator doors open and the two step in, “don't tell me love is weakness either.”

“I wasn't going to say anything, you already told me it wasn't weakness and I do not wish to argue with you about it. I believe what I believe and you believe what you believe, simple as that.” Clarke nods in understanding, Lexa is grateful that she doesn't try to argue about it.

The wind is strong as they exit the apartment building, clouds gathering in the distance but Clarke seems to not be bothered by any of it, instead she walks in silence. Her hair whipping around her in the wind as she shivers slightly. Lexa glances at her and sighs to herself as she stops them, pulling off her jacket before draping it over Clarke's shoulders.

“And Anya says you are the responsible one, you're wearing a tank top on a day like this.” Lexa smiles as the blonde huffs, pulling the jacket around her tighter.

“I didn't know it would be like this today, weather man said it would be sunny.”

“The sky is always unpredictable.” Lexa murmurs to herself as Clarke grabs her arm, pulling her closer.

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Clarke sits across from Lexa in the restaurant booth, she watches the brunette as she stares out through the window. The rain beating loudly against the window as thunder booms in the distance. Clarke smiles as she looks over the woman, marveling at her beauty and content yet indifferent look in her eyes.

“You're staring, is there something wrong with me?” The brunette doesn't look at her as she speaks.
“Far from it actually.” Clarke murmurs, looking away as Lexa turns to shoot her a questioning look. “Nothing Lexa.”

The waitress who had taken their orders earlier returned at that moment, setting burgers and fries before the two women with a bright smile directed at Lexa. The brunette smirks and winks before digging into her food, Clarke watches the waitress blush. “Thank you, miss.”

“Yes, thank you ma'am.” Lexa mirrors Clarke, watching the waitress blush deepen as she leaves.

“Wasn't nice to get her all flustered like that Lexa.”

“And why not? She was cute.” She replies between fries, Clarke shrugs, playing with her fries in ketchup. Lexa frowns, noticing the blonde's sudden change in demeanor. “So you have a boyfriend?”

“Yea, his name is Finn and hes okay.” She murmurs, taking a bite of her food.

“Just okay? Nothing special about him?” The brunette watches Clarke, attempting to read her and figure out exactly what it was that had suddenly bothered her but the blonde simply shook her head. Lexa got the message loud and clear, “what do you do for a living?”

The blonde visibly perks up at the change in subject, her eyes bright once more. “Med school at Polis University, you?”

“In between jobs right now, new city and all.” The brunette answers truthfully, gaze drifting to the rain once more that had begun to lessen in force.

“You don't happen to have a umbrella do you?” Lexa shakes her head, not turning to look at Clarke. Instead choosing to glance down the up and down street before spotting a gas station.

“I will get one though, you just stay here.” The brunette is on her feet, leaving a whole burger on her plate and Clarke shouting her name as she leaves the restaurant.

“Your girlfriend seems like a sweet one, a bit flirty maybe but sweet. Willing to run through a storm
Clarke spins in her seat, eyeing the waitress from earlier as the woman places the bill on the table.

“She isn't my girlfriend, we're just friends.” The woman shrugs and points out the window at Lexa running across the street, umbrella in hand, clothes soaked through. Clarke sighs as she pays for the lunch before stepping onto the sidewalk next to a wet Lexa. “You're going to be sick as a dog if you stand there like that Lexa.”

“I'll be fine.” She fights a shiver as the wind picks up once more.

Clarke sighs and takes the umbrella from Lexa then begins to walk down the sidewalk, leaving Lexa alone in her spot, “C'mon Lexa! At least get under this umbrella with me, Anya will kill me if you get the pneumonia.” She shouts over her shoulder.

“Anya will have to go through me first Clarke.” The brunette shouts, hurrying to catch up to Clarke, who pulls her in under the umbrella. Wrapping an arm around her waist to keep her from escaping back into the rain.

“You are my big bad bodyguard now Lexa?”

“Well, I was paid to do it a long time ago, so why not.” Clarke gapes at her in surprise, “what? Do I not look like a bodyguard?” Lexa stares down at the woman.

“You're so small, so no.”

“Small?” Lexa questions, an idea popping into her head as she takes the umbrella from Clarke before throwing the blonde over her shoulder one armed. Pulling a yelp from the blonde over her shoulder, Lexa was completely unfazed by the gripping hands at her wet shirt.

“Lexa! Put me down! You're getting my clothes and your jacket wet!”

“Clarke Griffin, you are the small one.” The brunette tightens her arm around the back of Clarke's knees, keeping her in place.
“Okay, okay, I take it back! You’re not small, you are big, bad bodyguard Lexa!” Lexa nods and stops in the middle of the sidewalk, letting Clarke off of her shoulder and onto her own feet. “And I’m not small either Lexa, you’re just super strong.” She eyes the other woman’s toned arms, wondering what else the brunette can do.

Lexa smiles when she feels the blonde’s eyes on her, but she stops herself. Reminding herself once more about what happened with Daisy in Philadelphia, how she’d had to simply walk away from the woman on a warm summers eve. How hurt she’d felt when the woman cried out her name after being suddenly dumped with no explanation. She couldn't allow that to happen again to someone who didn't deserve it.

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“Okay, what the hell happened. Clarke, you’re supposed to watch Lexa and make sure she doesn't do stupid shit but yet here she is, soaking wet. Practically dripping and ruining my boots.” Anya had stopped them at the door of the apartment, eyeing them both. “Shit Clarke, you're wet too, did you two go jumping into puddles like children out there?”

“It started raining while we were eating and we didn't have an umbrella so Lexa ran through the rain to get one!” She managed in one breath as Anya’s eyes widened. “I told her not to but she is stubborn as hell, then she grabbed me and threw me over her shoulder because I called her small.”

“I am not small.” Lexa growls from beside the blonde, Clarke nods sharply and turns her attention back to Anya.

“Not small, big, bad bodyguard Lexa, she is.” She agrees, her eye catching Raven walking behind Anya on her way to the kitchen.

“Okay Yoda,” Clarke rolls her eyes at Raven, pushing past Anya.

“I tried Anya, don't kill me, I'm innocent, I swear, kill Lexa!” She pleads shrugging off Lexa's jacket, folding it over her arms when Anya sighs in defeat.

“You two go and get changed out of those wet clothes, I'm not taking care of you if you both get sick.” The women nod in unison, Lexa heading off down the hallway and Clarke leaving the apartment altogether.
Lexa changes into her squid pajamas pants and black tank top before heading back into the living room. She pauses as she surveys the suddenly empty room, “where did Clarke's henchmen go?”

“They left not long after she did, Octavia got called out and Raven decided to go to the garage.” Anya doesn't look up from the laptop in her lap on the couch.

“You have a job?”

“No, you do.” Lexa scowls but drops herself onto the couch next to Anya, taking the laptop from her. “Its simple, go in, poison him, find a nice girl, have a nice night, you know the drill Lex.”

“Its a guy that hits on women in a lesbian bar.” It made her feel nauseous, women wanting to meet other women but having to deal with a douche bag who thought he could pick up women there. “We should go together, we haven't hit up a bar since New York.” Lexa gives Anya a hopeful smile, they rarely partied together anymore.

“Hell yea! We haven't done that in forever!”

Lexa stood at Anya's side, her arm looped through hers. Both women looked amazing, Anya dressed in a tight black cocktail dress with black stilettos. Her hair curled and immaculate, make up dark, haunting, her lips red. She slipped away from Lexa, making her way to some woman she'd spotted upon entering the packed bar.

Lexa remained in place as she surveyed the bar for the man, she'd dressed in accordance to the man's 'taste' but in reality she preferred the style herself. Dark green button down shirt, the sleeves rolled up to her elbows, black slacks and black heels. Her hair pulled back into intricate braids that cascaded down her back.

She sighed when she spotted the man, already harassing the blonde bartender. His smile bright and flirty but the woman scowled at him, he just didn't seem to be getting the hint as Lexa approached them. She stepped into his line of sight, the woman behind her audibly sighing in relief.

The man looks her up and down with a confident smile, “hello gorgeous, didn't know angels visited a place like this.”
Lexa fights the urge to roll her eyes, instead smiling and laughing softly. “Could say the same about you Mr...”

“Just call me David.” Lexa sits on the bar stool next to him, her hand on the bar.

“Can I buy you a drink then David.” She keeps her voice low, seductive almost and he buys into it, leaning closer to her.

She turns to the bartender as she passes by, “can we get some shots of vodka miss.” David's earlier interest in her clearly gone as he fails to acknowledge her, the woman nods setting out shot glasses and filling them. Lexa nods her thanks, picking one up, watching David with a smirk.

David picks up his own shot but Lexa stops him, her hand on his knee, “wait a minute there sweetheart.” She pulls a small baggy out of her pocket, watching carefully for the bartender as she presents the two small pills inside to him. “Care to make this night a little more... interesting?”

He seems to think for a moment before nodding, his dark brown eyes watching Lexa as she drops a pill into his drink. He watches it settle on the bottom and dissolve in the alcohol.

Lexa takes her own 'clean' shot and they clink glasses before downing them. She watches him continue to down more shots of vodka, watching for the first few signs of the poison to being to take effect. Shes seen it work before, she knew the time it would take for the first sign of excessive sweating.

When it begins, he dabs at his neck and face with a napkin, complaining about the heat inside the bar but a few minutes later, his breathing grows labored.

“Honey, you don't seem so good, do you need to go home?” Lexa murmurs, leaning close to him, he nods slowly and goes to stand. Lexa takes him gently by the arm, leading him out into the cool night air, hailing a cab for him.

The bright yellow cab rounds the corner and she helps him in, ignoring him when he gave the cab driver the address. She knows he won't even make it home alive and she doesn't care.
She walks back into the club, spotting Anya dancing with a red haired woman, her ass grinding into Anya. She smiles at them and makes her way back to the bar, flagging down the bartender.

“Thank you, thank you for getting rid of him, hes been scaring away customers for weeks now.” The blonde bartender pours her a shot, “everything tonight is on the house, just for you, as thanks.” She smiles sweetly, her ice blue eyes holding Lexa's gaze.

“Thank you, I appreciate it.” The bartender nods and turns away to tend to a customer, giving Lexa a good view of her assets in the skinny jeans she wore.

“Ask her when she goes on break Lexa.” A voice yells in her ear over the music, Lexa turns sharply, her muscles tense until she recognizes Anya. “What? Did I scare big bad bodyguard Lexa?” She teases.

“You yelled in my ear and I already intended to ask, so go back to your women before you scare her away.” She growls, hands idly playing with an empty shot glass.

“Explain I'm your sister and shes welcome for a round with me.” Anya smirks before walking back out onto the dance floor, a black haired woman following her.

“You know, I'm on break now.” Lexa recognizes the blonde bartender speaking to her and turns back to her, smiling wide with a nod. The bartender vaults over the bar and takes Lexa's hand, leading her into a backroom. She locks the door behind them and pushes Lexa against a wall, kissing her hard. Her hands pulling at Lexa's clothes.

Lexa smirks into the kiss, flipping them and pinning the woman's hands above her head. She pulls at the strong grip but Lexa pulls back, looking her in the eye.

“No.” The woman pulls again, attempting to free herself, “behave, or I go.” Lexa growls, her eyes dark.

“Yes ma'am,” the blonde breathes out, pushing her hips into Lexa, begging to be touched. Lexa drops her free hand to be the button on the woman's jeans, popping it and pushing her hand into her soaked panties. “Fuck me, please.” She whimpers at Lexa's finger grazing her clit, dipping low into her wetness.
She teases at her entrance, finger trailing despite the frantic pushing of the blonde's hips, attempting to impale herself on Lexa's finger. “Please, please, please.” She pleads breathlessly.

Lexa smirks, pulling the woman into a searing kiss, her tongue pushing into the woman's mouth. The woman bites at her bottom lip, drawing blood as Lexa plunges two fingers into her. She plants kisses down her neck, releasing the blonde's hands that immediately drop to grip at her hair.

The blonde moans when Lexa pulls down the front of her tank top, freeing her breasts from her bra and pulls a nipple between her lips. Nipping and pulling, pushing the woman to orgasm, her fingers driving deeper as the walls tighten around her. Lexa presses her palm hard into her clit, pulling a sharp gasp from the woman followed by a deep moan as she came on Lexa's fingers.

She pulls back slowly, the woman's fingers untangling from her brunette braids. “Wow, just wow.”

“I believe your break is over now.” Lexa straightens her clothes, ignoring the ache in her core.

“It is, it was over about ten minutes ago.” She says buttoning her jeans and pushing her breasts back into her bra. “Don't be a stranger dear, feel free to come back any time.” She unlocks the door and slips out, leaving Lexa alone.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last of the already written chapters, but I will try not to take too long with updates.

Also, I do read comments but I realize that I should reply to them. I apologize for not doing so, I'm a bit of a shy duck.
Lexa stood alone in the room, eyes roving over the cases of warm beer before deciding to leave the room. Following the short dark hallway and back into the loud, full bar. She spots Anya at the bar talking to a woman but doesn't approach her. Instead weaving through the crowd and into the cold air outside of the bar. The music still loud.

“Lexa!” She turns at her name and spots the two women approaching her. “What are you doing here?” Lexa looks them over, noting Raven's arm around Octavia's waist, a bright smile on her face.

“Just leaving, but Anya is still inside.”

“You're going home then?” She answers Octavia with a slight nod, turning back to the road and looking for a cab. “Can you check on Clarke for us? She was being weird earlier, wouldn't come out of her bedroom.” The brunette sounds hopeful, as if part of her expected Lexa to say no to her but to her surprise Lexa nods again.

“I intended to go and sleep but I can take a minute to check on her.” Why do they suddenly trust me?

She questioned herself as she watched Octavia detach a key from her key ring.

“Thank you so much! We owe you!” Octavia prods Raven with her elbow, “don't we Raven?” The latino nods in agreement, watching Octavia hand over the silver key with a grateful smile.

“Definitely since Clarke seems to have a 'crush' on you for some reason.” She smiles innocently, “oops, I wasn't supposed to say that.”
Octavia rolls her eyes, “getting revenge like that doesn't exactly work when she isn't even here Rave.”

“Oh no, it'll work when Lexa gets all weird about it.” She proclaims grinning.

Lexa frowns at the two women, “she has a boyfriend, I don't play that way.” She turns sharply away, hailing a cab as it approaches. The screech of tires at its abrupt stop and Lexa's hurried movements to get in. Octavia and Raven exchange looks but enter the bar as Lexa's cab pulls away from the curb.

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Lexa sat in the backseat of the cab, giving the driver her address and gripping the key tightly in her fist, she knew Clarke was already apparently unhappy in her relationship. Judging by her reaction at the restaurant before but was Raven serious about this supposed crush? Or was the woman just teasing her.

Not that it matters , Lexa tells herself, reminding herself of what had happened in Philadelphia. She shook her head, trying to ignore the battle waging inside of her. A part of her telling herself to forget it was ever said, another part of her continuing to wonder if it was real or not.

But it couldn't be real.

The pretty blonde woman barely knew her, they'd only met today. For all that woman knew, Lexa could be a serial killer, or a con artist, or a highly trained assassin.

Lexa laughed softly to herself, of all the things she could be that that blonde didn't know. She was actually one of them, she could kill the blonde with even the silver key in her fist. She wouldn't but she could.

Lexa clenched her jaw, unfurling her fist to look at the key once more. It had absolutely nothing to do with anything but it felt like it did. It felt like the key to the door that could unlock the road to whatever could happen between herself and Clarke. Then, for the second time that day she felt afraid and it all had to do with Clarke Griffin.
“Miss? We're here.” The cab driver speaks up, his blue eyes studying her intently through the back mirror. She pays him and steps out, watching the cab speed off down the street before walking up the steps and into the building.

The lobby is bright, the man at the desk giving her a cheerful wave before the doors close on Lexa in the elevator. She glances again at the key, studying it and swallowing thickly when the doors open once more on her floor. Her feet carrying her to Clarke’s apartment door before she even has a chance to stop herself.

She paused at the closed door, eyes on the locked door knob, her heart thundering in her chest. As she unlocked the door, she quietly reminded herself to not get involved with anyone ever again. Even if they were pretty blondes.

The key turns easily in the door knob, a soft click signaling the door unlocking. She stepped in quietly into the dark apartment. Only a light in the kitchen keeping it from being completely pitch black but the single light was enough to cast shadows against the walls of the apartment.

It was similar in size and floor plan to her own apartment. The walls were white, but several bright colored paintings lined the walls. Each depicting different scenes and people, none with the same theme however.

Lexa glanced at the TV and through the darkness she could see the light from the kitchen glancing off numerous cracks in the screen. Glass shards littering the floor and the coffee table before it, the remote still stuck in the TV. Lexa rolled her eyes, at least they were telling the truth about the TV but they could have at least cleaned up the glass.

She made her way slowly through the apartment but stopped, slipping her heels off before continuing. She walked as quietly as possible down the hallway, opening doors slowly. None with Clarke until she came to the last door. She twisted the knob gently, pushing it open and looking inside.

Light from the street below cast shadows across the room. The soft off yellow glow enough for Lexa to make out a lump beneath the comforter on the bed, the sound of soft breathing filling the room. Only broken by the rare car on the street below.

Lexa let out a soft sigh and closed the door gently. Heading back down the hallway, bending to pick up her discarded heels.
“Lexa?” A voice sleepily called out, “Lexa, what are you doing here.” She turned slowly, forgetting about her discarded heels on the floor, instead taking in the woman with her blonde hair mussed and long gray t-shirt ending mid thigh. Lexa swallowed hard and opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. “Lexa?”

“I..” She cleared her throat, “Octavia asked me to check on you.” She managed to choke out, her throat suddenly dry. “Did I wake you?”

Clarke shook her head, dragging her hand down the side of her face and running her other hand through her hair. “Nightmare woke me up, then I heard the door close.” She muttered walking past Lexa and into the kitchen, retrieving a glass from a cabinet then filling it with water.

“I will go then, goodnight Clarke.”

“Wait..” Lexa froze mid step, turning slowly to face the blonde. “Can you stay for a little while? I don't want to be alone.” She asks approaching Lexa, getting too close for comfort but Lexa stayed in her spot.

“Yes, I will stay.” Clarke nodded slowly, her eyes half closed and took Lexa's hand. Pulling her down the hallway. Not releasing her until they are both on the bed, Clarke beneath her blankets once more and on her side facing away from Lexa. The water glass left on the bedside table.

Clarke doesn't speak, she drifts off to sleep once more.

Lexa doesn't sleep, she leans back against the headboard, her eyes half closed but she doesn't sleep. Her knees pulled to her chest, arms wrapped around herself as she listens to Clarke breathe. Listens to the soft movements she makes in her sleep, watches as she turns over and curls into a ball still completely asleep.

The sun rises gently through the window and the golden light casts itself across the two women. The light creating a halo around Clarke's already golden locks. Lexa watches in silent awe as the day grows.

A door slams somewhere in the apartment then voices call out for Clarke but the woman doesn't move, she remains deeply asleep. The yelling eventually ceases and Clarke wakes, wincing in the sunlight with a groan. Glancing at Lexa then looking away then suddenly looking at her again as if she is a dream.
“You didn't leave.”

“No,” the brunette croaks out, standing stiffly beside the bed, “you asked me to stay. So I stayed.”

“I'm sorry, I thought I would stay awake but I just...” She drifts off with a shake of her head. “Every time that nightmare comes, I just can't sleep. I can't ever sleep afterwards actually but with you here, I don't know.”

“What is your nightmare about?” Lexa asks sleepily, sitting herself back on the bed and facing Clarke.

“Its-”

“Clarke! Finn is here and if he breaks something else I'm killing you.” Octavia bursts through the door yelling but pauses at the sight of the two women, “oh, sorry. Didn't know you were here Lexa but please Clarke, deal with your boyfriend.”

The two women glare at Octavia but the brunette seems oblivious.

Clarke glances at Lexa but she is still giving Octavia a death glare. “I'll be right there, just let me change.”

A man suddenly appears behind Octavia, his long brunette hair wild, his brown eyes much the same. He frowns then scowls as he takes in the room and the two women on the bed. “This why you couldn't return my calls? Are you cheating on me Clarke?” He snarls.

“No Finn!”

“Who the hell are you! Why are in you in bed with my girlfriend!” He snaps at Lexa, moving to stand in front of her, towering over her menacingly.

“Leave Lexa alone, she did nothing wrong.” Clarke pushes herself between Finn and Lexa, her
Hands on Finn's chest, pushing him away. “Go Lexa.”

Lexa stood for a moment, not wanting to leave Clarke with the man but when Clarke repeated herself with more force she stepped around them.

“Come Octavia, we need to talk about something.” She muttered tugging on her. The brunette hesitated but followed, closing the door behind her.

Yelling from the bedroom erupts as they step into the living room. Lexa sighed and Octavia shook her head, “this happens a lot, followed by tons of make up sex that no one wants to be around to hear.”

“I don't need to know that Octavia.” Lexa growls, a sudden surge of anger rushing through her.

“Sorry, but were you serious about talking about something.” Lexa fought the urge to face palm, the woman before her seemingly completely oblivious to what she meant.

“No, but you do need to clean up that TV and get rid of it.”

The two women turn sharply at the sound of a door slamming and Finn stomping towards them. He stopped in front of Lexa, his eyes full of rage as he stares her down but Lexa doesn't back away from him. Instead holding his gaze, schooling her features cold and emotionless as she'd done many times before.

“Stay away from Clarke or I'll kill you.” He threatens through clenched teeth, “I love her and she loves me.”

“If you hurt Clarke, I will not hesitate to hurt you.” The venom and power in her voice alone forcing Finn to take a step back, his earlier rage dissipating by the second. Replaced by fear and uncertainty. “I'm leaving, Octavia, I'll be down the hall if you need me.”

Octavia nodded and watched Lexa leave the apartment, silence following her.

Her apartment was already unlocked as she turned the knob, walking inside. She listened as Finn left
Clarke's. She heard the elevator doors close and she closed her door, walking slowly to the couch and dropping herself onto it haphazardly. Much to the displeasure of Anya who sat in the middle with a bowl of cereal and a serious hangover.

“Where the hell you been all morning?” She mutters raising her arms as Lexa draped her legs across her lap tiredly.

“With Clarke.” Anya eyed her suspiciously but shrugged, “not like that, she asked me to stay with her when I checked on her via Raven and Octavia's request.” She left out what Raven had told her, not wanting to say it aloud. As if she would be told if it were real or not, she would not allowed herself to run that risk.

“I saw them at the bar making out, it was weird.” Anya says placing her empty bowl on the coffee table, grabbing the TV remote. “Want to place bets on how long it takes them before they finally admit they're together?”

Her question only answered by a soft snore.

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The sun was low in the sky when Lexa finally woke up, the apartment empty and quiet. A folded white note on the coffee table drawing her attention through her grogginess. With a groan at the stiffness in her neck she sat up, fingers pulling open the note.

Got a call about a dog, be back later. - Anya

She tosses the note back on the coffee table, dragging her hands down her face but stands, stripping last nights clothes from her body as she went. Stepping into the bathroom and running herself a shower, she steps into it before it even has a chance to warm up. The shock of cold water serving its purpose, pulling the remaining need to sleep from her body. Making her more aware and reminding her of that morning with Finn.

I threatened him, she reminds herself. She doesn't remember the last time she felt protective of someone other than Anya. Her work wasn't exactly about being protective, it was do as told or die. Even when she played bodyguard in order to get close to someone to kill them, she never felt this protective.
Lexa shook her head, pulling out the remaining braids in her hair. *Maybe I should avoid Clarke altogether until this feeling is gone.*

She paused a moment under the steadily warming spray. Avoiding the blonde wouldn't do anything for her. She would just have to plow through it. They lived in the same building, how could she even hope to avoid her without having to leave the area entirely.

“I don’t fucking know what to do.” She snarled to herself out loud, letting the water on her face wash the words away.

–

Anya followed the directions on the piece of paper in her hand, she wasn’t sure who had slipped it under the apartment door but she recognized the handwriting. From where, she wasn't sure. She knew she hadn't gone through the same procedure as Lexa but it still irked her that she couldn't recall where she'd seen the handwriting.

She brought the car to a halt across the street from the Boston Police department, she glanced back at the directions in confusion. She had followed the directions exactly but she was still confused. With a sigh she placed her gun under her thigh for safety.

Night fell and still no one showed. Traffic around the station slowed but Anya stayed. With a lock of the car doors she leaned back in her seat, shifting to get comfortable when someone began to cross the street. Their movements catching her attention, they walked with a certain power in their strides. As they approached, Anya could make her out to be a woman. Dressed in an elegant yet professional black and white dress with black heels. Her dark brown hair incredibly short, her simple silver earrings catching light from the street lamps.

The woman approached the car, leaning down to look Anya in the eye as Anya unlocked the car doors. Watching as the woman slipped into the passenger seat silently.

“Drive until I tell you to stop.” She ordered with her hands crossed in her lap over a black purse. Anya took in the sight of the woman through the soft light of the street lamps, she was older but beautiful, the few scars that caught Anya’s eye only adding to her beauty.

“Where.”
“Did I say where? Just drive girl, or I will shoot you.” The woman points a gun at Anya's head, from where it came from Anya has no idea but she drives. “In my day as head of Tri Kru, you would do as told without question but I suspect Echo Black has trained you otherwise.”

“Who are you?”

“The fact that you don't know who I am speaks volumes for your knowledge of your own corporation.”

“We were more focused on the physical and psychological aspects, not so much its history.” The woman beside her scoffs. “So who are you.”

“I am Dr. Indra Hunt, former head of Tri Kru, creator of many of the tools you now use to complete your jobs. Educate yourself child.”

“I am no child Dr. Hunt.”

“You are a child until you are my age.”

“30?”

“Don't even try 12.” Indra pulls the gun away from Anya's head, resting it on her lap. “What do you know of Echo Black?”

Anya gives her a sideways glance and shrugs, “very little actually. She found me in Australia when I was 18.”

“You were military, she pulled you out before you even completed boot camp. She flew you to the training facility and placed you under Luna.” Anya nodded, remembering her old mentor but unsure of how Indra knew this about her.

“How do you know that?”
“Records are kept on everything, as a former head I retain complete access.”

“Of course, but why did you want to meet with me?”

“Pull the car up to the curb and put it in park.” Indra orders, Anya does as told and settles back into her seat. “After I retired from Tri Kru, Echo Black appeared and suddenly took command. She was completely unknown, no records from any of the 12 except for one.” Indra pauses, pulling a flash drive from her purse and tosses it to Anya.

“What’s this?”

“Encrypted files that I assume concern Echo Black and her past, none of my people can hack it. I assume you know someone who can.”

Anya nodded, “I know someone.”

“Good, also, be wary of your partner, I know you know what Echo did but I don’t think you know why.”

“I know why, it was to keep her in the corporation, to make her forget that little deal she made.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Echo called you out of retirement for a ‘random’ girl after a ‘random’ murder. Think about it 12, you aren’t that stupid.” Indra stepped out of the car, disappearing into the night.

Anya waited a moment before pulling out her phone and dialed a number she never thought she’d have to dial again. The phone rang a few times before it was picked up.

“Daisy? Need to talk to you about tree care.”

They agreed to meet up in New York within a week and as Anya hung up she recalled the year in Philadelphia.
She'd known that Daisy was a computer hacker, she was there when the woman got fired from her job because of it. She was the one who got her in touch with Echo Black, explaining the woman's incredible talent and helped get her into Tri Kru. Daisy had gone in willing, only later finding out about Anya and Lexa. Despite the bad blood between herself and Lexa, she'd stayed on.

Anya drove back to the apartment in complete silence, mulling over the information she'd been given and her meeting with Indra. She slowed the car at a red light, tapping her fingers against the steering wheel impatiently waiting on the light change.

–

Lexa sat up when the front door opened and Anya stepped in shrugging off her coat, tossing it on the dining room table. The flash drive in the pocket forgotten for the moment.

“Was starting to get worried about you.” Lexa slumps back into the couch, rolling her eyes at Anya's soft laugh.

“Won’t get rid of me that easily kid, you know that.” Anya kicked off her shoes, wandering into the kitchen, “what do you want for dinner?”

“Food.”

“Well damn, there goes my plans to feed you rocks and sticks.” Lexa hears the fridge open and close then a soft sigh, “seriously, what do you want or I’m getting pizza.”

The door opened as she spoke, Raven and Octavia waltzed in both carrying bottle of tequila. “Sup bitches, who wants tequila.”

“Where the fuck did you get tequila on a Sunday,” she paused at Raven's smirk. “Never mind, don't want to know.”

“Don't even go there Anya, I bought it last week but never got around to it.” Raven nudged Octavia, setting the tequila on the counter.
“Where’s the third musketeer?” Anya asks, retrieving shot glasses from the cabinet above the stove.

“Clarke? Studying, something about a huge test tomorrow.” Octavia answers as she falls over the back of the couch next to Lexa. “Hey Lexmas, I got a question for you.”

“Don’t call me that.” She replies coolly but Octavia just shrugged.

“How come Anya has an accent but you don’t.”

“Oh my god O, you can’t just ask that.” Anya pats Raven on the shoulder with a soft laugh.

“We’re not really sisters, we met years ago and have been friends since.” She answers pouring shots, “last name was coincidental.”

“What’s your last name then?” Octavia asks, her eyes on Raven downing a shot, “and why do you guys say you’re sisters if you’re not.”

“One question at a time Octavia, our name is Woods and honestly, Lexa is the only I’ve ever felt comfortable calling sister.” She whispers the last part, leaning against the counter with a soft smile. “Anyway, I’m getting pizza, who wants what?”

“Supreme!”

“Meat lovers!” Raven clamps her hand over Octavia’s mouth, “meat lovers!” She repeats, eyes hopeful.

“Lex? What do you want, I’ll just get one of each.”

“Whatever you’re getting.”

“I’m getting cheese.” Anya grabs her coat, pulling it on and grabbing her keys from the bowl by the door.
“Cheese then.” Her eyes never leaving the TV as she scrolled through the channels, the door to the apartment closes and Raven yelps.

“What the fuck O! Why did you lick me!” She wipes her hand on her jeans with a grimace.

“Oh whatever you like it when I lick you.” She whispers loud enough for Lexa to hear, pulling Raven closer to her. Raven glances at Lexa then back to Octavia with a smirk. Closing the distance between herself and the brunette, whispering in her ear.

“Please don't fuck her on my couch.” Lexa grumbled, settling on a TV show about post apocalyptic earth.

“We're just friends! Why does everyone think we're together!?” Octavia rushes out scrambling away from Raven.

“Friends with benefits then?”

“Just friends!” The two women shout in unison.

Anya sat in the car, flipping the flash drive over and over between her fingers. Everything Indra had told her earlier stuck in her head on loop. She knew it had all been a little too random to be real, that girl being murdered in a coffee shop. Her being told exactly where to find Lexa, the time almost on point.

There was absolutely no way that Echo could have known about a 'random' murder in a 'random' coffee shop in the middle of Boston, Massachusetts from her little private island off the coast of Hawaii. Absolutely no way unless it was one of her own assassins, that much was clear to Anya but why had her stumped.

Anya dropped the flash drive in the cup holder and drove the car away from the curb. Deciding to ignore it all for now until she knew exactly what Echo was.
The streets of Boston that night were nearly empty as Anya drove to Murphy's pizza. She'd driven by it earlier in the day and remembered the location.

The sigh that read Murphy's Pizza had a little wooden boat on it, surrounded by water and little people inside. It was an odd sign but it still made her smile when she walked into the warm building. She approached the counter, face to face with a young man who looked bored.

“Welcome to Murphy's, what can I get you.” He sounded annoyed, then even more annoyed after listening to Anya's order. “It'll be awhile.”

Anya nodded, taking a seat at a table near the window and watched the young man. His brown hair slicked back and his dark blue eyes narrowed as he worked alongside a tan woman with long dark brown hair.

—

“So Lexus, did you get weird with Clarke after what I said or not because Octavia said you were still in their apartment this morning looking half dead and in Clarke's bed.” Raven's speech slurring as she leaned in closer to Lexa.

“Stop giving me weird nicknames,” she leaned away from the drunk brunette. “Octavia, get your girlfriend.”

“We're not dating Lexnus.” Raven poked at Lexa, cutting off Octavia when the woman opened her mouth to reply.

“Stop with the nicknames.” She pauses, “Ravenioli.” Raven blinked in surprise at Lexa as Octavia roared in laughter.

“Nice Lexaroo.” Raven pats Lexa on the head drunkenly.

“Why couldn't Clarke be here to play buffer.” She muttered under her breath.
“What was that Lexaronni.” Raven continued to pat her.

“How many shots you have had already!”

“Bout... six? I lost count already.”

Lexa pushed Raven away from her and stood, sidestepping away from Raven as the woman attempted to wrap her arms around Lexa, “come back lil L!”

“I'm not little! And I'm leaving!” She shouts stomping through the front door barefoot and down the hall towards Clarke's apartment. She beat on the dark wooden door, listening as Clarke shouted before the door opened.

“Wha- Lexa, what are you doing here.”

“Your friend is kinda drunk in my apartment and she is calling me multiple stupid nicknames. Anya isn't there! She left me for pizza and she isn't back yet.” She explained hurriedly.

“Which friend is kinda drunk, Raven or Octavia.”

“Raven.”

“Oh man, okay, come in, but be warned, those nicknames won't stop even after shes sobered up.” Lexa sighed in relief, following Clarke into the apartment. “I won't be much entertainment though, got a test tomorrow, kind of studying.” Lexa watched the blonde take a seat at the wood dining room table, a mess of paper and books spread out before her.

“Don't worry, I won't disturb you.” Lexa sat on the tan wrap around leather couch, her gaze falling on the now clean floor in front of the TV but the TV still very broken. The remote no longer stuck in the shattered glass.

The two women sat in silence, the only sound coming from Clarke's pencil scratching against paper and a soft hum from an unknown source.
“Lexa.”

“Yes Clarke?” Clarke stands, making her way to the couch and dropping herself next to Lexa.

“What did Finn say to you?”

“He threatened to kill me, told me he loved you and you loved him.” She answered truthfully.

“I'm sorry,” she whispers pulling her knees to her chest and wrapping her arms around herself. “It wasn't right of him.” She didn't deny the love, Lexa tells herself swallowing thickly.

“If he hurts you, I will hurt him.” Clarke knew Lexa was serious, the tone of her voice not one of a joking matter.

“Thank you.”

The young man handed over four boxes of pizza, “must be some kinda party.” He commented as Anya paid.

“Just four women and tons of tequila, maybe five if the pretty blonde joins us.” She says over her shoulder with the pizzas in hand.

With the pizzas in the passenger seat, Anya headed back to the apartment. Taking her time, the radio playing The Funeral by Band of Horses. Her voice softly joining in as she drove, her fingers tapping against the steering wheel to the beat.

She slowed the car at a red light, the song still playing as she waited for the light to change when a hooded figure walked out in front of the car. The figure raised their arm, brandishing a gun then fired several rounds into the car. Shattering the windshield and hitting Anya in the shoulder before walking to the driver's side window, reloading the gun.
Gasping in pain, she pressed her hand into her shoulder. Screams of fear erupting around her as she sped away from the shooter. Several more shots rang out, shattering the back window. A second bullet grazing her neck, she jerked hard at the pain but stayed conscious.

Gritting her teeth, speeding through several red lights. Blood seeped through her fingers, vision blurring as she panted. Fighting the pain in her shoulder and neck.

*Please don't let me die, please don't let me die,* she chanted over and over in her head as her vision went black. She passed out as the car she drove hit the tail end of a truck in the middle of an intersection.

Chapter End Notes

Oh no!

Feel free to come and yell at me on tumblr at ChooChooDuckChu if you feel the need to.
"I really need to get a new TV, don't I?"

"Yes Clarke, you really do." Clarke groaned, dragging her hands down her face. "I hope your friends aren't ruining my couch with their bodily fluids." Lexa muttered, watching Clarke.

"Wouldn't put it past them." Clarke laid back against the back of the couch, leaning slightly into Lexa.

The brunette swallowed hard, the blonde was barely touching her but it was enough to bother her. Not bother her in a bad way, but bother her that she couldn't pull the blonde fully into her. To wrap her arms around her, to feel her completely without abandon.

"You're staring Lexa, is there something wrong with me?" Clarke asks looking Lexa in the eye, her hand dropping to the brunette's knee.

"Far from it actually." She murmurs, her attention completely consumed by the heat and feel of the soft hand on her skin.

"Did you want to go and check on my friends? Make sure they aren't ruining your couch with their bodily fluids?" Clarke asks, backing away from Lexa. Her hand falling away much to Lexa's dismay.

Lexa nodded, unable to trust her own voice in that moment and stood abruptly away from Clarke. Catching a glimpse of something in the blonde's eye when she stood beside her. Lexa hurried ahead of Clarke, opening and holding the door open for her to pass through.

"I'm capable of opening my own doors Lexa, but thank you." Clarke says with a soft laugh.

"Just being nice." Clarke smiles as she watches Lexa close the door behind them.
They approached the door to Lexa's own apartment but Lexa paused, straining to hear anything coming from inside before opening the door. Relief flooding through her when she didn't see clothes strewn across the floor. Instead finding the two women on her couch together asleep, Octavia on her stomach between Raven's legs. The top part of her body wrapped in Raven's arms.

“Oh man, I gotta get a picture of this.” Clarke whispered at Lexa's side, pulling a phone from her pocket and rounding the couch. Lexa watched as the blonde took several pictures from different angles, marveling at the brilliant smile on the blonde's face. Potential blackmail seemed to excite the blonde. “They're totally dating.”

“Would it make you happy if they were?” Lexa leaned forward over the back of the couch, looking down at the two women. Part of her jealous at how comfortable they were together.

“Yes, I love them, I want them to be happy.” Lexa felt that there was more to it but she said nothing, instead watching the blonde pocket her phone and sit on the coffee table.

“You should go back to studying Clarke, education is important.”

“Did you ever go to university? College? Something besides high school?” Clarke questions, standing and moving around the couch, stopping beside Lexa.

Lexa stood for a moment, trying to remember but she came up blank. “No, I went straight to work after high school.”

“Maybe you should since you seem to think its so important.” Clarke teases with a smile as she makes her way to the door, “just saying.” She pulls the door open but freezes.

The woman on the other side brushes past her, striding towards Lexa. “You, we have to go.”

“Where?” Lexa recognizes her, she knows its Dr. Indra Hunt, former head of Tri Kru. She'd seen pictures of the woman in history books at the training facility.

“Lexa? Do you know her?” Clarke questions from her spot by the wall next to the open door.
“Old friend of Anya and I.” Lexa lies smoothly, the blonde nods and Lexa feels relieved that she believes her.

Lexa looks at Indra, eyes narrowed. “What's wrong Dr. Hunt.”

“Its Anya, shes been in an accident.” The woman watches her through dark brown eyes, waiting for her reaction, reading her. Lexa simply nods at her, fighting against the wave of fear that threatens to take over completely.

“Lets go then.” She murmurs, grabbing a pair of Anya's shoes she'd left by the door and a black jacket off a hook by the door. She hurries past Clarke but the blonde reaches out, grabbing her arm and pulling her into a hug. For a moment she melts, forgetting the fear but only for a moment because when Clarke pulls away. It all comes flooding back, even with the blonde’s reassuring look in her eye.

“Go.”

–

Lexa knew to say nothing until the two of them were completely alone, but when she was seated beside Indra in the woman's black Mercedes, she still said nothing. She silently hoped Indra herself would speak up but when the woman drove in complete silence to Skaikru Hospital, she knew that wasn't going to happen.

It wasn't until they were sitting in the parking lot that the woman decided to speak. “20.”

“1.” Lexa stared at the woman, begging with her eyes for her to tell her that Anya was okay and not dead in the hospital.

“I don't know what happened, all I got was a call from one of yours working tonight that 12 had come in after a car accident.” Indra muttered in annoyance and stepped out of the car, Lexa following her.

“Not dead?”
“Far as I know, they were taking her into surgery.” Indra glanced at Lexa, she was wary of the young woman but also proud. She was strong, she was keeping herself together well enough. *Perhaps Echo was right in bringing her in through unconventional tactics,* she thought to herself.

Lexa approached the desk in the ER, fighting the tremble in her hands caused by fear of what could be. “I'm looking for information on someone that was brought in, Anya Woods, brought in after a car accident.”

“Oh, it was more than a car accident miss.” Someone answered from behind her, she turned abruptly. Taking in the sight of the tall, bald man. He was handsome, even Lexa could admit to that. He flashed her a bright smile. “Dr. Lincoln Hunt at your services.”

“Hunt?”

“He is my son Lexa.” Indra spoke up from beside him, taking the file from Lincoln's hands. Lexa looked at her in confusion, “yes I have a son, is that a problem?”

“No, just,” she paused, looking between the two. They looked similar in many ways yes, mannerisms also possibly, but there was a distinct difference. “Hes nicer,” and prettier, Lexa added quietly.

“Takes after his father more than me.” The woman grumbled, her eyes narrowing as she looked through the file. “She was shot?”

“Shoulder, clean through, neck grazed, few cracked ribs from her hitting another vehicle, she'll be fine.” He took the folder back from her, “you aren't even supposed to look at it, you don't work here.”

“Lincoln Abraham Hunt, I raised you not to snatch.” Indra huffed but Lincoln just smiled at her, turning his attention back to Lexa.

“Dr. Griffin took care of the surgery, shes one of the best we have.”

“Griffin?” Lincoln nodded at her, “she have a daughter?”
“Yea, Clarke Griffin, blonde, blue eyes, annoying boyfriend, you know her?” Lexa smiled, at least she wasn't the only one who didn't like Finn much.

She nodded as Lincoln turned away from her, she followed his gaze to an older woman with chestnut colored hair pulled back into a messy knot. “Dr. Griffin!”

“Hunt! Senior and junior,” Indra rolled her eyes but Lincoln laughed. “Relax Indra, you don't look a day over 40.”

“Just show me where I can find Anya Woods.” Indra growled, placing a hand on Lexa's shoulder, “this is her sister.”

“Of course, she's in recovery, I'll take you there myself.” Dr. Griffin took the file from Lincoln and motioned for them to follow her. The woman led them through the hospital until finally she stopped, nodded curtly and left.

Indra moved first, pulling back a curtain and revealing Anya asleep in a hospital bed. Her face covered numerous scratches, mainly from the accident but the rest of her Lexa couldn't see due to the sheet covering her.

“Do you think it was random?” Lexa asked, her hands on the bed as she stared down at Anya.

“No, but I don't know who would want to kill her.” Lexa looked up at Indra as she spoke, watching for some sort of sign that she was lying or not. “We will have to wait until she wakes up.”

Lexa left the hospital not long after seeing Anya laying broken in that hospital bed, her heart breaking and rage filling her. She knew exactly where it had happened, she'd seen it on a TV in the ER. She'd walked fast, almost running, looking for the man. Part of her telling her that there was no way he'd have stayed in the area but she ignored it. Believing he would.

She walked down a dark alleyway, hands in her pockets, hood up on her jacket. Full of rage until she spotted a man leaning against the brick wall a few feet from her.
He didn't seem to notice her as he took another drag of his cigarette, the gun still in his other hand.

“I knew someone would come for me.” He muttered around the butt of his cigarette, he dropped it carelessly onto the concrete and turned to face Lexa. “You want to die too little girl?”

Lexa ignored him, raising her hands. “Just came to talk.”

“About? Nothing to talk about, unless you mean that girl I killed 5 years ago.” He smirked, waving the gun around in his hand. “Same gun, different person.”

Lexa clenched her jaw, she didn't know what he was talking but she felt as though she should. She shifted slightly, feeling the knife in her right sleeve move as she did.

“Oh no, I know what you've got up your sleeve there. Don't even think about it little girl.” He approached her, grabbing her arm and shaking the knife free, she hissed in pain as it cut her before hitting the ground with a clatter loud enough to distract the man.

Lexa moved as he looked down, disarming him and pointing the gun at him. He jerked back, his hands up, a flicker of fear in his eye before he charged at her with a roar. She pulled the trigger and as if in slow motion, watched his body drop to the concrete. Blood dribbling from the bullet wound between his eyes, the exit wound large at the back of his head.

Lexa sighed, squatting down beside the body, wiping her prints off the gun and placing it back in his hand. She then picked up her knife, and with a final glance around her she walked off, hood of her jacket still up, hands back in her pockets. Walking fast when she heard the police sirens behind her, she stopped and watched as two officers rushed down the alleyway instead of after her.

She turned away from them, continuing on her journey down the sidewalk, wincing at the pain radiating from her hand. The feeling of blood running down her hand made her stop on the sidewalk and hail a cab. The address she gave the driver taking her to her apartment building and Clarke.

She pressed the sleeve of her jacket into the cut trying to stop the blood flow when the cab pulled up outside of her apartment. She paid the driver and hurried inside the building, ignoring the man at the desk. She skipped the elevator, taking the stairs two at a time until she was on her floor.

The blood seeped through the thin material of the jacket, a drop of blood hitting her jeans as she
knocked on Clarke's door. Listening for the blonde intently, knocking a second time when the blonde didn't come to the door. Lexa tried the door, worry shot through her when the door wasn't locked.

“Clarke? Are you here?” She called out closing and locking the door behind her. Lights were on in the apartment but the living room was empty, a pair of shoes by the door the only clue to whether or not someone was there. Lexa pulled off her jacket, examining her blood soaked hand. The cut was deep, very deep and very painful.

“Lexa!” Her head snapped up at her name, taking in the sight of the blonde with dripping hair and nothing but a sky blue towel around her body. “Did I leave the door unlocked?”

Lexa nodded, unable to trust her voice. She swallowed thickly, licking her lips, unable to take her eyes off of her when the blonde turned from her. Padding quietly down the hall and into her room.

*Get a grip! You've seen women in towels before!* She told herself, blinking several times. Trying to wipe the image from her brain but failing. *Yet none as beautiful as Clarke*, she reminded herself.

“Can't believe I forgot to lock the door, lucky for me it was just you who came in.” The blonde yelled across the apartment from her open bedroom.

Lexa denied her luck inwardly, in any other world she'd be the worst person to come through that door. Nobody wants a highly trained killer walking through their door.

“You okay Lexa?” Clarke asks, pulling her from her thoughts. Taking in the view of the woman before her, her hair damp and down. Dressed in a white tank top and soft shorts. “You're bleeding!”

“Yea, got attacked when I was walking home.” Her answer as close to the truth as she dares to get. She holds her hand up close to her chest.

“Lexa! Its almost 2 am! You can't be walking home alone this late!” Clarke took her arm, her soft hands sending shock waves through Lexa as the blonde examined her hand. “Its deep, no wonder you're still bleeding, you'll need stitches.”

“Can you do it here?” Lexa asks, taking a seat at the now clean dining room table, a huge difference from earlier.
“Yea, but I'm not that good at it yet.” Clarke pulls out a first aid kid from beneath a kitchen counter, making her way to Lexa.

“I trust you.”

Clarke smiled warmly at her words. “Okay.”

Lexa swallowed thickly as she watched Clarke clean the cut, fighting against the pain when she dabbed at it.

“Raven and Octavia are still asleep at your apartment I think, but I locked your door with what I assume to have been your keys before leaving them.” She gestured to the set of keys on the kitchen counter.

“Thank you.” Lexa studied Clarke, watching as the woman crinkled her nose in concentration. The biting of her lip, her hair falling over her shoulder as she leaned over closer to Lexa's hand. “Thank you for this as well.”

“Oh course, I mean, it is practice for me anyway.” The blonde chuckles softly, grabbing her tools to begin stitching up Lexa's hand. “Ready? It'll hurt.”

“Yes, do it doc.” Clarke stares at her but smiles. “Doc in training then?”

“Better,” Lexa yelps at the sudden pain in her hand, Clarke only giving her an apologetic look. “You're lucky it isn't that long of a cut, otherwise we'd be here for quite a bit.”

Lexa nods, taking a deep breath so as to not make a sound again and not distract Clarke. She feels her skin get pricked again and she fights to remain stoic. “I know you're putting on the badass facade Lexa, its okay to say it hurts. I won't judge you.”

“It doesn't, you just surprised me when you started.” She lied through clenched teeth.
“Liar, I know it hurts, my mom had to sew up my leg when I was younger. Tried jumping over a chain linked fence and got caught on a piece of jagged wire.”

“Wow,” Lexa says quietly but Clarke shrugs it off.

“Needless to say, I don't do much fence jumping anymore.” She jokes, glancing at Lexa with a smile. “You know, I had to do this for Octavia once. Cut herself cooking, she whined the whole time. Saying I was hurting her on purpose.”

“It doesn't hurt that bad honestly.”

“If you say so miss badass.” Clarke pulled back, looking at her handy work. “Done, go easy with the hand though.”

“You're well on your way to being Dr. Griffin.” Lexa said quietly as Clarke stood, walking back into the kitchen and washing her hands.

“I'd honestly rather be an artist.” She points to the paintings on the wall with a soapy finger. “Those are mine.”

Lexa followed her finger, recalling the first time she'd come into the apartment. “They're yours?”

“Yes, I know they aren't great but it makes me happy.”

“Far from it actually, they are amazing.” Lexa murmured standing and getting close to the paintings for a closer look. *As amazing as you are,* she adds silently.

“Yea well, you're probably the only one who thinks so. You, Raven and Octavia anyway, mom thinks its a waste of time.” Clarke says suddenly at Lexa's side, drying her hands on a kitchen towel.

“Your mother must not take a lot of time to look at them, besides, you should be doing what makes you happy. Not what makes your mother happy.”
“You're right, but maybe one day.” She murmurs sadly, “for the moment though, I need to sleep. I have a 9 am test tomorrow.”

“It wasn't until morning that Anya finally woke with a soft groan, followed by a string of curses. She was alone in the room, she moved groggily, ignoring the pain that seemed to be everywhere all over

“Sorry to keep you up.”

“Worth it if you kept you from getting an infection in your hand, you can stay here if you want.” She pauses to toss the towel on the kitchen counter, “or go back to your own bed.”

“I can sleep on your couch.”

“If you stay here, you're not sleeping on the couch.” Clarke takes her by the hand, pulling her down the hallway and into her bedroom. “You'll sleep here, with me.”

“I-” She begins but gets cut off by Clarke.

“Unless you're not comfortable doing that, then you can totally sleep in Octavia's bed.” The blonde rushes out.

“I was going to say, I don't mind sleeping on the couch but if you insist then okay.” Clarke stares at her dumbfounded, “what?”

“Didn't think you'd say yes.”

“Its not everyday a pretty blonde asks you to sleep in their bed with them.” Lexa states sitting on the bed.

Clarke blushes looking away from Lexa, and gets into the bed. Lexa kicks off her shoes before following suit, turned away from the blonde.
She looked up when the door to her room opened and Indra strode in, dressed in a black pantsuit with a white blouse underneath.

“Someone tried to kill me Dr. Hunt, some bastard with a hood over his head.”

“No face?” Indra put her hands on Anya, pushing her back into the bed when she tried to get up. “Stay,” she ordered.

“No, nothing, but his gun.” She hissed in pain when she settled back into her bed as ordered, “police issued.”

“Stop moving, you have cracked ribs along with your gun shot wounds.” Indra ordered as an older woman with chestnut hair entered the room followed by a police officer. His dark hair slicked back, his brown eyes alert as he took in the room and Anya.

“Dr. Hunt, Ms. Woods, this is officer Blake.” The woman rounded the bed, pulling back the sheets on Anya, looking her over. “And I am Dr. Griffin, I did your surgery.”

“Ms. Woods, I'm here to talk to you about the man who shot you,” officer Blake began.

“Indra, where is Lexa?” Anya asked, ignoring officer Blake and pushing away at Dr. Griffin.

“I don’t know, let Griffin check you or I'll do it.” She threatened, Anya pushed away at Dr. Griffin once more.

“Find Lexa, make sure she’s safe then I'll let you guys do whatever you want to me.”

“Okay, I'll find her, now let Dr. Griffin check your wound.” Indra hurriedly left the room and Dr. Griffin sighed.

“Push me away again and I'll call nurses to hold you down.” Dr. Griffin threatened, moving once
more to check the woman.

“Ms. Woods? About the man.” Officer Blake pressed, moving closer to her.

“What about him? I didn't see his face, he walked in front of my car and fired several rounds into the vehicle then he reloaded. Came to the driver's side and prepared to fire several more rounds but I sped away. What more do you want from me.” She snarled.

“We know what happened, surveillance footage captured the whole ordeal, but he's dead, found in an alleyway with a gun shot to the head.” He stated, looking at her intently.

“Bastard took the easy way out, lucky him or I would've shot him myself.” She paused, “are you sure it was him?”

“Yes, we have a clear shot of him on the footage proving it was him.” Anya nodded curtly, turning her attention to Dr. Griffin when the woman hung up a bag and attached it to her IV.

“What's that doc?”

“Something for the pain, I'm sure you're in plenty of pain right now.” She explained pulling the sheet back up around Anya. “You'll feel it in a second.” She murmured, pulling Anya's files from the end of her bed.

“You're pretty doc.” Anya slurred, a goofy smile spreading across her face as she leaned back into her pillows.

“And there it is.” She dumped the files back into the holder at the foot of her bed, “I'll be back later to check on you.” She patted Anya's leg before walking out, the police officer behind her.

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Usually when Lexa slept, she dreamed of that girl. The girl with the long black hair and coffee eyes. She would dream of her smile, of her voice, of her love but that night she didn't. She woke from a dreamless sleep, to a warm body pressed into her back and arms wrapped tight around her middle.
Fingers splayed across her exposed skin where her shirt had ridden up.

It was peaceful but only for a moment.

Suddenly a fog horn alarm blared through the room, pulling Lexa abruptly away from her short lived comfort. Coming to the realization that it was Clarke who was currently spooning her, and worse yet, Lexa was the little one. She didn't want to admit that she liked it or have anyone else see her in that position.

She turned in the blonde's arms, sitting up and leaning over her, looking for the source of the alarm. Beneath her, Clarke muttered incoherently in protest at the sound. Lexa scowled at the source of the sound being a phone on Clarke's bedside table. She hurriedly clambered over Clarke and shut it off.

“Oh god, what time is it and what the hell is on me.” Clarke coughed, her eyes still closed.

“That would be me Clarke, and its 7.”

“You're cute but get off, I'm not awake enough to take advantage of this situation.” She muttered shoving Lexa off of her with a grunt.

“You're the one who wouldn't wake up to turn off that awful alarm.” Lexa argued.

“And you're the one who was too comfortable for me to get off of.” Clarke sat up, her eyes half opened. “Did I say that out loud?”

“Yea, I'm sure your boyfriend would be pleased by this turn of events.” Lexa growled sarcastically as she got out of the bed.

“Are you making coffee? Please say you're making coffee, Octavia never makes coffee and it makes me want to shoot her.”

Lexa sighed opening the bedroom door, looking back at the blonde as she laid back down on the bed. Exactly in the spot that Lexa had vacated. “Yes, I'll make coffee.”
She smiled at the muffed 'woohoo' that came from Clarke.

Lexa padded quietly through the cold apartment, it was empty. She assumed Raven and Octavia were still in her apartment.

She made the coffee as quietly as possible, pressing the on button and walking across the living room, stopping in front of the open windows behind the still broken TV. The view was clear, crisp and beautiful. The sky painted in shades of red, yellows and oranges as the sun rose.

“Best view right here.” Lexa turned slowly, finding the blonde behind the couch with a blanket wrapped around her.

“Yea, it is.” She replied, not looking away from Clarke. She watched as the blonde opened her mouth to reply but she seemed to decide against it. “Coffee is almost ready though, take a seat.”

“I can get it.”

“No, let me, you fixed me up last night when you didn't have to.” Lexa pointed to the couch, “sit.”

“Okay commander.” She dropped herself onto the couch as ordered, her legs tucked beneath her, blanket pulled up over her head.

“Don't call me commander, how do you take your coffee.”

“Cream and sugar, and I won’t call you commander if you don't call me doc.”

Clarke smiled at Lexa when she came around the couch, two coffee cups in hand. She offered a cup to Clarke, taking a seat next to her, “deal.”

She took it with a grateful smile, sipping at it slowly and humming in pleasure, “perfect.”
Lexa gripped her cup tighter at the sound Clarke had made.

“I broke up with Finn.”

Silence.

Lexa's heart skipped a beat, her eyes widening at Clarke's words. “I.. I'm sorry, are you okay?”

“Yes, I'm good, great actually.” The blonde smiled happily, sipping more at her coffee. “We should go to your apartment, check on thing one and two.”

“I agree, I should probably go to the hospital too.” Lexa trails off, looking down into her half full cup.

“Lexa?” Clarke scooted closer to her, placing her coffee cup on the coffee table. Taking Lexa's hand and squeezing. “Lexa, I'm sure she's okay.”

“I know, she's fallen from a three story building before and walked away..” Lexa shook her head, “It's just.. I wasn't with her this time, and I could have lost her, I can't lose her.”

She's the only family I've got.

“You should go and see her, she's probably wanting you right now.” Clarke reached out slowly, pulling the coffee cup from Lexa's fingers. “Go, I'll be okay. I have to get ready soon anyway, then when I'm finished, I'll come to the hospital.”

“Okay.”

—

Boston was cold but Lexa felt warm, she'd changed into her own clothes with one of Clarke's jackets. Thicker than her own, a deep blue and it smelled of everything that was Clarke, she felt safe but it only served to remind herself of what she'd told herself before.
She couldn't be falling for someone that she'd have to leave the second she received the order to do so. She couldn't fall for someone who would turn tail the second she learned what Lexa really was if she managed to stay for longer than a year. She couldn't subject another innocent person to that pain, she couldn't subject herself to it again. She recalled Daisy once more, she knew she didn't love her but it had hurt all the same.

Clarke did not deserve such treatment.

No one did.

Lexa sighed, the hospital elevator doors opening before her. The nurse had told her they'd moved Anya to a lesser populated floor due to the woman disturbing other patients. It sounded like something she'd do, she absolutely loathed hospitals. No one blamed her, people died in hospitals.

Lexa pushed open the white door and stepped into the hospital room, it was quiet. Anya silent on her bed, black reading glasses on and a book in her hand. She looked up quickly when Lexa walked in, giving her a death glare with a scowl.

"Where the fuck have you been! Indra is running all over this damn city looking for your ass and honestly, I don't mind one bit because she won't leave me alone about the damn shooter."

"You know why I wasn't here." Anya shook her head, putting the book down and pulling off her glasses.

"You can't just disappear like that Lexa, I know you hate seeing the people you care about hurt but you can't just disappear." She paused, running a hand through her hair. "I needed you." She whispered.

"Sorry."

"Shut up, I didn't know if the guy went looking for you too! I know it was an assassin, but whose I don't know."

"I was safe." Lexa murmured softly.
“Hes dead.” Lexa stood beside the bed, taking the book from Anya's lap.

“How.”

“Suicide maybe.” Anya took her book back, sliding her glasses back into place and opened the book back up.

“Doubt it was suicide.”

“Someone sent him.”

“Who do you think did it?”

“Not sure, could be anyone within Tri Kru or even one of the other 11.”

“What reason would anyone even have?”

“Can you call Indra and tell her to come back before she gives herself a heart attack running all over the city.” Anya asks changing the subject and gesturing to a cellphone lying on a tray by the bed.

“You do it, she scares me.”

“She scares me too and she'd kill me if I did it! It'll be easy for her since I'm already in a hospital bed!”

“Both of you, silence, I'm already here.” Indra growled walking into the room, she looked tired and irritated. “So the shooter is dead.”

Lexa and Anya nod in unison.
“It was ruled suicide but in truth it was no suicide.”

“How would you know?” Anya asked, watching Indra over the top of her book.

“I am Dr. Indra Hunt, the chief medical examiner for the Boston police department, it is my job to know.”

“This city is crawling with our own isn’t it.” Lexa asked quietly, eyes on the door.

Indra simply nodded, “very much so.”

The door to the room opened and Dr. Griffin strode in, “good morning everyone.”

“Well if it isn't Griffy.” Anya eyed the doctor with a smirk.

Dr. Griffin pursed her lips and ignored the nickname, rounding the bed. “Are you in any pain right now Ms. Woods?”

“A bit honestly.” Anya pointed to her shoulder and Dr. Griffin nodded in understanding.

“To be expected, what about the rest of your body? You hit a truck going 50 and managed to get carted away with cracked ribs, you're some kinda lucky but soreness is to be expected.”

“I've got nine lives doc, well.. eight now.”

“Seven, remember when you fell off that three story building and walked away with barely a scratch?” Lexa piped up with a faint frown.

“Right, seven” Anya agrees with a nod.

“Well, either way, do you want something for the pain?” Dr. Griffin asked, her hand on Anya's leg.
“Yep, shoot me up doc.”

“I'll have a nurse bring it in a moment, I have other patients to see.” With that Dr. Griffin left the room, leaving the three women alone.

“Lexa, how about you step out into the hallway, Indra and I need to talk about something.”

“But Anya-”

“Go.” Anya glared at her. Lexa nodded and left the room.

“Now, lets talk before that nurse comes in.” Anya began, receiving a cocked eyebrow from Indra.

“You think the same as I do.”

“Of course I do, within hours of you giving me that flash drive someone tries to assassinate me.”

“Echo Black.”

“Who else would it be? It was information on her.”

Indra nodded in agreement, “what do you suppose we do? Hide you? Stick around? It is your choice 12.”

“I'll stay, I promised Lexa we wouldn't leave again and I intend to keep that promise.”

Indra nodded and stood, “the flash drive is gone.”

“I figured as much, probably lost in the wreckage or taken as evidence.”
“If it appears somewhere, I'll know, there isn't anything I can't get my hands into in this city.” Indra stepped up to the bed, taking Anya's hand and giving it a slight squeeze. “Glad you didn't die, take care of yourself and be careful.”

“I always do.”

Chapter End Notes

I would never kill off Anya!
Lexa stood alone in the hospital hallway, listening to the hushed voices from inside Anya’s room. She could only make out bits and pieces of what they were saying, but one thing stood out from the rest of the soft chatter.

Echo Black.

Lexa chewed her bottom lip in thought, why would they discuss Echo Black? Did they suspect she was behind the assassination attempt? Echo had no reason to even attempt something like that on Anya, she never failed in her hits, she was still young.

*Unless.. No, they wouldn't attempt to stage a coup, would they?* Lexa shook her head, she knew it was ridiculous of her to even think it.

“Lexa, you can go in now.” Indra spoke, tearing Lexa from her thoughts, she nodded swiftly and entered the room.

Anya sat laid back against her pillows, the hospital TV remote in her hand. She flipped through the channels silently, the light from the screen flickering against her reading glasses. Her book left forgotten at her side on the bed.

“You don’t need your glasses to watch TV Anya.”

“I need them to read channel numbers, this hospital makes enough money but yet it can't afford decent TVs and a decent service.” She grumbles in annoyance. She flips through several more channels before tossing the remote aside with a huff. “Basic cable is bullshit.”

“You'll survive without a thousand channels for a week or so.”

“There is only one cooking channel Lexa! ONE! Can you believe that!”

“Oh no.” Lexa replied sarcastically, taking a seat beside the bed.
“They do have TCM though, I love me some TCM.” Anya grinned happily, picking the remote back up and flipping to the channel.

“I'm going to leave if you're going to watch movies before even Indra was born.” Lexa got to her feet, shoving her hands in Clarke’s jacket pockets.

“No you aren't! You weren't here when I woke up! You had me worried sick so the least you could do is watch movies with me while I'm stuck here!” Anya looked her up and down, pulling off the glasses. “Whose jacket is that? I don't recognize it.”

“Clarke's, she let me borrow it.”

“Come here.” Anya gripped Lexa's arm, pulling her hand from her pocket as she stumbled closer. Catching a glimpse of the stitches in her hand. “What the hell happened to you.”

“Nothing.” Lexa muttered pulling her arm free from Anya's grasp.

“Bullshit nothing, you have stitches in your hand. What the fuck happened Lex, who hurt you.”

“No one.”

“If I have to get out of this bed and beat someones ass, by god I will.” She snarled sitting up wincing.

“I cut myself on my knife is all okay.” Lexa lied looking Anya directly in the eye.

“Fine Lexa, don't tell me but I hope the fucker got what they deserved.” She turned her attention back to the TV, “Clarke patched you up?”

“Yea.”

“You two are getting close then?” Anya smirked at her knowingly.
“I don't know.” Lexa muttered, ducking into the collar of the jacket.

“What the hell do you mean you don't know.”

“I don't want to get close to anyone if we're just going to leave in a year, no one deserves that kind of pain.”

“We're not going anywhere Lexa, we're staying, I promised you that.”

“Lo-” She paused when the door to the room opened, the woman in the doorway stood for a moment. A apologetic smile on her lips as she approached Anya’s bed.

“My apologies ladies, Dr. Griffin asked me to do this earlier but we're a bit swamped right now.” She explained tucking her short wavy brunette hair behind her ear.

“Its fine, my sister was kind enough to entertain me. Helped me forget about the pain for a moment.” Anya explained, glancing at Lexa.

“That's good, always helps the healing process when you're surrounded by loved ones.” She flashed a bright smile, her steel gray eyes flicking between Lexa and Anya as she administered the pain medication. “There, you two have a nice day now.”

“Thank you nurse.” Lexa watched the woman leave the room, then looked back to Anya who had sunk into her pillows with a goofy grin. “Anya? How high are you right now?”

“Lexa.. Its like.. Its like Frank Sinatra is speaking directly to my soul right now.” She slurred with a soft laugh, pointing at the TV screen.

Lexa sighed, dragging a hand down her face. “This is going to be a long day.”
Clarke Griffin is a 24 year old pre med student at Polis University, she worked part time as a receptionist for a car dealership. She'd been relatively lucky with the layout of her day, she could walk from class to work, then work to home. Her mornings consisting of a short cab ride to class, sometimes she would take the 30 minute walk or run, depending on if she woke up with her alarm.

Clarke remained relatively self sufficient, she never missed a payment on anything. Her mother paying for her education left little for Clarke to worry about on that end. She only had one worry and that was her own happiness.

She knew she should be happy, her apartment and bills were all paid for, she had a decent job, she went to one of the top university in the state. She'd just broken up with the man she'd fallen out of love with months ago, she was free but she wasn't happy. She wasn't sure at what point it had all started going down hill but if she had to try and pin point it. She figured it was that night five years ago.

The night she watched a girl die in a coffee shop.

She'd been 19, taking a year for herself after high school before starting at Polis University. It had been a quiet night, close to closing. A grand total of four people scattered around, two women and two men. Clarke remembered that night so vividly, she dreamed of it often, a nightmare that played on repeat.

The man who had walked in and shot the girl like it was nothing wasn't what kept the memory fresh. No, it was the scream that filled the air as the girl died. The scream that came from the other girl with her that night, the one with brunette curls and eyes so insanely beautiful she thought her to be a model of some sort. Her scream so full of everything that could be described as pain.

That scream haunted Clarke.

The girl that died was so obviously important to her. Important enough for that hard exterior she'd shown to Clarke that night to shatter in a single moment. The same hard exterior that Clarke saw in Lexa but so much more, harder.

In actuality, the woman from that night and Lexa were alike in many ways. Physically they looked alike but Lexa's eyes were void of emotion, seemingly uncaring except when she looked at someone she cared deeply for. As if someone flipped a switch, from the empty stare to a look so vibrant and full of love. The look was usually reserved for Anya but Clarke had seen it directed at herself.
It was the same look Lexa gave her when she walked into the hospital room, along with a small smile.

Anya herself giving her a drug induced lopsided grin when she approached the bed. “You're alive.”

“Hell yea I'm alive, ain't nothing gonna stop me.” Anya slurred.

“I don't know what shes on, but shes been like this all morning.” Lexa grumbled from the chair beside the bed.

“I have been an angel all morning.” Anya pulled at Clarke's arm, “shes just mad that she can't see the little birds too.” She whispered.

“Because there aren't any birds Anya.”

“Shut up bird hater.” Anya hissed pointing at Lexa. “Can you see the birds Clarke? Can you? They are right here, right on the railing.” She asked gesturing to the guard railing on her bed.

Clarke smiled and nodded, “yes I see them, do they have names?”

Anya's face lit up excitedly, “yes, yes they do! This one is Eliza, Alycia, Marie, Lindsey, Bob, Ricky, but one of them left earlier, flew right out the window. Her name was Dichen but I'm sure she'll be back soon from her vacation.” She explained sadly with a frown.

“I'm sure she will.” Clarke agreed with a glance at Lexa. The brunette watched her silently, hands deep in the pockets of Clarke’s jacket.

“Clarke.” She murmured with a cocked eyebrow.

“Lexa.”

“You guys would be so cute together.” Anya interjected.
“We're just friends Anya.” Lexa told her almost too sharply.

“Just friends,” Clarke agreed softly with a nod.

“Lexa needs someone besides me, she deserves to be happy, she's been unhappy for too long.”

“I'm fine Anya, I'm happy.”

“Bullshit, you've been lost to yourself for five years, even with Daisy you were so lost. You wouldn't allow yourself to feel and you need to feel! It's only human!” Anya rushed out, her hands balled into fists at her sides.

“I'm fine.” Lexa pressed in a whisper, getting to her feet.

“Whatever Lexa.”

Clarke watched the smile that Lexa had had turn into a frown as she left the room. The door closing behind her with a soft click.

“She can't keep going this way Clarke, you know that don't you?”

“I know.”

“The drug wore off an hour ago, I just wanted to keep fucking with her about the birds but I'm serious Clarke, she needs someone.” Clarke looked away but she could still feel the hazel eyes on her. “You need someone too, I can see it, you're not happy, neither of you are.”

Clarke bit her lip, she knew Anya was just playing the role of big sister and was wanting what was best for Lexa but she'd still hit the nail on the head without really trying.

“You're right.”
“Of course I’m right, I’ve seen how close you two are getting, you barely know each other but you just seem so comfortable with each other regardless.”

“We’re just friends Anya.”

“Things can change, even when you least expect it.”

–

Lexa sat alone on the wooden bench, the cool fall breeze tossing leaves at her feet. The trees overhead in full fall mode, the leaves still on the trees different hues of orange, reds, and yellows. The park she sat in was relatively empty except for the woman sitting on the edge of the park fountain with her music loud enough to be heard over the thundering water.

The woman sang along to the music, low and haunting but it wasn't enough to distract Lexa from the approaching footsteps. In fact nothing could distract her from the woman that approached, her blonde hair pushed back over her shoulders and her ocean blue eyes focused.

“Clarke.” Lexa breathed out her name when the woman sat next to her. Her eyes focused on the brightly colored shoes she wore instead of her face.

“Lexa,” she felt those blue eyes on the side of her face. She felt the heat that seemed to radiate from Clarke and she swallowed back the urge to look at her because she knew if she did that she'd never be able to look away. “Lexa, look at me.”

When she didn't Clarke huffed, settling back into the bench, eyes falling on the woman at the fountain.

“Do you know the song she sings Clarke?”

“Should I?”
“I don't know but I like it.” Lexa murmurs into the breeze as it kicks up, her loose hair wafting gently across her shoulders. “I don't know what it is.”

Clarke sighed, “the song is It's Okay by Land Of Talk.” She paused, giving Lexa a sideways glance, “didn't think you the type to like that kind of music.”

Lexa hummed in response with a shrug of her shoulders, “sometimes we need a little something slow in a rather hectic world.”

It comforted Lexa, the slowness and vulnerability that music could provide. It gave her something she could not give herself. Her life was based on always moving and hiding.

“Good point,” the blonde looked over at Lexa then, taking in the relaxed and peaceful look. “Have you eaten today?”

“No,” She looked back at her then and for a moment she was open to Clarke but then she blinked, the openness was gone, replaced by the same hard gaze she often gave. “Did you want to get something to eat?”

“Yes, but only if you let me feed you.”

“You cook?”

“Remember when I told you that Octavia cut herself cooking? Well, that was the last time she ever did it.” Clarke grinned as she stood, looking back down at Lexa, “if I didn't cook, we'd starve!”

“What can't you do Clarke.” She asked the blonde standing up beside her.

Clarke hummed in thought for a moment, looping her arm through Lexa's and pulling her along. “I can't swim.”

“You can't swim? You live on the coast but you can't swim, what would you do if Boston fell off into the ocean?”
“In what world would Boston ever fall off into the ocean? Besides, I'd just find you and we can play otter.”

“Play otter?”

“When otters sleep, they hold hands so they don't drift apart.” Clarke giggled when Lexa rolled her eyes.

“If you say so.” Lexa muttered, looking up and down the street as they approached but she froze suddenly. Her arm tightening, pulling Clarke closer into her.

Clarke followed Lexa's gaze, trying to figure out what she was staring at but she silently wished she hadn't when she spotted Finn coming towards them. His long hair slicked back, his eyes narrowed in fury.

“What the hell Clarke! We just broke up and you've already moved on!” He shouted at the two of them.

“We're not together! We're just friends!” Clarke shouted back at him, pushing Lexa behind her. She felt Lexa's hand grip the back of her coat. Felt her pull back when Finn stepped closer to Clarke, his hands balled into fists.

“Bullshit, I saw you two!” He argued, eyes flicking between the two women, “I'm still in love with you Clarke.” He said quietly, his eyes growing hopeful as the fire died.

“I don't love you Finn.”

“Please Clarke, give me another chance.” He pleaded, tears forming in his eyes.

“I can't.”

“Why can't you, you just said you're not with her!” His voice rising once more in rage at being
“Because..” Clarke licked her lips looking back at Lexa when an idea came to mind, she pulled the brunette up next to her. “Because..” She repeated looking Lexa in the eye, silently apologizing as she gripped at the front of Lexa's jacket pulling her forward and capturing Lexa's lips with her own in a brief kiss.

Finn gaped at Clarke in shock, his mouth moving but nothing coming out.

Clarke pulled back, leaving Lexa dazed and confused but with a look of contentment. “I lied Finn, we're dating.”

“Wha-” Lexa began but was cut off by a second kiss, longer than the first. “I.. I thought we weren't going to tell anyone.. hun.” She fell into the lie alongside Clarke, her heart thundering in her chest.

“I know babe, but I just can't stand it being a secret.” Clarke murmured never looking away from Lexa.

Finn huffed in anger and stormed away. Once he was out of ear shot, Clarke breathed out in relief.

“Um.”

“I'm sorry Lexa, I just wanted him to go away.” Clarke hailed a cab, pulling Lexa into the backseat with her, giving the address to the apartment.

“I wasn't complaining, just shocked.” Lexa finally answered, she couldn't shake the feel of Clarke's lips against hers. She couldn't shake the taste of the blonde woman beside her, she wanted nothing more than to kiss her again and again. Kiss her until her dying breath.

Clarke looked at her with a warm smile.
Anya lay against her pillows, watching her TV intently. The movie was in color but not the vivid color she was used to and she didn’t mind, it was a simpler time for the film industry. She loved it far more than she did the current but it wasn’t enough to keep herself from thinking about Lexa and Clarke. She knew Lexa already cared deeply for Clarke, she recognized that look she gave the blonde. It was the same one she used to give Daisy when they were together.

All it did was tell Anya that now she really couldn’t ever break her promise to Lexa, through hell or high water she would fight to stay. So when Echo walked into her room, she chose not to acknowledge her, instead watching the screen. Listening to Mickey Rooney speak to Elizabeth Taylor.

It wasn’t until Echo Black turned off the TV manually that Anya looked at her. “Echo.”

“12.”

“What can I help you with.”

“You're in a hospital.”

“I realized that.” Anya tried to remain calm, but the fear of the unknown began to fill her.

“Someone tried to kill you.” The woman stood by her bed, her hand resting on Anya’s arm, just above her IV. “However your shooter is dead, I assume Dr. Hunt informed you.”

“She did, ruled as a suicide.”

“His name was Tristan, he was your rival, remember?”

Anya nodded slowly, she remembered him. She met him the day she woke up in the training facility, her mentor Luna standing before her with Tristan at her side. This was before protocol changed to only one trainee with a mentor.

Luna had been kind, her soft brown, almost black eyes always watchful when it came to Anya. Less so with Tristan, he lacked where Anya excelled. He detested Anya, he even went as far as
attempting to kill her in her sleep late one night. He had stood over her bed, a knife in his hand but Anya woke, avoiding the knife as it plunged into the pillow where her head had been. After that night Tristan left the facility, left alive for some unknown reason. Since then Anya had the wavy black haired mentor to herself.

Anya now knew why he was left alive.

“I'll be fine to work again soon enough Echo, you know me.” Anya murmured looking into the woman's eyes. Trying to catch something, anything that would tell her of her true goal.

“I know, I just came to inform you that you will work as the senior. 20 isn't ready to do it all alone just yet.”

“Yes ma'am.”

“Also, 12, can you give these to 20. I have no use for a motorcycle.”

The woman tossed a set of keys to Anya then nodded curtly, her heels clicking on the linoleum floor as she headed towards the door but she paused, turning back to Anya. “Take care of yourself, 12.”

–

Lexa watched Clarke flint around her kitchen with ease. Music playing from a laptop on the dining table, one of Lexa's own playlists. They'd gotten lucky when they returned to the apartment building, both of their apartments empty.

“Will you tell me what you're making Clarke?”

The blonde spun on her heel, a cooking spoon in hand. “No, go away.”

“Its my apartment,” Lexa smirked at Clarke's frown.

“Its supposed to be a surprise.” Clarke argued turning back to the pot on the stove top.
Lexa sighed, “okay, I'll go but can I borrow your phone? Need to call and see if Anya wants anything from here when I go see her later.”

“Of course, its in my coat pocket.” She points to her coat on a hook by the door, her spoon dripping sauce on the floor.

“Clarke, your dripping.” Lexa watched the blonde clear her throat with a blush and look away. Lexa rolled her eyes, digging out the black touch screen phone. Hitting the on button but staring dumbly at the pass code entry. “Whats your pass code.”

“J3545,” Clarke murmured quietly, not looking at Lexa as she typed in the pass code and dialing Anya's number. She moved away from the kitchen, down the hall and into Anya's bedroom when she finally answered.

“Who is this,” Anya growled.

“Lexa, using Clarke's phone.”

“You need your own phone Lex.”

“I know, I called because I need to know if you need anything from here.” Lexa asked flicking on the light in the bedroom, frowning at the unmade bed.

“I only need my laptop, Echo came to see me today, so I need my laptop.”

“I'll bring it, nothing else then.” Lexa could hear voices on Anya's end suddenly.

“No, I got to go, Dr. Griffin is here.” She hung up without a goodbye.

Lexa sighed, staring down at the phone. The screen went black in her hand as she looking around Anya's room once more. Clothes strewn across the floor haphazardly, pillows and a sheet piled at the end of her king sized bed. Her walls covered in bookshelves full of multicolored book spines. A set
of swords hanging over her bed securely.

“Her room is a mess, makes even me want to clean it up.” Clarke spoke up from the doorway, “lunch is ready by the way.”

“That fast?”

“Of course, I'd never take too long with food.” She replied with a soft laugh, holding her hand out to Lexa. “Come on, before it gets cold.”

Lexa took the offered hand, allowing herself to be pulled from the bedroom and down the hall. Clarke pushed her into a chair at the dining table, a plate of food already prepared, steam curling above it and disappearing into the air. She set Clarke's phone down on the table, watching out of the corner of her eye as the blonde took it back. “Wow Clarke, what is it, smells amazing.”

“Its linguine with crab, lemon, chili and mint.” She held out a fork to Lexa, sitting next to her at the table when the brunette accepted it with a smile. “Go ahead, tell me what you think.” She urged.

Lexa nodded, taking a bite and moaning at the flavor. She already loved pasta, but this was beyond anything she'd ever had before. Creamy and spicy, just the way she liked it.

“Maybe you should be a chef instead.” Lexa murmured between mouthfuls.

“Maybe, my dad was, he taught me.” Clarke replied with a sad look in her eye and stood from the table, her plate in hand as Lexa finished hers.

“At least let me do the dishes Clarke.”

Lexa didn't wait for Clarke's reply, she took the plate from her hands and dumped them in the sink, running water.

“Lexa!” Clarke pouted.
“No, sit down and listen to music, slow down.” Clarke huffed but obeyed, pulling Lexa's laptop towards her and scrolling through her music.

“You have wide, sporadic tastes Lex.” Lexa smiled at the nickname coming from Clarke but she jerked realizing what the blonde was doing.

“Don't go through my music!”

“Nothing to be embarrassed about Lex, chill.” The blonde scrolled through another list and pressed play on a song.

Lexa looked up as the opening notes began, her breath catching in her throat as it built. Growing stronger and more in depth, the feeling of deja vu filling her once more. She knew it was important to her, she'd heard it before. She'd heard it a million times with someone else, each time more important than the first.

“Clarke.” She choked out, the blonde snapped up at her with wide eyes, “what song is that.”

“Eyes Wide Open by Tony Anderson,” Clarke studied her, eyebrows furrowed in worry, “whats wrong Lexa?”

“I.. I don't know, I've heard this song before.”

“I would assume so, its in your list.”

“No, I've heard it from somewhere else, I don't remember. I can't remember.” Lexa gripped the edge of the sink, grinding her teeth, frustrated that she couldn't remember where and who.

“Lexa, talk to me, its okay to talk to me.” Clarke rushed to her side, pulling her away from the sink and into a hug, “tell me.”

“I can't, just turn it off.” Lexa felt Clarke tense and pull away, turning off the music on the laptop. Lexa sighed in relief, leaning against the counter, her face in her hands. “I can't remember.”
“It happens, it’s okay to forget.” Clarke murmured standing before.

“I should go back to the hospital.” Lexa muttered pushing away from the sink and around Clarke. “Anya wants her laptop.”

“Okay, I have to go to work anyway.” Lexa froze, catching the look in Clarke’s eye. One full of worry and fear.

“Clarke, I’m sorry, I just can’t remember and I know I should remember but I just can’t.” She explained for the first time since it all began, she hadn’t even told Anya. “I dream about a person, a person I can’t remember. Sometimes when I’m out something will happen and I’ll remember a memory of her but I don’t know who she is.”

Clarke nodded in understanding, “maybe you should ask Anya, she might remember something you don’t.”

“No, I can’t. It’s for me to figure out.” She paused, taking a deep breath, moving towards Clarke. “Don’t tell her, not yet. Not until I figure it out.”

“Okay Lex, I won’t tell her.”

–

Lexa knew it was wrong of her to keep something from Anya, after all the time they’d spent together, through all the things they’d been through. But this was one thing that Anya couldn’t know about. She wanted to figure it all out on her own, without Anya for once but telling Clarke was something she hadn’t intended to do.

She ground her teeth, a part of her regretted it but then she felt relieved at not being alone in it anymore. She trusted Clarke not to talk about it with anybody, she trusted Clarke just as she trusted Anya.

She shifted under the weight of the laptop bag on her shoulder, it was heavier than usual with the Tupperware bowl full of the lunch that Clarke had made. Her mouth watering just thinking about it.
She walked fast down the hall, weaving around a couple of nurses and slipping into Anya's room.

The woman was asleep, arm thrown above her head and drool pooling on her pillow. Lexa laughed, picking up Anya's phone and taking a picture then sending it to Clarke. How Anya had Clarke's number already was beyond her.

“Anya, wake up.” She nudged the woman, setting the laptop bag on the chair by the bed. “Wake up, I brought your laptop and snuck you in food.”

Her hazel eyes snapped out, she wiped at her mouth the back of her hand. “Food? Where?”

“Here.” Lexa held out the open Tupperware bowl with a plastic fork. “You were drooling in your sleep.”

“I don't give a damn, there is food in my face.” She muttered taking a bite of the food, her eyes closing in bliss and a groan escaping her. “Holy hell, who made this.”

“Clarke.”

“Oh god, marry her. Just, marry her.” Lexa sat on the bed and watching Anya finish off the bowl of food, “if you don't marry her I will.”

“We're just friends, remember?”

“Yea yea, whatever you say, take the bowl back before a nurse comes in and throws you out.” Lexa took the empty bowl, setting it on the tray by the bed and laughing when Anya patted her full stomach. She grabbed the laptop bag, pulling out the silver laptop and handed it to Anya before plugging in the laptop charger for her.

She sat on the edge of the bed, twiddling her thumbs before taking a deep breath. “Anya, something happened today.”

“Oh yea? Whats up.” Anya didn't look up, entirely focused on the laptop screen. The screen reflecting on her reading glasses as she typed something.
“Clarke kissed me.” Lexa whispered crossing the room.

“What? I can't hear you when you wander off across the room and whisper under your breathe, speak up.”

“Clarke kissed me.” Lexa said louder, standing by the bed.

Anya gaped at her, pulling off her glasses, “say again miss 'just friends' please, once more so the court can hear you.”

“She kissed me because Finn was there proclaiming his love for her! She did it to get rid of him!”

“But you liked it.”

“Of course I liked it, it was short and sweet but I can't get it off my mind.” She ran a hand through her hair with a groan, “I need help.”

“Why, you obviously like her and now she is single.”

“She just broke up with Finn! Shes probably totally and completely straight!”

“You're dumb, how the hell are you an assassin when you can't even see that a girl is bi, especially after she kisses you instead of finding some random guy to kiss.”

“Spur of the moment?” Lexa dropped herself into a chair with a sigh.

“You're an idiot, an absolute idiot.” Anya went back to her laptop, her reading glasses back on her face.

“What do I do Anya, I can't start to fall for someone. I can't hurt someone again, she doesn't deserve it.”
“We're here permanently Lexa, this email I'm reading says so.” She turned the laptop towards Lexa, “read it and shut up.”

Lexa stood, and took the laptop from Anya's lap, reading it quietly to herself.

**TK1,**

With the relocation of TK14 and TK19. The team consisting of TK12 and TK20 have been permanently placed on the east coast. Falling under your complete jurisdiction TK1. It is required that TK12 and TK20 be fitted with more permanent lodgings, real world jobs, vehicles (should they be required). Should your warriors require anything further, it shall fall to TK1.

*May we meet again,*

*Commander of the 12*

“You kept your promise.” Lexa whispered handing the laptop back to her.

“Of course I did, but this was happening before I even made the promise. They needed a team to be permanently placed here and we were already in the area. A short trial run and we had it in the bag.”

“Thank you anyway.”

“All because Harper and Monroe had an accident..” Anya murmured to herself.
Lexa listened to Anya type away at her laptop, her brow scrunched deep in concentration. The screen reflecting white against her reading glass lenses. She saw the momentary still of her fingers followed by a huff as the woman looked up from the screen.

“You have a job tonight Lexa.”

“When, where, who.”

“Tonight 8 pm, downtown Boston financial district at the Omni Parker House. A Mrs. Annette Lively, owner of Lively Fishing Co. Its a fundraiser for the arts.” Anya turned the laptop in her lap, the screen showing a picture of an older woman. Her silver hair pulled back into a tight updo, her light green eyes flecked with brown.

“If she dies, does the money still go to the cause?”

“Of course, we aren't complete and total assholes Lex.”

Lexa laughed softly, her attention returning to the TV that still played old black and white movies. “Change the channel would you.”

“Why would I, I love this movie.”

“You're not even watching it, you're working right now.”

“So, don't you have a dress or something to go buy for the fundraiser tonight?”
“I'll steal from your closet.”

“No, no you're not, go and buy something new. Treat yourself Lex, and maybe ask Clarke to go with you.” Anya gave her a lopsided grin, “you know you want to.”

“Probably not her thing but maybe, I don't know.” Lexa stood, straightening her jacket and headed for the door.

“Never know until you ask Lexa, and why wouldn't you ask, you're 'just friends' remember?” She air quoted with a smirk.

“I can't believe you just air quoted that.”

“You know me and also, Echo left you a gift.” Lexa turned as Anya threw keys at her, “motorcycle in the parking garage next door. 2nd level, red 2014 Honda Rebel. I asked Lincoln to go and find it for me earlier when he came in with Dr. Griffin.”

“Alright.”

“Have fun! And go get yourself a damn phone already.”

“Alright, alright.”

Lexa walked slowly down the hospital hallway, the keys in her jacket pocket. She approached the elevator doors, pressing the down button and waited patiently. A woman fell in behind her along with two children that fought noisily over a toy car. Lexa heard the woman sigh when she glanced over her shoulder at the kids. She clenched her jaw but turned fully, bending down to the eye level of the two kids.

The two kids stared at her wide eyed, the silver 71' Maverick hitting the floor but Lexa picked it up. Smiling at the two kids. “This is a cool car.”

“Its our dad's car.” The boy murmured looking down, his dark brown hair falling, covering his brown eyes.
“Well, your dad has a great taste in cars.” She held out the car in her palm toward the kids, only the boy reaching out and taking it from her.

“Do you have a dad?” He asked quietly. His mother resting her hand on his head looking down at Lexa apologetically.

“No, no dad, I have no mom either.” She told him truthfully. “You guys are pretty lucky to have both of your parents.”

“I love my mommy and daddy, maybe they could be your mommy and daddy too.” His sister spoke up hopefully.

Lexa laughed softly, “I’m far too old for that. Besides they already have two great kids!” She stood as the elevator doors opened behind her. She stood aside for the woman and her kids to step inside first then followed in behind them.

“Where to miss.”

“Lobby please.” The woman smiled gratefully, her hands on her kids shoulders.

Lexa nodded, hitting the button, watching the doors close them in and waiting patiently for the elevator to reach the lobby. The doors opened once more and Lexa stepped aside for the now quiet little family to pass through first before she too stepped out.

She waved goodbye to them and jogged off for the parking garage. The keys jingling in her pocket as she searched for the bike. She turned a corner and finally spotted it near the back.

Admittedly she wasn’t the biggest fan of motorcycles but she would ride them if she had to. This one however, sparked her interest. It was sleek, smaller than what she’d normally seen on the road and a beautiful shade of dark red. Not a speck of dust or dirt on it.

She picked up the matching red helmet off the seat and swung her leg over, straddling the bike. Taking a deep breath she turned the key in the ignition. Smiling when it roared to life between her legs. She put the helmet on, and dropped its black visor over her face before riding the bike away
from the parking garage.

She weaved through the afternoon traffic expertly, headed for a cellphone place she knew to be owned by Tri Kru. She crossed the Charles River, shivering in the wind that blew up and over her. She knew the store to be near the other end.

The store was small but the red sign above the door big enough to be seen from down the street as she approached. She slowed the bike, stopping at the curb and dropped the kickstand. Her hair spilling out across her shoulders when she removed the helmet. She cut the engine and got off, the helmet under her arm as she entered the store.

A man whose name tag read Monty approached her first, his smile wide.

“Hi, how can I help you.” He asked handing her a phone from his pocket that read TK22 on the screen.

“The best you've got.” She answered him, he nodded and pocketed his phone then gestured for her to follow him. Leading her through the back hallways of the building and into a backroom, locking the door behind them.

“20, I've been expecting you. 12 was in here just last week, pre ordered for you. Said you'd want something black and easy to use but its 2015, nothing is easy to use these days.” He rambled crossing the room to a shelf, opening a brown box and pulling out a black phone. “Here, newest edition, untraceable, my personal favorite of the new line.”

“New line?” She questioned taking the phone from him, the screen lighting up when she pressed a button on the bottom of the phone. “We moving into the cellphone business now? Making our own phones?”

“I push for it but I don't think it'll ever happen.” He joked rubbing his hands together. Lexa stared at him coldly and he swallowed, taking a step back from her with his hands up. “Do you need anything else? A case maybe?”

“Depends, got one in dark green? That will survive our line of work?”

“Well, I'm not an assassin like you but there are some pretty badass cases that you might like.” He
spun on his heel, digging through another box and tossed her a dark green matte case. “Like that?”

“Yea, thanks.” She murmured popping it on, the case texture odd to the touch as she ran her thumb over it.

“Remember me if you need anything else tech wise.” He smiled once more, handing over a phone charger before unlocking the door and leaving. She followed him and left the store, stuffing the charger into her jacket pocket and programming numbers into her phone but she stopped herself before adding in Clarke’s number. She remembered it of course, she’d seen it in Anya’s phone but she wanted Clarke to give it to her herself.

Lexa checked the time and sighed, it was only 3:30, Clarke got off work at 4 but Lexa needed to talk to her soon if she wanted to ask the blonde to the fundraiser. She shoved her phone into her pocket and got back on the bike, pulling the helmet back on before zooming off to the car dealership that Clarke worked at.

–

Lexa sat astride the motorcycle outside of the car dealership tugging at the sleeves of her jacket nervously. She doesn’t remember the last time she was this nervous to do anything. Sweaty palms and nervous tapping of her foot against the pavement as the blonde left the building. Lexa straightened up, grateful that Clarke hadn’t seen her yet as she rounded the corner.

“Lexa!” She yelled, jumping back after almost walking into the bike. “What are you doing here!”

“I was just in the area, thought I’d drop by and give you a ride home, if you don’t mind riding a motorcycle that is.” Lexa’s heart thundered in her chest when the blonde put her hand on the handlebars with a grin.

“I don’t mind at all, I think motorcycles are kind of sexy actually.” She smirked, pulling her aviator sunglasses off.

“Who knew.” Lexa murmured, looking away from Clarke, trying to hide her blush but holding out her helmet. “You wear it.”

“What about you?” She took the offered helmet, sliding it over her immaculate blonde curls.
“I'll be fine.”

“Then here, wear these.” She held out her sunglasses, watching as Lexa put them on.

Clarke pursed her lips but swung her leg over the motorcycle, pulling herself snug into Lexa. Close enough for Lexa to feel her warm breath on the back of her neck, her thighs unnecessarily tight against her but Lexa didn't complain.

“Hey Clarke?”

“Yes Lexa.”

“Are you busy tonight?”

“No why, was just going to stay in and watch a movie or two on my laptop, what's up.” She rested her hands on Lexa's hip, causing the brunette's breath to hitch at the contact.

“I've got a fundraiser to attend tonight, want to go with me?” Lexa rushed out in a single breath, becoming more painfully aware of the hands that tighten on her hips.

“I'd love to Lexa, formal?”

“Yes, it's in downtown Boston at 8.” Lexa told her calmly, she took a deep breath. Attempting to calm herself further.

“Okay, what were you going to wear?”

“I thought a dress would be nice, I've not worn one out to something like a fundraiser in quite awhile.” She told her truthfully, she hadn't done anything in a dress that wasn't related to playing a prostitute in almost a year.
“Alright, we need to go shopping though.” The blonde sounded excited at the idea of going shopping, the complete opposite of Lexa who couldn't be bothered to go shopping. “I think there's a nice place down the street from the apartment. We can go there.”

“Okay.” Lexa murmured starting the engine, feeling Clarke lean over and wrap her arms securely around her waist as they rode away from the dealership. The brunette taking extra care with Clarke behind her.

Lexa brought the bike to a halt at a red light, feeling Clarke exhale against her neck. “You know, you didn't have to get nervous about asking me to the fundraiser Lexa. I won't bite.. Unless you asked.”

Lexa choked suddenly her eyes wide, prematurely letting go of the break before the light even changed. Eliciting a burst of laughter from Clarke and a honk from a car beside her. “Clarke!”

“Oh come on Lexa! You're cute when you're flustered.” Lexa ignored her, flying off the mark when the light changed towards the apartment building. She felt Clarke's arms tighten around her and a soft laugh in her ear, then a soft apology as Lexa brought the bike to a halt outside of their apartment building.

She felt Clarke dismount and saw her pull off the helmet. “Did what I say bother you Lex?”

“No, it just shocked me.” She muttered getting off the bike and standing next to Clarke, “store?”

“Yea, but can I change my shoes first? I hate these heels.” She gestured to the heels in question, incredibly high heels that Lexa knew not even Anya would torture herself with.

“Of course, want me to go with you?”

“If you’d like, I'll probably end up changing into more comfortable clothing too.” She smiled heading into the building with Lexa behind her.

Lexa looked over at Clarke as they got onto the elevator, she'd seen her earlier before she'd gone to work but didn't get a good look at her work attire. She knew Clarke needed to look professional, she worked with the public. Her white dress pants and light blue blouse still immaculate despite having been windblown on the back of her motorcycle.
“Lexa? You're staring.”

Lexa hurriedly looked away, apologizing and mentally kicking herself for not realizing she'd been staring at her.

Clarke laughed softly, placing a hand on Lexa's arm. “Its fine, relax Lex.”

“Can be hard not to look at you Clarke.” Lexa murmured rushing from the elevator as the doors opened, leaving a shocked Clarke in her wake.

“Lexa!” Clarke called after her, sighing when Lexa stopped at her apartment. Her eyes downcast when Clarke approached. “Do I make you nervous? Is that it?”

The apartment door opened as Clarke reached for the doorknob, revealing Octavia standing on the other side with a smirk. “Oh Clarke, I'm sure all pretty girls make Lexa nervous.”

“Shes not nervous around you.”

“What the hell you trying to say Clarke? That I'm not pretty? I agree with you there because I am absolutely fucking gorgeous.” The brunette flipped Clarke the bird.

“Whatever, I'll just be a minute Lexa.” Lexa nodded at her, watching as the blonde disappeared into her bedroom, leaving Lexa and Octavia alone.

“So Lexa, you got the hots for our Clarke do you?”

“Um..”

“Cause if you hurt her, I swear I'll end you. I'm trained in sword combat and jiu jitsu!” She threatened, her finger digging into Lexa's chest.
“I'll keep that in mind.” Lexa told her halfheartedly.

“You wanna go? I'll kick anyone's ass, I'll kick your ass, I'll kick your dog's ass, I'll kick my own ass!”

“Please ignore Octavia, she spends too much time on the internet.” Clarke shouted from her bedroom.

“Shut up Clarke, change your clothes, we're having a conversation.” Octavia shouted back before turning back to Lexa. “You better have her back by 11 or else young lady.”

“Don't take her seriously Lexa, she'll have to go through me first if she even tries.” Clarke announced re-entering the room, she'd changed into jeans and a gray long sleeved v neck. She slipped her feet into a pair of converse by the couch. “Ready?”

“Yes, just need to drop off my helmet then we can go.” Lexa told her, leading the way to the door and holding it open for Clarke to pass through first.

“Remember what I said Lexa.” Octavia gestured that she was watching her as Lexa closed the door behind Clarke.

“Ignore her, if anything, if you did decide to hurt me in any way I'd probably kick your ass myself.”

“I wouldn't hurt you if I could avoid it.” Lexa replied unlocking her door and stepping inside, “do you want your jacket back?”

“Only if you want to give it back, otherwise keep it.” Clarke looked her up and down, a smile slowly appearing. “You look better in it anyway.”

“I call the opposite.” Lexa threw her helmet over the back of the couch and turned back to Clarke with a smirk. “Put that black leather jacket on by the door, its cool out this afternoon.”

She turned, spotting the leather jacket and pulled it on. Smiling as she reveled at how it perfectly fit her. “Do I look okay?”
“You look perfect.”

“You'd probably still say that even if I looked like a gremlin.” Clarke joked with a smile.

Lexa just stared at her, a memory invading her mind as the words left Clarke's mouth.

_She'd walked slowly, she knew she was early but the woman was already there. Standing on the sidewalk in a long tan coat, her hair in curls that draped over her left shoulder. The bright smile that graced her lips was something that she could never forget._

“You look stunning my love.” She'd told her, holding her hands and eyes roving over her as she took a deep breath.

“You always say that, even when I've just woken up and look like a gremlin.” The woman before her murmured, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

“Lexa? Are you okay?” Clarke took her hand, squeezing, pulling Lexa away from the memory. “Hello?”

Lexa blinked at her, swallowing thickly. “Sorry, I just remembered something.”

“Her?” Clarke prodded still holding her hand. “What was it?”

“I-” Lexa licked her lips, “It felt so real,” she murmured. She squeezed Clarke's hand back and smiled weakly, “we should go.”

“Are you sure? We don't have to go the fundraiser, we can always stay in.”

“Yes Clarke, I'm sure.” The blonde gave her a disbelieving look, “I promise, I'm okay!”

“Okay okay, let's go then.”
Anya paced her room, phone in hand as she dialed Indra’s number, ignoring the small surges of pain in her ribs and shoulder. The nurse from earlier had told her that she needed to get out of her bed and move around whenever she’d felt up to it. She knew now was as good a time as any, the time between lunch and dinner. Between visits from Dr. Griffin and Lincoln, a good enough time to call Indra about meeting with Daisy in New York.

She paused in her pacing, waiting for Indra to pick up.

She picked up on the fourth ring, “yes?”

“I am well aware, there was an invention called a caller ID.”

“Whatever, I have someone that you need to meet.” Anya heard a sigh on the other end.

“Who?”

“Daisy Johnson, hacker for Tri Kru, I’m sure you’ve heard of her.”

“I haven't actually, when did she come in and what is her ID.”

“21, she came in a couple years ago under me.” Anya heard a soft typing on the other end, listening to the huff from Indra.

“Shes in Philadelphia, not Boston.”

“I know, I set up a meeting with her before the assassination attempt to meet in New York but I have to change it.”
“What is the meeting about 12? Do I need to know? And why do I need to meet her?”

“All three of us need to talk about the importance of tree care.”

Indra went silent for a moment, “understood, contact me again once you have time and place.” The line went dead after that.

Anya stared down at her phone and dialed Daisy's number, she knew if Daisy agreed to meet in Boston that she'd eventually run into Lexa. A meeting Anya was sure neither of them wanted to have.

“Anya?” The familiar voice nearly yelled.

“Yes, Daisy, its me.” Anya said wincing at the yell.

“Sorry, I heard someone tried to kill you, got worried when I heard nothing more about you.”

“Fuck word travels fast in Tri Kru, as if we're a small southern town with nothing better to do.”

“Not really, I was just.. Never mind, not important.” She cleared her throat before continuing, “whats up.”

“I wanted to change the place of our meeting, I can't exactly leave Boston right now. After being shot and all.”

“Oh no, of course, I understand but..” She trailed off quietly.

“Yes, Lexa is here, will that be okay? I don't want to make this difficult for you Daisy.”

“No, its fine, really. I'll be okay, I'm back in the dating scene actually thanks to you.”
“Really? Who!”

“Just a totally hot woman I met in Tri Kru, I think you'd like her.”

“Bring her with you then, I'd like to meet her.” Anya smiled to herself, an idea popping into her head.

“Sure but Anya, do you think Lexa will be okay?”

“Oh, she'll be fine. I think she's moved on as well.”

——

Lexa tapped her foot impatiently, she'd already picked her dress. A dark green strapless dress with a slit up the side, she loved it and it even drew a blush from Clarke when she stepped out in it. The dress laid beside her over a chair but now she was waiting for Clarke to decide. She'd narrowed it down to three different dresses, none of which she'd shown to Lexa yet.

“Show me one Clarke!” She called out, heading dropping back and staring at the ceiling.

“Relax, give me a minute. I can't zip it so.. I kind of need you Lex.” The blonde called out from behind the curtain.

“Alright, I'm coming in.” Lexa announced standing at the curtain, she took a deep breath and pulled it back but she froze. Clarke stood with her back to her, but Lexa saw her in the mirror and it took her breath away.

“What's wrong? Do you not like it?” She gestured to the zipper on the back, “Lex, please?”

Lexa nodded, hurriedly zipping it up and took a step back as Clarke turned. Lexa bit her lip at the sight of Clarke in the silver dress that sparkled in the light above the dressing room. The blonde smoothed the material that covered her shoulders, down to the skirt that ended mid thigh and turned
slightly as if showing herself off.

“Well? Is it too much for the party or not?”

“I.” Lexa went blank as she looked the blonde over. “Uh.. what?”

“Is it too much for the fundraiser, jeez Lex, I know I'm hot but c'mon. I need an answer.” She smirked.

“Maybe, the skirt seems a bit short for this kind of thing.” She still wanted Clarke to buy the dress anyway, hopefully to get to see her in it at some other event.

“You're right, but I love it!” She turned back around and Lexa unzipped the dress. “I'll have to come back one day and hope its here.”

“When is your birthday?”

“This month, the 24th” Clarke slid the curtain closed, “I know what you're thinking Lexa, don't do it.”

“October 24th? And you don't know what I'm thinking Clarke.”

“I know you want to buy the dress for me, calling it an early birthday present.” Lexa rolled her eyes, “I heard that.”

“I didn't say anything!”

“I heard you roll your eyes.” Clarke pulled the curtain back once more and stepped out in a different dress. “How about this one.”

Lexa looked her up and down, gesturing for her to turn around. She liked the dress, it was silver but darker than the first. The skirt ending at her ankles but it hugged her tighter than the first in all the
right places, Lexa smirked as the back came into view.

“Stop looking at my ass Lexa.”

She was caught, “I’m not looking at your ass.” She lied looking back up, it had an open back, showing off the wide expanse of her fair skinned back. A small tattoo catching her eye, hidden partially by the dress.

“What do you think? Is it okay?” She asked turning back around, bending lightly to look down at herself. “Not too much cleavage right? I know you’ve looked.”

She hadn’t until she’d mentioned it, she glanced and bit her lip. Shit why did I look! “I didn’t look.”

“Sure you didn’t.” She began to turn away but stopped, “Quit looking Lexa! I’ll get the dress though. Can you get those heels over there while I take this off? The white and silver strappy looking ones.”

“Strappy looking ones?”

“I’m trying to make it easy for you to find them.” She explained stepping back into the dressing room.

“What’s your size Clarke.” Lexa picked up Clarke's phone, unlocking it and scrolling through her contacts for Octavia. Completely unaware that Clarke was stepping out of the changing room.

“Lexa what are you doing.” Lexa spun sharply and froze, Clarke's phone still in hand.

“Nothing?” She grinned sheepishly but sighed in defeat at the look Clarke was giving her. “Okay fine, I was going to get Octavia’s number and text her about that other dress.”

“No, I’ll get the dress myself and if its gone by the time I can get it then oh well.” She tells her taking the phone back, “I appreciate it but its fine. Consider this fundraiser that you're taking me to as my birthday present.”
“Okay, sorry, lets get your strappy silver and white shoes then go. That woman at the counter is giving me the creeps.”

“Never agreed with you more.”

—

Clarke ran her hands down her dress one more time, checking her hair and make up in the mirror before slipping into her heels. She picked up her small black purse, grabbed her keys and called out a goodbye to Octavia.

“Wait Clarke! Wait!”

“Yea O, hurry up, I don't want to make Lexa have to wait on me.”

“She'll get over it if you are, Raven wanted me to take a picture of your dress before you left.”

“Since when does she care what I wear.”

“Since its your first date with Lexa.” She beamed taking several pictures of Clarke from all angles.

“We aren't dating.”

“Oh yea? Raven heard from Finn you were, kissing and all!”

Clarke groaned, flipping Octavia the bird and leaving. She heard Octavia yell about no denial but she chose to ignore her. She approached Lexa’s door and knocked but got no answer. After knocking a second time she gave up and walked right in, listening to a conversation coming from the bathroom.

“I hate not being able to be there before you go Lex. I'm always there!”
“You've missed me leaving before, what's so different about this time?” Clarke tiptoed as best she could, not wanting to alert Lexa to her presence.

“This time you're going out with a girl.” She could hear Anya groan in frustration, “your first date with Clarke and I'm missing it!”

“It's not- wait,” Clarke froze, hearing the footsteps then Lexa's head pop around the corner, “Clarke!”

“Hey Lexa.” She watched Lexa duck back into the bathroom then leave with a laptop in her hand, the web cam light on and Anya on the screen. “And Anya.”

“Oh Clarke, you look amazing!” The woman on the screen gushed, “you two move to better lighting! Clarke! I want to see you better.”

“You're just on my laptop screen and you still manage to boss me around.” Lexa grudgingly obeyed with a sigh.

“Of course, I'm your big sister, it's my job. Now, set me down on the table and step back, stand together.” She continued with her demands.

Clarke smiled, taking a step back as commanded and gesturing for Lexa to stand next to her. “Happy now Anya?”

“Oh of course, you two are absolutely gorgeous, I might cry.” Anya faked sniffled.

“Oh whatever, we're going, bye.” Lexa told her stepping forward and closing the laptop. “Sorry.”

“She loves you and it was cute, don't worry. Octavia did the same thing but she took tons of pictures.”

“She probably did too.” Lexa mumbled gathering her things, allowing Clarke a minute to take in the full view of the woman before her when she stood up straighter.
Anya had been right, Lexa was absolutely gorgeous. The dress looked better on her now than it had at the store. Hugging in all the right places, the slit on the side accenting her long toned legs. She'd kept her make up simple. Her hair straightened but still managing to curl at the ends and cascading over her shoulder.

She took Clarke's breath away.

But at the time sent shivers of realization down her spine. She was the girl from that night, there was no denying it. Her hair and make up the exact same as it had been that night, the coat she pulled on over her dress the exact same.

“Clarke? Are you okay? You're staring.” Lexa stared back at her, unnerved by the look in her eye and the frantic mental scramble that began in Clarke the moment she spoke.

“I.. I'm fine, I just remembered that I needed to grab my coat from my place.” Clarke took a deep shaky breath, “go on downstairs, I won't be long.”

“Alright, are you sure you're okay?”

“Yeah, yeah I'm great.” She lied hurrying from the apartment and into her own, closing the door with a soft click. Relief flooding through her when she realized she was alone in the room. She'd suspected Lexa to be the girl, but now she knew her to be. There was no question or doubt left in her mind about it, it was her but she was afraid to acknowledge it. She didn't want to bring back any painful memories for Lexa.

–

Lexa stood in the lobby, the man at the desk giving her a bright smile as the elevator doors opened and Clarke stepped out, long black coat over her dress.

“Hey, lets go.” Lexa had no time to speak as Clarke grabbed her hand and pulled her outside into the darkness.

“Clarke are you sure you're okay, you're acting odd.”
“Of course I'm okay, why wouldn't I be okay.” She rushed out hailing a cab and dragging Lexa along.

Lexa sighed but dropped it, if Clarke didn't want to tell her then she wouldn't push it.

“Omni Parker House please.” Lexa told the driver, settling into the seat next to Clarke. Silence filling the car as they rode.

“Lexa, I-”

Clarke began but Lexa cut her off, “if you don't want to tell me then its okay. I understand Clarke.”

“No, I'll tell you but not until after. Lets just enjoy this first then we'll talk.”

“Okay.” Lexa reached out in the darkness, taking Clarke's hand and giving it a squeeze of reassurance for whatever was bothering her. Clarke sighed in her seat, her gaze turned away to the streets as they rode instead of at Lexa.

“We're here ladies.” The driver announced, Lexa paid him and pulled Clarke from the car. Both of them scanning the front of the hotel. Anya hadn't told her the event would be this small but she pulled Clarke close. Keeping a protective arm around her until they removed their coats, only to pull the blonde back into her again.

The ballroom they entered was bright, numerous people scattered around the room. Annette Lively in particular near the center of the room surrounded by the most people. Lexa saw Clarke out of the corner of her eye take glasses of champagne from a passing waiter, passing one to Lexa before downing her own in one fell swoop.

“Thirsty?” Lexa teased, sipping at her own glass.

“You have no idea, how the hell did you get invited to something like this anyway.” Clarke questioned, taking Lexa's glass from her and downing it as well.

“Anyas donates every year, she just picked this one but couldn't attend so I'm here in her stead.” She
answered, quirking her eyebrow.

“The arts are important.” Clarke whispered into her ear as people passed them.

“You have no idea.” Lexa turned, spotting a familiar face in the crowd. “Lincoln?” She called out.

He looked up and flashed her a brilliant smile before making his way over just as Annette Lively left the ballroom. Lexa watched her carefully but turned her attention to Lincoln as he approached.

“Lexa! Clarke! Fancy seeing you two here.”

“Likewise Lincoln, but can you excuse me. I need to find a restroom, Clarke you'll be okay with Lincoln I assume?”

“Yea, you okay?”

“Yes, I'm great, just forgot to pee before we left.” She explained pulling away, hurrying to follow Annette through the doors she'd disappeared through. The hallway she stepped into empty, soundless, the noise from the ballroom muffled by the doors.

Turning down a corridor, she walked with confidence as if she was supposed to be there. Looking for Annette Lively until finally spotting her entering another room. Lexa followed, pressing her ear to the door when she approached but she heard nothing from the other side.

Before entering the room, she slipped a hand between her legs. Pulling out the gun strapped to the inside of her thigh and attaching the silencer she'd pulled from her purse. She heard a door open at the end of the hallway as she opened the door that Annette had gone through.

The older woman spun as Lexa entered, her lips parted in a silent gasp and her eyes wide. “Who are you, why are you in here.”

Lexa pressed the gun to her lips in a silent ‘hush’, locking the door behind her and advancing toward the woman. Aiming the gun between her eyes. “Don't kill me, I can pay you. I can double whatever they are paying you. Please, please I-”
“Shut up.” Lexa snarled, listening intently to the steadily growing sound of voices approaching the room from down the hallway. She took a step back, gun still trained on the woman and unlocked the door with her free hand. The woman in front of her visibly trembled, her lips parted in a silent pant as the voices continued to get closer. “Scream and you die, then they die, do you understand me Mrs. Lively?”

“Yes.” The woman whispered, her hands slowly rising above her head.

The voices grew until they were directly outside the door, Lexa heard footsteps close in. She sidestepped as the door opened. Squishing her into the small space between door and wall, she kept her eyes trained on the woman, silently threatening her.

“Mrs. Lively! There you are, we've been looking all over for you. Mr. Gray is about to begin his speech.” The man just on the other side of the door told Mrs. Lively excitedly.

“I'll be right there Chad, just give me a moment.” Mrs. Lively kept her voice steady, despite the frantic look in her eye that Chad seemed completely unaware of.

The man seemed to accept her answer, but the door remained opened, his footsteps fading as he walked off down the hallway.

Lexa closed the door with a soft click, re-locking it and training her gun back on the woman. “I hate being interrupted. I really need to get back to my date.”

“Please young lady, you don't have to do this!” She pleaded but her words fell on deaf ears.

“I really do.” Lexa pulled the trigger, watching as the blood splattering across the wall behind the woman and she fell with a thud. The blood from the gun shot soaked deep into the white carpet of the floor and Lexa stood for a moment. Thinking about the woman's words as she removed the silencer, putting it back into her purse and re-holstering her gun between her legs. Shifting uncomfortable, she loved the dress but hated the hiding place.

She unlocked the door, wiping her prints from the doorknobs with a napkin she'd swiped before making her way back into the now dimly lit ballroom. Expertly weaving her way through the people, spotting Clarke standing next to Lincoln. Lexa glanced around the blonde, taking note of an approaching figure behind Clarke who was completely unaware.
Lexa approached the figure from behind, quickly catching up and pulling them off course of the blonde. Pressing him into a marble pillar in the center of the room, she recognized him through the dim light. “Finn, what the hell do you think you’re doing.”

“I wanted to talk to Clarke, fuck off Lexa.” He snarled pushing against her but to no avail.

Lexa pushed back against him, slamming his head into the pillar but he stayed conscious. His breathing turning ragged as she held him steady. “Listen Finn, she doesn’t love you anymore. So leave her alone.”

“And what will you do if I don’t? I could kill you, you know that right? I was in the military, did she tell you that?”

Lexa let out a soft laugh, “I don’t give a shit about what you were. Your threats don’t bother me.” She released him, smirking when he stumbled. “Leave her alone unless she approaches you first, or I’ll be the one killing you.”

She walked away, skirting the pillar and making her way back to Clarke who seemed to be listening intently to what the man on stage said.

“Clarke.” She whispered into the blonde’s ear, wrapping an arm around her waist protectively as she took a quick glance behind her.

“You took forever, did you find it alright?” The blonde whispered back with a soft smile.

“Oh yes.”
Finn never tried to approach Clarke again throughout the night but Lexa still watched for him. She positioned herself with the purpose of stopping him before he even had a chance to lay a finger on her if need be. Clarke seemed oblivious to Lexa's mission and for every step she took, Lexa was right there, barely a second after her.

The only one who seemed to notice was Lincoln but he kept it to himself after Lexa shot him a warning glare.

It wasn't long until the body was found, a woman in a short blue dress screamed loud enough to be heard in the ballroom. Lexa felt Clarke jerk at the sound, her body colliding into Lexa's. Her hands gripping at the material of Lexa's dress tightly.

“We should leave Clarke,” Lexa whispered.

“Please,” Lexa pried a hand from her dress gently, leading the blonde out of the hotel and into a waiting cab on the curb. She rattled off the address to the driver, becoming aware of the eyes that were glued to her. As if expecting her to explode at any moment.

“Clarke? You're staring at me as if I'm going to die.”

“Sorry,” she apologized looking away. The hand remaining wrapped in Lexa's dress relaxing and falling away.

The rest of the ride fell into silence, only filled with the sound of their driver humming to himself. His continuous tapping of the steering wheel oddly soothing. Only broken by him clearing his throat when he brought the car up to the curb. “Ladies, we've arrived.”

Lexa paid him and tugged on Clarke's hand that she'd never released, bringing the blonde to attention. It wasn't until they stood alone in the elevator that the blonde finally spoke.

“Sorry, that scream just. It reminded me of my nightmare.” She explained quietly, “I didn't mean to
attach myself to you like that.”

“I wasn't complaining.” Lexa reassured her with a soft smile.

Clarke smiled back at her weakly. “I'll change out of my dress then I'll come over and we can talk?”

“Oh, alright.”

The elevator doors opened once more and the two women went their separate ways but Lexa paused at her door, watching Clarke until she disappeared into her own apartment.

She sighed to herself and stepped into the dark apartment. Flicking on lights as she stripped out of her dress. With a relieved sigh she unstrapped the holster from her thigh, tossing it on her bed before pulling on a pair of shorts and loose white t-shirt. Part of her wanted to just leave the gun on her bed until later but she didn't want to risk Clarke finding it.

It took her a moment to unload it and hide it in the hidden compartment under her bed. The door on it closing when she heard the door to the apartment open and Clarke call out for her. A second later the blonde appearing in her doorway dressed in a pair of sweatpants and black tank top. Her hair pulled back into a messy bun and a bottle of tequila under her arm.

“Raven and Octavia were in my apartment, so I stole a bottle.”

“Good idea, come on, lets watch TV while we get shit faced.”

The blonde smirked, “its like you can read minds Lex.”

“So I've been told.” Lexa took the bottle from her, leading the way back into the living room. “Take a seat and find a movie or something, unless you want to talk first.”

Clarke chewed her bottom lip before speaking. “I'd like to talk before we start drinking the night away.”
Lexa nodded, leaving the bottle on the kitchen counter and sliding into a seat next to her. She gestured for Clarke to begin.

“Well.. I just want you to listen okay?”

“Okay, I can do that.”

Clarke took a deep breath, turning in her seat to face Lexa directly. “5 years ago I worked at a coffee shop, and I watched a girl be murdered. Point blank.”

_It was a few hours until closing time, the shop relatively empty. She was just handing over one of her regular's order when a couple walked in. The taller of the two, a beautiful woman with long brunette hair held the door open for a beautiful woman. Allowing her to pass into the shop ahead of her, the woman was amazingly beautiful. A cascade of black curls over her shoulder and bright coffee brown eyes that looked as if they could carry the world._

_The woman behind her gestured for the other to take a seat as she approached Clarke at the counter. Ordering a green tea and a black coffee, she turned away when Clarke did but not before she was struck by how beautiful her eyes were. They were bright, but guarded, an amazing shade of green with flecks of gray that would put even the most beautiful forest to shame._

_Clarke didn’t want to have to tear the woman away from looking at her partner who sat alone at the table but she had to. Otherwise their drinks would get cold and as she cleared her throat, the woman spun. Giving her an apologetic smile and paying extra for the drinks before walking away._

_Clarke watched them for over an hour, she could not get over the look in the brunette’s eye. She couldn’t get over how at ease they seemed with each other to just sit there for hours not saying a word. Just simply looking into each others eyes. It almost made Clarke jealous, it was the type of relationship she craved._

_But something changed when a specific song came on over the speakers, it was something off of one of the other employees playlists. It was a beautiful song, the gentle rise like little waves against a beach._

_Clarke watched the brunette stand at the start of the song, watched her shrug off her coat as a man entered the shop. A tall man, dressed in a black leather jacket with a gray hood covering his face. Tattered jeans and shoes that had seen much better days. She watched him approach the table, and_
one of the women speaking to him.

Then him pulling a gun and killing the woman with the black curls on the spot.

Clarke dropped behind the counter, her hands covering her head as gut wrenching scream sliced through the air."

“I’ve never been able to forget that night Lexa, it haunts me. The scream, that woman's scream. It was the nightmare I had that night that you came over to check on me.” Clarke stopped, taking a deep breath and wiping a tear from her before continuing.

“That woman that I saw that night, the one screamed. She looked so much like that its unreal and—”

“Clarke,” Lexa whispered, her head bowed. “What was her name, the victim, the one who died.”

“Costia, Costia Greene.”

Indra sat awake in her home, a laptop open on the bed beside her. A half full glass of mine in her hand, deep in thought, swirling the liquid around inside of the glass. She'd checked it over and over, there was no record of anything the day that Costia Greene died. Not a single record of anything, nothing of hits, medical, political, absolutely nothing.

There wasn't a single set of files that Indra couldn't get in to but there was not a single file for the 23rd of November.

Almost as if someone had completely erased them.

There was hundreds of files available for the days before and after the 23rd. She knew it not to be a glitch of any kind. The Tri Kru were meticulous when it came to this sort of thing. Indra narrowed her eyes, placing her wine glass on the bedside table and picking her laptop back up.
She typed in the date, and the name of the girl but got nothing. She went into the Boston Police database and searched for the murder 5 years ago. The date and name exact, even the detective in charge of the murder but found nothing.

Everything from everywhere was completely wiped.

No one wanted anyone to find information on the death of Costia Greene.

Indra clenched her jaw, going back to the Tri Kru database and typing in the date that Echo Black came into service once more. Not a single file appeared, the one file she'd found on her had come at a great price. It had been difficult finding someone in Ice to get it for her and now it was lost. Destroyed in the accident.

She sighed, typing in her own retirement date. Looking through the names of the people who had been up for the position, noting that Echo was not on the list. She had never been on that list. Indra had checked it the day of but never seen it, she knew everyone on that list. She'd brought in the majority of them herself.

Indra knew that only the commander of the 12 could decide who became a head. She knew that the person had to come from the list and had to be within Tri Kru, at least the age of 30, with at least 10 years experience in the over all corporation itself.

She was aware that one of the only ways to be able to find out how Echo got the position would be to go through the commander's personal files or even ask the commander herself. As a former head, she knew how to contact the commander but she decided against it.

It only made Indra feel as though the commander was a traitor herself, along with Echo Black.

–

Clarke flinched when Lexa stood abruptly, her body visibly shaking but remained silent as she pulled on a pair of shoes and a coat. She followed the brunette cautiously as she ran down the steps instead of taking the elevator.

It wasn't until the two were alone on the street that Lexa spoke. “She is the one I couldn't remember Clarke, Costia. She is the one I was going to marry, I was going to propose to her that night but she
died. Someone killed her, and I killed the guy that killed her.”

“What do you mean you killed the guy?”

“He told me he killed her 5 years ago.” She muttered digging in her coat pockets and pulling out a set of keys.

Clarke watched her spin, her eyes landing on the motorcycle and her take off for it.

“Lexa! Where are you going!”

“Anya, I need to talk to Anya.”

Lexa started the motorcycle before she was even on it, but she turned suddenly, staring at Clarke. “Get on.”

Clarke recognized the commanding tone and climbed on behind Lexa, her arms tight around her waist as the brunette took off. The motorcycle roaring in the night, Lexa not even bothering to stop for red lights as she sped towards the hospital.

Fear ran hot through Clarke, her heart hammering in her chest when Lexa brought the motorcycle to a stop outside of the hospital.

She jumped off quickly, Lexa following suit but running ahead of her into the quiet hospital. The two running past nurses and into a stairwell, Lexa taking two at a time but Clarke lagging behind.

Clarke heard a door open and close causing her to glance up but she did not see Lexa. She groaned wondering how the hell Lexa managed to get up there so fast but she hurried after the woman. Finally making it to the floor and watching Lexa as she ducked into Anya’s room.

With a final burst of speed she entered the room as well, her eyes falling on Lexa and Anya caught in an embrace. Lexa visibly shaking again and Anya murmuring to her quietly, her eyes steady on Clarke as the blonde stepped forward.
“Anya, I remembered. I remembered her, Costia.” The brunette managed through ragged breaths.

Anya stiffened, pulling away and cupping Lexa's face. “How, how did you remember.”

“Memories always came to me, I remembered bits and pieces but Clarke.. She was there, she told me, she watched her die too. How did I forget Anya? How could I break my promise to her and forget?”

Anya looked back at Clarke, “You should leave.”

“But I-” Clarke began, her hands balling into fists at her sides.

“Go.” Anya snarled.

“She stays Anya, I trust her.” Lexa told her, her hands gripping tightly at Anya's shirt.

Anya studied Lexa for a moment but nodded curtly, “fine, but Clarke, if you speak of this outside of this room. You die, do you understand?”

Clarke stood for a moment, considering but she nodded despite the warnings bells going off in her head telling her to leave.

“Lexa, I will tell you and I will tell you what Indra and I have decided but it must not leave this room. Unless Indra or I speak to you about it, the same goes for you Clarke.”

Lexa nodded weakly, Clarke nodding as well.

“Echo wiped your memories of Costia, at first I thought it was because of the deal, do you remember the deal Lexa?”

“I remember everything, all of it.”
“We aren't in the job of making deals, you know that Lexa. So I met with Indra and she brought something to my attention.” She began, her eyes on Clarke watching for some indication that she might run from the room. “Echo appeared out of no where, there is no record of her anywhere within Tri Kru, only the commander and someone within another of the 12 seem to know anything about her.”

“That makes Echo fake?” Clarke spoke up, her voice steady.

“Possibly, placed by the commander for some unknown reason or someone with enough influence over the commander to do it themselves. We're waiting on a hacker to come here and help us but until then we have to pretend that we know nothing about anything except our jobs.”

Silence filled the room when Anya finished. Her eyes flicking between Clarke and Lexa, waiting for one of them to speak.

“So.. What are you guys exactly? Lexa said she killed someone, the guy who killed Costia.” Clarke questioned cautiously.


Lexa leaned back from Anya. “The man who tried to kill you, he killed Costia too.”

“Tristan? Big guy, a bit cocky and a total asshole?”

“Yea him, that's how I got hurt.” Anya smirked at that, pride filling her.

“So is anyone going to answer my question or not? Because right now I'm assuming you guys are just serial killers.”

Lexa turned and approached Clarke, taking her hand. “We're highly trained assassins, we're given assignments by our head. Echo Black is our head, the woman in question. Indra is a former head, meaning shes retired but still obviously very active.”
Clarke pulled away from Lexa, her eyes wide. Her mouth moving but nothing coming out.

“Clarke, don't freak, please.” Lexa pleaded, tears filling her eyes as Clarke turned and ran from the room.

“Lexa, you know what you have to do.” Anya murmured sadly.

“I know.. I know.”

“But Lexa? The deal you made with Echo.”

“I killed him, I got my revenge but she doesn't know that. Its like you said, we have to pretend that we know nothing about anything except our jobs.”

“Then go.”

–

Clarke ran.

She ran through the hospital, ignoring shouts from the night nurses.

She ran back down through the stairwell and onto the street outside of the hospital. Her heart pounding in her chest. She turned and looked back at the hospital but she felt no relief. She knew it wouldn't be long before Lexa caught up to her and killed her.

Clarke ran down the dark street, tears streaming down her face. Everything within her screaming that Lexa wouldn't even think twice about killing her. That she'd put a gun to her head, pull the trigger and walk away with a smile.

She'd kill her as if there was nothing between them. As if she did not care for her at all, like she was just another pawn in the mighty game of chess called life.
Clarke was the pawn.

Lexa was the almighty queen.

The ruthless queen who had the power to end the game as easily as it began.

Clarke stumbled and fell to her knees. The skin of her knees tearing through her sweatpants and the burning setting in as the fabric dug into her. She cried out, trying to pick herself up beneath the glow of the streetlight above when she heard the sound of a motorcycle. She heard the steady sound of it approaching then the cut off of an engine but Clarke remained on the sidewalk. Her knees bleeding through her sweatpants, her fists balled up on top of her thighs.

She listened to the footsteps approach and stop somewhere behind her.

“Clarke.”

“Kill me, just do it. Shoot me, I'm just another 'assignment' since I ran now aren't I. So just do it.”

She listened to the footsteps once more and saw out of the corner of her eye Lexa squat down beside her on the sidewalk. “Not what I came to do.”

Clarke laughed, turning her head to look at Lexa. Taking in the worn look the woman gave her, the hard frown on her lips and laughed again. “Why not Lexa, its your job. Kill me, you know you want to.”

“Clarke, I won't kill you. I'd kill for you but I won't kill you.” The brunette murmured, sitting down on the cold concrete.

“Why? is Anya going to come and do it for you since you can't?” Clarke spat, noting that Lexa jerked back at her words.

“No.”
“Then why, why not kill me. You killed Tristan!” Clarke lunged at Lexa, her fists balled in her shirt. Pulling her closer, “I bet you’re the reason why that woman screamed at the fundraiser. You killed someone, that's why it took you so long to come back.”

Silence.

“I'm right aren't I. You were smiling, you were happy. Were you happy to kill her? Does it thrill you to murder an innocent person?”

“No.”

“Then why won't you kill me, I'm not innocent anymore. I know what you are.”

“I would kill for you, but I will not kill you.” She repeated looking away from Clarke.

Clarke reached out, grabbing the woman's face and forcing her to look at her. “What if I attack you? Will you kill me then?”

“No.”

“Why Lexa, why the fuck not. Its your fucking job, do your fucking job.”

“I care for you.”

“What?”

“I care for you Clarke.”

“What if I go and tell everyone what you and Anya are. What then?”
“You wouldn't do that.”

“How do you know?”

“Because you care too.”

Clarke fell silent, it was the truth. She did care.

“Clarke, we should go back to the apartment. You are hurt.” Lexa said, getting to her feet and holding out a hand for Clarke but the blonde ignored her. Instead getting to her feet alone.

“Ride with me, at least.” Lexa asked, her voice almost in a pleading tone.

Clarke studied her, uncertain but she nodded curtly.

–

“Do you truly trust me Lexa?” Clarke asked, staring down at Lexa. The brunette knelt on the floor of the blonde's apartment with a bottle of peroxide and cotton swabs. One hand securely on Clarke's leg, holding her steady as she cleaned the wound on her knees.

Lexa looked up at Clarke. “Yes, I trust you.”

“Even when I ran?” Clarke jerked her knee back in sudden pain.

Lexa looked back up at her apologetically, taking in the tired look the blonde gave her. “I trust you, but the real question is, do you trust me?”

“I'm not dead yet.”

“I wouldn't hurt you, and I wouldn't let anyone hurt you.”
“How do I know you're not lying to me Lexa? How do I know that all of this isn't some big elaborate lie because I'm an assignment you had to get to know before you killed me.”

“We're not secret agents sent to gain your trust and learn your secrets before killing you Clarke. Someone pays, we're told when, where, who and then we go. I had no idea you’d be there that day when Anya and I were on the elevator. We'd just driven into the city. Everything you know about me and Anya is the truth.”

“You said you were a bodyguard at one point, is that true?”

“Yes, sometimes we have to play fake in order to get close to a target. I played a bodyguard for a corrupt city official in order to get close enough to her to kill her.”

“How did you know she was corrupt.”

“Echo told me.”

“But Echo is fake, how do you know she didn't lie to you.”

Lexa sighed, “I don't, I just have to trust in whatever she says or she'll kill me.”

“What do you mean she'll kill you?”

“If we disobey or break any rules we die, or at least we should. Echo seems to have a thing for keeping people alive.” Lexa murmured thinking back to Harper and Monroe, she knew they should have been killed for their little 'accident' but they were kept alive.

“Why did you get into it if you knew that.”

“I can't speak for anyone else but I can tell you my reason. Someone murdered Costia, you know that. Afterward Anya came and kidnapped me then put me before Echo. Echo offered me a deal to exact revenge, she would give me the tools to do so and when the person responsible died. I would
“be free.”

“So that means you're free now Lexa, he died, you killed him.”

“Echo doesn't know that I remember the deal, so she still thinks I am under obligation because of our little deal.”

Clarke fell silent, watching Lexa who was still on her knees before her. “How many is there like you? Like Tri Kru or whatever I mean.”

“There are 11 others, scattered around the world.”

“They do the same as Tri Kru?”

“Yes, politics, murder, tech, science, medical, any kind of anything, one of the 12 has a hand in it.”

“Like that group of people that everyone suspects is behind everything that happens in the world?”

Lexa laughed, “no, not exactly.”

Clarke sighed, dragging her hands down her face. “I still don't know Lexa, this is a lot of shit.”

“Just trust me, its all I ask.”

“And don't tell anyone what you guys are?”

“That too.”

Lexa stood, screwing the cap back on the bottle of peroxide and dumping the cotton swaps into the trashcan.
“Lex, there’s a first aid kit in my bedroom. Would you get it? I want to at least wrap my knees so I can possibly sleep without wincing in pain every time I move.”

“Of course Clarke.”

Lexa wandered off down the hall, stepping into the blonde's bedroom and flicking on the light. Spotting the first aid kit under her bed, she bent, picked it up but stopped and sat on Clarke's bed. The memories of everything sweeping through her the moment she was alone. Her hands trembling, a sob wracking through her body.

“I forgot, I'm so sorry. I forgot about you Costia, I'm sorry.” She whispered to no one in the empty bedroom, her tears streaming down her face as another sob escaped her. “I failed you, I forgot, and I failed you.”

Lexa leaned over, her face in her hands. The first aid kit in her lap crashing to the floor as she cried harder. She heard the sound of footsteps cautiously approaching and she forced herself up straighter, wiping the tears away from her eyes. Dropping herself into the floor and reassembling the scattered first aid kit when Clarke appeared in the doorway.

The blonde knelt beside her, wincing at the pain from her knees but grabbing at Lexa. “Lexa, Lexa leave it alone. Its okay, I'll get it later.”

“Shut up Clarke, just shut up, let me do this. I need to do this, I have to.”

“Lexa you aren't making any sense, just leave it.” Clarke grabbed her firmly, yanking her back. “Stop Lexa, just stop.”

“Everything is a mess Clarke, I messed it up. I messed it up with Costia, I messed it up with you. Its all just one big mess.”

Clarke shook her head, wrapping an arm around Lexa's shoulders and pulling her gently into her, leaning back against the edge of the bed. “Its not your fault.”

Lexa relaxed at Clarke's touch, allowing herself to be moved. “I took that deal to get revenge, I
played into Echo's sick little game.”

“You were hurting, sometimes we do crazy things when we're hurt.”

“Like run away after being told you'll die if you run?”

Clarke pursed her lips but nodded, “yea, like that.”

Lexa leaned into Clarke, her head on her shoulder and trying to control her rampant emotions. Trying to keep herself from breaking down again but when Clarke murmured that it was all going to be okay. She couldn't stop the tears that rolled down her cheeks once more.

–

At some point in the night the two women fell asleep, Clarke's arm still wrapped around Lexa. Lexa had pressed herself further into Clarke's embrace, breathing in her warmth and feeling safe despite everything that had happened.

But her dreams were not warm and safe. They were turbulent, fueled by fear and rage. Filled with the memory of Costia dying over and over. The memory of her blood spilling through Lexa's fingers and Lexa screaming for her to not die. The memory of her being dragged away from the body by Anya then the funeral and her pent up rage being expelled at Anya's expense.

Meeting Echo for the first time, seeing the woman's face and the twisted little smile that grew until it swallowed her in a pit of darkness filled with death and despair.

Lexa woke in her dreams, she knew it was a dream. It was always a dream when Costia was at her side. The woman still very much alive in her dreams, her soft murmurs of unrelenting love echoing all around her. Her soft arms cradling her head to her chest. Lexa breathed in her warmth but when she looked up once more in her dreams the person was different.

The black curls replaced by blonde, her hair shorter, her smile the same. Her brown eyes replaced by blue but still the same look in her eyes. The same words spilling from her lips but the feeling of love lost in the words she spoke. Lexa blinked at her, marveling in her beauty.
Blinking once more and the scene changed. Sunlight streaming in through the window. Illuminating the sleeping blonde above Lexa, her lips slightly parted in sleep.

Lexa moved to sit up but Clarke's arms tightened around her, keeping her in place. “Stay,” the blonde murmured sleepily.

“We're still in the floor Clarke, you should at least move to the bed.”

Clarke shook her head, her eyes opening. “No.”

“This can't be comfortable for you Clarke.”

The blonde let out an exasperated sigh but released Lexa, watching the brunette go to stand with a groan. “Lexa.”

“Yes Clarke,” the brunette stepped over Clarke to leave the room but Clarke grabbed at the hem of her shorts. Tugging her back and looking up at her sleepily.

“I trust you.” Lexa studied her, noting the slight twitch in the blonde's fingers as she spoke.

Liar.

“Thank you Clarke,” Lexa murmured.

Lexa stood in front of Anya, the woman before her frowning but nodding. “You trust her? Truly? Even after she ran from you?”

“I do, I don't want to kill her Anya... I-”
“Don’t say it, I already know.”

“Say what? What do you think that I was going to say?”

Anya rolled her eyes, “that you love her you idiot, I knew you were falling for her the moment you came back with her from getting lunch with her that first day.”

“I wasn’t-”

“Don’t even try to bullshit a bullshitter Lexa.” The woman pulled her hair back into a messy knot, wincing at the pain that shot through her shoulder. “I saw the look in your eye when you told me you trusted her, I've seen it before. It was the same look you used to get when you looked at Daisy and I'm pretty damn sure you looked at Costia the same way.”

“I don’t love her, just like I didn’t love Daisy.”

Anya scoffed, slipping her feet into a pair of tan house shoes. “I know you Lexa, I know you fall hard and fast. So don’t even try.”

Lexa watched her cross the room and open her hospital room door. “Where are you going Anya.”

“For a walk, why else would I be dressed in these scrubs?” She told her gesturing to the light blue scrubs she wore.

“Good point.”

Anya stepped out into the hallway, waiting for Lexa to catch up. “You are way off your game today Lex, what happened last night.”

“Nothing,” Lexa lied falling into step alongside Anya.

“Something had to have happened. What about Clarke, is she okay?”
“She seems to be fine, she was asleep when I left this morning.”

Anya came to an abrupt stop, turning sharply. “You just left her alone?”

“Yes, I told you I trust her.”

Anya pursed her lips but continued walking, “if she talks.. its on you Lex.”

“I know, trust me, I know.”

–

Clarke sat up in her bed, looking down at the sheets that were haphazardly covering her bottom half. She groaned at the stiffness in her neck, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. Her sweatpants were still rolled up above her knees, she sighed as the memories of last night came flooding back.

Lexa is a highly trained killing machine, she was supposed to kill her but she didn't.

“I wont kill you, I'd kill for you but I won't kill you.”

Clarke could see it in her eye that she'd meant it. She completely and totally meant it but Clarke had lied to her anyway. A lie that she knew Lexa saw through.

Chapter End Notes

I have waited all this time to be able to put the title into the story itself and now my wait is over.
Over the next follow days Lexa felt the weight of Clarke's lie. The words seemed to echo behind every word that the blonde said to her. At some point during the week, the blonde seemed to be avoiding her until the day she couldn't. That day was the Monday that Lexa found herself at the car dealership where Clarke worked. Desperately trying to not bother the blonde with her presence and do what she'd come to do.

The saleswoman that greeted Lexa only annoyed her, a tall woman with short cropped red hair who introduced herself as Claire Parker. The woman seemed more interested in selling Lexa a model of car that wasn't even released in the states. Even after Lexa repeatedly informed the woman of what she wanted. The woman pushed until Lexa snapped.

“Look, Ms. Parker, I came for one vehicle in particular and one vehicle only. So please, sell me the fucking car or walk away and find me someone who will.” That left the red headed woman a sputtering mess, she stumbled over her words but sold her the car with a awkward smile.

It wasn't until Lexa stood alone in the middle of the showroom that she dared a glance at Clarke. Biting her lip at how gorgeous the blonde woman was today in her cream knee length dress and matching heels. She looked away abruptly when Clarke stood, her heart hammering in her chest at the sound of her heels against the floor approaching her from behind.

“I find it hard to believe that you would be in here buying a car, didn't know you guys did such mundane things.” The blonde muttered quiet enough for only Lexa to hear.

“Its for Anya, I like my motorcycle oddly enough.” Lexa replied half turning to look at Clarke. “She gets out tomorrow.”

“And you're just now doing this?”

“I've been busy.”

Clarke frowned, “I'm sure you have been.”

Lexa looked away from Clarke as Claire approached her once more, a set of keys in her hand. “Ms. Woods, the 2014 BMW M5 is on lot and being prepared for you. We thank you for your business
and hope to see you again in the future.”

“Thank you Ms. Parker.” The woman walked away, gesturing for Lexa to follow her but Lexa turned back to Clarke.

“May we meet again Clarke.” She murmured with a soft smile, walking away without waiting for the blonde's reply.

She felt Clarke's eyes on her back as she went, wishing the blonde would stop as Claire Parker attempted to flirt with Lexa. It was something Lexa didn't want Clarke to see.

The woman handed over the keys with a lingering touch on Lexa's arm. A flirty smile on her lips as she opened the car door for Lexa. Lexa shook her head and closed herself into the car, not waiting for the woman to step back before leaving the lot.

—

Tuesday morning Lexa woke to a tear stained pillow and a light drizzle outside. A headache beginning and the familiar ache in her body from sleeping in a ball. The same position she'd kept the past week. She sat up with a groan, shivering from the missing warmth of her bed when she stepped into the hallway.

With a glance at the clock she grabbed clothes from the laundry she hadn't bothered to fold and dressed in the middle of the empty living room. Grabbing a jacket from the wall by the door but lingering when she caught sight of Clarke's jacket. She shook her head, shoving her feet into boots before leaving the apartment. She pulled back her long brunette curls into a pony tail and pulled the hood up on her jacket.

Standing on the front steps of the apartment building, her hands deep in her pockets. The rain lightening up as her boots hit the sidewalk. The sun attempting to peek out from behind the gray clouds above but it didn't lighten her mood. Nothing seemed to as of late, not even visiting Anya brought her up.

Anya hadn't missed a chance to point it out to her either, continuously telling her that she needed a break and scowling when Lexa refused her. There was too much for her to sift through for her to even consider a break. Between more memories of Costia resurfacing and the pain of Clarke not trusting her, Lexa just couldn't seem to brighten up.
She walked slowly with her head bowed, brushing shoulders with others on the sidewalk. Ignoring their glares and turning into a warm coffee shop.

It was quiet inside, only one other person sitting down in a booth besides the barista. The woman gave her a sweet smile as Lexa approached, brushing loose dirty black hair behind her ear.

“What can I get you miss?” She asked excitedly.

“Large black coffee.” Lexa muttered looking away as the woman poured her coffee. She turned back at the sound of a cup hitting the counter and paid. Grabbing the cup and leaving the building, back out into the returning rain. She sighed and looked up at the sky, *I hate this.*

She looked back down, turning her cup and staring at the number written on it. She hadn’t even flirted and the girl gave her number. Lexa frowned, turning the number away from her and sipped at her coffee. Heading back to the apartment through the rain.

–

“Come on Lex! Cheer up! I’m out of the hospital!” Anya whined stomping her foot.

“Quit acting like a child.” Lexa snapped, earning a scowl from the woman beside her. “I’m fine.” She said softly with a sigh.

“Bullshit, you've been nothing but a sack of potatoes for the past week. Cheer up, get laid or something.”

“No.”

“Why!”

“Because I said so.” She growled stepping out of the elevator and pulling out a set of keys. “Here, now shut up.”
“The fuck is this.”

“Go outside and hit the unlock button, you'll see.”

Anya looked at her with disbelief but hurried ahead of Lexa. Lexa could see her hitting the button and jumping as the car she stood beside beeped. Then her mouth drop as Lexa stepped outside with a smirk.

“Lexa..”

“Yes Anya? What is it? Something wrong?”

“Fuck you!” The woman pulled Lexa into a tight hug. “Thank you but fuck you!”

“Fuck you too and your welcome.”

“Come on, lets tear up Boston and hope we don't get pulled over.”

Lexa smiled, sliding into the passenger seat as Anya got in the driver's seat. The woman's eyes filling with glee as the car roared to life. She turned the silver car away from the hospital and sped away. Continuously accelerating, listening to the car purr as she drove through light after light, ignoring it if it were red. Lexa wasn't bothered by it, she did it every time she got behind the wheel of a new car. She could be a bit of a daredevil if she wanted to be.

Anya tightened her grip on the steering wheel as they approached the apartment, stepping on the breaks and sliding the car to a halt perfectly next to the curb. “Perfect!”

“Nice Anya.”

“I know.” She smirked cutting the engine and getting out, Lexa following her. The smile on her face fading with Anya's back turned to her. She kept herself behind the woman on the way back up to the apartment, only flashing her another smile when she turned to her.
“Oh, I should tell you. Daisy is coming by later, Indra too.”

“Daisy?”

“Yes, she is one of us now.”

“Since when!”

“Since we left Philadelphia Lex, I brought her in, 21.”

“Wow.. Okay then.” Lexa unlocked the apartment door, swinging it open and shrugging her jacket off. Anya just behind her taking a deep breath as she stepped back into the apartment.

“Home sweet home..”

“Glad to have you home.”

“I'm glad to be home! But.. I guess I gotta do laundry huh, that's my other welcome home gift.”

Lexa looked at the pile of clothes on the dining room table and sighed. “No, I meant to do it before getting you, I got it.”

“Good, because Daisy will be here in like an hour.”

–

Clarke laid back against the cushions of her couch. Her laptop on the coffee table playing music softly as she sketched the skyline. At least she meant to sketch the skyline, but the moment her pencil hit the page it turned into a jawline. Then a ear, and a set of lips turned up into an almost smile.
Clarke clenched her jaw and tossed the sketchbook over the back of the couch. Wincing when she heard it hit Octavia, the brunette sitting in the middle of the floor doing yoga.

“The fuck Clarke!”

“Sorry O, forgot you were there.” Clarke apologized leaning over the back of the couch, watching the brunette pick up the thrown sketchbook. She flipped through it silently coming to the last page.

“You were drawing her?”

“Unfortunately, meant to sketch the skyline.”

“Unless you were trying to say her jawline is like the city skyline.. you missed your mark.”

“No shit smart ass, give it back.”

Octavia shook her head and set it on the floor beside her. “Not if you're going to throw it again, and change your music. Its weird.”

“Its not weird, its Oh Wonder.”

“I don't know what the hell Oh Wonder is.”

“Learn it.” Clarke muttered as her phone dinged, signaling she had a text message. She picked it up and read it, frowning.

11:36 [Anya] – I'm home so get your ass over here Griffin.


11:37 [Anya] – Cause I ducking said so.
Clarke ignored her and trudged off down the hall, walking straight into the other apartment without knocking. The door was barely closed before Anya grabbed her and pushed her into a chair in the center of the room.

“The fuck Anya.”

“Stay quiet, Lexa just got in the shower. I only have about fifteen minutes to do this.”

The woman locked the front door and drew a gun from behind her back. She stood in front of Clarke, the gun in her hand lazily pointing at Clarke.

“I haven't said anything Anya, I swear to you.” Clarke rushed out, eyes trained on the barrel of the gun.
“That isn't what I wanted to talk to you about.” Anya sighed heavily, “it’s about Lexa and what happened between you two. I can't do it anymore, all she does is mope around. She even left clean laundry on the dining room table! She never does that, she likes things to be clean!"

“But I-”

“Don't, let me finish. Why don't you trust her Clarke.”

“Shes an assassin.”

“So am I, yet you willingly walked into this apartment after I asked you to with no context. Me! Who doesn't harbor feelings for you beyond platonic friendship that is now bordering dislike because you hurt Lexa. You realize that she fell when she realized you were lying to her. You had to have noticed, you aren't like us but it isn't rocket science.”

“Anya..”

The woman ignored her, leaning in closer and pressing the gun to Clarke's throat. “Clarke, are you even trying? What does she have to do for you to trust her? Put her life on the line? Does she have to die?”

“No Anya-”

“Then what!” The woman shouted, fury in her eyes.

Clarke jerked backward, the chair scraping loudly against the floor at her movement. “I'm afraid!”

“Because we're killers?”

“Partly.. But also because me knowing puts her at risk, hell it puts both of you at risk. I couldn't live with myself if something happened to you two because of me!”
“But that doesn't tell me why you don't trust her, she wouldn't shoot you in your sleep Clarke. I'd be more likely to do that.”

“Fine, I feel like she's lied to me since day one, and I can't stop wondering what parts are real and which parts aren't.”

“Clarke, she hasn't told you a single lie since we met.”

“She lied when she killed Mrs. Lively!”

Anya rolled her eyes and set the gun on the kitchen counter. “She had to do that, when she is around people who don't know what is she will lie to keep herself hidden. You can't blame her for wanting to protect herself.”

Clarke fell silent at that, dropping her head. She knew Anya was right, she really couldn't blame Lexa for that. It was wrong of her to do so. “You're right.”

“Of course I'm right, I'm the big sister.” Anya knelt down in front of Clarke, her hand resting just above Clarke's knee. “You need to learn to trust her Clarke, she won't hurt you and if she did, I'd be the one beating her ass before you even had a chance to.”

Suddenly they heard a door open and Anya jerked away from Clarke. Clarke following her and moving the chair before Lexa in a towel turned to face them in the hallway. A look of shock and confusion on her face.

“Uh..”

“Go get dressed, Daisy and Indra will be here soon.” Anya smiled at her reassuringly. Lexa nodded and padded off to her bedroom, the door slamming behind her.

“Daisy?” Clarke questioned watching Anya pick the gun back up.

“The hacker we talked about at the hospital.” She turned away from Clarke, stashing the gun in a place that Clarke couldn't see.
“Oh.”

“Lexa’s ex too.”

“Oh, wait.. a woman?”

“Yes? Duh, what else would she be?”

“Don’t know.”

Anya stared at her for a moment, “oh, I think I get it. Did you not know that Lexa was-”

“That I am what Anya.” Lexa spoke from behind Clarke. “Gay?”

Clarke turned and faced her, watching Lexa run a hand through her damp hair. “I had a feeling.”

“Does it matter?”

“Nope.”

Anya cleared her throat, “well then, ladies. If you will, please try not to tear each others heads off during this meeting.”

“No promises.” Lexa muttered glaring at Clarke as someone knocked on the door.

“That must be Daisy or maybe Indra.” Anya opened the door and a woman let out an excited yell from the doorway. Her arms thrown around Anya in a tight hug.

“Any! Its so good to see you again!” Daisy pulled back, looking at Anya. “None of the reports said
anything about your neck.”

“Just a scratch, the shoulder was the worst part.” She pulled at the neck of her shirt, showing off her gauze covered shoulder. “All patched up and I feel good.”

“That's great Anya! Ribs good too?”

“Long as I don't do anything too crazy.”

“Behave then will you.” She grinned and stepped aside, revealing a woman behind her. “Guys, I'd like for you to meet my girlfriend, Jemma.”

The woman behind her stepped forward with a shy smile, tucking her short light brunette hair behind her ear. Her soft brown eyes calculating and alert as she took in the other women. “Hello everyone,” her english accent unmistakable, “nice to meet you.”

Anya reached out first, taking the woman's hand. “Nice to meet you Jemma.” She flashed her a warm smile then turned to Lexa and Clarke. “That is Lexa, and that is Clarke.”

Lexa and Clarke nodded simultaneously, only Clarke giving a small wave.

Lexa leaned against the kitchen counter, sipping at her glass of water. Eyes trained on the five women sitting around the dining room table. Clarke and Daisy seemed to get along amazingly, the two women already smiling and joking around. Daisy's girlfriend, Jemma seemed a bit shy but Anya wasn't letting her get away with it. Continuously prodding her to speak and to join in the light hearted conversation.

Only Indra seemed left alone to her own devices but the woman seemed annoyed. They'd agreed to meet and let the hacker do her work but instead they were sitting around doing nothing. Indra scowled and slammed her fist on the dining room table, standing to get the attention of the other women.
“This isn’t what we agreed to meet for. If you want to laugh and tease one another instead of our duty than I am leaving.” The woman yelled, her sharp eyes looking around the table, waiting for something.

“Indra is right, Daisy?”

“I already started, I began with the name you gave me Anya. Costia Greene but she doesn't seem to exist. Like anywhere, nothing on her. No birth records, no death records, nothing on her murder. Nothing at all, it appears to have all been deleted.”

“Tri Kru wouldn't just delete her, they would alter but not delete.”

“I know, that’s why its weird. I dug into the Tri Kru database and found nothing. As if she wasn't a hit but Indra tells me she had to have been. A shooter walking into a coffee shop with more than one person and only killing one person? That doesn't sound like a typical random murder.”

“Go on.” Indra pressed, clearly impressed.

“I decided to look into Tri Kru the day she died but there is nothing. Not a single file for the 23rd.”


“Nothing, not a single file for anything, look.” Daisy opened her laptop and into the database, pulling up the 23rd and turning the laptop. Anya pulled it close and shook her head, she hadn't been lying. There was absolutely nothing, no file for any branch on that day.

“Then I decided to look into Echo herself but she doesn't seem to exist before the day she came into power.”

“What do you mean she doesn't exist.”

“Echo was never on the list to become a head, there are no files prior to her coming into power either as Daisy just said.” Indra pointed out.
“Right, the only way we’d find anything on her is if we went into one of the other 11 databases or even the commander's personal files.”

“So wait, did no one bother to even check this woman out when she came into power? She just mysteriously showed up one day and no one questioned it?” Clarke asked, confusion evident in her voice.

“No one questions the commander decisions Clarke, only now do we have a reason to with the death of Costia and Lexa being brought in right afterward.” Indra answered her.

“How long will it take you to get into Echo's personal files and the other databases Daisy?” Anya asked standing up from the table.

“Depends really, I'll be sure to contact you once I have the information you guys need.”

“Good, until then we have no reason to meet up again. Keep contact minimal beyond this point, surely Echo knows that we've all met up.” The women around the table nodded, even Clarke.

“Thank you for coming everyone.” Anya spoke with finality sitting back in her seat.

Daisy and Jemma stood, Daisy helping Jemma into her coat before pulling on her own and hugging Anya goodbye. She glanced at Lexa and nodded at her with a soft smile, leading the way from the apartment.

“Before I go, someone tell me why Clarke, who is not Tri Kru was here for this meeting.” Indra asked with a hard glance at the blonde still sitting at the table.

“Lexa told her everything, that's why shes here.”

Indra shook her head, “if she speaks. It is on you two, I will not defend you.”

“We know the consequences.” Anya muttered staring at Lexa.
“I’ll be off then.” Indra stood up from the table, slamming the door behind her as she left with a little too much force.

“I should go too actually.” Clarke glanced between Anya and Lexa, standing.

“Stay Clarke, I have a proposition for you and Lexa, actually I’m forcing you.” Anya grabbed Lexa by the arm and pulled her over to Clarke. “You two need some alone time.

“What? No we don't.” Lexa spoke first, stepping away from Clarke.

“Nope, you do, you've been little miss sad pants for the past week. So you're getting some alone time in the mountains with Clarke, who also needs this.”

“Anya, I'm fine and I can't exactly take off of work, plus I've got classes to go to.” Clarke argued but Anya just shook her head.

“I'm not hearing valid excuses for as to why you two can't disappear onto White Mountain for a week or so, so you're going.”

“But-”

“No Lex, you're going. Tonight, so both of you go and get packed up. You're taking a jeep that Raven has so willingly offered to let you two use.”

“Raven is in on this!?” Clarke shouted.

“Octavia is too actually.”

“Those bitches, I'm going to kill them.” Clarke growled stomping away, the front door slamming behind her.
“Come on Anya, are you serious about this?” Lexa crossed her arms across her chest with a frown.

“Of course I'm serious, now go and pack. Pack warmly, you know that mountain gets cold this time of year.”

“What happens if we end up killing each other on that mountain.”

“You won't.”

“How do you know.”

“Sister intuition,” Anya beamed.

“I hate you.”

“You love me.”

–

Lexa scowled tossing the last bag into the backseat of the black jeep. A grinning Raven and Octavia standing beside the vehicle as Clarke walked out of the building.

“I hate you two.”

“But we love you Clarke and you need a vacation. With Lexa. Alone. On a mountain. With no one around for miles. Did I mention alone?”

“One more time for good measure would you O.” Clarke snapped sarcastically.

“Alone.”
“Fuck you.”

“We love you too Clarke, now get in and go. Go go, Anya promised to buy us pizza and beer tonight.” Octavia shoved her into the passenger side and shutting her in the jeep. “Now girls, be safe, be mindful of bears, use protection, don't kill each other.”

“Repeat that O?” Clarke leaned out of the passenger side window with a scowl.

“Be mindful of bears.”

“No the other thing, so I can choke you.”

Lexa rolled her eyes and drove the jeep away from the two women.

“We'll just get through this then come back.” Lexa muttered hitting the button to roll Clarke’s window back up and turning on the heat.

“Can't believe you aren't fighting this.”

“I already have and besides, I love the mountains, its peaceful.”

“You would..” Clarke murmured turning on the radio, Lexa frowned at her but didn't push anything further.

They rode in silence, Clarke humming along to the music. Her head bobbing in tune, every so often breaking out into a mini dance in her seat and completing ignoring the looks Lexa gave her.

They'd already left the city behind due to her speeding. The landscape around them bland, the mountain still not visible in the distance ahead of them. The sunset the only thing even remotely interesting, but blinding Lexa.
“Clarke, can you check the glove compartment for sunglasses?”

“Sure.” The blonde popped it open but stopped, eyeing the revolver that lay on top of a set of maps. “Lexa.”

“Yea?”

“There’s a gun.”

“Okay? I’m sure its not loaded, move it if you need to but be careful.” Lexa warned watching Clarke out of the corner of her eye. The blonde nodded and pushed it to the side, looking through the glove compartment before closing it then looking into the console between the two women.

“Here,” she held out a pair of old aviators and Lexa smiled taking them from the blonde.

“Do I look okay?”

“Fabulous.” Clarke remarked sarcastically before they once more fell into an awkward silence. Clarke fiddled with her phone, biting her lip at whatever game she was playing.

“Clarke, do guns bother you?”

“Not used to being around them like you Lex.” She paused, “Lexa.” She corrected herself.

“That’s okay, but I want you know that I’m going to keep it around. Octavia wasn't kidding about bears.”

“There's really bears up there?”

“Yes but you'll be okay.”
“I don't want to get eaten by a bear while on a forced vacation.”

Lexa smiled innocently, an idea popping into her head “there are plenty of other things that might eat you up there Clarke.”

“And who says I'd want you to eat me?” Clarke asked, her eyes wide at what Lexa had just said.

“I never said anything about me eating you Clarke, get your head out of the gutter.”

Clarke blushed at Lexa's words, shifting away from her and leaning heavily against the passenger side door.

–

“So who wants to bet that they'll be together by the time they come back.” Octavia asked the two other women beside her on the couch. She smirked at Raven as the woman hummed in thought, taking a drink of her beer.

“I think they will, you told me Clarke started to draw her.”

“And! Lexa has been a depressing little sack of sadness all week with Clarke being busy.” Anya pointed out. “Wait, Clarke has been drawing her?”

“Yes! She has this little sketchbook that she likes to doodle in sometimes and a lot of the pages have Lexa. She keeps denying its her though.”

“Kind of like you two like to deny that you're dating.” Anya looks down at the way the two women are sitting. Octavia leaning into Raven with an arm around her waist, Raven's arm across Octavia's shoulders.

Raven sighed, looking down at Octavia who gave her a nod. “Fine, we're dating.”

“What! How long!”
“Few months, but don't tell Clarke. We'll tell her when her and Lexa get together.”

“Fuck you two are cute together though.”

“We know.” Raven smirked, pressing a kiss on Octavia's forehead. “What about you Anya? Got a nice somebody you've been hiding from all of us?”

“Sadly no.”

“I find that hard to believe, you're hot.” Octavia muttered under her breath, Raven above her nodding in agreement.

“Agreed, totally hot.”

“I know.” Anya replied smugly, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

–

“How much longer Lexa.” Clarke whined poking Lexa, obviously bored out of her mind.

“About an hour or so longer.”

“But I'm bored!”

“Take a nap, or play on your phone more.”

“Phone is dead and I'm not tired.”

“What do you want me to do then, I'm the one driving.” Lexa scowled as the blonde continued to
poke her in the side. “You know, a few days ago you wanted nothing to do with me. What the hell changed.”

Clarke pulled away, sitting back in her seat and ignoring the question. Allowing them to fall back into another uncomfortable silence.

Lexa immediately felt guilty snapping at Clarke the way she did. She glanced at the blonde, noting the way she was turned away from Lexa. Dejected and slightly curled in on herself in defeat.

“I think you'll like it up here, its beautiful this time of year.” Lexa tried to bring Clarke back, trying to pull her out of the hole she'd put her in but she seemed to be ignoring her.

“The house sits on a hill overlooking a river, a lot of deer, birds, raccoon..” She trailed off trying to remember what else she'd seen the last time she was at the house. “Think I saw a bobcat once.”

“You don't have to do this Lexa, I know I've been an ass to you this past week so don't worry about it. We'll just get through this week like you said and be done with it.”

“Did I mention raccoon?” Lexa asked ignoring Clarke.

“Yes, Lexa, you said raccoon, deer and birds.”

“Okay then, what animal is your favorite?”

“I love ducks.”

“Why ducks?”

“They are majestic creatures and they can fly, if they don't like a place they're in, they can just fly away.”

“All birds can do that Clarke.”
“Yes, but ducks are my favorites. What about you Lexa? What is your favorite animal?”

“Squids, hands down, no competition.”

Clarke cocked an eyebrow at her, “why squids?”

“What about you ever seen a squid?”

“No, I haven't actually.”

“Okay then, get back to me about squids when you've seen one.”

“Fine, but I think ducks are better.”

“Excuse me? Oh no, I will pull this car over if you don't take that back. I will fight you.”

Clarke laughed and shook her head, “not taking it back.”

Lexa gave her a pointed glare but didn't pull over, “you win this round Griffin.”

“May as well start to get used to it, because I will always win.”

Lexa's twitched into a faint smile while watching Clarke begin to fiddle with the radio once more. Changing the station over and over until settling once more on the same station she'd had it on originally. She grumbled under her breath about nothing good being on but paused in her complaining at the beginning notes of a song.

“Lex,” the blonde began excitedly, “LEX!”
“What Clarke, what.”

“I love this song,” she whispered.

“I don’t know it.”

Clarke gasped, “how the fuck do you not know What's up by 4 Non Blondes, how. Were you born under a rock?”

“No, I-” Clarke shushed her loudly, her finger pressed to her lips and began to sing along to the song as loud as she could. She knew all of the words and never missed a single one. Lexa quietly listened, smiling as the woman beside her got even more into it, dancing in her seat and her arms waving above her head.
Cabin In The Woods

Chapter Notes

Happy 4th of July if you're American!

Happy normal 4th of July if you aren't!

(Title of chapter not in relation to the movie).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Within the hour the mountain began to come into view, it grew in the distance as Lexa drove. She turned the jeep off the highway and onto a 2 lane road. The asphalt worn and cracked as the road began to ascend into the area near the base of the mountain.

Clarke sat up straighter in her seat, peering into the growing darkness as the sun disappeared behind the mountain. “Are we almost there?”

“Not for a while, I'll tell you when we start getting closer.” Clarke groaned, grabbing at the back of her headrest with a scowl. “Once we've been up here for a few days you won't want to leave.”

“I won't want to leave the cold, bad roads and bears?”

“The views Clarke, the views and I won't let any bears get you okay.” Lexa turned the jeep off onto a dirt road that seemed to climb straight into the mountain itself. The trees on either side closing in as the road became narrow, twisting and turning.

“You sure you can do this in the dark?” Clarke asked, her tone slightly worried as Lexa turned a little too quickly and sharply, the jeep sliding dangerously close to the tree line. Branches snapping off of low trees.

“We'll be fine, we're almost out anyway.”

“Are you-” Her mouth fell open, her sentence left unfinished when the trees suddenly ended and the road leveled out onto a small meadow. Deer dashed across the road ahead of them at the sound of the jeep approaching, the headlights illuminating their fur and catching in the whites of their eyes.
“I hope you brought something to draw in, I get the feeling this place will get those juices flowing.” Lexa smirked, glancing at the blonde with her face pressed to the glass of her window.

“I'm so glad I remembered but how much further, I need to pee.” She snapped back to Lexa, leaning across the console with a pleading look in her eye.

“About thirty minutes or so, relax.” Lexa shoved her back into her seat. “Go back to watching the scenery.”

“There is nothing but trees again.” Clarke pointed out as the jeep pushed through into more dense, dark woods.

“Trees can be pretty, besides, Tri Kru means tree people.”

“Why the hell would you guys name yourself the tree people?”

“Because we began in the trees, its where we flourish. Assassins are even trained to be able to kill from a tree, but we never need to, its just for historical purposes now I suppose.”

“So.. You're trained to jump from a tree and kill people like in assassin's creed 3?”

“I don't know what that is.”

“How!”

“I don't exactly have time for stuff like that, so.. yea.”

“It's a video game Lexa, it's a video game about this guy who gets into a machine that takes his mind back to his ancestors because they are looking for a thing, I don't remember the thing, Bellamy loves the damn game but that's pretty much what they do. That is pretty much what you just explained to me.”
“We'll we're not inside a video game Clarke, I can promise you that.”

“I hope not.” She sighed sliding down in her seat.

“Look,” Lexa nudged her, pointing out the passenger side window. “You can see the river if you look hard enough.”

Clarke followed to where the woman was pointing, peering into the darkness but frowning. “You're a damn liar, I don't see anything.”

“I see it!”

Clarke turned back to her and scowled, “you're crazy!”

“Look!” Lexa pointed once more and Clarke sighed, turning to look once more. This time when she looked she saw it, the trees thin enough for the river to be seen in the growing darkness.

“Its a little river.”

“Its bigger where the house is.”

“Speaking of the house, are we there yet?”

“Yes Clarke, we're here.” Lexa turned the jeep onto a small path, slowing down and turning into the thick undergrowth. “We walk from here.”

“Walk!?”

“Its like a ten minute walk, relax.” Lexa cut the engine, reaching across Clarke and opening the glove compartment. She pulled out the revolver and retrieved a holster from beneath Clarke's feet. “Come on Clarke.”
“What about ticks Lex?”

“I'll check you for ticks once we're inside the house.” Lexa hopped out of the jeep, the leaves underfoot crunching loudly as she strapped the holster onto her hip and thigh, pulling it tightly before grabbing bags out of the back of the jeep. Listening intently for Clarke to leave the jeep. When the sound never came she walked around the jeep and found the blonde staring down into the darkness of the ground.

“Come on Clarke, don't be a wuss.”

“Excuse me? What did you just call me?”

“A wuss, get out of the jeep and fight me if you hate it so much.” Lexa growled, hefting a duffle bag over her shoulder.

“I wouldn't want to kick your ass with no one around to see it, so I'll leave kicking your ass for later.” She landed on the leaves, slamming the jeep door and advancing on Lexa with a fire in her eye. Lexa cocked an eyebrow at her and opened the backdoor of the jeep before the blonde reached her.

“Get your bag and lets go.” She heard the blonde hit the door and let out a bark of laughter when Clarke cursed loudly.

“I hate you Lexa!”

“Oh come on, thought you had to pee.”

“I do!”

“Then get your shit and lets roll.”

Clarke huffed and grabbed the bag that Anya had given her to use. It was identical to Lexa's dark green but a dark blue. “Lead the way oh great tour guide Lexa.”
“Shut up,” Lexa muttered locking the jeep up and heading up the path in the darkness. Her footfalls near silent while Clarke's were loud. Lexa cringed at the sound but said nothing to the blonde as the house finally came into view. “Just like I remembered.”

Clarke came to a stop just behind her, “how the hell can you see it. Its almost pitch black out here.”

“Tree people magic,” she replied sarcastically heading up the steps and pulling a set of keys from her pocket. She unlocked the heavy wooden door and pushed it open. Flicking on a light by the door and dumping her bag on the tan tiled floor of the kitchen.

Clarke trudged in behind her, letting out a breath and closing the door behind her. Her eyes wandering over the large room. It wasn't too big of a house, a modern kitchen with a island in the center. A small set of light wooden stairs leading down into a living room. A railing stretching across the ledge that separated the two areas.

“Wow Lexa, this is beautiful.” Clarke murmured walking down the steps, taking in the living room. A large brown sectional in the center of the room, a hand crafted wooden coffee table and bookshelves stretching against the back wall. The focal point of the room being a large stone fireplace with a plasma TV above it directly across from the massive couch, a hallway leading off to another section of the house. The entirety of the last wall made of glass, heavy curtains drawn across. “Your people only want the best for themselves huh.”

“Not really, each safe house differs. This one is just meant for more long term stays rather than short, so more was put into it.” She replied, watching Clarke throw herself onto the couch, her bag landing on the floor nearby. “Thought you had to pee.”

“I do! Where is it!”

“Outside.” Lexa deadpanned, keeping her face straight as Clarke's face fell into shock.

“What.”

“Its outside.”
“You're fucking with me.”

“Why would I do that?”

“It is not outside!”

“Yes it is, it is outside of this room,” Lexa smirked.

“You dick! I thought you meant outside outside.” Clarke scrambled up off the couch, rushing to stand in front of Lexa. “Where is it or I'm peeing on you.”

“Please don't, its down the hall, first door on the right.” She pointed, watching the blonde sprint off, the bathroom door slamming behind her.

Lexa rolled her eyes, locking the front door and heading out onto the balcony behind the house through the glass door. Spotting the already chopped wood on the corner, grabbing several pieces before heading back into the house. Piling them next to the fireplace as Clarke returned from the bathroom with a relieved sigh.

“Even the bathroom is pretty and I'm cold now, also there is only one bedroom.”

“I know Clarke, I'm trying.” Lexa knelt at the fireplace, stacking wood inside and grabbing at kindling.

“Do you know what you're doing Lexa?” Clarke asked, watching the brunette set fire to kindling and setting it on top of the logs. The small flame growing slowly until it grew into a decently sized fire, forcing Lexa to take a step back and pulled the glass covering across, opening the vents to allow the heat through.

“See? Warm yet?”

“No, I'm still cold.”
“Sit in front of the fireplace then.” Lexa patted a spot on the rug beside her while she pulled off her boots then removed the gun holster and rolled up the legs of her jeans. She leaned back heavily against the coffee table when Clarke sat beside her, the blonde crossing her arms over her chest. The light from the fire flickering across her features.

“I can feel you staring Lexa.”

“Sorry.”

“I wasn't complaining.”

“That's my line.”

“Mine now,” she smiled scooting closer to Lexa. “I'm still cold though.”

Lexa studied her for a moment then stood and headed off down the hallway. Grabbing a blanket out of the hall closet, unfolding it and draping it across Clarke's shoulders then reclaiming her seat beside her with a soft smile.

“Why thank you Lexa, how nice of you.”

“I aim to please.”

Clarke hummed pulling Lexa into the blanket with her and leaning into her, an arm snaking around the brunette's waist with her head on her shoulder. She felt Lexa tense beneath her but slowly relax, a smile ghosting her lips as they watched the fire burn brightly.

As the night wore on Lexa felt Clarke relax completely, her arm tightening around her and her warm breath on Lexa's neck as she fell asleep. Lexa sighed, gently moving and pulled the blonde into her arms, carrying her from the living room and into the bedroom. Tucking her into the king sized bed beneath the solid dark brown bedspread.

Clarke murmured incoherently in her sleep, letting her arms fall away from Lexa when the brunette pulled back from her. She looked down at the blonde for a moment, smiling at the twitch of her lips
in her deep sleep before leaving the room. Keeping the bedroom door open and heading back into
the living room, retrieving the discarded blanket from the floor. She laid out alone on the couch,
pulling the blanket up to her shoulders. Breathing in the residual warmth left from Clarke until she
fell asleep.

–

Clarke woke with a shiver, sitting up in the bed and rubbing at her arms. Jerking around and
frowning at how alone in the bed she was. She slipped out from beneath the covers, heading down
the cold hallway and into the dark living room. The fire long ago burnt out, nothing but ash left.

She frowned spotting Lexa on the couch in a deep sleep, her legs pulled up beneath the blanket and
her face buried into the couch pillow. Clarke tiptoed to the couch, standing over Lexa and shaking
her.

“Lexa,” nothing, “Lexa wake up.” Still nothing, she huffed and pulled on the blanket. Gritting her
teeth when it didn't come loose, she pulled harder before finding the blanket tightly gripped in Lexa's
hands. “Fucking hell Lex,” she whispered in the darkness and shaking her again. “Wake up!”

Lexa jerked awake, staring up at Clarke with wide eyes. “Whats wrong.” Her voice rough and full of
sleep.

“Come back to bed with me, its cold.”

“Are you sure?”

“Duh, otherwise I wouldn't ask.”

“You trust me enough to get into a bed with me?” Lexa asked sleepily, rolling back over. Not seeing
the hurt look on Clarke's face.

“Never mind,” Clarke muttered and heading back to the bedroom.

Lexa opened her eyes, letting them adjust to the darkness and sat up. Watching the blonde retreat
back down the hall with her head bowed, listening to the soft sound of the woman climbing back into the bed alone. The blonde was right, it was cold. It was very cold, she shivered and got to her feet, dragging the blanket with her to the bedroom but stopping in the doorway.

“Clarke?”

“Don't worry about it Lexa.” She muttered from beneath the comforter. Lexa sighed and climbed onto the bed, sitting beside the blonde cross legged. “Lexa, I said don't worry about it.”

“Clarke..”

“No, go away.” Clarke shifted herself to the opposite side of the bed, holding her breath until she felt the bed shift and bare feet hitting the floor. She heard the bedroom door close with a soft click, she tried to relax but shivered, fighting the desire to call Lexa back.

Lexa woke with the sun, stretching and getting up off the couch. Groaning at the stiffness in her muscles as she made coffee, grateful that Anya had remembered to have someone stock the house before they arrived. She leaned back against the island, impatiently waiting for the coffee to finish. She did not want to wield an axe half asleep but she wanted to get it done before Clarke woke up, she'd yet to check if there even were any logs for her to split.

With a sigh of impatience she pulled her hair back into a pony tail and pulled on the black coat she'd brought along. Hopefully the coffee would be done by the time she came back into the house, she pushed her feet into the heavy work boots by the backdoor and slipped out. Holding the glass door so it didn't clatter shut behind her.

She breathed out, the puffs of air visible in the crisp cold of the early morning. The sky bare and the sun rising gently. A thin layer of ice coating the back porch, crunching underfoot as she headed down the stairs.

The backyard was bare, a faint trail leading from the stairs to the small dock on the river. With the trees being so sparse she could see deep into the woods but only a dead silence greeted her. Nothing was stirring, no birds, no squirrels, nothing.
Lexa glanced at the wood pile, logs that needed to be split piled high and the worn axe stuck into a cut tree trunk nearby. Everything was fairly close to the porch of the house, at least if something did come after her she wouldn’t have far to run. She wouldn’t even need to run if she remembered to bring the gun, her hand instinctively moved to her hip, patting the empty space where the gun should have been.

She threw her arms into the air at her own failure and headed back to the house, gently closing the door behind her. The smell of fresh coffee greeting her and a blonde head of hair visible over the top of the railing in the kitchen. The sound of coffee cups clinking together echoing through the room as Lexa hurried up the steps and into the kitchen.

Clarke turned sharply, a small smile on her lips and a coffee cup in each hand. “Good morning Lexa.”

“Morning Clarke, I hope the coffee is okay for you. I made it stronger than I usually do.” Lexa explained, eyes wide when Clarke approached her holding out one of the coffee cups.

“I like it strong.” Clarke sipped at her coffee slowly as Lexa took the offered cup. “Its good Lexa, I could probably climb walls now but its good,” she laughed softly taking another drink.

Lexa took a sip, feeling the warmth spread through her.

“So what were you doing outside?” Clarke asked taking a seat at the island.

“Checked for more firewood to split, I know its cold in here.”

“I'm freezing my ass off Lexa, lets be serious. Why didn't they think to install a heater.”

“Don't know, I'll be sure to ask the person who decided to build the house.” Lexa replied sarcastically, setting her coffee cup down, grabbing a pair of work gloves and heading back outside before Clarke could comment.

She got to work splitting firewood, unaware of Clarke stepping out onto the back porch with her coffee cup in hand. Dressed in the clothes she’d slept in and a blanket draped over her shoulders. Her blue eyes glued on Lexa, watching the brunette swing the axe and bring it down onto the wood, splitting it. She sipped at her coffee quietly, pulling the blanket around her tighter when the wind
Lexa set the axe down, shrugging off her coat then pulling off her long sleeved t-shirt. Leaving her in a black sports bra and sweat rolling down her back. She wiped at the sweat on her brow, taking a deep breath. She'd forgotten how good splitting firewood was for getting rid of her frustrations. Clarke bit her lip at the sight of Lexa in jeans and a sports bra. Wishing she'd brought her sketchbook out onto the porch with her. Her breath hitching when the brunette picked the axe back up and went back to work. She hadn't realized how incredibly toned the brunette was until that moment with an axe in her hand. The blonde craned her head when Lexa turned her back more towards her, spotting a massive black tribal tattoo she hadn't seen before.

“Lexa!” She called out as the brunette split a log, she spun and looked up at the call of her name. “Didn't know you had a tattoo.”

“If it took you this long to see it, it means I've done something right.”

“What do you mean by that.”

Lexa stuck the axe into the tree trunk, pulling off her gloves and turning to face Clarke completely. “We aren't supposed to have tattoos, makes us extremely identifiable but I got mine before going in.”

“Makes sense, you cover it up with make up?”

“Yes, takes a little while but it gets done.” Lexa looked back at the split wood then back to Clarke. “Think I'll call it for a day, this should last for a couple days.”

“Do you want breakfast then?”

“Depends on what you make.”

“Pancakes? Think I saw the ingredients in the kitchen.” Clarke turned away without an answer and headed back into the house, the door slamming behind her.
Lexa smiled and pulled her gloves back on, grabbing at several logs.

—

Clarke listened to Lexa stack firewood on the porch, catching sight of the woman every few minutes when she bent. Still covered in sweat and glistening as she moved. Clarke licked her lips, gripping at her shirt, forcing herself to turn around and start making food before the woman came in.

She heard the door slam and the stomping of boots against the hardwood floor of the living room. Heard the wood hit the floor then the footsteps approach Clarke from behind.

“Think I have time to shower before those are done?” Clarke half turned, her breath hitching at the brunette leaning over the island, her skin still glistening and a worried look on her face.

“Huh- Yea, go ahead.” Clarke turned back around sharply, listening intently, expecting the footsteps to fade down the hall but instead they approached her, stopping right beside her.

“Clarke, I.. I wanted to apologize for last night again.” The brunette rubbed at her neck, looking down at her boots when Clarke turned to her. Her eyes trailing up the woman's body then turned back to the stove top. “I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking when I said it. I-”

“Lexa, its okay. I deserved it now go and take a shower, you stink and the pancakes will be done soon,” Clarke smiled at her reassuringly. “Go!” She shooed her away with the spatula.

Lexa threw her hands up in defeat, “fine, fine I'm going!”

She stepped back, retrieving her bag from where she'd dropped it last night and headed off down the hallway. Leaving Clarke alone in the kitchen, flipping pancakes while she waited for the brunette to return.

She was just flipping pancakes onto plates when the brunette reappeared, hair damp and dressed. A small smile on her lips when she bypassed the pancakes on the island. Picking up her work gloves once more.
“You could have done that after eating Lexa, now your food will get cold” Clarke grabbed the plates and carried them to the living room, setting them down on the coffee table, “hurry up.”

“Relax, I’m sure they’ll still be good even if they’re a little cold.” Lexa glanced over her shoulder as she stacked wood by the fireplace.

“I meant to ask last night but, what are we expected to do out here in the middle of no where? Read? Sleep? Tell each other our hopes and dreams?”

“Well, there is the TV but no cable or satellite, so unless one of us brought a laptop with movies on it. We do nothing but stare at one another.”

Clarke cursed under her breath, “I left mine in the city.”

“Good thing I have mine then huh.” Lexa stood, pulling her gloves off then brushing her jeans off and disappeared down the hallway. “Not sure how many movies or TV shows I’ve got on it though.” She called out from the bedroom then reappearing in the doorway with her laptop and charger in hand. “And hopefully nothing too disturbing on it either, no telling with Anya.”

“You let her use your laptop?”

“I try not to after the last time she got a hold of it.”

“What did she do?”

Leda plugged in the laptop charger then hooked the laptop up to the TV. “Loaded porn on it and I had to have Daisy fix it for me.”

Clarke let out a quiet laugh, “that seems like a lie, I'm sure she doesn't need porn to get off.”

“You saying Anya is hotter than me and insinuating that I can't get laid?”
“Yes actually, your sister is amazingly hot.” She paused at the look Lexa gave her, her eyebrow quirked and her head cocked. “I'd have to be crazy not to notice okay, and don't go telling her. I get the feeling she'd be a egomaniac about it.”

“You have the hots for my sister Clarke.” Lexa dropped herself onto the couch next to the blonde and smirked, fighting to hide the jealousy that ran through her. “I won't tell her.”

“Don't get me wrong Lexa, you're hot too.” She licked her lips and ducked her head, recalling when Lexa had been splitting the wood outside.

“You're not so bad yourself Clarke.”

“Not so bad? I am gorgeous, I am a 10!”

“Then don't say I have trouble getting laid! Because I don't, I don't need porn to get off either okay.”

“You were the one blaming Anya for porn on your laptop, not me.” Clarke took the laptop from Lexa, earning herself one of Lexa's signature looks, “what? You should be eating, I already finished mine. Eat.”

Lexa shrugged and dug into her food as Clarke looked through her laptop. Hoping to find movies or TV shows to watch.

“Lex, what is.. Don't fucking open this or you're dead.”

“It is what it says, don't fucking open it or you're dead.” She managed out with her mouth full.

“Don't talk with your mouth full.” Clarke clicked into the file, her mouth dropping open. “What the fuck Lexa.”

“What? Oh god is it porn, I promise its not mine! Okay actually it might be cause that bartender left me high and definitely not dry.”
“What? It’s just movies, there is like twelve movies here.” Clarke studied her for a moment then laughed. “There is porn though, but that’s fine. You think this is bad? You should see my bookmarks on my laptop.” She imitated an explosion with her hands and smirked. “Anyway, bartender huh?”

Lexa blushed, “I had just killed a guy okay.”

“Was she at least cute.”

“She was beautiful, long blonde hair and a bright smile but she doesn’t compare to you.”

“Aw Lexa, That’s so sweet of you to say!”

—

The two women sat together on the couch, the laptop on the coffee table and a movie playing on the TV above the fireplace. Lexa dozed, she’d seen the movie many times already but Clarke sat awake with a tear in her eye. She sniffled loud enough for Lexa to look over at her.

“Are you crying?”

“No.. maybe, this shit is so sad. Why are we watching this.”

“I watch it every time I feel bad, I don’t know why.”

“Never Let Me Go is so sad! You need a different movie to watch when you’re down.” She wiped a tear away with the back of her hand. “Can we do something else? Before I start full blown sobbing.”

“Can go for a walk.”

“I’d rather be eaten by a bear than cry, so lets go.” Clarke threw her blanket off, grabbed her shoes and coat before Lexa had a chance to finish her stretch.
“Slow down, the outside isn't going anywhere.” Lexa paused the movie and pulled on her boots.

“For an assassin you're pretty slow.” Lexa frowned at her but pulled on her coat, grabbing the revolver and strapping it on as Clarke hurried through the backdoor. She followed more slowly, passing through the door when Clarke stopped at the forest's edge.

“You won't let me get eaten right Lex?” She called out looking over her shoulder at the brunette as she approached.

“No Clarke, just follow the trail.” She pointed to a faint trail that lead off into the forest. “You should get your sketchbook though, might see something you like.”

“And what if I’m already looking at something I like? Can I draw that?” Clarke smiled, waiting for the words to sink in as she looked at Lexa.

Lexa licked her lips, “just go and get it.”

Clarke nodded and dashed off back to the house, leaving Lexa alone in the cold quiet. A breeze wafted through the trees, kicking up leaves and causing small waves on the river. She knew she'd have to thank Anya when they got back, she did need this but the change in Clarke's demeanor was something she'd have to figure out. She had a feeling that Anya had said something to Clarke, she'd heard the yelling from the shower the day they left. She'd heard the words 'I'm afraid' and known it was Clarke who had said it.

Lexa understood her fear, sometimes she managed to scare herself but when the blonde came back out of the house with the sketchbook under her arm and a bright smile. She wondered if she was still afraid of her.

“Okay, lets go!” Clarke nudged at Lexa, prodding her forward and the brunette nodded. Heading off down the trail with Clarke hot on her heels, softly humming a song to herself.

The trees on the edge of the trail became thicker the further they went, the trail beginning to ascend. Deep ruts in the earth filled with dead leaves, Lexa skirted them but could hear Clarke skipping between them. At least until she fell into one with a squeak.

“You okay back there Clarke?” Lexa heard Clarke huff and hurry to catch up.
“There has to be a reason why you told me to bring my sketchbook Lexa, so where is it.” She asked ignoring Lexa.

“I don't know what you mean.”

“Bullshit, you know exactly what I mean.” Clarke tugged at the back of her coat as they rounded a bend in the trail, the tree line suddenly falling away and a meadow stretching ahead of them. The yellow grass meeting a thin river whose water fell off a small rock ledge, continuing on its way downstream to join up with the big river. “This is it?”

“This is it.”

“It's beautiful Lexa.”

“I'm glad you like it, I thought you might want to draw it.”

“You were right, I do but.. will you do something for me?”

“Of course.”

“Get in it.” Lexa looked at her in confusion, “I want to draw you too, in the scene.”

Lexa nodded, “where would you like me oh great artist Clarke.”

“By the river, like..” Clarke took her hand and lead her to the river, pointing at a rock for her to sit on at the edge of the yellow grass. Lexa sat as directed then watched Clarke walk away, turning back to look at her every so often until the woman seemed to finally found a place she liked.

She sat in the grass, peering over at Lexa before pulling out her pencil from her pocket and turning the book horizontal. Her blue eyes watching Lexa as the woman shifted gently to get comfortable. She studied her a moment more before beginning, sketching the land around her. Curving her pencil along with the river and the stones that bordered it. She added the grass, shading it as the breeze
came in, causing waves that ebbed to and fro.

She turned her eyes to the page, listening to the soft flutter of Lexa's coat collar when the wind blew over her. Then she began with the brunette herself, her long legs bent at the knees where she sat on the rock. Down to her dark brown work boots, the heels digging into the cold earth.

Clarke glanced up at the brunette again then back down to the page. The pencil scratching softly as she drew Lexa's hands. Her long slender fingers clasped in her lap, the creases in her coat where she bent over ever so slightly. Up to her slender neck and to the gorgeous mane of hair that spilled down her back and shoulders.

Her pencil stilled on the page at the beginning of her jawline. Her breath catching at the sight before her. She'd seen Lexa plenty, she'd seen her in many different hues of light. She'd drawn her more times than she dared admit but in that moment. On that rock in the middle of the meadow it was as if Clarke was just seeing her for the first time.

The curve of her jaw, her plump lips turned up into an almost smile. Her nose and cheeks tinged pink in the cool breeze. The rare look in her eye of complete relaxation, completely unguarded, open.

It took Clarke's breath away.

Clarke stood abruptly, closing her sketchbook and making her way to Lexa. The woman stayed in her position on the riverbank, her forest green eyes watching Clarke in curiosity when she knelt beside her. The sketchbook dropped on the ground between them and Clarke taking hold of Lexa's chin gently. Her hand soft and warm against the cool skin.

“Clarke?” Lexa whispered as Clarke leaned closer, her eyes leaving Clarke's and focusing entirely on her lips. A small breath escaping her when she realized what was about to happen. She moved to close the distance but a sound caught Lexa's attention.

She pulled back suddenly, jerking herself out of Clarke's hands. Eyes scanning across the meadow, stopping on a lone figure riding a tall dark brown almost black horse.

“Clarke, get behind me.” She ordered getting to her feet, pushing the confused blonde behind her. Her hand on the revolver at her hip, shifting uncomfortably as the rider approached.
The figure dismounted a good distance from the two women, landing with ease. His footsteps silent as he approached, head raised. Lexa visibly relaxed when she took in the sight of him. His long black hair braided, falling over his shoulders and his long black beard. His sharp dark brown eyes looking upon the women unamused.

“Gustus,” Lexa murmured.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, quick confession time. Remember way back in chapter 3 where porn was mentioned on laptops? Well.. It wasn't supposed to be kept. I meant to change it to something else but alas, I forgot and now it is there. Due to me forgetting about it, I decided to bring it back once more because what the hell.

Also, yes I know there is no reason to be downloading porn anymore but honestly, our girl is a little behind on the times.
“Lexa,” the man named Gustus called out, his voice deep and rough. His expression never wavering as Lexa took a step closer to him. Her hand still hovering over the revolver at her hip.

“What are you doing here Gustus.”

“I asked me to prepare the cabin for your arrival, I was coming to ensure that everything is as she requested.” His sharp eyes flicked to Clarke when she stepped out from behind Lexa. Her lips set in a hard frown and a glare directed at the man. “I presume it is to your standards 20.”

“Yes 3, do not come back until we have departed.” Lexa’s voice harsh in her reply. “You know not to approach unless required, surely 12 made sure that you were aware of the circumstances.”

“I am aware.” He took a step back, mounting his horse easily. “I apologize for my disruption.” He turned his horse away but Lexa remained where she was until he was gone. Disappearing back into the forest.

“Who was he Lexa.”

“One of our safeguards, he lives up here on the mountain.” Lexa knelt, picking up the fallen sketchbook and flipped it open to the last page. “You didn't finish.”

“I realized I couldn't capture your beauty on a page.” She smiled taking the book back from Lexa, closing it and shoving it into her pocket before taking off back down the trail they'd come from. Leaving Lexa dazed at the words that had come out of Clarke.

She shook her head and chased after the blonde, catching up easily. “Do you like it out here Clarke?”

“I do actually, its cold but quiet. Much quieter than the city.” She smiled once more as a bird began to sing in the trees overhead, “I understand why you like it so much but you shouldn't have had to have Anya force you out here.”
“Didn't want to leave the city.”

“Why not? It's not like anything was holding you back.”

Lexa walked silently alongside Clarke, feeling the blonde look over at her but she did not dare meet her gaze.

“Why Lexa.” Clarke pressed nudging her gently, “come on. You can tell me anything, I won't judge you.” When Lexa still said nothing, Clarke huffed and moved away from her. “Was it for the bartender?”

“No, I haven't been back to see her since that night.”

“Then the reason for you not leaving the city was because of what you do.” Clarke stated, not taking the risk of looking at Lexa and reading her expression.

“Yes, I couldn't just leave the city,” or you. Lexa added silently swallowing thickly.

“Well, when we get back, I'll make some lunch then I'll finish that depressing movie.”

“You don't have to finish it, we can find something else to do.”

“Like?”

“I don't know, were there any TV shows in with my movies?”

“A couple, only one of them I recognized. Something about 100 kids being sent to post apocalyptic earth.”

“Oh yeah, I meant to start it but I've been busy.”
“Now is as good a time as ever Lex.”

Lexa nodded, letting the conversation die. Her mind wandering back to Gustus, if he knew the circumstances like he'd said then there hadn't been a reason for him to appear. He should have known to just trust Anya, unless there was something else going on.

“You alright there Lexa? You look like you're about to chew your lip off.” Clarke stopped them and moved to stand in front of Lexa, “whats wrong.”

“I don't know,” she groaned in frustration at the sky then looked back down at Clarke. The woman for once shorter than her due to the uneven trail.

“Is it about Gustus? You told him he wasn't supposed to approach unless needed.”

“Yes, he.. he shouldn't have approached us. He should have known to trust Anya and keep his distance but he showed up. He saw you.”

“And that's bad isn't it.”

“It could be, it could be if he goes back to Echo and tells her what he saw.” Lexa studied Clarke, saw the flash of fear in her eye and her hands grip tightly on the material of her coat. “Clarke..” Lexa gently ran her hands up and down Clarke's arms reassuringly, “I won't let anyone hurt you, I promise.”

Clarke nodded slowly, “I trust you.” Her hands relaxed at her side, completely still. “For real this time Lexa.”

“Thank you.”

Lexa sat on the steps of the back porch, her coat wrapped tight around her. The land was dead silent, the only thing breaking the silence was the sound of music coming from the house. One of her own playlists that Clarke had wanted to listen to while she made lunch. She didn't mind that the blonde
wanted to listen to it, it was one of her mixes with a little bit of everything.

She could just make out Clarke singing along to one of the songs. Her voice rising as the music did, followed by her completely messing it up and her cursing at herself before quickly falling back into it. Lexa smiled and stood, looking back out over the backyard for one more moment before entering the house. Walking into Clarke’s solo concert of Gun In My Hand by Dorothy.

“Why did love put a gun in my hand~!” Clarke belted out into her fist, still unaware of Lexa standing just behind her in the kitchen.

“In my bed, in my head, in my hand~” Lexa continued onto the next line in the song and Clarke spun, dropping the butter knife in her hand.

“Shit Lexa, you can't sneak up on me like that.” She bent to pick the knife back up and tossed it into the sink.

“Sorry, its just one of my favorite songs.”

Clarke turned back away from her, and continued to sing along under her breath. Only stopping when the song changed, she heard Lexa run across the room to change it before the words even began.

“Why did you turn it off Lexa.” Clarke stood at the railing, looking down at the flushed brunette bent over her laptop.

“You wouldn't like it.”

“How do you know that? Is it country or something, because it definitely didn't sound country.”

“No Clarke it wasn't country.”

“Then what was it.”
“Nothing.”

“Lexa.”

“It was nothing.”

“Lexa.”

Lexa glared at her but Clarke didn't back down.

“Tell me Lexa or no food.”

“I can starve.”

Clarke rolled her eyes, “just tell me, it can't be that bad.”

“Fine,” she muttered under her breath, pressing play on the song once more and sitting down on the couch. Her face hidden in her hands as it played.

Clarke listened quietly, turning back to making grilled cheese sandwiches. “You got all up in a knot about this song? It isn't that bad, I can think of a song that is plenty worse than Desire by Meg Myers.” Clarke laughed turning off the stove and carrying the food to Lexa. “Relax Lex, its fine.”

“Can we just get back to you finishing that damn movie.” She peaked out from beneath her fingers as Clarke put her plate of food in her lap.

“Of course we can, but there is no reason to be embarrassed about your own music.”

“Just turn the movie on please.”

“Sure sure.”
Clarke easily fell back into the movie, her tears returning as it progressed but Lexa sat stone still. Her food remaining untouched where she'd put it on the coffee table.

As the movie ended Clarke stood, stretching with a groan. The sound of something inside of her popping loudly.

“Wow Clarke, did you break a bone with that pop?”

“Shit it felt like it.” She ran a hand through her hair and looked back down at Lexa, “now what.”

“Can start that TV show or go for another walk.”

“Or you could show me how you climb a tree.”

“Why do you want to watch me climb a tree?”

“Because I think it would be cool to see.” Clarke dropped herself onto the couch next to Lexa, pressing into her side with pleading eyes. “Please Lexa!”

“What do I get in return if I do it?”

“Me.”

“What.”

“Me, I'll do anything you want.”

Lexa smirked, “anything?”
“Yes, anything and don’t get any weird ideas.”

“No such promises, lets go find a tree for me to climb.” Lexa pushed herself up off the couch, pulling Clarke with her.

Lexa wove between the trees, her boots almost silent among the leaves as she went but Clarke behind her was loud. Lexa tried to ignore the sound as she hunted for a good tree to climb, ignoring the blonde's questions of why she needed a specific tree to climb. Her questions were followed by complaints of it being cold and getting dark.

Lexa sighed but stopped in front of a large oak tree. “This one.”

“This one? It's huge Lexa!”

“That's the point, I need branches to be able to climb.” She took several steps back, pulling off her coat and handing the revolver to Clarke as she searched for a low thick branch. “Watch.”

Clarke held onto the revolver gingerly and swallowed thickly. “Be careful Lexa.”

Lexa nodded and charged at the tree full speed, jumping as high as she could and grabbing onto the branch. She pulled herself up then quickly moved to another branch, climbing higher and higher. She panted as she climbed, feeling her muscles burn in ways they hadn't since she first learned to climb.

“Lexa!” She heard Clarke call out and she halted, balancing herself suddenly, one hand firmly planted on the trunk. She peered through the leaves to the ground, spotting Clarke as the woman shifted uncomfortably.

“I'm here Clarke, relax.”

“You should make yourself visible Lex.”
“And why would I do that.”

“Because I said so that's why.” The blonde yelled out jokingly.

Lexa sighed but did as asked, stepping out from the leaves. Balancing herself perfectly on the thick branch. She leaned down, grasping it with her hands. Pulling herself into a seated position, her legs dangling but visible. “Like this?”

“Perfect.” The blonde stood directly beneath her with a soft smile, the revolver strapped to her hip and her sketchbook in hand. Lexa's coat thrown over her shoulder.

“Drawing me again?”

“Why not, you make me want to do things I normally wouldn't do.” Clarke called out looking down at her sketchbook.

Lexa tried to watch her work but she couldn't make out the page so she looked out into the forest instead. She was high enough to see over the top of the shorter trees, she spotted the river in the distance, wider and wilder than by near the house. She shivered as the breeze picked up, clouds gathering in the distance.

“We may need to hurry up Clarke.”

The blonde looked up at her, “and why is that Lexa.”

“Rain clouds in the distance.” She heard Clarke huff and the snap of her sketchbook closing.

“I'll never get to finish drawing you will I Lexa.”

“Not if we're outside.” Lexa slipped off the branch, falling the short distance to a lower branch. Balancing herself and dropping herself further down before finally landing on the ground several feet from Clarke with a grunt.
“Lexa! You can't just jump out of a tree like that.” Clarke jogged over to her, handing her coat over.

“I'm fine Clarke, I've dealt with worse than that.” She pulled her coat on, wrapping an arm around Clarke's shoulders. Leading the way back to the house.

“Do I even want to know?”

“Well.. There was this one time-“

“At band camp?”

“Clarke, please I never went to band camp.”

“Its a joke, from American Pie.”

“I don't know what that is.”

Clarke scoffed, “what the fuck.”

“Should I?”

“Lexa.. When we get back to the city, we are spending a day doing nothing but making you do things that you missed out on.”

“Fine but when can I cash in on anything I want?”

“Um.. Whenever?”

Lexa hummed in thought as the house appeared ahead of them. “I need time to consider the best course of action.”
“Of course you do.”

“This is a once in a lifetime opportunity Clarke. It should not be wasted on something insignificant.”

“Just make it worth it.” Clarke patted her on the back and took off towards the house ahead of her. Leaving Lexa to glance over her shoulder at the approaching storm. She knew she'd need to bring in more firewood before the storm started.

Clarke watched Lexa stack more firewood on the floor by the fireplace, the woman in jeans and tank top as she worked. She could see the very edges of her back tattoo, all Clarke wanted in that moment was for Lexa to take the tank top off and give her a better view of the tattoo.

She licked her lips when the brunette bent over, her tank top riding up and the bottom of the tattoo coming further into view as the woman bent. “Lexa.”

“Yes Clarke,” she straightened and turned to her, wiping her hands off on her jeans and pulled the tank top back down.

“Take your top off.”

“Excuse me?”

“Take your top off.”

“I heard you the first time but why do I need to take my clothes off for you.”

Clarke stood, pushing Lexa so her back was facing her and pulled up the back of her black tank top to the middle of her back. “I want to draw your tattoo.”
Lexa pulled her tank top back down and turned back around. “At least buy me dinner first before asking me to strip.” She joked with a smile.

“I made you breakfast and lunch, I think that qualifies.” Clarke shot back.

Lexa bit her lip but shrugged and pulled off the tank top, tossing it to the floor. Leaving herself in a black sports bra.

“Lexa, the bra has to come off too if I'm going to draw your tattoo.”

“You're just trying to get me naked.”

Clarke gasped in feigned disbelief at her words. “I would never!” Lexa pursed her lips, “please Lexa. I'll make dinner tonight too!” She pleaded.

Lexa rolled her eyes but nodded, “where do you want me.”

“Sit on the coffee table!” Lexa nodded once more and sat down on the coffee table, her hands on the bottom of the sports bra, ready to take it off. “Okay Lexa.”

Lexa froze at the softness of the blonde's voice and swallowed thickly, taking the bra off but keeping it close in her lap. She jumped when she felt fingers trace her tattoo, soft and warm against her skin.

“Relax Lexa.” Clarke murmured pulling away, the sound of her sketchbook opening almost too loud for Lexa. The pencil scratching against the page following as the blonde worked. She heard the blonde shift and a warm breath at her neck suddenly.

“Clarke?”

“Sorry, I was just..”

“Don't worry about it.”
Clarke hummed, her fingers on Lexa's skin once more. She traced the thick black lines and foreign letters that trailed down her spine, “it's beautiful Lexa but what do the letters mean?”

“Thank you.” Her fingers left her skin once more followed by a sigh. “The tattoo as a whole is supposed to symbolize the wandering spirit.”

Clarke hummed in understanding, “it's amazing.” Clarke murmured standing up behind Lexa and making her way into the kitchen. “You can get dressed.”

Lexa watched her, pulling back on her sports bra and tank top then followed her. Stopping at the top of the stairs as Clarke searched through cabinets. The woman seemingly deep in thought.

“What are you looking for Clarke.”

“Well, I wanted to make tacos but I can't find any taco seasoning for the meat.” She muttered in reply.

“Second drawer on the right, I saw it earlier.” Lexa pointed to it, watching as Clarke followed her directions.

Clarke rifled through the drawer, pulling out random crap until Lexa stood behind her, reaching over her shoulder and finding the packet that sat right in front of Clarke in the drawer. Clarke took it from Lexa with a frown and pushed her away.

“Out, let the chef work in peace.” She shooed with her hands and Lexa smiled stepping back but sitting down at the island to watch the blonde cook. She kept herself silent, letting the blonde work her magic to create something out of whatever ingredients she had.

Halfway through watching her, Lexa got bored. She spotted the sketchbook on the island in front of her and picked it up quietly, hoping Clarke didn't hear her. She flipped it open to the first page, flipping through it quietly until coming to a drawing of herself. She recognized the scene, it was the day they met in the elevator.

Lexa standing off to the side next to Anya. Her eyes dark, cold, completely unrecognizable. Her
slightly slumped stance and her hands deep in her pockets. Anya herself also in the drawing, the woman with a confident smile and with an overall lively existence in the drawing.

She flipped the page again, recognizing herself sitting in a booth with the off white table and worn, faded red seats at a restaurant. Looking away from Clarke at the street, a closed off look in her eye. Her hair pulled back into a simple braid that laid over her tensely set shoulders. A glass of water just before her with the red straw.

Lexa clenched her jaw, unsure if the blonde was simply drawing these the day they happened or had done them not too long ago straight from memory but she flipped the page again.

This time an empty apartment, heavily shaded and dark with a single source of light but Lexa looked down at it harder. She knew there had to be something about the drawing. She furrowed her brow in concentration until she saw a faded figure in the drawing. Almost completely blending in with long hair and a stoic stance.

“That was the night you came into my apartment to check on me.” Lexa jumped, snapping her head up at Clarke's voice. “It's how I saw you that night.”

“Oh.” Lexa looked back down at the drawing and closed the book slowly, trying to read Clarke's facial expression but failing. “I didn't mean to pry, it was just there.”

“It's okay Lexa, you can look if you want to.” She turned back to the stove silently.

Lexa looked back down at the sketchbook and pushed it away. She knew when someone wanted her to stop doing something, she didn't have to be able to see that. “What made you want tacos?”

“I like tacos, and I assumed you liked tacos.”

“I love tacos.”

“I bet you do.” She joked with a smirk.

Lexa laughed and stood, moving to stand next to Clarke as she cooked. She inhaled deeply, taking in
the spicy scent and her mouth watering. She knew she could last forever on Clarke's cooking alone.

“I'm starving.”

“I know, I'm hurrying, oh and by the way. It's raining outside and its super dark. I thought I heard thunder but I don't know.”

“Probably was thunder, does that bother you?” Lexa asked, wondering how she managed to miss the sounds of rain and possible thunder.

“No, but the power might go out.”

“Do you want me to start a fire now or later?”

“Now, please, I don't want to get stuck in the dark completely.”

Lexa nodded and stepped away, doing as the blonde requested.

The fire was just catching as Clarke called out that dinner was served. Lexa rushed up the steps, halting as Clarke set the food out and the power went out.

“Son of a bitch.” Clarke cursed loudly, “its not even storming here yet!”

“It happens, see if you can find the flashlight on the counter.” Lexa grabbed hold of the railing, listening to Clarke shuffle around the kitchen. Finally finding the flashlight and clicking it on with a sigh of relief. “Guess we’re eating dinner in front of the fire.”

“I guess so.” Clarke moved first to take the food but Lexa stopped her, motioning for her to walk ahead of her as Lexa carried tacos. “Of all the things I thought I’d be doing on this damn mountain, eating tacos in the dark was not one of them.”

“Oh I knew we would.” Lexa joked with a smile.
“Shut up, you probably expected to kill a bear or something.”

“No, I wouldn't kill a bear.”

“You kill people but not bears.”

“People are cruel.”

“True.” They fell into silence as they down across from each other in front of the fireplace. Their plates of food in their laps, the sound of eating alongside the sound of burning wood.

Lexa ate slower than Clarke, watching the light from the fire illuminate her features. Their bodies casting lazy dancing shadows across the room behind them.

“You're always staring at me Lexa, it makes me wonder if there is something wrong with me.”

“There is nothing wrong with you.”

“Fine, I'll just start staring back then.” Clarke smiled, making her point and staring hard at Lexa. Lexa stared back, not wanting to look away and let Clarke win.

The two stared hard at each other while eating. Clarke only breaking eye contact to push her plate onto the coffee table but she returned quickly to the stare. Propping her head up on her hand. Lexa mimicked her with a soft smile.

It wasn't long until Clarke threw her hands up, “fine, you win!”

“It wasn't a contest Clarke.”

“Bah!” She stood and stretched, looking into the fire. “What time is it.”
“I don’t know, shine the flashlight on the clock above the stove.”

Clarke nodded and grabbed the flashlight, flicking it on then shining it into the kitchen. Directly at the clock on the wall. “Almost 8,” she huffed. “Fuck its only 8 and I’m already tired!”

“I am too Clarke.”

“Bed then?”

“Sure, I’ll sleep on the couch.”

Clarke scoffed and shook her head, shining the flashlight directly at Lexa. “No, sleep with me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course Lexa.” Clarke reassured her with a smile.

Lexa nodded, covering the open fireplace with the glass covers and approaching Clarke as the woman headed off down the hallway. She turned into the bedroom and set the flashlight up on the bedside table.

Lexa watched quietly then turned sharply as the blonde unbuttoned her jeans and slid them off, followed by a black bra pulled through her shirt sleeve. Tossing them both loudly onto the floor.

“Relax Lexa, I’m not completely naked.” Clarke climbed onto the bed, slipping beneath the covers. “Come on already.” She yawned loudly patting the spot beside her on the bed.

Lexa nodded and took off her own jeans but folding them. Leaving them on the end of the bed before climbing in next to Clarke. Being sure to keep a certain distance between herself and Clarke but the woman crossed the distance. Taking Lexa's hand beneath the covers, “turn the flashlight off would you Lex.”
Lexa did as asked, settling in the pitch black darkness. Listening as Clarke's breathing slowed until she was in a deep sleep but Lexa herself couldn't find it in herself to fall asleep as easily.

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Lexa woke to black curls, she woke to a voice that wasn't Clarke's and she knew it to be a dream. It was always a dream when she woke up Costia in her arms. The woman in her arms wasn't silent, still in a deep sleep but murmuring. Lexa didn't want to disturb her but it bothered her. Her dreams held no significance, only serving to remind her of what she'd lost.

She shifted, intending to pull away from her but the woman grunted in protest. Lexa blinked at her and suddenly it was Clarke once more. The blonde protesting and pulling Lexa back into her, wanting her arms securely wrapped around her once more. When Lexa refused, continuing to pull away, Clarke whined but sat up.

“Stay Lexa, please! It's cold without you!” She pleaded rubbing sleep from her eyes. Wincing at the brightness of the sun streaming in through the window.

“I dreamed about her again, I just need a minute Clarke. Go back to sleep.” Lexa snapped, keeping her eyes away from the blonde, not wanting to see her reaction.

“Will you come back when you can?” The request was quiet, understanding.

“I..” Lexa bit her lip and sighed, “yes Clarke, I will come back.” She pulled herself out of the bed and left the room. Taking a deep breath and closing herself in the bathroom.

She put the lid down on the toilet and sat, her head in her hands. Taking deep breaths to quell her rapidly beating heart. She wondered why Costia had to haunt her the way she did, why did the woman appear when she needed to be gone.

She was dead and she wasn't coming back.

Lexa had to move on, she knew it wasn't healthy to dwell on the past. It had been five years, five long years. She was sick of the clouds that constantly hid the sun from her. She was sick of herself putting Costia where someone else belonged. Lexa growled in frustration, running a hand through her hair and wiping a tear from her eye.
This had to end and it had to end now.

Lexa stood but halted at the door, taking a deep breath before opening the door. She almost ran into Clarke, the woman mid way to knocking on the bathroom door. A look of shock in her eye that was quickly replaced by worry.

She reached out and wrapped her arms around Lexa's middle gently. Pulling her into a tight hug, her face in Lexa's neck. Lexa stood frozen, unsure what to make of the sudden hug.

“Lexa,” Clarke murmured into her neck, her breath warm on Lexa's skin. “it's okay.” Lexa felt Clarke grip tightly at her tank top when she felt the woman begin to pull away, trying to keep her in place.

“Clarke..”

“Lexa please, it's okay. I get it, all of those memories came back and it hurts, I get it.”

Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke tightly, resting her head on her shoulder. “She turns into you and it scares me.” She confessed quietly, feeling Clarke pull back at her words. The blonde cupped her face gently, her thumb caressing her cheek.

“I won't die Lexa.”

“You don't know that Clarke, anyone can die at any time.”

Clarke licked her lips, “I won't die.”

“I can't lose someone else that I care for.”

“I won't die.” Clarke murmured, willing herself to believe her own words. She gave Lexa a reassuring smile, and tugged gently at her tank top. “You can't die either though.”
“I know.” Lexa pulled her back into another hug and held onto her tightly. Feeling her warmth and hoping for it to never end but Clarke pulled away once more. Her hands traveling up between them and taking Lexa’s face into her hands. Staring into her eyes as Lexa leaned forward, but halting as if asking for permission.

Clarke grinned and moved to close the distance, their lips inches apart but a knocking suddenly echoing through the house forced them apart. Lexa motioned for Clarke to go back into the bedroom, waiting in the hallway for the door to close before looking around the corner into the living room.

She frowned at the figure standing at the backdoor, his hand raised again to knock once more but Lexa stepped out fully into the room, staring him down. “The fuck Gustus!” She yelled as he opened the door.

“My apologies, the storm knocked out power all along the mountainside last night. I came to see if it was back on here.” He explained, his eyes watching her intensely.

“And is it?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Then you can leave.” She snarled, her anger rising.

“Yes, my apologies again.”

“Don’t come back.” Lexa snapped harshly, noting the man did not flinch at her tone but merely nodded sharply and left the way he’d come in. Lexa followed him, locking the door and watched him descend the stairs to his waiting horse. Waiting until he was gone into the forest before going back to Clarke but when she turned Clarke was already there and dressed.

“That man seems to have a knack for knowing when to interrupt us, maybe you should just shoot him next time he shows up.”

“I can’t just shoot him.”
“Not even for me?”

Lexa shook her head with a smile, and approached Clarke. “Coffee?” Her earlier mood forgotten with Gustus’ unexpected visit. “And breakfast perhaps?”

“Thought you’d never ask.”
Clarke leaned back into the couch cushions, a hot coffee cup in her lap. Her fingers wrapped around it delicately, trying not to burn her fingers. She listened to Lexa in the kitchen, the woman had fought her on being the one to make breakfast that morning and after a quick stare off, Lexa had won.

Clarke was fine with that, it gave her a moment to think without Lexa watching her and reading her facial expressions. She didn’t mind it, but sometimes it could be distracting. She knew the other woman was upset, the constant dreams of Costia eating away at her. It wasn't something Lexa had to say out loud for Clarke to see. The tears that threatened to fall when they were alone in the hallway had startled Clarke, she thought she'd seen the last of Lexa's tears after the hospital.

She knew that assumption to be completely wrong, it was just the beginning. When the woman sat down beside her on the couch with bacon and eggs with a sad expression Clarke's heart broke for her. She wanted nothing more than to pull the brunette into her and hold her. To tell her it was okay to cry and to let it all out but she knew she wouldn't do it.

Instead she watched the woman next to her, watching her mechanically chew her food until she turned and met her gaze. “Now who is the one staring?”

“Sorry, I was lost in thought.”

“What were you thinking about.”

“Wondered what it was like to shoot a gun.” She lied, forcing herself to keep herself still. She still wasn't sure how Lexa knew she'd been lying that night.

“Like shooting a gun.”

“Okay smart ass but seriously, would you... teach me?’”

Lexa studied her but nodded, getting to her feet and carrying her plate into the kitchen. “We will need a different gun though.”
“Why can't I just use the revolver?”

“Too loud, would attract unwanted attention.”

“Fine, but its the only gun we've got.” Clarke followed her closely, setting her plate in the sink on top of Lexa's.

“This house is a safe house for a reason Clarke.”

“Oh yea?”

Lexa smiled and walked over the bookcase behind the couch. Pulling at a faded black book with gold etchings on the spine. Clarke heard something beginning to unlock from within the wall and as Lexa pushed the book back into place a panel opened. Guns alongside ammo appeared on trays that extended from the wall, pistols to a rifle and a computer monitor in the middle.

“The fuck Lexa.”

“We are never unprepared.”

“I can see that but what the fuck.”

Lexa smirked picking up a small black gun and grab a box of ammunition before hitting a button on the panel. Stepping back as it closed, the gun still in hand.

“Ready?”

“Yes, but shouldn't you tell me what that is exactly.”

“Beretta M9 9mm, typically what Anya and I would use should we need to.” She explained slipping into her boots by the door, motioning for Clarke to follow her. “Are you sure you want to do this?”
“Yes, I'm sure. If me and you are going to be in each others lives then I should know how to shoot right?”

Lena frowned but nodded, “I just hope you never have to use one.”

Clarke bit her lip but put her shoes on, grabbing hers and Lena's coat off the wall then followed Lena out into the backyard. Lena turned as Clarke threw the coat at her, catching it easily and pulling it on while shuffling the gun. Clarke followed Lena across the yard, watching the woman pick up a thick, uncut piece of wood and set it up on a fence post near the river.

She gestured for Clarke to follow her until they stood in the center of the backyard, handing the box to Clarke and prepared to load the gun. She glanced at Clarke and clenched her jaw. “Watch me.” Clarke nodded and Lena pulled out the magazine, then opened the ammunition box. She grabbed several bullets and loaded one into the magazine then turned to Clarke. “Now you do it.”

“What.”

“Load the magazine Clarke.”

“Why.”

“You wanted to know what it's like to shoot a gun but first you need to load it.”

Clarke sighed but set the box on the ground, taking the magazine from Lena and a bullet from her open palm. She mimicked Lena and looked up at her with a small smile. “Like that?”

“Yes, good now do another.” Lena watched Clarke load several more rounds into the gun until stopping her. “Slid it into the bottom and point the gun away from us. The safety is on but better to be safe than sorry.”

“Yes ma'am.” She slid the magazine into the bottom, doing as instructed then gripped it firmly. Keeping her finger off the trigger.
“Turn the safety off now, on the side near your index finger.” Lexa heard the soft click then the gun being pointed to the log in the distance. “Try to hit that log.”

“Is this how you learned?” She asked raising the gun and holding it in both hands, aiming for the log.

“No, I learned in a much safer environment but since we're in the middle of the woods. We'll have to hope for the best.” Lexa moved closer to her, putting her hands on her arms, moving her into a different position.

Clarke looked over her shoulder at her in confusion. “What are you doing.”

“Fixing your stance, you won't hit shit if you're standing like that.” Lexa stood behind her, melding herself into Clarke to show her the position she needed to be in. “You need to be able to move as well, you can't stay rooted in one spot like that log.”

Clarke felt the woman's heat through her coat, she swallowed thickly trying to slow her beating heart and concentrate of what Lexa was telling her.

“-harder to hit if you're moving, got it?”

“Yes.”

“Good now shoot.” She stepped back, standing a short distance behind Clarke. “Relax, you'll be fine just try to hit that log.” Lexa watched her aim, and her finger slip down to the trigger but she hesitated. “Clarke? It's okay, you won't hurt anyone or anything out here.”

“I know Lex.” She took a deep breath and squeezed the trigger, feeling the kick in her hands and the sound of a bullet leaving the chamber loudly. She gasped at the feeling, it was odd. She felt powerful and unstoppable as she fired again, the sound of the gun echoing through the forest.

Lexa smiled at her, watching her fire again and spotting bark fly off the log at impact. Clarke continued to shoot until the gun clicked, indicating the magazine was empty. Lexa bit her lip at the sight of Clarke holding the gun, she looked born to hold that gun.
“Good, put the safety back on.” Lexa heard the click once more and took the gun from Clarke's hands. “How did it feel.”

“ Weird, but exhilarating.”

“I hope you never have to shoot again, but if you do decide to really want to learn how to shoot then you'll have to ask Anya.”

“Why her, why can't you teach me.”

“She's ex military, she knows a lot more than I do.”

“But she trained you didn't she.”

“Yes but that doesn't mean I know everything that she does.” In reality, Lexa trusted Anya more with it. She trusted her to teach Clarke properly without getting distracted.

“I want to watch you shoot it Lexa.” Clarke bit her lip, hoping she'd agree to it.

“Okay.” She motioned for the box of ammunition, watching Clarke bend and holding it open for her. Lexa pulled the magazine out once more, loading several bullets into it quicker than Clarke had and slid it into the bottom. She turned off the safety and held the gun ahead of her confidently in her right hand. “Ready Clarke?”

“Go for it miss badass.” Clarke smirked, watching Lexa breathe then fire off several rounds almost simultaneously. She could see bark coming off the log with each bullet that hit until the magazine was empty. Lexa hit the safety once more and turned back to Clarke.

“Happy?”

“You have no idea.” Clarke found that Lexa shooting a gun was incredibly sexy that day.
Lexa sat on the couch, the gun taken apart before her on the coffee table. Clarke at her side, blue eyes watching intensely as Lexa cleaned the gun. Clarke had asked to shoot the gun more after watching Lexa and had managed to hit the log more than her first try. She'd been proud of herself and Lexa was proud of her as well. It had taken herself a lot of practice to hit a target.

“Lex.”

“Yes Clarke.”

“You said you and Anya use guns should you need to, you don't always use guns?”

“No, not always, we have to be discreet when we work. We can't attract attention, guns attract attention. They are always a last resort.”

“Then what do you use? Poison?”

“Yes actually, we do, that and our bodies. I can kill someone with my bare hands Clarke, I can snap their neck like I would a twig.” She held her hand up and it surprised Clarke that the woman could do that, she was quite a small woman.

“So you do that Black Widow type thing?”

“The fuck is Black Widow type thing supposed to mean.”

“Oh my god Lexa, the comic books? The Avengers movies?”

“I don't know what that is.”

Clarke groaned in frustration, “never mind Lex.”

“I don't have much time to watch movies Clarke.”
“What do you have time for!”

“Music and killing people,” she smirked.

“Do you watch anything at all?”

“A few TV shows when I have the time.”

“So if I name some off you might know one?”

“Possibly, try.”

Clarke hummed in thought for a moment, trying to decide what genre of TV Lexa would most likely entertain herself with. Probably something with tons of death in it.

“Game of Thrones?”

“Yes.”

“Oh my god really.”

“Of course, I love stuff like that. I have seen that, The White Queen, Reign, Outlander, I want to start Vikings but haven’t found a moment to sit down since Anya was in the hospital.”

“I should have known.”

“I like assassin movies too.”

“That is so stereotypical of you.”
Lexa frowned and shrugged, “they are interesting.” She looked back down at the taken apart gun and began to reassemble it, Clarke watching her in awe at how quickly the woman had the black gun back in one piece. “If it makes you happy it isn't stereotypical, it's just what makes you happy.”

“I guess you're right.” Clarke replied quietly as Lexa stood, the gun in hand. The brunette walking back around the couch and opening the panel in the bookcase back up. “Do you have to put it up?”

“Yes, we have the revolver should we need a gun.” She turned back and looked at Clarke, “it's not a toy Clarke, it kills people.”

“You kill people but I wouldn't be against playing with you.” She smirked when Lexa blushed and turned away abruptly, putting the gun away. “It is getting increasingly difficult to find things to entertain us out here Lexa.”

“I know it's boring but its not meant to be entertaining. It's meant to hide.”

“You've been here before though, why did you have to come here.”

“Something happened in New York that very nearly blew Anya's cover, police were looking into us. They had around the clock surveillance, everything we did was being questioned, so we had to hide until Echo could smooth things over.”

“What happened.”

Lexa sat back down beside her on the couch. “Someone in the wrong place at the wrong place saw something that shouldn't have seen. It wasn't Anya's fault. Actually it kind of was, she was running through New York with a gun in her hand during a blizzard.”

“The fuck.”

“Her target figured out what she was and ran, she had to kill him before he talked and she did. No one was supposed to be on that street during that storm but someone was, he saw but Anya couldn't kill him so she ran. Unfortunately the guy went to the police and gave her description, they found her and that's when we had to come here.”
“How long were you two here.”

“A couple of weeks, long enough for Echo to pay off the police and erase everything that happened.”

“You must have been super bored.”

“We were, we didn't have time to grab anything. All we had was what was on our persons.”

“So this is a cake walk for you.”

“The time I've spent with you here is very different than when I spent time with Anya here, I thought I was going to have to shoot her.”

“That bad huh.”

“You have no idea.”

“Alright then, tell me one of your assignment stories.” Clarke paused, “if you want to I mean.”

L exa hummed then grinned, “okay, I've got one for you. I had to go undercover as a zookeeper at the Philadelphia zoo.”

“You had to kill a zookeeper?”

“No, I had to kill a visitor to the zoo. A woman, she went everyday, right after work.” Lexa licked her lips as she thought back to the assignment, “I followed her into the Reptile and Amphibian House. She was looking at the Black Forest Cobra when I approached her from behind. The building was empty as I snapped her neck and walked away.”

“Just like that? Killed her and left?”
“Well I finished my shift first then I left so I didn't seem suspicious but yeah.”

“So you could kill me and be just fine with walking away.” Clarke questioned watching Lexa intently.

“No, I couldn't and I wouldn't kill you. I told you.”

“I know Lex, I-”

“Don't say things like that Clarke, it makes me sick to even think about it.” She murmured not looking at Clarke. She heard Clarke scoot across the couch and wrap her arms around her shoulders, squeezing her tightly but Lexa pulled away. She got to her feet and grabbed her coat, pulling her boots on before leaving the house. Clarke calling out after her as she descended the stairs and stalked off into the woods.

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Clarke ran her hands through her hair, “good going me, I just can't keep my big fucking mouth shut.” She muttered in the empty room, with a quick glance around the room she spotted the revolver on the mantel above the fireplace. “Fuck Lexa.”

She rushed over and grabbed it, strapping it around her middle as she pulled her shoes on then her coat. Hurrying from the house and down the steps, scanning the woods for a sign of the brunette. She gritted her teeth, silently cursing herself once more and took off in a random direction. Hoping she'd stumble upon the woman in the woods.

She ran hard, continually looking around herself for a sign, any kind of sign. Her shoes loud in the leaves underfoot, her panting loud in her ears as she ran. The revolver in its holster almost silent where it hit against her thigh at each step. She ran but skidded to a halt when she came to a trail, whipping her head around searching for Lexa.

She bent over, her hands on her knees trying to catch her breath when a sound caught her attention. The snapping of a twig somewhere behind her, she turned sharply. Wincing at a sharp pain in her ankle but remained standing. Coming face to face with Gustus on his horse, his eyes dark as he looked down at her.
“What are you doing out here.” He asked gruffly, shifting in his saddle. His horse twitched its ears, shifting its weight.

“Decided to go for a run.” She lied smoothly, scanning the forest behind him. Hoping Lexa would appear but as the seconds wore on that hope slowly died.

“Where is Lexa.”

“The cabin I’d suspect, probably napping by now. Didn't get much sleep last night.” She continued to lie, taking a step back from the man and his horse, wincing once more at the pain in her ankle.

“You're hurt.” He dismounted swiftly, his long coat sweeping the ground as he landed silently. “Did I make you hurt yourself?”

“I'm fine.”

“It looks painful.” He approached her slowly, his right hand disappearing into his coat.

“I said I'm fine, and you aren't supposed to approach us.”

“I don't take orders from you.” He drew a black gun from within his coat, aiming it at Clarke. “You are a threat.”

“I am no threat, I'm a medical student with no self defense training.”

He laughed softly moving closer to her. “You know what we are, you know our secrets but you are not one of us. You are a threat and I have been informed that I must kill you.”

“You wouldn't.” Clarke inched her hand towards the revolver, taking another slow step back. Ready to move like Lexa had told her should she need to. “You wouldn't kill me, I'm innocent. I'm not a target.”
“You are a threat, Clarke Griffin.” He repeated his finger sliding to the trigger.

“I'm an artist, I'm a medical student, but I am no threat.” She pulled the revolver from its holster and side stepped as Gustus fired at her. The bullet hitting the dirt, she raised the revolver and aimed for him but hurried footsteps caught her attention then the shout of her name.

“Clarke!” Lexa yelled and Clarke spun as the brunette came into view. A thick branch in her hand as she charged at Gustus, hitting him in the head before he had a chance to raise the gun at her. The branch breaking in half at impact. The man fell, his gun hitting the ground but he remained conscious. Looking up at Lexa in confusion.

“She is not one of us,” he spat out.

“Attack her and you attack me.” Lexa snapped taking the revolver from Clarke and aiming it at Gustus’ head. “I trusted her with our secret and I trust her with my life.”

“Echo will kill you if you kill me.”

“Then I will kill Echo.” She pulled the trigger and the sound of the gunshot echoed through the forest around them. Leaving total silence in its wake. Gustus' body dropping to the ground at Lexa's feet, his blood soaking the dirt.

“Lexa, I-” Clarke began but Lexa cut her off.

“He could have killed you, you could have died if I hadn't heard him take the first shot.” She whispered still looking down at the body, her jaw clenched.

“Le-”

“No! You could have died! Why did you follow me! I would have come back!” She shouted turning to Clarke, “you could have died.” Her voice softer as she approached Clarke.

“I'm alive Lexa, I didn't die.” She took Lexa's free hand, rubbing her thumb over her knuckles reassuringly, “I'm alive.” She murmured pulling Lexa into a hug, averting her eyes from the dead
body behind Lexa. The revolver dropping at Lexa's feet with a soft thud. Lexa allowed herself to be hugged, sighing deeply into Clarke's shoulder. “We're fucked Clarke.” She muttered into her coat.

“On a scale from 1 to 10, how fucked are we.”

“About 100.” Lexa pulled back, reaching up and tucking a lock of hair behind Clarke's ear. “Maybe 1000, I don't know but we need to go back to the city.” Lexa pulled away from Clarke fully, taking her hand and leading her away from Gustus' body.

Clarke allowed herself to be pulled along, allowing herself a moment to think. Somehow nothing had managed to seem real until Gustus attempted to kill her. Adrenaline had taken over the moment he aimed his gun at her, adrenaline that managed to keep her alive long enough for Lexa to save her and for the first time she truly saw what Lexa was. For the first time she saw exactly what she was getting herself into, even after Anya threatened to kill her did it not all sink in like it should have.

Now she was a target, she ran a high risk of being killed despite Lexa trusting her. Despite Lexa's promises to protect her. She knew the woman would not always be there to save her, she would need to protect herself if she was to stay alive in Lexa's world.

Clarke clenched her jaw and focused on Lexa ahead of her. She knew the woman to be bothered by having to kill Gustus, her jaw set and her body tense as they walked. An idea came to mind as they walked, but she didn't know if it would even work. She gripped at Lexa's hand tightly, trying to signal her to look back at her but it failed. The woman almost pulling Clarke into a run at her side. Clarke stepped wrong and bit back a whimper of pain.

“Lexa.” She panted, pulling on Lexa's hand. The woman slowed, looking back at Clarke.

“Yes?”

“What happens if I become Tri Kru? Will Echo leave you alone, will I be safe if I'm no longer a threat.”

“I don't know, but I know I can keep you safe so you don't have to become one of us. So you can live a free life.”

“Lexa, I'm a target, I'm a threat, I'm a risk and I get the feeling that Echo won't stop until I'm dead
and that is not something I want to put you through.” *Or myself,* she added silently pulling Lexa to a halt. Forcing the woman to look at her, to consider her words, maybe even reassure Clarke that it would be okay.

“If you become Tri Kru, you will be in for life. There is no backing out unless you die.” Lexa warned.

“I know.”

“I will still have to deal with the consequences of killing Gustus, I may be killed or moved or I don't know with Echo.” Lexa squeezed Clarke's hand, “we'll find out soon enough.”

—

The two women stood in the middle of the living room, their bags packed and by the door. Lexa scanned the room, making sure they hadn't left anything. Clarke at her side silent.

“You're sure you have everything Clarke?”

“Positive, and you?”

“Yes, let's get going. I want to be in the city by dusk.” She took Clarke's hand and grabbed her bag, Clarke picking up her own as Lexa lead the way from the cabin. Not bothering to lock the door behind them. They hurried down the trail to the hidden jeep, unlocking it quickly and tossing her bag in then reaching out for Clarke's bag.

“Lexa, did you mean what you said.” She asked handing it over, watching Lexa toss it into the backseat of the jeep. “Did you mean it when you said attack her and you attack me.”

“Of course Clarke, I told you I would protect you.” She looked Clarke over as she closed the car door, “why?”
“Just wondered,” she murmured getting into the passenger seat. Lexa studied Clarke as she retreated into the jeep, she’d noticed Clarke's mood change drastically since she'd watched Lexa kill Gustus. She saw the flicker of fear in those ocean blue eyes. She wasn’t sure if Clarke was serious about becoming a Tri Kru, she wasn’t sure if the blonde completely understood what she would be getting herself into. In fact, Lexa was completely unsure about anything beyond today.

The only thing she was sure of was that they needed to get back to Boston and Anya. They needed serious help and fast before Echo got wind of Gustus' death.

Lexa slid into the driver's seat, glancing at Clarke. The woman leaning heavily into the passenger side door quietly as Lexa started the jeep, backing out of the hiding spot. A dust trail in their wake as Lexa drove fast down the mountain, much faster than when they came up. Clarke said nothing this time, instead keeping her eye on the scenery. Lexa sighed and turned on the radio, keeping the volume low to serve as background noise for the three hour drive back to the city.

The woman didn't bother with sticking to any speed limits, she pushed the jeep and weaved through traffic. Keeping an eye out for police as she drove, receiving warning honks from other drivers. She continued to speed until the city came into view, the traffic thickening around them. Lexa knew they'd managed to hit the after work traffic and she silently cursed herself for not being faster as traffic slowed to a crawl.

“You should have let me drive us into the city, I knew we were going to hit the 5 o'clock traffic.” Clarke muttered from the passenger seat, still not looking at Lexa.

Lexa frowned at her, “speak up then.”

Clarke sighed, “take this up coming exit then take a left at the light.”

“We need to be across the river.”

“Just do it Lexa, I grew up around here.”

“We need to be across the river.”

“Just do it Lexa, I grew up around here.”

“Just do it! You're driving straight into the heart of the city where the worst traffic is, so take the damn exit and make a left or so help me I am jumping out of this car!” She yelled, staring straight at
Lexa.

Lexa swallowed hard, nodding at Clarke, “yes ma'am.”

Lexa did as instructed, taking the exit and following Clarke's directions whenever the woman spoke up. Her voice becoming softer each time she spoke, her earlier rise in anger ebbing away as they got closer to the apartment. Clarke falling completely silent when they were past the worse of the traffic, the roads no longer a complete stand still.

The familiar sights and smells of the city surrounding them as Lexa pulled the jeep up to the curb. Spotting her motorcycle in the spot she'd left it three days ago. She cut the engine and risked a glance at Clarke, the woman slumped in her seat with a empty look in her eye. Lexa reached out and took her hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

Clarke gave her a weak smile, “I'm sorry for getting pissed off Lexa, I've got a lot on my mind.”

“I understand Clarke but we'll figure it out.” Lexa released her hand and got out of the jeep, grabbing both of their bags from the backseat as Clarke stepped onto the sidewalk. Her hands in her jeans pockets and staring up at the apartment building.

“Glad to be home but I wish it were on different terms.” Clarke murmured, “shit I'm so dumb Lex.”

“It's fine Clarke, it was bound to happen eventually.”

Clarke turned to look at her, “do you regret telling me?”

“I wish I had done it differently, safer. Now we might die.”

“We are all bound to die eventually Lexa, some sooner than others.” Clarke headed into the building, leaving Lexa on the sidewalk. Her words echoing in her ears as she followed the woman, standing beside her at the elevator.

“You shouldn't have to be afraid of dying because of me.” The doors opened before Clarke could answer her, the duo stepped in and Clarke hit the button for their floor.
Clarke sighed, “I’m in deep now and I don’t think I could leave it if I wanted too.” She licked her lips, watching the lights in the elevator light up as they approached their floor, “I would die.” She whispered as the doors opened once more.

Lexa blinked at her, but looked away. She didn’t want to think about what the blonde hadn’t said, instead turning and leading the way this time. Approaching her own apartment and trying the door before getting her keys out. She half turned expecting Clarke to head off toward her own apartment but she stood behind Lexa, her head bowed and staring at her shoes. She turned back and unlocked the door, pushing it open. Meeting the gaze of a shocked Anya.

“The fuck are you two doing back so soon!” She shouted rushing to Lexa, pulling her into a hug. She pulled back and looked over Lexa's shoulder at Clarke. “I see you two haven't killed each other, but why are you here. I said a week not three days.”

“Something happened and we need your help.”

“What the fuck did you two get into on a mountain besides yourselves, please say you did. I have a bet going with Raven and momma needs a free oil change on the BMW.”

“Why the hell would you- never mind, I'm serious. We need help.” Lexa dropped their bags on the floor, pulling Clarke into the apartment and closing the door behind her. Locking it before turning back to Anya, “Clarke needs to become Tri Kru.”

“Excuse me? Repeat that, I'm not sure if you just said what I thought you just said.”

“This isn't time for jokes Anya! Clarke is in extreme danger, shit so am I. We need your help.”

“Okay, tell me what happened, from the beginning, leave nothing out.”

“Gustus was the safeguard for the cabin, he-”

“Was? What do you mean was.”
“That's why we need your help.. He tried to kill Clarke so I killed him.”

“And you think getting Clarke into Tri Kru will fix it? Did you hit your head up there?”

“Please Anya, I don't know what else to do.” Lexa was ready to get on her knees and beg.

“I don't know what good it'll do.. but I guess we could try, if it doesn't work out then you better learn a new language because I'll move you two to Luna in a heartbeat.” Anya crossed the room to her laptop on the coffee table, picking it up and setting it on the dining room table. “Can't believe you killed Gustus..”

“There is time for that later Anya!” Lexa shouted.

“Anya, what will I have to do?” Clarke spoke up for the first time, her voice low and full of fear.

“It depends on what you go in as, you will have to meet with Echo though.” She clenched her jaw as she sat at the dining room table, typing away furiously. “You're a medical student aren't you.”

“Yeah but, I have a question.”

“Shoot.” Anya looked up at her, waiting impatiently, her foot tapping against the floor rapidly.

“What is a safeguard and what do they do?”

Anya exchanged a look with Lexa and pursed her lips, “safeguards typically work alongside assassins. Getting them to safety should things go south. They require training similar to assassins, but just not as much. Normally a safeguard is assigned to an assassin, but in Gustus' case, he preferred to stay on the mountain instead of working with people.”

“Lexa-”

“Clarke, you can't, its dangerous.” Lexa cut her off sharply.
“Lexa, you said you'd always protect me but maybe I want a chance to be able to protect you.” Clarke argued, moving closer to Lexa.

“Clarke there is no guarantee that you would be placed with her.” Anya answered before Lexa did. The woman standing and approaching her quickly, “for all we know, you could be placed in New York or Philadelphia, or hell even more south than that.”

“But-” Clarke was cut off by a pounding at the door. The three women froze as the pounding grew in force and the doorknob being jiggled.

Anya moved first, approaching the door and unlocking it. Pulling it open to reveal Echo Black at the door, a tall man behind her.

“So someone tells me you’ve killed my safeguard in the mountains 20.” The woman snarled, stepping into the room and pulling a gun from her business suit jacket. Aiming the gun at Lexa. “So who will it be, who will die for your mistake, your blonde toy or 12?” She asked turning the gun to Clarke first.

Chapter End Notes

So who else thinks killer girlfriends would be kinda awesome?
And You Attack Me

Chapter Notes

I hope this is a decent enough return from the previous chapter. I have three different versions of this chapter completely written but I think (hope) this is the best of those three.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

For the third time in barely four days, a gun was aimed at Clarke. She was starting to get a little tired of it but each time she felt less and less fear. Echo aiming the gun at her made her take an involuntary step back. Bumping into Lexa and watching the woman step around her. Putting herself between the gun and Clarke.

“Kill me Echo, I’m the one who killed Gustus, not them.” Lexa held her hands up, she was tense and her jaw clenched.

“The commander wants you alive, but she said about the blonde or 12.” Echo reached back and brought the gun down hard against the side of Lexa’s head. Someone cried out as Lexa hit the floor and stilled but Clarke wasn’t sure who. She saw the man behind Echo throw himself at Anya. Forcing her down and pinning her to the floor, the woman struggling against him. “I guess you’ll be the one to die then blondy.”

“Don’t fucking touch her!” Anya yelled, managing to get a arm free and grabbing onto Echo’s ankle, pulling at her. Clarke lunged at Echo, tackling her to the floor. Clarke went for the gun in her hand but Echo hit her in the face. Clarke grunted in pain but brought her fist down on Echo’s nose, feeling it break beneath her hand.

Echo struggled beneath Clarke, her hand holding the gun coming back up and firing but hitting the ceiling above Clarke. She let out a cry when Clarke punched her in the face a second time. The gun knocked suddenly out of her hand by Clarke’s thrashing above her, skidding across the floor just out of reach.

Clarke snapped to attention at the sound of it hitting the floor and lunged for it just as Echo did. She elbowed her in the face and grabbed it, aiming for Echo as the woman climbed on top of her. She pulled the trigger, the bullet lodging itself into Echo’s chest but the woman stayed in her position above Clarke. Her hand shooting to Clarke’s throat as Clarke shot her again. This time the woman gasped and coughed, her hand falling away from Clarke’s throat to her chest.
She opened her mouth to speak but blood dripped from her mouth. Staining her teeth red as Clarke pushed her off. Clarke turned her attention back to Anya, seeing the woman struggle beneath Echo's man.

“Get off of her or I'll shoot you.” She threatened breathlessly aiming at him. He laughed at her and lunged for her but Anya caught his arm. Turning him on the floor and brought her fist down onto the side of his head, instantly rendering him unconscious.

–

Elevators were moving metal death traps, or so Alta believed. The experience of falling down an elevator shaft at the tender age of 11 had never left her. The massive scar alone on her back served as a sufficient enough reminder until she came face to face with one. Those memories flashed before her eyes, the sensation of falling, the sound of her body breaking as she hit the bottom. Uncertainty if she would live or not surfacing through the thousand hells of pain she'd felt that day.

She never forgave her brother for pushing her but he'd gotten his in the end. Dying the way Alta had meant to die herself, she herself pushing him from the top of a building. Watching his body fall until she could see him no more in the pitch black darkness. Listening to his screams as he fell then the barely audible thud.

Karma was a bitch.

But karma was her bitch. She was Alta Stone, the right hand woman to the commander herself. The right hand that found elevators to be the most terrifying thing she'd ever encountered. Her wife coming second, death itself being third.

Her wife who stood just behind her, nudging gently into the metal death trap. Alta merely glared at her, but the woman paid no heed to her glares. She knew her wife wasn't serious with her death glares, she'd learned that many years ago.

Nadira Stone was her partner, in more ways than one. Wives, lovers, partners in murder, the left hand to Alta's right. The only person either ever chose to work with, even the commander herself could not keep them apart. Nor should she have reason to, the two most prestigious assassins in the world were under her command.

The two women knew their place in the world, knew of their own power as a combined unit but that
all withered away the moment Alta was presented with an elevator. Nadira knew it, she didn't mind it, she understood it. She was gentle in her prodding to get her wife into the box, promising she'd be right there with her.

Only then did Alta step in, her jaw clenched with a death grip on her wife's arm. The usual confident swagger she held withered away, turning her into a small terrified child the moment those elevator doors closed. Her gray eyes focused on the floor indicator, counting the breaths.

“Are you sure this is a good idea love?” Nadira questioned, resting a hand on Alta's lovingly.

“I don't know,” Alta replied, her voice shaking with fear. A drop of sweat rolling down the back of her neck, “the commander doesn't want 20 to die. 20 is obviously attached to this Clarke Griffin we've been informed about. Killing 3 for the safety of that woman, sounds like a story I've heard before.”

Nadira nodded with a small smile, “I understand.”

The doors opened and Alta rushed ahead, leaving Nadira to catch up quickly. The woman laughing softly at her wife's quick escape but stopped when her wife halted in the hallway. She approached her quickly, following her gaze to the spot in question.

Nadira's light brown eyes falling on the body of Echo Black lying in the apartment. “I guess we were a bit late.”

“A bit is an understatement dear.”

–

Clarke heard the footsteps approach, as did Anya but Clarke aimed the gun at the two women that entered the apartment. The shorter of the two closing the door behind them. The taller, fair skinned woman blinked slowly as Clarke took the sight of her in. Her blonde hair cut short, slicked back. Her gray eyes so light they were almost white. The clothes she wore obviously expensive, iron gray business suit and a white blouse underneath.

The woman behind her smiled sweetly, her skin a deep gold. Shoulder length wavy brunette hair and light brown eyes. Dressed casually compared to the blonde woman, black jeans and a gray v-neck.
She walked around the blonde, kneeling by Echo and pressing two fingers to her neck then looked back up at the blonde.

“She is dead.” The woman stood back up, making her way to the still unconscious man. Checking for a pulse and nodded over her shoulder at the blonde then headed to Lexa just as she sat up with a soft groan. The older woman knelt beside her, turning her head gently and inspecting the wound on the side of her head. “Honey? Are you okay?”

Lexa nodded slowly, closing her eyes and pressing a hand to her head. “I'm okay, who are you.”

The blonde spoke first, “I am Alta stone and you are speaking to my wife Nadira Stone. I am 4, she is 5.”

“I know who you are.” Anya stood slowly, approaching Clarke and resting a hand on the gun gently that was still aimed at Alta. “You are the commander's elite guards.”

“That we are 12.”

“What are you doing here?”

“The commander sent us to stop Echo Black but we seem to be a tad late.” Alta glanced at Echo's body with a frown. “Who killed her.”

“I did, she attacked Lexa so I killed her.” Clarke answered despite Anya motioning for her not to. “Are you going to kill me for it?”

“No, you're one of us. She got what was coming to her.” Alta replied as Nadira knelt beside Clarke after checking Lexa over for other injuries.

“Honey, I'm a nurse, did she hurt you anywhere?”

“She hit me in the face but I think it'll only bruise.” Clarke pointed to the spot and winced as Nadira pressed her fingers lightly against her skin with a nod.
“I believe you're right dear.” Nadira stood, moving to stand next to Alta once more. Clarke pressed her lips into a thin line, staring up at Alta.

“What did you mean, I'm one of you?”

“Two days ago you were put into the system, training under 12, you are 24.” Alta gave her a small smile and pulled a cellphone out of her pocket. Dialing a number quickly, “I need a clean up crew, track my location.” She hung up the phone quickly, “a team will arrive momentarily to take 10 and Echo.”

“Thank you.” Anya answered as she and Clarke stood. Clarke making her way to Lexa as the brunette stood quietly on shaky legs.

“We apologize for not arriving sooner, Boston traffic is terrible.” Nadira side eyed Alta and the woman clicked her tongue. “I told you how to get here faster but no, you thought your way was better”

“It is when there isn't traffic.”

“Exactly, when there isn't traffic.” Alta pursed her lips but Nadira laughed softly before turning away. She opened the apartment door and stood waiting for her wife.

“We must be off, your new head will contact you once they are sworn in. May we meet again.” Alta and Nadira left the apartment quietly, leaving the three women alone in the apartment.

Lexa latched onto Clarke and sighed deeply, her green eyes dropping to Echo's dead body then back to Clarke. “You killed her.”

“Yes, she hurt you so I attacked her.”

Lexa pulled her into a tight hug, “thank you.”
The door to the apartment opened quickly as Lexa and Clarke parted, Lexa pulling Clarke behind her. She relaxed when she recognized the clean up crew, she smiled at them but only one of them smiled back.

“11, 15, 16!”

“Please, don't call us by our Ids, I hate it.” One of the women said harshly with a scowl, she was smaller than the other two. Her long dark brown hair pulled back into braids, her fierce dark brown eyes roving over Lexa in dislike. Dressed in all black but only one black glove on.

“Emori then.” Lexa frowned at her but turned her attention back to the other two, “Nyko, and Caris.”

The man named Nyko gave her a curt nod, Lexa knew he was in work mode so she didn't bother him further. He was a tall man, long dark hair like Emori and Caris but his blue eyes set him apart from them. He managed to take 10 alone easily, while Emori and Caris zipped Echo up into a body bag. Carrying her body from the apartment but taking the stairs instead of the elevator.

Anya huffed at the remaining pool of blood where Echo had died then looked up at the ceiling, running a hand through her hair. “I'm going to have to get my ass up there and fix that aren't I?”

“I hate ladders.” Lexa admitted with a smirk, “so yea. Get up there and fix it big sis.”

“Fuck you, I'll make your ass get up there and do it.”

“Hell no!” Lexa turned her attention back to Emori as the woman walked back into the apartment with cleaning supplies. Her brown eyes turned sharply to Lexa as if trying to read her before getting to work on the pool of blood.

Clarke watched the woman for a moment then took Lexa by the arm, guiding her down the hallway and into the bathroom. Closing the door behind them, “sit on the toilet.”

Lexa put the seat down and did as the blonde told her, watching her as she rubbed her head. “Head is starting to hurt.”
“I’m surprised it didn’t earlier, she hit you pretty hard.” Clarke sat on the edge of the bathtub with a bottle of peroxide in hand, cotton balls and a wet washcloth. “Need to clean it but I'm not sure if you'll need stitches.”

“Hope not, I have enough scars.” Lexa pulled the hair away from the area, sweeping it over her opposite shoulder as Clarke leaned it with the wet washcloth, wiping dried blood away from the side of Lexa’s face gently. Lexa hummed, grateful that Clarke had used warm water instead of cold.

“You'll be yelling at me in a minute.” Clarke smiled, unscrewing the bottle of peroxide.

“Not while Emori is here I won’t.”

“Why don't you two like each other?” Clarke leaned in again and dabbed at Lexa's face but true to the woman's word, she didn't yell at her. She sat quietly for a moment, biting her lip.

“She hit on me once in New York and I rejected her, that's why.” Lexa answered through clenched teeth. Letting out a soft sigh of relief when Clarke pulled away.

“You won't need stitches thankfully, it's not that deep.”

“Good, are you done?”

“Yes, I'm done unless you'd like for me to run over to my apartment and get the out the sewing kit anyway.”

“Um.. no thanks Clarke.” Lexa gave her a small smile and turned Clarke's head. Looking at the already forming bruise on her cheek. “She got you good didn't she.”

“Not as badly as you but yes, it'll hurt for a few days and I'll have to explain to the duo that you didn't hit me because I know that's what they'll think.”

“I would never hit you, unless you wanted it.. in a non abusive type way.” Clarke cocked an eyebrow at Lexa but laughed.
“Good.” Clarke leaned into Lexa’s touch but Lexa slipped her hand around to the back of Clarke’s neck. Tangling her hand in blonde hair, “Lex?”

“Mhm,” Lexa leaned in close to Clarke but paused. Her eyes traveling between blue eyes and pink lips.

“Kiss me before Anya walks in through that door, I don’t think I can take another almost kiss.” Clarke murmured grabbing at Lexa’s shirt.

Lexa nodded and closed the distance, kissing her gently but feeling Clarke tilt her head. Deepening the kiss, nipping at Lexa’s bottom lip but her tongue gliding across as Lexa parted her lips in a soft moan. Clarke broke the kiss momentarily, quickly straddling Lexa and tilting her head up with a small smile. Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke’s middle and kissed her once more. She heard Clarke hum in approval and slip a hand beneath Lexa’s shirt. Her hand sliding around Lexa’s waist, over the warm skin of her back but Lexa pulled back. Smiling at Clarke’s whimper.

“Much as I like kissing you, we need to get out of this bathroom.”

“I have a better idea, let me lock the door and we resume kissing.” Clarke leaned down and kissed Lexa again but pulled away, getting off of Lexa.

“I don’t think you want Anya breaking down the door.” Lexa laughed softly standing and following Clarke from the bathroom. Stopping just behind her when Anya herself stopped them in the hallway.

“You’re damn right I’d break that damn door down.” She cleared her throat and headed off into the living room. “Emori is done already, but I think I might have to clean up after her.” Anya told the other two women as she walked away.

Clarke and Lexa followed her, looking down at the spot that was still very evidently dark red. “Yeah.” Clarke answered first squatting down, “I’ll do it though.”

“Oh no you’re not, you are now my trainee. You start tomorrow so you need your rest tonight. Also, you’re going to have to drop out of med school.” Anya took her by the arm and pulled her up from the floor.
“My mother will kill me!”

“Your mother isn't what you should be worried about anymore.” Lexa told her quietly, crossing her arms over her chest. “Anya is pretty demanding when it comes to training, plus.. since I assume you aren't going into the facility. You'll be real world trained, which Anya is particularly good at.”

“I kill you if you disobey me Clarke.” Anya admitted very seriously, her eyes narrowed at Clarke. “Do you understand, 24.”

“Lexa, she can't be serious.” Clarke looked at Lexa in disbelief.

“She is very serious.” Lexa took a step back as Anya surged forward, grabbing Clarke by the arm. “Don't disobey her Clarke.”

“24, do you understand.” Anya repeated through clenched teeth, her grip tightening on Clarke.

“Yes.. 12, I understand.” Clarke answered making a fist as Anya pulled away with a small smile, her earlier mood seemingly returning.

“Good, we start tomorrow at 5 am sharp.” She turned to Lexa with her hands on her hips. “You'll be joining us I assume?”

“Of course, I'm getting a little out of shape anyway.” Lexa smirked, she knew this was going to be interesting. Especially if Anya ran Clarke through the same paces that she did when she trained her. “What will you be starting with Anya.”

“She'll need to get her strength up, but I think I'll start with mentality first. Although I suspect it won't take much to get that down.” Anya circled Clarke slowly and smiled at the blonde as she came around to her face again. “Chemistry, psychological, physical, not going to bother with the history crap but I'll have to have a word with 13 about getting some things from the facility. I do think I can get most of it on my laptop though.”

“Feel like I'm going into high school again.” Clarke muttered under her breath.
Anya frowned at her, “you are. I have to teach you how to think like an assassin, how to be an assassin, how to move like an assassin. You need to know how to read people, how to understand them with however much they give away. Whether it be by the spoken word or body language, we don't know everything about a target by the file they send us. It is up to us to see what we aren't told.”

“Also, we can't be suspicious in any way. We have to act like we belong, confident but not too confident.”

“Lexa is right, but that is only a small portion of it. You'll need to know the chemical formula of the poisons we use and how to read the stages as they appear so you know when you move yourself or your target away from people if it is required of you.”

“You'll need good intuition, not every assignment will be by the book. You may have to improvise, if a poison doesn't react correctly you may have to figure out a different way to complete your assignment.”

“You might need to seduce them as well but I think you've got that down.” Lexa winked at Clarke and the blonde laughed softly while Anya frowned.

“You won't be thinking that when you have to watch her seduce a target and possibly have to sleep with them to get them into a position to kill them without getting caught.” Anya quickly pointed out, both Clarke and Lexa frowned.

“I've never had to sleep with a target, unless I wanted to anyway.” Lexa scowled at Anya.

“Well, you're just fucking amazing at this line of work and that's kind of fucked up. You sleep with them then you kill them? The hell Lexa.”

“Oh no, don't even. You've done it too, so don't even try.” Lexa shot back while Clarke glanced between the two in momentary shock. Lexa turned back to Clarke, “I only did it once. Then Anya told me we didn't have to if it wasn't absolutely necessary. I haven't done it since.”

“Anyway.. tomorrow, 5 am. Get ready to have my ass kicked?” Clarke cut in, with a frown.

“Yes, be ready!”
“What if I go to my apartment and lock the door?”

“Don't test me woman, I can find a way into your apartment without trying.” Anya turned away from the two women and headed off down the hallway, closing herself up in her bedroom.

“Is she serious?”

“Very, but don't worry. You'll be fine!” Lexa reached out and took Clarke's hand, running her thumb gently over bruised knuckles from her fight earlier. “I promise, I'll be right there with you.”

“I know Lexa, but I have a question for you.”

“What is it.”

“How do you.. how do you not feel remorse for killing someone.” Clarke asked in a soft voice, looking down at her feet. Surprisingly enough she felt nothing for killing Echo, nothing but relief. Although that didn't mean she would feel the same for killing a stranger who had done nothing to her.

“I like to believe that every person I'm told to kill is bad in some way, but that doesn't justify what we do. We're still murderers, everyone reserves the right to live but we take that away.” She took a deep breath and looked over at Clarke, “everyone is different Clarke. You'll find yours just as I found mine and Anya found hers.”

“I guess you're right.”

“You could always ask Anya what hers is.” Lexa pressed a gentle kiss to Clarke's forehead. “Don't hesitate to talk to me if you need someone Clarke, I'll always be here for you.”

Anya sat in the middle of her king sized bed, the covers pulled up over her legs and her laptop
balanced on her thigh. She scrolled through the Tri Kru database, through the list of members old and new. Reading the names of the people who were up for Tri Kru head but not seeing any names she recognized besides Indra's. Granted, it wasn't a long list. A mere four person list, but the last name of the list caught her eye.

It was her own name.

_Anya Woods, 12_

She sucked in a breath and started to cough, choking on her own spit. Jumping up quickly out of the bed with her laptop in hand. Into the hallway and into the living room where Lexa was on the couch, Clarke in the kitchen at the stove.

“Lexa! LEXA!” She yelled shoving the laptop into Lexa's lap, “look Lexa!”

“Jeez, calm down.. I- What? You're on the list for head of Tri Kru!”

“I know I won't get it because I have a trainee again but.. I'm on the list! The commander will be looking at me! At my work!” She slid into the seat next to Lexa and smiled.

“You never know, you could still get it. Some of the other 11 have had heads while having trainees.” Lexa pointed out.

Anya shook her head, “Tri Kru doesn't want to take away from a future assassin's training. The commander wouldn't make me head because I have Clarke. Then again.. training two of Tri Kru's greatest assassins since Alta and Nadira would really put me in the running. Maybe even get a shot at commander one day.”

“Who decides who becomes commander?” Clarke asked from the kitchen. “And who says I would be a great assassin!”

“Me, and the twelve heads all come together if something were to happen to the commander. They decide among themselves, but they can't vote for themselves.” Lexa let Anya answer Clarke's question, knowing the woman had taken quite a bit of time to look into the whole ordeal.
“Surely every head wants the position though right.”

“Well yeah but being commander is a lot of work, you get very little down time. You're always in contact with a potential client that a normal head cannot be in contact with one way or another. Always in contact with your heads, solving their issues plus all as a whole. So sometimes heads will choose to vote for one particular person, someone they trust to swing favor their way.”

“Sounds a little corrupted Anya.”

“All powers are corrupted Clarke, there is no way around that.” Lexa and Clarke both nodded. “Now what the hell am I smelling, because it smells amazing.”

“It's just spaghetti and meatballs, that's all you had in this damn kitchen to make.” Clarke frowned down at the stove, “I guess if I'm being trained by you then I have to do some damn grocery shopping.”

“That would be great actually, if you could pick up coffee before 5 too that would be amazing and I'd fully support your marriage to Lexa if you did.”

“There is no way in hell that I would get up at the ass crack of dawn to get your ass coffee Anya, maybe Lexa but not you.”

“By next week you'll be asking what all you can do so I cut you some slack.” Anya muttered turning on the TV, Lexa beside her laughing.

“Keep it up and I won't feed you at all.”

“Keep it up and I'll move you to the facility, away from Lexa. Just me and you. In a hole in the ground.” Anya shot back looking over the back of the couch as Clarke furrowed her brows and frowned.

“Fine.”

“Thought so.”
Anya waited until Clarke and Lexa went off to bed, Clarke heading to her own apartment while Lexa disappeared into her bedroom. She had a feeling that Clarke would end up in Lexa's bed before dawn though. She didn't mind, it meant she'd have a easier time of getting to Clarke in the morning but for now she had something to do.

She dressed warmly and left the apartment. Deciding against taking the car and walked down the cold sidewalk, her breath escaping into the night as small puffs of cloud. The sound of her footsteps bouncing off the walls of buildings along the road as she walked, she took her phone out of her pocket and dialed a familiar number. Listening to the ringing but smiling when Daisy picked up.

“Daisy, I need to talk to you.”

“Oh yeah? At.. nearly 1 am, you need to talk to me. It better be good.” Anya heard the yawn on the other side and a muffled voice.

“Yes, can you meet me somewhere?”

“I guess, where?”

“Meet on the sidewalk outside of your hotel, I'm about a fifteen minute walk away from you.” She heard a sigh on the other end.

“Okay, I'll be down in ten.” The line went dead and Anya shook her head, picking up the pace. She turned the corner as the hotel doors opened and Daisy stepped out in pajamas. A long black overcoat over her clothes. Her dark hair pulled back into a messy bun.

“You're lucky I love you like I do.” She said sleepily as Anya approached her. “And I thought you said fifteen, did you start running.”

“Pretty close to it but thank you for coming down so late.”
“Of course, what's up.”

“I wanted to thank you, for putting Clarke in the system like you did. You really saved our asses.”

Daisy smiled at her, “I don't know what you're talking about Anya.”

“Of course you don't,” Anya smiled back at her and hugged her. “Thank you,” she whispered into her hair then pulled away. Tucking her hands into her pockets.

“Tell Lexa not to fuck it up would you.”

“She wouldn't dream of it.”

“And tell her I want an invite to that wedding.” Daisy turned away with a soft laugh. Heading back into the hotel but Anya waited until she could no longer see Daisy until leaving herself with a soft smile. She knew she could never properly repay Daisy for what she'd done, because of her, Clarke was alive and Lexa wasn't on the war path.

–

Lexa woke to the sound of her phone buzzing beside her head. She grabbed at it and unlocked it, wincing at the sudden bright light but laughing at the dozen messages from Clarke asking for her to wake up.

12:32 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexa

12:32 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexaronni

12:33 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexus

12:33 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexnar
12:33 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexas

12:34 [Clarke] – Wake up Lexaroo

12:34 [Clarke] – Come on Lexa!

12:34 [Clarke] – Wakey wakey eggs n’ bakey

12:35 [Clarke] – Please Lexa!

12:35 [Clarke] – Oh my god I think I hear someone coming!

12:35 [Clarke] – I’M LITERALLY DYING LEXA AND YOU ARE SLEEPING

12:45 [Clarke] – I’m alive, it was just Raven sneaking into Octavia’s bedroom, PLEASE WAKE UP BEFORE RAVEN STARTS SCREAMING OCTAVIA’S NAME

12:46 [Lexa] – I’m awake

12:46 [Lexa] – Did you want to come over?

12:46 [Clarke] – Yes, I’m coming right now.

Lexa got out of bed and hurried down the hallway, throwing up the apartment door as Clarke approached with a big smile on her face.

“I don’t care if I have to wake up at 5 am, I just really want to sleep next to you tonight. Sleeping next to you on the mountain got me hooked.”

Lexa kissed her and pulled her into the apartment, “same.”
“Good,” Clarke allowed herself to be pulled into Lexa's bedroom. Sliding into the queen sized bed next to Lexa. Letting herself be pulled into the brunette's warm embrace. She felt Lexa press a kiss into her hair and settle to sleep but Clarke turned in her arms. She kissed her softly on the lips and tucked herself into Lexa before falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure how much further I can take this without it getting incredibly boring, unless people really want to read about Clarke getting her ass handed to her by Anya. Also, there is still a bit of plot left. So... Yeah.
Lexa woke to the sound of a door opening in the hallway and a groggy curse. She knew it was Anya, the woman trying to get herself back into the routine of too early mornings and very little coffee that came along with them. Lexa opened her eyes and sucked in a breath in quiet awe, Clarke’s sleeping form outlined by the pale glow from the street lights below.

The blonde had moved in her sleep, twisting away from Lexa but still very much pressed into her. One hand curled into the crook of her neck, the other latched onto Lexa’s wrist. Keeping Lexa’s arm around her middle. She was still in a deep sleep, unaware as Lexa kissed her temple and pulled her wrist free. Only when Lexa slipped out of bed did she move, her eyes opening and her hand searching for Lexa.

“Lex?” She called out quietly, her voice raspy and full of sleep.

“I’m here Clarke, going out for coffee.” Lexa answered her pulling on clothes quietly in the darkness.

“Want me to go with you?” She sat up and ran a hand through her messy blonde hair, turning away from the lamp when Lexa switched it on.

“If you want, I intend to take the car.”

“What time is it.” Clarke looked back over at Lexa as the woman checked the time on her phone.

“4:30 almost, you don’t have to go if you want an extra twenty minutes of sleep Clarke.”

“What coffee shop is open at 4:30 in the morning.” Clarke swung her legs over the side of the bed and stretched, “and I’ll go if you don’t mind letting me get a change of clothes from my apartment.”

“It’s more of a diner than anything but I used to go there when I was younger. I saw it when I was out about a week ago.” Lexa sat down next to Clarke, “if we both go, we have to bring Anya back coffee and donuts.”
“Make her get her own,” Clarke stood up off the bed and left the room. Lexa following her with a soft laugh. The rest of the apartment was dark except for the light in the kitchen. Anya no where to be seen until Lexa looked over the side of the couch. “I'll be back in a minute Lex.”

“Okay,” Lexa watched her leave then turned to look back down at Anya. She nudged her but got no response. Lexa moved around the side of the couch quietly and nudged her again but still no response. “Anya, wake up.”

“Fuck off, I'm trying to sleep.”

“But its morning and that means it is time to be awake, remember?”

“Fuck you, wake me when its 5.”

“No coffee and donuts for you then.” Lexa walked off and counted the five seconds it took for Anya to shoot up off the couch.

“Excuse me? Did I hear that right? Coffee AND donuts?” The emphasis on her ‘and’ made Lexa laugh and nod.

“That is what I said isn't it?”

“Where’s your girlfriend?” Clarke stepped back into the apartment and frowned at Anya.

“Well's girlfriend?” She asked with her hands on her hips, visibly more alert.

“Lexa’s girlfriend, aka you.” Anya shoved her feet into a pair of shoes by the door. “Don't even deny it, I know you two were making out in the bathroom. It doesn't take thirty minutes to clean a head wound.”

“She hasn't asked me, nor have we gone on a date, so no we're not dating.” Clarke looked over at Lexa, meeting her gaze then looked away. “Now can we go for breakfast or not? I'm awake, I
brushed my teeth and I even brushed my hair for this.”

“You're pretty perky for being awake at 4:45 in the morning.” Anya muttered grabbing her car keys and coat.

“Woke up next to Lexa, how could I not be.” Clarke smiled and grabbed Lexa's hand, leaning into her.

“Too early in the morning to be that disgustingly cute, ask her out already Lex.” Anya lead the way from the apartment, not bothering to wait for a reply.

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Alta paced the office, her shoes soundless against the marble floor. Her eyes meeting the same exact book each time she made the turn on the ornate rug that laid in front of a bookcase. She wondered why the commander would keep a book titled *Secrets and Lies* in her office but she wasn't at liberty to ask. No one was allowed to question the commander, just as no one was allowed to even meet with the commander.

Unless you were her own guard of course, but this was only Alta's second time meeting the quiet commander. Her first time being the day the commander came into power, nearly four years ago. She remembered it clearly, just as she remembered the death of the previous commander. The current commander's mother. The amount of string pulling to get her daughter into power had gotten the previous commander killed.

The two women had looked alike but her daughter's eyes were lighter, her hair darker but the reigning difference being her daughter's quiet determination to remain unknown. The previous commander was always meeting with heads one way or another, but her daughter hid in an office.

The same daughter who entered the room quietly, her hair lighter than the first time she'd seen her. She remembered the raven curls that cascaded down her back once before but the woman's eyes remained the same. Light and dazzling, even in the soft light from the lamp on the desk.

“Tell me what happened 4.” The commander asked settling into her chair, pulling herself forward and leaning over the desk. Her hands clasped together, a silver ring on her ring finger. Alta recognized it, it had once held a diamond but the commander seemed to have had it removed long ago.
We were too late to stop Echo, she attacked 20 and 24 killed her.” Alta replied from her spot on the ornate rug, glancing at *Secret and Lies* once more. “We managed to save 10 but the Tri Kru head is dead.”

“My sister is dead.” The commander corrected, her voice low, spinning the ring on her finger slowly. Alta watching her, counting each cycle the commander made before speaking once more. “20 is alive and well?”

“Yes commander, just as you asked. She suffered a minor head wound but she is alive.”

“Good, I have decided on the new head of Tri Kru. Please inform Dr. Indra Hunt immediately that she is now the new head of Tri Kru once more.” Alta nodded at the commander and bowed slightly before turning to leave.

“I wasn’t finished 4.” The commander snapped. Alta halted immediately and turned back to the woman.

“My apologies commander.”

“Dr. Hunt is head of Tri Kru until 24 has completed her training. When that day comes, I want you to bring me 12, 20 and 24.”

“Commander..” Alta began but the commander cut her off sharply.

“Do you understand 4?”

“Understood commander, is that all?” Alta bowed slightly once more but kept her eyes trained on the woman behind the desk.

“That is all.”
It was nearly 6 am when the three women returned to the apartment. Clarke and Anya both sufficiently awake, Anya more so than Clarke. The woman locked the apartment door behind them and set the brown paper bag on the kitchen counter. Her eyes watching Clarke's every move, Lexa became aware of what Anya was doing.

“Anya, how are your ribs?” Lexa pressed a hand to Anya's rib cage, noting the jerk back and almost wince.

“Fine as long as you don't touch them.” She muttered wrapping her arm around herself, “quit being so observant.”

“Its my job Anya, especially when you're looking at Clarke like shes a piece of meat for you beat up on. Start her studying then train her to fight when you're healed enough to do it without breaking your ribs.”

“Or I could have you train her.” Anya smiled pulling off her coat, looking over Lexa's shoulder at Clarke.

“Were you about to attack me?” Clarke questioned, her brow furrowed.

“If you were paying attention, you'd have noticed.”

“I'm barely a week old!”

“So!”

“Shut up you two, its too early for shouting.” Lexa stepped in between the two women, glaring at Anya then at Clarke. “Do you want me to do it? I know you love to beat up on people Anya. Don't want to take away your fun.”

“No, you're right, for once. Go get my laptop Lex, its beside my bed.” Anya waited for Lexa to disappear into her bedroom before turning to Clarke, “come here.” She said quietly, lifting her shirt. “You were in med school, am I okay or not? Do I need to go back to the hospital?”
Clarke approached her, her eyes widening at the bruises that dotted her body. “Was this from yesterday.”

“Yes, the big guy. He..” Anya dropped her shirt as Lexa came back into the room, laptop in hand.

“I saw that, you should probably go see a doctor Anya.” Lexa handed over the laptop, “or at least see Dr. Griffin.”

“Shes right, my mom can come over and check you out if you don't want to go back to the hospital, or even that Nadira woman can come.”

Anya shook her head and took the laptop from Lexa, “I'll be fine.” She replied stubbornly, “take this and go into the folder titled Finances. Start reading.” She handed the laptop over to Clarke.

“There is no way in hell I'm spending the day reading your finances.”

“Its not.. its not my damn finances, go and get to work.” Anya shoved Clarke off towards the couch then turned to Lexa. “Don't disturb her.”

Lexa frowned at her. “Of course not, have you heard anything about the new head yet?”

“No, shouldn't be too long though.” Anya ran a hand through her hair and yawned, “I'm going back to bed for a few hours. Make sure shes working but don't disturb her.”

“Yes Ms. Woods.” Lexa smiled at the scowl that Anya gave her. The older woman flipped her the bird and walked off down the hallway. Leaving Lexa and Clarke alone, Clarke turning sharply from her spot on the couch when she heard the bedroom door close.

“Lexa, what is this stuff?”

“Its the chemical make up of our poisons that we use.” She leaned over the back of the couch and looked at what Clarke was reading. “Their make up and how long it takes for certain stages to
“I almost failed chemistry in high school.” Clarke muttered focusing on the laptop in her lap.

“You won't fail this.”

“Are you sure about that? I could completely not recall anything and be the worst assassin in the history of Tri Kru.”

“When Anya tests you, she'll add hours that you have to run for each missed. Then, if you still miss per test afterward, her punishments get harsher and harsher.” Lexa shivered remembering her own punishments. “I did the running, then.. she started to shoot at me.”

“Shoot at you! With what!”

“Rubber bullets, shit hurts, so get to work Clarke.” Lexa dropped herself onto the opposite end of the couch, “I'm going to take a short nap.” She sprawled out and got comfortable, immediately falling asleep.

Clarke sighed but went back to the words on the screen, a headache already threatening to arise as she read more and more.

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Anya woke the sound of her phone ringing, the shrill sound blaring in her ear where she'd dropped it barely an hour ago. She sat up with a curse and answered it, listening to the recording on the other end then Indra's voice coming through loud.

“Why the hell am I head again!”

“What? I don't know, go ask the commander.” She replied groggily, laying back down in her bed.

“I retired years ago, I didn't want to be a head again! You were on the list, why aren't you the head.”
“I have a trainee again, you know how that works Indra.”

“Who? Clarke?”

“Yes, her. The little blonde who wasn’t supposed to know shit about us, the one who ran from Lexa, the one who didn't trust Lexa until they went to the mountain together.”

She heard the soft sigh on the other end, “what happened to Echo.”

“Clarke killed her, she hit Lexa and Clarke attacked her. Shot her with her own gun in the middle of my apartment. Then the commander's dogs showed up, said they were too late to stop Echo.”

“You need to back your story up 12, why was Echo hitting 20.”

“3 tried to kill Clarke on the mountain but Lexa killed him, then they came back and Echo showed up. Saying 'the commander wants 20 alive but she said nothing about 12 or blondy', I don't know why the commander would want 20 alive.”

“20 has quickly shown great promise, as much as 4 did but I still don't know why Echo wanted her in Tri Kru enough to kill that girl.”

“I would suspect that only the commander would know at this point Indra.”

“And I suspect you'd be right about that.”

“So since you're the new head, do you have something for me to do?”

“I do, I've already sent the file to your laptop.”

“I'll check it out, have a good day Indra.”
“The same to you 12.” Anya hung up after that and dropped her phone back onto the bed with a groan. She didn't want to get up, she wanted to sleep. Her body begged her to sleep, covered in painful bruises. She needed to repair, not work but she got up anyway. Leaving her room and finding Clarke still on the couch. Lexa on the opposite end, her arm covering her face in sleep.

“I need my laptop Clarke.” Anya approached her from behind, taking the laptop away before Clarke could even reply. Setting it on the back of the couch, looking through her email and smiling in relief. “Wake your girly up, she has a job.”

Clarke frowned up at her but nudged Lexa with a sock covered foot. “Wake up Lexa, your sister needs you.”

Lexa groaned but sat up, “what for.”

“You have a job and Clarke is going with you.” Anya smiled down at her.

“Okay, what am I doing.” Lexa reached out for the laptop, taking it from Anya easily. She read through the open file on the screen, Clarke reading over her shoulder. “An accountant that visits Boston Commons every day at 2, then stops off for a pint at Emmet's.”

“You could meet him at Emmet's, your choice though doing it in the middle of Boston Commons is a bit much.”

“We'll meet him at Emmet's, that's easier plus I wouldn't mind a drink. What about you Clarke?”

“I'd love one actually, not been out that way in a while.” She smiled at Lexa and kissed her cheek. “See you in killer action too, see what else I'm getting myself into.”

“Watch her awkwardly flirt with the guy.” Anya muttered under her breath. Clarke frowned at her but Lexa laughed.
Lexa held Clarke's hand as they walked down the sidewalk. They'd been trailing the accountant since he left the park, he was a slow walker but it gave Lexa and Clarke time to talk.

“So how are you going to do it.” Clarke asked quietly, squeezing Lexa's hand.

“Probably draw him out into an alleyway and kill him with my hands.” Lexa replied kissing Clarke on the cheek as they rounded a corner. The man ahead of them appeared to be slowing down, Lexa pulled Clarke into an alleyway. Kissing her gently on the lips, she intended to pull away after a minute or so but Clarke pulled her back into her. Deepening the kiss, her fingers trailing up Lexa's side beneath her coat.

Lexa broke the kiss but Clarke planted soft kisses down her neck. “Clarke, we can't, much as I'd love to but we can't right now.”

“Are you sure?” Clarke murmured huskily in her ear causing Lexa to groan and bite her lip. Arousal flooding through her at Clarke's tone.

“Positive.” Clarke smirked but pulled away, “come on.” She grabbed her hand again and pulled her out of the alleyway, the man now no longer in sight. “He's gone, but we'll catch up to him at the pub.”

Clarke nodded and they fell into a comfortable silence. Clarke's hand warm in Lexa's but the breeze that washed over them cold. Clarke shivered and Lexa pulled her in closer, wrapping an arm around her shoulder. Clarke said nothing, she simply allowed it but as they approached the pub, Lexa pulled away.

“When we go in, we act like friends okay? Follow my lead until I get up to go and talk to him.”

“Yes ma'am.” Clarke smiled at her and Lexa lead the way into the pub. Forcing a soft laugh as they walked in, pulling off her coat and sitting within view of the man. Clarke sat across from her as Lexa ordered them both beers with a simple hand gesture.

Lexa slowly unbuttoned her black button up and rolled up her sleeves to the elbow, catching Clarke's attention at the movement. She swallowed thickly when Lexa leaned over, her cleavage on display in a push up bra.
“Does it look okay?” Lexa murmured sipping at her beer.

“Fantastic, but how did I not notice those.” She bit her lip when Lexa leaned back into her seat, fiddling with her drink. Smirking confidently when the man looked over her way, Lexa pretended to drop something on the floor and bent to pick it up. She felt both Clarke's eyes and the man's eyes on her when she came back up. “My god,” Clarke murmured.

“Clarke, I'll wear it everyday for you but you need to calm down for now.” Lexa laughed softly and flipped her hair over to the opposite shoulder, eyeing the man before preparing to stand. “Pay attention as best you can without being too obvious, wait 10 minutes before following when we leave but keep your distance.” She said getting to her feet.

Lexa made her way to the man, sitting down next to him with a smile. He turned to her slowly and returned the smile. Ordering himself another beer before speaking to her, “good evening miss.”

“Good evening sir.” She kept the smile on her face as he talked, laughing at his jokes. Laying a hand on his arm gently, pushing her chest out. Waiting for the signal that he would leave with her, the hand on her upper thigh. They continued to talk but the signal never came, in fact Lexa noticed he sent very few signals. He didn't hold eye contact for longer than a few seconds, his eyes didn't rove over her body. He made it a point to shift his arm away whenever Lexa touched him.

There was something definitely off about him but it wasn't until he spoke that she knew. “Well miss, I must be off, my husband will be waiting up for me.”

Lexa forced a smile, everything falling into place. “Of course, I hope I wasn't keeping you too long.”

“Oh no, you were great conversation.” He smiled and waved goodbye, leaving Lexa to curse under her breath as she made her way back to Clarke.

“Hes gay, gay as me! Come on, we have to follow him.” Lexa grumbled grabbing her coat and waiting patiently for Clarke to follow her out onto the street. “I can't believe this, why the hell did I get it if hes gay! I didn't even see a ring on his finger.”

“It happens, what are you going to do.”

“Follow him, shoot him, make it look random.” Lexa grit her teeth and followed the man quietly,
slipping through the crowd with Clarke on her heels. They came upon a park and Lexa motioned for Clarke to back off.

She moved quickly, side stepping down a different path as Lexa pulled a gun from a hidden pocket within her coat. She looked around herself, grateful for the empty park and broke into a quiet run. Dashing beneath street lights in the park until she came to a particularly dark spot and took aim. With a deep breath she fired twice, only one bullet hitting him in the back. The second purposely missing him as he fell to the ground with a thud.

Lexa took a step back, hearing footsteps approaching her. Ducking off into a bush as a random person spotted the body and screamed. She shoved her gun back into her coat and quietly headed off to find Clarke. Moving low and quick across the grass in the darkness, spotting Clarke walking beneath a few trees. The woman humming to herself.

She darted up behind her and took her by the arm. Putting a hand over her mouth when the woman cried out in surprise. “It's just me Clarke.”

“You fucking scared me, I heard the gun fire.”

“Sorry, I had to be quick. Someone already found the body, police will be swarming soon.” She spoke just as the sirens began in the distance, she clenched her jaw and turned back to Clarke. “If they stop us, tell them we were making out on a park bench but we didn't hear anything.”

“But Lex, we don't look like we've been making out on a park bench.” Clarke furrowed her brow at her as they approached a park bench beneath a streetlight. Lexa took Clarke's hand and in one fluid motion, pushed her into the park bench. Nearly straddling her thigh and kissing her.

“We are now.” She murmured between kisses, her hand on Clarke's cheek as she deepened the kiss. Clarke hummed happily, her lips parting as Lexa's did. Her tongue meeting Lexa's halfway and she moaned. Lexa's hand inside of her coat, beneath her shirt, inching her way up to Clarke's breasts when a police officer approached them but the women didn't break apart.

He cleared his throat and stood with his arms crossed across his chest. “Ladies.” He shouted, his foot tapping. Lexa pulled back from Clarke and licked her lips.

“Sir? Is something wrong?”
“We need you to leave the park and go home immediately.” He watched them hard but he averted his gaze as Lexa removed her hand from beneath Clarke's shirt.

“Of course officer.” Lexa replied with a smirk and stood, holding her hand out to Clarke. She lead them away from the officer, towards home but Clarke didn't speak until he was out of sight.

“I can't believe you were about to go second base in the middle of a park Lexa.”

“Sorry, I won't do it again.” She apologized but felt confused when Clarke laughed.

“I wasn't complaining Lex, just wait until we're back at the apartment to do something like that again... unless I say do it of course.” She smiled at Lexa deviously.

“Of course.” Lexa agreed, silently hoping Anya wouldn't be at the apartment when they returned.

—

Lexa unlocked the apartment door and she took it as a good sign. She looked around the living and noted Anya's missing coat, her boots gone by the front door as well. Lexa glanced over her shoulder at Clarke and smirked. Pulling her in and locking the door behind her then pushing her against it.

“Anya is gone.” Lexa kissed Clarke gently and pulled back, waiting for the blonde to say something.

“I sent Octavia a text while I was waiting for you. Told her to get Anya out of the apartment for a few hours. Remind me to clean my apartment for the next two weeks.”

“Perfect.” Lexa murmured capturing the blonde's lips once more in a heated kiss. Tilting her head up and planting soft kisses down her neck. Pushing Clarke's coat from her shoulders, hearing it hit the floor quietly.

“If we do this, you better take me on a date soon.” Clarke bit her lip and moaned as Lexa nipped at her skin. Her tongue soft over the bites but she pulled away quickly. Meeting Clarke's dark gaze, “lets move this party somewhere else Lex.”
Lexa nodded, pulling off her own coat as Clarke broke into a run to Lexa's bedroom. She followed her quickly with a smile, catching up to her easily as the blonde entered her bedroom. Turning to face her with a smirk. Lexa closed the door behind her, locking it and crossed the room to Clarke. Pulling her into a kiss. Softer than the first but with an underlying tone of urgency.

Lexa backed Clarke up to the bed, the blonde falling with a soft laugh. Lexa straddled her carefully, and bent to kiss her but halted. Letting herself take Clarke in that little moment, her blonde hair splayed out across the mess of sheets and blankets. Her gray t-shirt ridden up, showing a small sliver of skin. Her jeans precariously low on her hips, her black panties just barely visible.

“What's wrong Lexa?” Clarke asked quietly, her hand tugging at Lexa to get her attention.

“Nothing Clarke, you're just.. so beautiful.” She leaned down and kissed her once more but Clarke broke the kiss.

“You're saying that but I'm fully dressed.”

“You don't need to be naked for me to think you're beautiful Clarke.” Lexa smiled at Clarke's blush.

“Just kiss me.” Lexa nodded and kissed her. Her hands sliding up and down Clarke's sides over her clothes. Clarke groaned beneath her, her lips parting and her tongue gliding across Lexa's bottom lip. Lexa smirked into the kiss and fell into Clarke's demands, deepening the kiss. Her hand slipping beneath Clarke's shirt and cupping her bra clad breast.

Clarke hummed in approval and gasped into when Lexa's fingers found her hard nipples. She broke the kiss and flipped them. Straddling Lexa, forcing her hand away from her breast for the moment. She smirked at Lexa's frown and pulled her shirt off over her head. Leaving herself in her black bra.

The look in Lexa's eyes shot a wave of arousal through her. Dark and wanting, her tongue wetting her lips at the sight of Clarke in her bra. “You like what you see Lex?”

“You have no idea..” She leaned up, pressing a kiss to Clarke's chest. Her hand slipping beneath the bra, her other hand behind Clarke's back. Pulling at the clasp, only pulling away to toss the bra across the room. “My god.” She murmured, her eyes glued to pale breast and pink, hard nipples. “Amazing.. someone really took the time to make you.”
“What?” Clarke looked down at Lexa, laughing at the look on Lexa’s face. Her lips slightly parted and the look in her eye as if she was staring at the 8th wonder of the world.

“The rack of god.” Lexa whispered kissing the top of Clarke’s breasts but Clarke pulled back.

“Tell me you just did not say that.” She held Lexa’s head in her hands with a laugh.

“They are amazing Clarke, just.. I can’t even properly explain how amazing I think they are.” Lexa gripped tightly at Clarke’s hips.

“Show them proper adoration Lex.” Lexa nodded excitedly, kissing down her chest and pulling a hard nipple between her lips. Licking and nipping, her hand palming the other breast. Clarke’s moans filling the room when Lexa switched to her other breast. The blonde softly encouraging her, praising her, begging for her not to stop but Lexa pulled away.

Clarke whimpered and yelped when Lexa flipped them. Her hands unbuttoning Clarke's jeans, pulling them down. Tossing them to the floor, she leaned down to kiss Clarke but the blonde stopped her.

“You have far too much clothing on Lexa..” She bit her lip, “strip for me.” Lexa nodded and backed off of Clarke, her hands at the buttons of her shirt but the blonde held her hand up. “Give me your phone first.”

Lexa quirked an eyebrow at her but handed over her phone from the bedside table. Waiting patiently for the blonde to do whatever it was she wanted to do, only realizing what she intended when music began to play from her phone. She recognized the beginning notes to Ooh La La by Goldfrapp and smiled.

“Now, strip for me.”

“Yes ma’am.” Lexa looked down at Clarke, establishing eye contact and kicked her shoes off. Moving her hips to the beat of the song, increasing in tempo as the song did. Her hands running through her hair then dropping to her button up. Her fingers quick but slow to remove the clothing from her body, wrapping her arms around her before slowly allowing her chest into view.
Clarke bit her lip as Lexa's cleavage came into view, the black push up bra against her golden skin and firm abs. She dropped the shirt to the floor, then ran a hand down her chest to the top of her jeans. She popped the button and bent slowly, shaking her hips as she pulled her jeans down her legs. Never breaking eye contact with Clarke as she fully removed her jeans. Kicking them away and climbing on top of Clarke. Straddling her waist and taking her bra off, dropping it next to Clarke's head.

She smirked at Clarke's wide eyes, her eyes full of lust and want. Lexa bent and kissed her, intending to keep her slow roll but Clarke had other ideas. She nipped at Lexa's bottom lip and her hands gripped Lexa's ass firmly. Lexa bucked her hips at the contact and moaned into Clarke's mouth.

Clarke's hands slid down her bare thighs, moving towards the increasingly soaked center. Her hands pulling at Lexa, trying to get her to spread her thighs apart and give Clarke better access but Lexa pulled away with a shake of her head.

“Behave Clarke, you first.” Lexa slipped her hand between them, cupping Clarke's sex firmly and causing the blonde to moan. Grinding herself into Lexa's hand, begging for more contact. Lexa pushed Clarke's panties to the side, running a finger through her folds. Biting her lip at how wet she was.

“Please Lexa.” She begged when Lexa's finger ghosted over her clit. “Don't tease me.” Lexa pulled her hand away, sliding down Clarke's body. She settled between Clarke's spread thighs, smiling at the soft whimpers from Clarke when she kissed her inner thighs. “Lexa..”

“Shh,” Lexa reached up and pulled Clarke's panties down her legs. Tossing them across the room and gripping at Clarke's thighs once more. She looked up at Clarke, feeling the blonde try to push herself closer to Lexa's mouth and tongue but she pulled back. “Behave Clarke.”

“Ple-” Lexa bent quickly, dragging her tongue lazily up Clarke's core, over her clit and humming to herself at Clarke's moan. Her hands gripping at the sheets, her back arching as Lexa licked her. Dipping her tongue into her then circling her clit. Clarke's moans increasing but Lexa pulled back, kissing her thighs once more. She slid one finger into Clarke, pumping slowly but increasing in speed. She licked at her clit once more, adding a second finger.

Clarke panted Lexa's name and moaned louder. Her hands tangling into Lexa's hair, urging her on. Her thighs tightening around her head. Lexa felt Clarke tighten around her fingers as she sped up, pumping hard and fast.

“Le-Lexa,” Clarke groaned. Lexa knew she was close, if her fingers held in a vice like grip weren't
enough to tell her. It was Clarke's sounds that turned into screams when Lexa wrapped her lips around her clt and curled her fingers inside of the blonde. She came hard, screaming Lexa's name once again and went quiet except for her rapid pants as Lexa pulled her fingers free. She slowly climbed back up the blonde, licking her fingers clean. Hovering over Clarke as the blonde calmed.

“Lexa,” she panted, licking her lips. Pulling the brunette into her, pressing a kiss into her collarbone. “Lexa,” she repeated her name.

“Yes Clarke.”

“You usually kill everyday don't you.” Clarke trailed her fingers down Lexa's body, across her abs and into her underwear. 

“Usually.. Clarke what are you doing.” Lexa bit her lip when Clarke's finger grazed her clt, dipping into her wetness. 

“You,” she flipped Lexa onto her back. Keeping her hand in her underwear, kissing down her chest. Exploring the woman before she took a hard nipple between her lips, licking and sucking. Her finger slipping into Lexa's hot, wet sex. Her palm pressing against Lexa's clt, she pumped her finger slowly then added a second finger. Lexa's moans increasing in tempo as Clarke pumped her fingers faster and harder.

“Clarke!” Lexa shouted, tangling a hand in her blonde hair. Pulling her up to kiss her, moaning into her mouth as Clarke pumped her fingers in and out of her. Clarke pulled away, but kept her eyes on Lexa. Clarke curled her fingers inside of the woman beneath her, feeling her walls tighten around her fingers. “I. I..” Lexa panted. 

“I know babe,” Clarke murmured as Lexa came on her fingers. She continued to pump her fingers, letting Lexa ride out her orgasm. The woman panting and kissing Clarke, her hand still in blonde hair but slowly releasing. Clarke pulled her fingers free of Lexa, keeping eye contact with Lexa as she licked them clean.

“Want to go on a date with me soon Clarke?” Lexa panted out, pulling herself and Clarke up to the pillows. Clarke pulling the sheets up around them with a smile.

“I'd love to Lex.” She kissed her gently and let Lexa snuggle herself into her side. Her arms wrapped her middle.
“Fucking finally!” Anya shouted from across the hall. “Now I can sleep!”

Lexa cursed under her breath and Clarke blushed.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this is missing something. I don't know what it is. I can't figure it out.
Clarke took a deep breath as she watched Lexa drive away in the BMW, she'd offered to stay with Clarke as moral support but Clarke had declined. Telling her it was something she needed to do alone. She didn't want her mother thinking it was partially Lexa's idea either. Clarke knew at some point they'd have to formally meet but not now.

Not until things settled down, which may be never but as Clarke walked through the door of her childhood home. She couldn't bring herself to think of it any longer. She had to think about her mother and what she was going to say to her. She wasn't going to be happy about the decision.

But it wasn't even hers to make.

It was Clarke's entirely, just as it had been her idea to move out the month after her father died.

His death had been an accident, the wrong place at the wrong time. A gas station robbery turned murder the one night her father decided to go in instead of pay at the pump. Since then things had changed, her mother had changed. She worked more and more, leaving Clarke to fend for herself. She'd just graduated high school, her father had just died, and her mother was no where to be found when she needed her most.

Clarke ran a hand through her hair, eyes falling on the photos that lined the wall of the staircase. Ranging from her kindergarten graduation to her high school graduation. A thin layer of dust coating them, her mother not even bothering to clean anymore. Only the family portrait seemed clean of dust, the picture taken just before his death.

Clarke had just graduated, her hair shorter and her eyes bright. Standing between her mother and father, her mom looked tired but still smiling. Her father giving the camera a lopsided grin, his hazel eyes bright. He'd even take the time to run a comb through his brown hair, he'd said it was his idea but it was actually mom's.

She smiled at the memory from that day but froze at the sound of her mother's footsteps hitting the floor above her. She stepped back, hearing the steps come down the stairs and a tired yawn. She broke into a grin at the sight of her daughter in the house.
“Clarke, didn’t know you were coming over today.” She said groggily, pulling her daughter into a hug.

“I tried to call ahead but didn’t get an answer.” Clarke replied as her mother pulled away and headed into the kitchen.

“Must have slept through it, I’m sorry dear.”

“It’s fine, glad I managed to catch you home.” Clarke sat down at the island, watching her mother make coffee. “Can I talk to you about something mom?”

“Of course honey, anything.” She hit the on button and leaned against the counter across from Clarke, her arms crossed over her chest.

“I.. I want to drop out of med school.” Clarke admitted quietly, looking down at the light, worn wood of the island. Waiting for her reply.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” Clarke looked up at her as her mom ran a hand through her hair in thought.

“Okay then, as long as you’re happy Clarke.”

“I want to be an artist.” Clarke blurted out, biting her tongue at the look her mother gave her.

“Okay, if it makes you happy, I will support you.”

“But.. you wanted me to be a doctor, you’ve never supported my art either.”

“Becoming a doctor leaves little time for much else, I do like your art. Its beautiful Clarke, your father would have thought the same as well.”
“Why didn't you ever tell me!”

“You never asked.”

“Mom..” Clarke dropped her head into her hands, feeling stupid.

“Clarke, be happy okay? If you want to be an artist then go ahead, I'll be here for you all the way.” She crossed the kitchen, pulling her daughter into another hug.

“What if I wanted to be a porn star? Would you support that?” Clarke joked quietly.

“No, I draw the line at porn star.” She pulled away and poured herself a cup of coffee with a shake of her head. “Porn star...” She murmured to herself with a soft laugh.

–

Lexa leaned over the back of the couch, peering down at the laptop in Clarke's laptop. Smiling when she saw the woman to actually be trying to study the formulas for the poisons they used. The first time she'd peeked over her shoulder, she'd been looking at a blogging website. Reblogging a picture about a duck, the second time she'd been watching a music video. The third time being the charm, finding Clarke actually reading.

She turned away from Clarke and crossed the room, into the kitchen. Looking through the fridge and glaring at Anya when the woman sat down next to Clarke.

“Anya, don't bother her.”

“I'm not, someone has to watch her.”

“No one has to watch me! I'm not a kid!” Clarke closed the laptop and stood up, tucking it underneath her arm. “Lexa, I'm going to do this in your bedroom. Don't bother me unless its for food or alcohol.”
“Sure Clarke,” Lexa ran a hand through her brunette curls and leaned against the kitchen counter as someone knocked on the door. She looked over at Anya as the woman stood and answered the door.

Raven and Octavia stood at the door, Octavia with her phone in hand and the beginning notes to a song playing from it. The two women dancing together in unison, singing together when the words began.

“Can I have your daughter for the rest of my life, say yes, say yes, 'cause I need to know~”

Anya stared at them and sighed, “no.” She answered slamming the door. “Those two are so weird.”

“Why you gotta be so rude!” Raven yelled on the other side of the door before coming in. The music still playing and they resumed dancing in the middle of the living room in sock feet. Octavia slipping and pulling Raven down with her.

“Clarke! Come get your weird ass friends!” Lexa yelled walking past the human pile up on the floor. Heading down the hallway and into her bedroom, frowning at the blonde with her headphones in. Unable to hear anything Lexa said to her. She rolled her eyes and crossed the room, sitting on the bed next to Clarke.

Clarke looked up at her with a frown and pulled her headphones out of her ears. “Lexa I said-”

“Your friends are in the living room dancing to some song that I don't know.” Lexa stood and left the room without waiting for Clarke's response, leaving the woman confused but following her. The blonde stopping just before her friends in the middle of the room with a frown.

“The hell are you two doing.”

“Clarke! We missed you! We never see you anymore!” Raven shouted throwing herself at Clarke, pulling her into a hug. Octavia mirroring her on the other side of Clarke, creating what Raven felt the need to whisper into her ear as a 'Clarkewich'. Raven pulled back from Clarke and frowned at her.

“What the fuck happened to your face Clarke.” The woman spun on her heel and glared at Lexa, “did you hit her?!"
“No I didn't hit her.” Lexa replied with a frown at the woman.

“She didn't hit me!” Clarke defended, pushing Raven away.

“I hit her, I tend to throw punches in my sleep.” Anya covered for the two other women, earning herself a death glare from Raven and Octavia both. “We were watching movies in my bed and we fell asleep, Clarke was beside me. I hit her in my sleep, it was a total accident!”

“I don't believe you.” Octavia kept her arms around Clarke protectively. “I should kick your ass!”

“Leave her alone, it was an accident. I don't hate her and neither should you two.” Clarke shrugged Octavia off and stood beside Lexa.

–

The next few weeks proved difficult for Clarke, between studying and more studying she had little time to herself. Every time she turned to Lexa for a break the woman would tell her no, Anya mirroring her. The only night Clarke got a break was when Lexa took her out on their first date at the Boston Harbor Hotel. A quiet dinner overlooking the harbor at twilight, followed by a night of passion in a hotel room.

It was that night that Clarke remembered the day Anya stood in front of her in the middle of the apartment. The woman giving her a dark smile. Part of Clarke curious as to what was going on with her, the other slightly aware and remembering that Anya had gotten the clear from Dr. Griffin.

She could return to 'work' and she intended to beat Clarke's ass for every night that she and Lexa had kept her awake going at it like rabbits.

Anya brought her hands up near her face, shifting into a stance that Clarke didn't recognize. “Anya.. What are you doing?”

“Training you.” Anya moved quickly, catching Clarke off guard at how fast she moved. Striking Clarke in rapid succession. Shifting just out of reach when Clarke attempted to retaliate, smirking at the blonde's clenched jaw and annoyed look in her eye. “You're going to have to be quicker than that Clarke.”
“Quit moving and I won't have to be quick.” Clarke replied moving to grab the woman but missing. Anya grabbing the back of her shirt and pulled her down to the floor. Her knee coming down on Clarke's chest, keeping her in place. “Get off!”

“Push me off Clarke.” Anya dodged a fist that came at her face, grabbing Clarke by the wrist and pinning her hands above her head. She struggled beneath her with a grunt, trying to free herself. “Come on Clarke, you can do this.”

“You're too strong Anya!”

“You beat Echo, you can at least escape me.”

“Echo was different, she was crazed with grief.”

“We don't allow our emotions to control us Clarke, now fight to escape me.”

“You didn't see her eyes Anya, she had lost it.” Clarke continued to struggle, bring her knee up behind Anya's back. Trying to dislodge her furiously but Anya only laughed softly, staying firm in her position above Clarke. “Anya!”

“Do it, you can do it.”

“I'm not trained for this!”

“You were close, try whatever it is that is going through your mind.” Anya increased the pressure with her knee on Clarke's chest. The woman gasped, the pain increasing as she brought her legs up. Just managing to get her knees around Anya and jerking her off. The woman catching herself with her arm as Clarke pushed herself up quickly despite the pain in her chest.

“Anya, why are you doing this!”

“I need to know where to begin.” She pushed herself away from Clarke as the blonde attempted to pin her to the floor. “Strength, stamina, you at least seem to be thinking but you need confidence to try whatever you come up with.”
“Oh god, does that mean running and the gym?”

“Oh yes Clarke, everyday almost, be prepared.” Anya stood, lending a hand down to Clarke. Only to pull the blonde into her and headbutt her, watching her hit the floor with a groan.

“What the fuck.”

“That was for keeping me awake the past couple of weeks.”

“Fuck you Anya.” Clarke held a hand to her nose, pulling it away and groaning again at the blood. “I think you broke my nose.”

“I didn't hit you hard enough to break it, you'll be fine.” Anya sat down in the floor next to Clarke cross legged, holding her head up with her hand as Clarke wiped blood from her nose. She sat up with a tired sigh. “Stay prepared, I will attack you whenever I feel like it.”

“Did you do this with Lexa too?”

“No, we had designated times for this.”

“Why can't we then.”

“You want to go to the hole in the ground?”

“Not really, I like it in Boston.”

“Then listen to me and remember it every time I try to hit you.” Anya proceeded to inform Clarke about staying quick and light on her feet. To pay attention if her opponent favored any part of their body and to direct her strikes to those spots. To use her surroundings to her advantage, to always think before she struck.
They remained in their position on the floor until Lexa entered the apartment. Her green eyes wide in confusion at Clarke and Anya sitting in the floor across from each other. Dried blood on Clarke's face and clothes. She couldn't see any bruises but she feared what she might find later that night.

“Lexa, you're back.” Anya smiled up at her and stood, Clarke standing beside her. “Sorry, kind of beat your girl's ass today.”

“I can see that, Clarke is covered in blood.” Lexa pointed out shrugging her coat off and hanging it up. She crossed the room and looked Clarke over slowly.

“Only my nose Lex, I'm fine everywhere else.”

“Until tomorrow anyway.” Anya added heading off into the kitchen, wetting a paper towel and handing it to Clarke. “Here.”

“Thanks, your sister really kicked my ass Lex but I intend to kick her ass soon enough.”

“Big dreams for such a small woman.”

“Fuck off Anya.” Clarke wiped at the blood on her face, staining the paper towel crimson. She winced when she touched her nose, “I think it is broken Anya.”

Anya turned her and touched her nose, Clarke jerking away at her touch. “You're fine, I told you, not broken.”

“Whatever, I'm going to take a bath or something. Body starting to hurt.”

“Your body is going to hurt a lot later.” She smirked as Clarke headed off, Lexa following her worriedly.

–

Lexa sat straddling Clarke's butt as she massaged Clarke's bare back. The woman beneath her
groaning in bliss as Lexa worked down her back. Lexa could feel how tense Clarke was but as she worked, the woman relaxed more and more until Lexa thought her to be asleep beneath her.

“Clarke?” Lexa leaned down over her back and murmured quietly into her ear. “Clarke honey?”

“Mm what.” Clarke propped her head up next to Lexa's groggily, “since when do you call me honey.”

“Since we've been on a date and had incredible sex for the past few weeks.”

“Yet you've still yet to ask me to be your girlfriend.” Clarke muttered dropping her head back down to the pillow as Lexa worked her fingers down her back.

“I am right now Clarke.”

“What?” She turned her head and gave Lexa a sideways glance. “Say it again.”

Lexa laughed softly, “will you be my girlfriend Clarke?”

“Thought you'd never ask, of course Lexa.” She dropped her head onto her arms, smiling when Lexa pressed a soft kiss to the back of her neck and resumed the massage. She finished with her back then slowly got off of her, settling near her feet. Pressing her hands gently against Clarke's bare thighs and began working her way down. She heard Clarke groan as her hands reached mid-thigh.

“How much longer am I physically working with Anya again?”

“For however long it takes Clarke.”

“Do you intend to massage me every time I fight her?”

“Maybe..” Lexa reached the back of her knees, “if you're good.”
“Oh, I can be good.”

“I'm sure you can now hush and relax.”

“Yes ma'am.” Lexa smiled, working down the rest of Clarke's legs. Finishing with a foot massage, listening to Clarke slowly drifted off to sleep as she finished the massage. She gently got off the bed, trying not to jostle the sleeping blonde. Moving quietly across the room, leaving the room. Closing the door with a soft click.

She padded down the hallway quietly, heading into the living room but jumping when her phone dinged in her pocket. She pulled it out quickly and checked the text message from an unknown number.

1:34 [Unknown Number] – Meet me at Purple Cactus on Centre St in 30.

“The fuck.” She muttered to herself in confusion, she stood there in sock feet considering if she should go or not when the second message came.


Lexa sighed but shoved her feet into Anya's boots by the door, grabbed Clarke's jacket and the keys to the BMW before leaving the apartment. It was a almost 20 minute drive with traffic, 15 if she got lucky.

She drove the BMW fast, making it to the restaurant with 10 minutes to spare. She found a parking spot but stayed in the car for a moment. She felt the familiar sting of anxiety wash over her as she took a deep breath and got out of the car.

The inside of the restaurant was warm and smelled of burritos, not quite her type of place. More Clarke and Anya's but she glanced around the room. Not spotting Alta as she slid into a seat by the door, waiting patiently but her foot tapping the floor as she looked through her phone. She nearly jumped out of her seat each time the door opened, counting exactly twenty times that that door opened until 4 stood beside her.

“You're early.”
“I had nothing better to do.” Lexa sat back in her seat as Alta sat across from her. She was dressed drastically different than the first time she'd met her. Her hair held back with a pair of glasses, faded red plaid shirt with a white tank top underneath, jeans ripped at the knee. She draped her black jacket over the back of her chair and gave Lexa a small smile.

“What is this about 4.”

“Don't call me 4, this isn't a professional meeting. I'm just here to give you a message from the commander.”

“And that doesn't make it professional?” Lexa tried to keep her voice steady, she felt nervous. Too nervous almost as Alta shifted in her seat, leaning over the table. Her finger twisting the gold wedding band.

“No, why are you so anxious. I can practically feel you shaking from here.” She studied Lexa for a moment. “You're fine, no one is going to pop out and shoot you.”

“I'm not nervous.”

“Whatever Lexa, the commander asked me to inform you of a meeting that will take place once 24 has completed her training. I trust she has already begun.”

“She has, 12 reports she is doing well.”

“Of course she is, 12 is one of the best mentors in Tri Kru. Second best to me if I were still mentoring.” She smirked confidently pulling her glasses down over her eyes. “Contact me at that number once 24 has completed her training and completed her first assignment.”

“Understood.” Lexa nodded at Alta as the woman stood and made her way to the counter but she turned back.

“Ah and don't tell my wife I was here either, she'll kill me.”
“Of course.” Lexa watched Alta for a moment then left the restaurant, returning to the BMW. Locking herself inside before letting herself relax enough to drive back to the apartment.

She didn't speed on the return trip, instead taking a more scenic route before heading for the apartment with a quiet sigh. She pulled the car up to the curb and parked it before getting out and heading back up to the apartment.

Lexa opened the apartment door, greeted by music and Anya lip syncing along to a song. Her hair pulled back into a messy bun that threatened to come loose with each dance move the woman managed to pull off. Lexa rolled her eyes and closed the door behind her, kicking off her boots then shrugging off her jacket. She crossed the room to the coffee table and muted the music.

“Hey! I was listening to that!”

“I know, Clarke is sleeping or at least she was when I left.”

“If I woke her up, consider it pay back for all the times you two have kept me awake!”

“We don't keep you awake!”

“Bullshit! If I have to hear you whimper and beg for Clarke to touch you one more time I swear I will come into that room and shoot you both!” She pulled her hair free from its haphazard bun and redid it. “I had no idea you were such a bottom anyway.”

Lexa blushed and frowned, “I'm not a bottom!”

“Babe please, you're such a bottom.” Clarke yawned in the hallway, rubbing sleep from her eyes.

“I'm not a bottom!” Lexa shouted at the other two women.

Anya cleared her throat and proceeded to imitate Lexa from the night before. Clarke giggled as Lexa threw a couch pillow at Anya. The woman catching it and throwing it back, still imitating Lexa.
“That girl is a bottom~” Anya began to sing loudly into her fist, “bottom~” she repeated. Clarke laughing harder as the woman sang.


Clarke woke to an empty, cold bed and the beginnings of dawn. She sat up with a groan, her body protesting at the movement. Everything was sore despite Lexa giving her a massage. With a quick glance around the room she spotted a note on the bedside table, folded and sitting precariously on the edge of the wooden tabletop.

She reached out and grabbed it, flicking on the lamp as well before lowering herself back against the pillows as she opened it. Recognizing Lexa's hand writing telling her that she and Anya were out for a run. Clarke frowned, hoping Anya wouldn't get the big idea to start Clarke running at the crack of dawn as well.

The longer she thought about it, the more she realized that the woman most definitely would. Probably come into the room with a jug of ice water like she used to do to Lexa. It was one the things that Lexa had made sure to tell her, as well as Anya's various other ways of waking her. None of which Clarke wanted to experience.

With a groan, Clarke sat back up. Reaching underneath the bed and grabbing her sketchbook. Stashing the note between the last page and the hard back. Her fingers tapped the cover for a moment, deep in thought before getting up out of the bed. Shoving her feet into her house shoes and leaving the apartment.

Heading back to her own, unlocking it and leaving it unlocked as she crossed to the wide window that overlooked the street. The sun just peeking out over the city skyline, the view flooded Clarke with inspiration as she flipped open her sketchbook. Pulling the pencil out of the spiral binding as she flipped to an empty page but she stopped on the unfinished drawings of Lexa.

The first being Lexa by the little river on the mountain, the brunette’s face unfinished but Clarke knew she could finish it without even seeing the woman. She’d memorized her, the curve of her jaw, the shape of her eyes. The way her lips would pull back into a small smile at something Clarke did.

Clarke smiled and sat down on the coffee table, determined to finish the drawing of Lexa. Just managing to put the final touches when the door of the apartment opened. She turned sharply, smiling as Lexa crossed the room. Her skin glistening in sweat in the morning sun, her work out clothes tight against her skin.
“Hey babe.”

“Hey, what are you doing here? Expected to find you in my bed still.” Lexa kissed her softly and sat down beside her on the table.

“Felt like finishing a drawing or two.” She held out the sketchbook to Lexa, watching the woman take it and the smile that followed as she looked the drawing over.

“Its amazing Clarke, absolutely amazing.”

“Not quite as amazing as you though.” Clarke leaned against her, her head on her shoulder as Lexa flipped through the other drawings she’d already seen before.

“I need a shower, I’m sure you don’t appreciate how I smell right now.” Lexa closed the book and handed it back over.

“You're right, you stink.”

“Gee thanks!”

“You said it first! Go take a shower, can use my bathroom if you want. I'm sure Anya has already claimed yours.”

“You're probably right about that, claiming eldest rights and all that.”

“Of course she will, so go.”

“I will if you get in with me.”

“As if you need to ask twice.” Clarke stood quickly, pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it at Lexa as the woman followed her.
Clarke sat on the toilet seat, Lexa across from her balanced on the edge of the bathtub in Lexa's apartment. The brunette complaining quietly about how long it took for her back tattoo to be covered up as Clarke worked with a soft smile.

“Almost done babe, then you can run off into the sunset of death.” She joked, earning herself a laugh from Lexa.

“I'm tempted to just get it completely removed.”

“Don't do that! I love your tattoo!”

“So do I, but this takes forever.”

“I know, but I'm done.” Clarke stood as Lexa did, the brunette taking the make up from Clarke with a kiss.

“Thank you, what are your plans for tonight?”

“I don't know, why.”

“Just asking, I'll be gone for most of the night and Anya will be doing whatever the hell she does on Friday nights.” Lexa pulled her shirt back on, and lead the way from the bathroom. “Maybe you could go see Raven and Octavia? You haven't done anything with them in awhile.”

“Get drunk with them then drunk text you while you're working? Sounds like fun.” Clarke replied sarcastically.

“I could come back in my disguise and..”
Clarke smiled and cut her off. “What are you doing tonight anyway.”

“I am Nurse Joy.”

“Did you just make a..”

“I did.”

“That was strangely hot.” Lexa leaned in and kissed Clarke, her hand cupping one of Clarke's full breast before pulling back. “We hope to see you again.” Clarke smirked.

“Don't do that again, it was weird.” Anya stood in the hallway entrance with a frown.

Lexa rolled her eyes. “Whatever, you ready?”

“Yeah, are you? Or do you need a minute to make sure her pokeballs are fully functional.”

“I'll do that later.” Lexa winked at Clarke and motioned for Anya. “Come on, I'll text you later okay Clarke?”

“Yeah babe, take care.”

“Always.” Clarke stood in the middle of the apartment as Lexa and Anya left. She ran a hand through her hair and dropped herself onto the couch with a sigh. Shooting a text off to Octavia to bring herself and Raven over for a movie night.

It took all of two seconds for a response and five minutes for the two women to show up to the apartment, Raven not bothering to knock and just walked right in with a shout. A plastic bag in her hand.

“Hey guys,” Clarke jerked out of the way as Octavia fell over the back of the couch. “Jesus O, watch it.”
“Oh whatever, not like it isn't our own couch.”

“Anya would kick your ass if she saw you do that you know.”

“I'd kick her ass right back.” Octavia rolled her sleeves up and flexed.

Raven whistled from the kitchen. “Woo babe, nobody told me I had tickets to the gun show.”

“Babe? Please tell me you two are dating.” Clarke asked with a smirk.

Raven and Octavia shared a look, Raven nodding slowly. “Yes, we're dating. Are you and Lexa dating?”

“Yes, we are but congratulations to you two! When's the wedding?”

“Right after yours and Lexa's.” Raven sat a glass before Clarke on the coffee table, “your favorite, rum and coke.”

“You're an angel Raven.”

She shrugged, “so my girlfriend says.” She looked over at Octavia, meeting the glare the woman was giving her. “Yours is in the kitchen, I'll have it right out to you your majesty.”

“No rush, I'm just dying of thirst here.”

“You'll really be dying of thirst later if you keep it up.” Raven shot back at the woman with a frown. “Remember that one time.. I came out of the bedroom in that little short skirt and I..”

“Raven please, I love you two but please, no.” Clarke sipped at her drink with a shiver. “Please put a movie on or something so I can get that mental image out of my head.”
“That is one image I don't want to get rid of.” Octavia murmured looking Raven up and down as she handed over her drink and sat in her lap. “Truly.”

“Okay, I'll get the movie then.” Clarke sat cross legged on the floor in front of the DVD player and rows of movies. Trying to think of what would be appropriate to watch, she herself wanted to watch a horror.

“Come on Clarke, why so slow!” Octavia hovered over her, looking down at her.

“Great movie picking takes time and skill.”

“Oh whatever, just pick one, anything!” The brunette knelt and reached over her shoulder. Pulling out the box for 1979 Alien. “How about this? I've never seen it.” She looked over her shoulder at Raven, “babe you seen this?” She held the box up.

“Who the hell hasn't seen Alien?”

“Me, I haven't.”

“Put it in then!”

“Okay, but I don't want to hear you complain about the movie inaccuracies about spaceships and space.”

“I did that one time! One time!” Raven huffed as Octavia put the movie in, pulling at Clarke to get her on the couch.

“So we're going to drink and watch Alien movies?”

“Fuck yea Clarke.” Octavia pushed herself between Raven's legs, resting against her chest as the movie started. “Best seat in the house.” She boasted happily.
Clarke rolled her eyes and sipped at her drink, oddly not feeling like getting completely hammered. She sent a text to Lexa telling her about Raven and Octavia, not wanting the woman to come back into the apartment in assassin mode. She sent Anya the same, only Anya replied complaining about them watching movies without her.

“Get off your phone Clarke, we know you miss your girlfriend but watch the movie!”

“I was texting Anya.”

“Tell her to get her ass over here.” Octavia shouted as Clarke typed out a message to Anya, making sure to relay Octavia's message to her. Falling into an extended silence as they watched the movie until the apartment door opened and Anya walked in with a frown.

“You bitches are watching a movie without me, in my apartment, on my couch, using my glasses! I can't believe you.” She scoffed at them, turning away and shoving a bag into a cabinet above the stove.

“Why weren't you here then Anya.” Raven shot back at her, resting her glass on Octavia's head. The woman frowning beneath it.

“I was sent out on a mission for the greater good!” Anya replied making herself a drink. “And I'm pretty sure your girlfriend doesn't appreciate being used as a coaster Raven.”

“I don't!” Octavia grumbled.

Chapter End Notes

Points if you get the bottom reference, more points if you get the Joy reference.
Yes, the song was Boy is a Bottom but changed for our poor Lexa.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke woke to strong arms around her middle and warm, slow breathing on her neck. The sun streaming into her bedroom, they would have slept at Lexa's but she'd convinced Clarke to sleep at her own apartment. For what reason Clarke wasn't sure of, all she knew was that it was her birthday and Anya would probably kick down her door soon.

She sighed and shifted out of Lexa's grasp, the brunette remaining in her deep sleep as Clarke swung her legs over the edge of the bed. With a quick glance back at Lexa she stood, wondering why she was still even asleep. The brunette rarely slept in this late, even after long nights with Clarke.

Clarke tip toe'd over her discarded clothes on the floor, grabbing Lexa's shirt off the floor and pulling it on as she left the bedroom. She shivered as she crossed into the bathroom, listening for signs of Octavia or even Lexa waking up. She wasn't sure if Octavia had even come back last night, Clarke and Lexa had left the apartment after watching the fourth Alien movie that Octavia had insisted on.

She smiled as she stopped in front of the mirror, washing her hands and running a brush through her hair. She recalled the look on Lexa's face when she walked in at the end of Alien 3, her grimace and the way she'd quickly headed out of view of the TV screen. This was the night she learned that Lexa was afraid of Alien movies, Clarke found it cute. Lexa tried to deny it until she fell asleep.

Clarke headed back to the bedroom, opening the door and stopping when she saw her girlfriend awake. “I didn't wake you did I Lex?”

“No, I got cold.” Lexa replied groggily, her voice raspy as she patted the spot beside her with a small smile. “Come back to bed.”

“Don't have to tell me twice.” Clarke murmured climbing back onto the bed, pressing herself into Lexa's chest. Wrapping her arms around the other woman with a content sigh. “What is on your agenda for today babe?”
“Anything you'd like to do, I took the day off.” Lexa draped a leg over Clarke's as the blonde pulled away.

“The whole day?”

“The whole day.”

“Is this for my birthday?”

“Yes, but I would take off any day if it meant being able to spend it with you.” Lexa murmured tiredly, her eyes drooping closed.

“I'm getting old Lex.”

“Anya is old, you're young.”

“I'm going to tell her you said that.” Lexa groaned and Clarke laughed softly, pressing a kiss to Lexa's neck. “I'm kidding babe, I would never.”

“Thank you but what do you want to do today?”

“Most things require getting out of this bed, except for one.” Clarke replied suggestively, shifting her thigh higher between Lexa's legs. The movement caused Lexa to shiver and bite her lip.

“Are you sure?” Lexa pulled at the hem of the shirt that Clarke wore, her hands slipping beneath and looking down at Clarke with a smirk at finding her completely bare underneath.

“Positive Lex.” Clarke pushed at Lexa and climbed on top of her, straddling her waist. She pulled off her shirt and tossed it to the end of the bed, cupping her own breasts and twisting her already hard nipples.

Lexa licked her lips and gripped at Clarke's thighs as the blonde continued to play with her own nipples. A playful smirk on her lips as Lexa watched her intensely, she slid one hand down her body.
Her fingers slipping through her own folds as she kept eye contact with Lexa. Moaning as she touched herself, she felt Lexa's hands tighten at her thighs. Squeezing as Lexa clenched her jaw.

“Lexa,” she groaned as her head fell back. Her mouth open as she moaned softly, Lexa watched Clarke's fingers, whimpering as the blonde shifted herself upward enough to enter herself. “Lexa, touch me.”

Lexa swallowed thickly, releasing Clarke's thigh and swiping her thumb across Clarke's clit. The blonde letting out a loud moan at the sensation. Lexa sat up, pushing Clarke back onto her thighs. Her fingers dislodged as she grabbed onto Lexa to stop herself from falling.

“Sorry, you're just so sexy,” Lexa murmured wrapping an arm around Clarke's waist. Her hand between them and two fingers entering Clarke hurriedly. The blonde gasping and moaning, her head falling back once more as Lexa kissed down her chest.

“Lexa,” Clarke moaned her name as Lexa sucked on her hard nipple. Her fingers driving into Clarke hard and fast. “Fuck Lex, fuck me.”

“Yes ma'am,” Lexa murmured around Clarke's hard nipple. She felt Clarke tighten around her fingers at those words. The blonde bucking her hips against Lexa's fingers and moaning louder. “Do it.” Lexa growled, her teeth grazing Clarke's nipple as the blonde came with a shout.

Her hips slowed as Lexa released Clarke's nipple, pressing a soft kiss to her neck and pulling her fingers free. The blonde stilling and panting, her skin glistening with sweat as Lexa pulled her down with her onto the bed.

“Lexa,” Clarke murmured. Her face buried in Lexa's neck as she laid on top of her. Her legs on either side of Lexa's waist, “babe.”

“Yes Clarke.”

“Great start to my birthday.” Clarke kissed Lexa's neck and rolled off of her. Smiling as Lexa propped her head up with her hand next to her, she pulled the sheet over them. “Can we just stay here all day?”

“Anything you want Clarke, you got it.” Lexa leaned down and kissed her, her hand slipping
between Clarke's legs again. Caressing her inner thigh as Clarke deepened the kiss, nipping at Lexa's bottom lip and soothing it over with her tongue.

Clarke pulled away, licking her lips and smiling. “This is going to be a long morning isn't it Lex?”

“As long as you want it to be.”

Lexa sat alone on the park bench, Clarke stood just ahead of her with her arms in the air as a cool breeze blew over her. Her hair picking up and flowing behind her, her nose turning pink as she grinned happily. Leaves hit her shoes but she didn't seem to mind, she was, as she'd told Lexa before doing it. Having her titanic moment, she was Rose but she didn't want a Jack because she didn't want to let Lexa die in an ice cold ocean all alone.

Lexa was fine with that, she didn't want to freeze either. She was content enough to sit on the park bench and watch Clarke have her moment. This was the last day that Clarke would be able to do anything like this until she had completed her training and had her first assignment. Including the meeting with the commander.

The meeting that had Lexa on edge, she'd already spoken to Indra and Anya both about it. Both telling her that neither of them had ever met the commander. That no one besides her own personal guard had seen her.

It wasn't uncommon for the commanders to go to extreme lengths to hide themselves. Except this commander had never met with any head, preferring to contact by email or by her guards. That was definitely uncommon, Lexa wasn't even sure if it was a she in the first place. For all she knew the commander's personal guards could be lying.

“Lex?” Clarke's voice broke into Lexa's train of thought. She looked up quickly and smiled at the blonde, her nose and cheeks pink from the cold.

“Yes Clarke?”

“You alright? Seemed like you went into la la land for a second.”
“I was just thinking about the commander.”

“What about them?”

“No one has ever met them besides the commander's personal guards, it's a bit odd.”

“Maybe they are shy.” Clarke suggested sitting back down next to Lexa and resting her head on her shoulder.

“Maybe.” Lexa pressed a kiss to Clarke's forehead, “what would you like for lunch.”

“I figure you would still be full from breakfast.” Clarke stood and smirked down at Lexa, her hand reaching out for the brunette.

“Trust me, I could eat.” She took Clarke’s offered hand and stood, not letting go of her hand as they walked through the park.

“I’m sure you could, but seriously. I’m starving and I think there is a sandwich place nearby.” Clarke patted her stomach as it growled as if to agree with her words. Lexa laughed softly and nodded.

“Okay, where is this place, lead the way birthday girl.” Lexa squeezed her fingers as Clarke pulled ahead, leading her across the street from the park and into a sandwich shop.

It was warm and inviting on the inside, warm enough for Clarke to unzip her jacket as she ordered. Lexa ordering after her, throwing Clarke a soft smile as she paid despite Clarke trying to fight her over it. Lexa denying her. Saying it was her birthday to which the employee behind the counter told her happy birthday in a sing song voice.

“He was nice,” said Clarke as they left the shop. She smiled and gave him a small wave, looping her arm through Lexa's as they walked down the sidewalk.

“Yeah, he was.” Lexa agreed quietly pulling her phone from her pocket and checking the time. She
felt Clarke watching her and leaning over, trying to see her screen. “Just checking the time Clarke.”

“Why? Got somewhere to be?”

“Not until later.”

“I thought you said you were off today!”

“I am.”

“Then.. Oh, oh okay.” Clarke smiled in realization.

“Anya wants to see you around 3.”

Clarke frowned, “but its my birthday!”

“Anya is the she devil when it comes to training.”

“I noticed,” Clarke scowled, her mood changing as they walked. “Did you ever get a day off?”

“No, it was 0 to 100 from day one to the day I finished.”

“I guess I should be glad I’m not with her right now.” Clarke muttered as Lexa pulled her over to a bench in the park they’d left not long ago.

“Let’s just eat and think about it when its time.” Lexa kissed Clarke and took her food from her with a grin. The blonde had absolutely no idea what was going to happen later and it excited Lexa. It wasn't hard for her to hide it as Clarke wasn't too well versed in reading facial expressions just yet.
Clarke frowned at Anya, the woman smiling at her from across the room in her spot on the couch. She was actually dressed for once, actual jeans instead of pajama pants or shorts.

“Good, you brought my kid back, thought you'd never show up.”

“Kid?” Clarke scowled at her, “I'm not your kid!”

“You're right, you're a baby assassin, not old enough to be considered an actual kid.” Anya smirked as Clarke huffed at her, crossing her arms over her chest. “Aw did I offend baby Clarkey?”

“Fuck off Anya, what are we doing.”

“We're going for a walk,” Anya looked over at Lexa as the brunette shrugged off her coat. “We'll be back in a few hours, hold the fort down.”

“Sure,” Lexa kissed Clarke on the cheek, watching as the two women left the apartment. She had a mission, lucky for her Anya had already picked up the things she'd need for this to work out. She'd already made all the calls and gotten numerous responses, all that was left was for her to get the apartment ready.

On the sidewalk in front of the apartment Anya hummed to herself. Her sunglasses covering her eyes and Clarke at her side with a clenched jaw. The duo not speaking to each other as Anya lead the way silently mouthing the words to the song in her head.

Clarke sighed and looked over at her, “so what are we doing Anya.”

“Every time we pass someone I want you to try and read them.”

“What? Like reading them without speaking to them?”

“Exactly, I'll tell you if you're right or wrong. Begin with this woman that's approaching us now.” Anya directed Clarke to the woman that approached them rather quickly and loudly, her multicolored
hair pulled back into a bun. Otherwise straight faced as she walked but Clarke watched her for a moment until she passed.

“Seemed fine.” Clarke said quietly, she wasn't sure at all what the woman was. She showed no outright signs of anything.

“You're wrong, she was absolutely livid. I'd guess her partner cheated on her, something along those lines.” Anya replied, Clarke gaped at her.

“How did you see that!”

“She was walking fast, her jaw was clenched. Her brow knitted and her footsteps were too heavy for a calm person.”

Clarke hummed but nodded, “Okay, who next.”

“The teenager in the black jacket.” Anya dropped back and switched sides, leaving Clarke on the outside as they walked. Clarke glanced at him, noting the slight skip in his step. His short brown hair brushed back and light smile as he passed her.

“Happy?”

“Good, older lady at the bus stop.”

“As anya, she's asleep.” Clarke replied in confusion, the woman was slumped forward. Her weathered hands in her lap.

“My bad, I couldn't focus on anything but that damn fine man that just passed us.” Anya glanced over her shoulder and slowed as she focused on him. “Damn fine.”

“Anya, please.”

“Okay fine, what was his mood.”
“I.” She rolled her eyes, “he was carefree.”

“Why do you say that, you didn't even look at him.”

“He was walking slow, looking everywhere but where he was heading as if he didn't really care.” Clarke replied with a smile.

“Good, maybe you won't be so useless after all.” Anya headed off once more.

“Fuck you too!” Clarke replied with a scowl.

--

Lexa almost jumped when Octavia and Raven came into the apartment unannounced. The two women grinning as Lexa took deep breaths to calm herself down.

“Did we scare you Lex?”

“No.”

“Sure, we won't tell Clarkey.” Octavia patted Lexa on the head with a laugh, “she'd think it was cute though.”

“You didn't scare me.” Lexa insisted pushing Octavia away. “Did you bring the cake?”

“Of course I did, Clarke's favorite.” Raven answered setting the box on the kitchen counter. She opened it as Lexa and Octavia approached her on either side. She dramatically opened the box and stepped back. “Chocolate on the inside, white on the outside. I've got the strawberries and whipped cream in the fridge already.”

“Thanks Raven, you're a life saver.” Lexa patted her on the shoulder with a smile.
“Oh, I know I am, everyone else will be here in an hour or so. You’re going to meet all of her friends in one go, so don't fuck up Lex.” Raven smirked at the look of dread on Lexa's face. She knew the woman was nervous but there was little reason for her to be. The only one she'd have to worry about was Octavia's brother Bellamy. “Relax, you'll be fine.”

“I'm fine, honestly.”

“Oh huu, sure.” Raven glanced at Octavia and winked at her behind Lexa's back. Octavia nodded in silent agreement and grabbed Lexa by the arm, Raven on the other side.

“So Lex, what are your intentions with our Clarke?” Octavia began as she pulled the confused woman over to the couch. She released her as Raven did, pushing her onto the leather cushion. “Is this a long term deal? Or a short term deal.”

“Isn't this something her mother should be asking me?”

“We're scarier than her mother, trust us. Should have seen this one chick she dated.. Oh man- Ow Raven!” Octavia yelped as Raven hit her in the arm.

“Don't tell that story, we almost went to jail for it.”

“You're right babe, sorry.” Octavia cleared her throat, “well Lexa?”

“I intend to be with her for as long as she'll have me.” Lexa answered as she stood, her hands on her hips. “Are you two done now? Or does Raven need her solo interrogation too.” Lexa glared at the two women.

“Did Octavia get a solo with you?”

“Yeah, she threatened to kick my ass as well as her own ass and a dog's ass.”

“Babe you didn't.” Raven asked turning to Octavia.
“I did and I meant it.” Octavia grinned at her girlfriend, “my threat still stands Lexa.”

“Octavia, you're too small and squirrely.” Lexa pushed past the two women, smirking at Octavia's inability to come up with a reply. “Look, I get it. Clarke is your best friend and you love her but I'm not going to hurt her. So please, ladies, please knock it off!”

“Fine, we'll knock it off, but while we're waiting on everyone to arrive. How about a little movie?”

“Actually no, I'd like to hear about why you almost went to jail.”

“Oh, it was nothing, I just blew up a bridge.” Raven waved it off like it was nothing.

“When the girlfriend was on it.” Octavia added with a small smile.

“It was an accident.”

“As we told the police anyway.”

“How offended would you two be if I started calling the you twisted sisters.” Lexa asked from the kitchen as she made herself a drink, mostly alcohol.

“Well, we're not sisters but Clarke's been doing it for years.” Raven laughed as she turned on the TV, Octavia beside her. “And yes, before you ask, she did live. Moved out of state the next day and we aren't allowed in Williamstown, Mass anymore.”

“Great.” Lexa shook her head in disbelief, finishing her drink before she managed to leave the counter. She made herself a second as Raven turned on Kill Bill, she rolled her eyes at the irony. Raven would manage to find Kill Bill while in an apartment with an assassin.

“Hurry up Lexa and watch this movie with us! Quit getting yourself drunk before the party even starts.”
"Anya, are we done yet, my feet hurt." Clarke complained as she sat down on a bench in the park. The two had circled the park more times that Clarke had managed to count, the numbers melding together in her mind.

"No, you don't have the hang of it yet, do that guy," Anya sat down next to her and sighed quietly as she watched Clarke study the guy. She already knew how the guy felt, he was upset about something. His erratic pacing and fidgeting with his coat was a huge give away, his eyes red rimmed.

"He is extremely upset." Clarke murmured, shifting in her seat so as to not make it obvious that she'd been watching him. "Pacing, looks like he's been crying."

"Right, now her." Anya pointed to a middle aged woman, her dirty blonde hair graying at the sides.

"Why am I reading you?" Clarke chanced a glance at Anya, greeted by a death glare and clenched fist.

"Shut up."

"It was a joke, relax, she's tired. Walking slow, slight limp with her left leg, probably involved in an accident when she was younger."

"You know, you're going to have to learn to do this through facial cues only soon. Not everyone you're sent after will be walking."

"Then why aren't you teaching me that."

"You needed the work out too."

"Fuck you."

"You called me old, so fuck you."
“You called me fat!”

Anya scoffed and checked her phone. “Let's go, I need something from the apartment before we do the next half of this.”

“Can we take a cab?”

“No, I like to walk and you need it, so come on.” Anya motioned for Clarke to stand.

“No grandma, go away.” Clarke crossed her arms over her chest and remained in her seat.

“Come on Po.”

“What the fuck is Po?”

“A fucking teletubbie now get your ass up or I'm calling your girlfriend to come and get you like a child.”

“You know, I was watching the new Jurassic World movie yesterday and I was wondering how they managed to get you to play the old T-Rex while still having time to train me.”

“Clarke.” Anya warned, she was half tempted to grab the blonde and drag her.

“Anya.”

“Get your ass up and lets go.”

“No.”
“I swear I will drag you back to the apartment by your pretty blonde hair now get up.”

“No.” Clarke replied stubbornly once more.

“Fine!” Anya grabbed her by the arm and pulled. Pulling her off the bench and onto her feet. “I wasn't kidding Clarke, I will drag you back to the apartment.”

“I thought you said by my hair.” Clarke pulled her arm free and went to sit back down but Anya reached out. Grabbing her by the collar of her coat.

“Calling your girlfriend.” Anya muttered getting her phone out and dialing the number. Her foot tapping the ground impatiently as Clarke tried to escape her. She let out a sigh of relief when Lexa answered, “Lex-

“Babe! Your sister is trying to kill me!” Clarke cut her off, shouting into the phone and Anya's ear.

“Lex, your girlfriend is an absolute child.”

“She called me Po! A fucking teletubbie!” Clarke shouted again, drawing the attention of other people in the park. Anya released Clarke and walked away from her.

“I'm leaving her in the park and I'm eating her cake.”

“Anya..” Lexa began on the other end of the line.

“Lexa! She is such a child!” Anya jerked out of the way as Clarke ran at her.

“Did you just say cake?!”

“Oh shit the cake monster has arrived, we'll see you at the apartment Lex.” She hung up before Lexa could reply and shoved her phone back into her pocket. “Yes, I said cake.”
“So wait, this whole thing was so you guys could set up a surprise birthday party in your apartment?”

“It was your girlfriend's idea.”

“Who all is going to be there!”

“All of your friends, Raven and Octavia helped out.”

“Oh shit, we gotta hurry!”

“Now you want to hurry.” Anya muttered tiredly.

“Shut up fossil, let's go!”

“Are you related to Peter Griffin?”

“Don't even start Anya.” Clarke yelled heading off down the sidewalk ahead of Anya.

—

Anya pushed Clarke into the apartment as she flicked on the lights and all of the blonde's friends shouted 'Happy Birthday' in unison. Raven and Octavia rushed her, throwing their arms around her then pushing her into the crowd of friends. Clarke grinned, recognizing Jasper, Monty, Maya, Bellamy, Miller and Fox. She spotted Lexa standing awkwardly in the kitchen and waved her over as Bellamy pulled her into a hug.

“Happy birthday Clarke! You're getting old now.”

“Shut up Bell but thank you.” She pulled away from him and made her way to Lexa. The brunette leaning against the counter but standing as Clarke approached. “I'm sorry Lex.”
“For what?”

“Pissing off Anya, though I admit, it was a lot of fun and thank you.”

“You should thank your friends, they helped the most.” Lexa reached out and took Clarke's hand, kissing her knuckles. “But you shouldn't apologize to me, you should apologize to Anya.”

“She started it.” Clarke muttered stubbornly as she scowled at Anya, the woman stood across the room in a conversation with Bellamy. Anya looked up and met her gaze, throwing her a death glare before turning back to Bellamy.

Lexa just stared at Clarke with a frown, “are you sure?”

“Yes... No, I did start it, how did you know!”

“I didn't, it was written all over your face.”

“I'll be glad the day I can mask myself like you can, how do you do it anyway.”

“A lot of practice, you'll get it one day.”

“One can only hope.”

“You will, I'll be happy to give you private lessons.” She tightened her grip on Clarke's hand, turning her and pulling her backwards into her chest. “Naked maybe?” She whispered into Clarke's ear.

“When does this party end again?”

“Whenever you say birthday girl.” Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke's waist and kissed her cheek. “Go have fun with your friends, I will be here.”
“And what if I want you to meet my friends instead of hiding in the kitchen the whole time?”

“Then I will meet them.”

“Good, but first, I need to talk to your sister.” Clarke pulled away from Lexa as Anya crossed the room. Her eyes on Clarke as the blonde approached her and grabbed her arm. Pulling her down the hallway and into the older woman's bedroom.

“Clarke, what are you doing.” She hissed as Clarke closed the door, “you can't just abandon your friends to get into a fist fight with me!”

“I don't intend to get into a fist fight with you because we both know that right now you'd kick my ass.”

“Of course I would.”

“Shut up, I wanted to apologize.”

“Oh shit the princess is apologizing, call the press!” Anya growled sarcastically.

“Don't call me that, I'm serious.. I'm sorry.”

“Say it louder would you? Need to make sure your friends hear you.” Anya grinned.

Clarke rolled her eyes, “I'm sorry for calling you old.” She repeated with a frown.

“Why thank you Clarke and I'm sorry for calling you fat.”

“You called me a fucking teletubbie!”

“Hey, teletubbies were the shit back in the day, Po was the coolest one.”
“I don't even know what the fuck a Po is.”

“Oh shit, okay,” Anya pulled out her phone and pulled up a picture. “Look, its this red creature here.”

“Oh my god, its short, fat and red with an antenna. Are you calling me an alien too?”

“Well.. you are pretty weird.”

“Fuck you!”

“Fuck you too!”

“We good then?”

“Yeah, come on, don't want your friends to think we're in here having an affair or some shit.”

Clarke laughed, “you're hot but no way.”

“Glad we're on the same page.”

–

Lexa woke with a start, her heart pounding and sweat rolling down the side of her face. The memory of Costia dying had played on repeat in her dreams all night, she wasn't sure why it had decided to come back in full force. Clarke sleeping at her side had kept it all away but as she glanced over to the empty spot next to her she frowned.

She slipped out of bed quickly, throwing on her clothes from the day before as she heard a thud coming from the living room. The thud followed by Anya's laughter and Clarke's shout for her to shut up. Lexa padded from her bedroom, walking in as Anya flipped Clarke over her back. The
blonde landing back on the floor once more with a groan.

“Morning baby sis!” Anya grinned and gave her a small wave, side stepping as Clarke rushed her from behind.

“Morning, having fun?” Lexa winced when Clarke hit the floor for the third time in a row but remained there, panting hard. “I'm just going to assume its a no.”

“Definite no babe, I already feel like shit and its only been like thirty minutes.” She muttered on the floor, rolling over and resting on her stomach.

“Another half hour Clarke and you can take a break.” Anya prodded her with her bare foot, Clarke swatted at her.

“I don't believe you Anya.”

“Believe me, I'm tired too.”

“I want breakfast.”

“Same,” Anya looked over at Lexa with a smirk. “Lexa, go get us breakfast and coffee.”

“Why me!”

“Because we're training and you're doing nothing, so go.”

“Alright then, I'll go.” Lexa turned from them and went into the bathroom.

Clarke sat up slowly from the floor, sitting back on her legs with a sigh. “How much longer of this Anya.”
“As long as it takes Clarkey, now get up. You need to hit me at least once.” Anya prodded her again as Lexa reappeared from the bathroom, her hair brushed and teeth brushed. “Bring me back coffee and donuts Lex! But nothing for Clarke unless I text you before you get there.”

“What! Lex! Don't listen to her! Bring me coffee and food or else!” Clarke stood quickly, tackling Anya and kicking her feet out from under her. “You don't fuck with my coffee Anya!” She quickly pinned the woman to the floor and sat on her back.

“Get off Clarke!”

“No, tell Lexa to bring me food and coffee first.”

“You're such a child! Lexa, bring her coffee and food.”

“I was going to anyway.” Lexa replied as she pulled her coat on, her shoes already on. “Don't kill each other while I'm out.”

“No promises Lex.” Anya smirked and knocked Clarke off of her in one fluid motion. She pinned the blonde under her with a triumphant shout.

“How the fuck.” Clarke muttered struggling under Anya. “Get your fat ass off me.”

“My fat ass?! I'll have you know my ass is fantastic.” Lexa rolled her eyes at the two women and left before Clarke managed a reply. She knew this was going to be a long next few months.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last chapter that will have anything to do with the middle ground of Clarke becoming miss badass assassin.
Meeting The Commander Part 1

7 months, 7 long months and it was nearly all over. Clarke was determined for her journey to end today. She was tired of Anya getting her up before the sun was even up. She'd hoped that would change the day she and Lexa moved out of the apartment. They'd merely moved into Clarke's old apartment in the wake of Octavia and Raven moving in together but her mentor still managed to get into the apartment. The woman appearing at the foot of her bed despite not having a key.

But today was the day it would all end, today was the day that Clarke would begin a lifetime of murder with her beautiful girlfriend. She grinned into the rear view mirror from the backseat. Lexa sat in the passenger seat, no doubt frowning at the music that Anya insisted on playing. Clarke didn't mind it, she wouldn't get into it with Anya until after she kicked the woman's ass.

“Ready to get your ass handed to you Clarke?” Anya gave her a cocky grin through the rear view mirror as she drove them to the gym.

“Are you? I don't intend to take it easy on you old woman.”

“I would hope not, you remember what happens if you win?”

“Of course I do, if I beat you then I'm completely finished and I move onto my first assignment.” Clarke replied happily as Anya pulled the car up to the curb in front of what looked to be an abandoned warehouse. Clarke knew differently though, they'd been here before. It was privately owned by TriKru, equipped with all of the necessary amenities that its agents might need in the city of Boston.

Anya lead the way into the building, walking down the dimly lit hallway and stopped in front of an elevator. She wiped a black key card through the silver slot on the wall and typed in her ID. Clarke approached just behind her, hand in hand with Lexa, the brunette dressed casually while Clarke and Anya were in their work out gear.

“I hate this elevator, so slow.” Anya muttered as the doors finally opened, the lights inside flickering as the women stepped on. She hit the down button and sighed as the doors closed slowly. Elevator music played quietly in the background until the doors reopened. Revealing the open floor complete with exercise machines, punching bags, and a short hallway that lead to a shooting range. A sparring ring sat at the back of the room.
Clarke let go of Lexa's hand, watching the brunette take a seat on a bench against the wall before she herself set to stretching. She felt Anya watching her from the opposite side of the ring as an idea came to mind. She bent, intending to stretch her legs but winced, faking a pulled muscle. She caught the raised eyebrow as she did it, knowing Anya had seen it as she stepped into the ring.

“Ready Anya?” Clarke asked as she rolled up the legs on her loose black sweat pants and adjusting her navy sports bra before stepping into the ring. “I'm ready.”

“Yeah yeah kid, I'm ready.” The woman rolled her neck and shook out her arms, pulling her hands into fists. Feeling the material of the boxing tape beneath her fingertips. “Lexa? Can we get a countdown.”

“Sure,” Lexa approached the side of the ring. She rubbed her hands together before smiling. “3..2..” She paused and cleared her throat, eyeing the two women. “1.”

Anya moved first, taking a short step closer to Clarke. Her hands up, she breathed in before striking. Letting the breath escape her as Clarke deflected her quick strikes, the blonde shifting left. Attempting a quick jab at Anya's shoulder that landed before backing away.

Anya lunged and went straight into Clarke's center. She knew it would put Clarke off balance and allow her to drop the blonde to the floor. She shoved hard at the woman, kicking her feet out from under her and jumping at the chance to pin her.

Clarke smirked, using Anya's preferred move against her. Planting her foot in her abdomen and flipping her over her, onto her back. She heard Anya's soft curse as she landed, her breathing suddenly ragged as she jumped quickly to her feet. Attempting to dodge Clarke's quick strikes in her weakened state, Clarke's left fist coming into contact with Anya's jaw. Her right into Anya's nose, forcing her back once more. Blood dripping from her nose and onto her chest.

“Someone has been practicing.” Anya muttered as she kicked out at Clarke's pulled muscle in her thigh. The blonde gasping in feigned pain and dropping to her knees, doubled over as Anya approached. Intending to bring her knee into Clarke's face but the blonde jerked backward, avoiding her knee and throwing a hard punch into Anya's abdomen.

“What the fuck!” Anya shouted as she hit the floor gasping for air as Clarke pinned her, straddling her waist and hitting her in the face again. Blood coating her taped hands as she struck again and again. Anya struggled beneath her, completely thrown off by Clarke's sudden show of force. She tried every trick she knew to dislodge the blonde but Clarke thwarted each one.
Anya finally put her hands up on either side of her head, fists open to show she was done. She panted hard, pain radiating from her nose and jaw from the blonde's strikes. She smiled weakly up at Clarke, blood staining her teeth.

“You fought well,” she grinned up at Clarke as the blonde moved off of her. Her hand extended to the woman on the floor with a proud smile.

“Thank you Anya.” She frowned at her inflicted damage on the woman's face. Her nose still bleeding and her lip split. “Lex babe, can you get my bag for me.”

“Clarke, I'm fine, you don't have to doctor me.” Anya pushed her away and used the back of her hand to wipe the blood from her nose. “Relax.”

“You can't walk out of here looking like someone tried to drill you in search of fossil fuels.”

“Fuck you Walda.”

---

Anya scowled as she pressed an ice pack to her face. She couldn't believe that Clarke had actually managed to beat her. The blonde went from barely being able to touch her to beating her within a ten minute time span. She lifted the ice pack away from her face and groaned as Clarke appeared, a towel around her shoulders. Her hair down and damp.

“Ice packs don't work unless you actually use them Anya.”

“Shut up,” she growled in response pressing the ice pack back to her sore face. “I can't believe you're actually done.”

“What do you mean by that.” Clarke asked with a frown.

“7 months ago you weren't worth shit, now you're to go out into the world as a fresh faced new
“assassin.” She sighed softly, “you're faster, stronger, smarter.”

“Yeah and I've got my mentor to thank for that.” Clarke sat on the opposite end of the couch from the older woman with a soft smile, “when do I get my first assignment?”

“When Indra sends it to me, shouldn't be too long.”

“What will I get?”

“I don't know, something mildly difficult at least. It will be your final test.”

“What was yours?” Clarke asked quietly, watching Anya intently as the woman turned to face her fully.

“I went undercover as a paralegal, had to kill my boss. It was easy getting him to trust me, took a couple of days though but in the end. He 'mysteriously' choked on a piece of food.” She smiled at Clarke.

“What about Lexa? What was hers?” Clarke asked as her girlfriend entered the room. She looked up at her, “I always meant to ask you but.. things got in the way.”

“Lexa finished her in under two hours, poisoned him and watched him die before leaving.” Anya answered as Lexa frowned at her.

“I was going to tell her the story Anya.”

“You took too long.” Anya yelped as Lexa hit her in the face with a couch pillow. “Lexa!”

“Shut up,” Lexa muttered under her breath and sat next to Clarke. The blonde instantly wrapping her arms around her. “I went undercover as a applicant for a receptionist for a powerful business man. Pencil skirt and blouse, glasses, hair done up like a librarian. It was all Anya's idea.”

“And it worked didn't it!”
“Oddly enough it did, I went in and seduced him, then poisoned his coffee.” Lexa deadpanned, leaning into Clarke.

“So I might have to go undercover?”

“Possibly, or maybe just a walk in and shoot someone. Maybe even have a completely open, option free assignment.” Anya replied adjusting her ice pack. “Before Lexa left New York she had the latter, trailed a guy for a couple of weeks before killing him a public bathroom in a subway station.”

“It was easy, tiring but easy.” Lexa murmured with her eyes closed.

“So it varies.”

“Right.” Anya stood up with a wince, making her way into the kitchen and tossing her ice pack back into the freezer. “You'll be fine Clarke.”

“I know.”

“Then relax, even Lexa looks uncomfortable leaning against you.” Anya pointed out.

“Getting a headache from you talking.” Lexa grumbled closing her eyes.

“Whatever, I'm going back to my own apartment for a shower.”

“Good.” Lexa muttered burying her face in Clarke's shoulder with a content sigh.

–

Anya fell backwards onto her bed with a groan. Her face swollen still and her back hurt like hell as she tried to get comfortable among the mess of sheets. She dragged a pillow underneath her head as her phone went off. With a loud curse she unlocked her phone and read the message from Indra.
Informing her to check her emails for Clarke's first assignment.

With a sigh she sat up, pulling her laptop close as she propped her head up with her hand. Avoiding the side of her face that hurt the most as she opened her laptop. Quickly logging into her email and opening the email. She shot off a text to Lexa, telling her to bring Clarke over as she read through the email.

She smirked, Clarke was going to be a substitute teacher.

Clarke was going to have to put up with bratty teenagers while trying to kill a janitor. Anya fully intended to give Clarke a ear piece so she could listen in on this wild adventure the blonde was going to undertake.

Anya sat up further as she heard her apartment door open and close. The almost silent footfalls in the hallway just outside her door then Clarke stepping into the bedroom. Lexa just behind her with a frown.

“So what did I get.”

“I'd like to formally introduce you to your assumed persona first Clarke, so please, get to know substitute teacher Elizabeth West.” She grinned at the blonde as she shoved her laptop over as Clarke sat on the edge of the bed.

“Elizabeth West? That is a pretty awesome name but substitute teacher?” Clarke frowned as she read through the email, “at a high school!”

“Oh yes Clarke, oh yes or should I say, Ms. West?”

“Shut up fossil, I've got to kill a janitor? A Mrs. Tanya Weaver.”

“Yeah, seems like a pretty angry lady, isn't hard to imagine what she did for someone to want her dead.” Anya laughed and rolled over away from Clarke. “I'm going to nap, you start tomorrow so go get your outfit planned and study that email. Lexa and I will join you but we'll sit in a car a few blocks away.”
“Alright.”

“Lexa, help her with the outfit, I know you know what she should wear.”

“Yeah.” Lexa replied with a yawn as Clarke stood beside her. “We'll see you in the morning, 5 am sharp.”

“Don't be late Ms. West.” Anya chuckled to herself as the two women left her bedroom.

--

Clarke frowned at herself in the mirror. She felt odd, like she wasn't herself anymore but she really wasn't. Not for the day anyway, she was Elizabeth West. Substitute teacher at an out of town high school, substitute teacher for an American history class.

She heard Lexa in the hallway before her girlfriend peeked her head in. Smiling at Clarke as the woman tried to decide what to do with her hair. She watched her pull her hair back into a ponytail then pull it free with a soft sigh.

“What about a half braid?” Lexa moved to stand behind Clarke, her hands on her shoulders as the blonde nodded.

“That could look nice.”

“You always looked amazing with a half braid Clarke.” Lexa replied as she ran her hands through Clarke's hair. Her nails gently grazing her scalp, she felt Clarke relax beneath her as she pulled blonde hair back into the half braid that she loved on Clarke. She pulled back slightly, admiring her work. Her hands slipping down Clarke's sides and arms wrapping around her middle.

“Thank you babe, do you think the outfit is okay?”

“Its perfect dear.” Lexa murmured resting her head on Clarke's shoulder. She meant what she'd said about the blonde's choice of clothing, light blue short sleeved button up and khaki pants with a pair of tan flats. “Those kids are damn lucky to get such a hot substitute teacher.”
“Hot and strict.” Clarke murmured fussing with her shirt as Lexa's phone alarm went off behind her. “Not going to let a bunch of kids push me around today, I remember how kids used to act towards subs when I was a kid.”

“You got this Clarke, just don't forget your job.”

“Of course babe, I could never forget but I wonder how I will manage it with cameras all over campus.”

“Did you study the camera placements?”

“I did, only student restrooms, faculty restrooms and locker rooms are void of cameras.”

“You know where then.” Lexa smiled and kissed her cheek before leaving the bathroom. Clarke just behind her as she flicked off the light. “But you do have the option of sitting down to lunch with her and poisoning her. I don't recommend the option that Anya gave you.”

“It seems a bit much to slit her throat in a high school restroom.”

“It is, but lets go, don't want to keep Anya waiting.”

“Maybe we should make her wait!”

“I'd love to but we can't.” She laughed at Clarke's pout, pulling her from the apartment as Anya stepped into the hallway.

“You two are late, let's go.” She growled at them locking her door as Lexa locked hers. “Its nearly an hours drive out there.”

“We know, lets go.”
The drive out was quiet except for the music that Anya played, Clarke sat in the front seat while Lexa laid out across the backseat. Anya bobbed her head to the music, Clarke kept her gaze to the scenery as the sun rose. She silently wished Anya would change her music to something softer, since the day Lexa moved in with her. She'd adopted her girlfriend's taste in music, creating an odd mix of Lexa's slow roll and Clarke's fast beats.

Clarke frowned as Shoot To Thrill began to play, it was normally the song that Anya hummed to herself. A song Clarke had grown sick of since the woman had become her mentor.

“Please change it Anya.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Because I have heard this song at least a thousand times from your mouth alone so please change it.” Clarke heard Anya click her tongue.

“I would but it doesn't matter right now, we're here.” Anya replied smugly pulling the car into a parking lot down the street from the high school. “Now, put this in your ear.” She held out a small device in her palm.

“What is it?”

“Its your ear piece so we can stay in communication with you.” Anya told her as Lexa sat up in the backseat, scooting to the edge of her seat.

“Here, I'll put it in.” Lexa took it from Anya, tapping Clarke on the shoulder for her to turn. The blonde tucking her hair behind her ear as Lexa leaned forward. Sticking the device to the inside of her ear, just out of view. “There.”

“Now, with that you'll be able to hear us and we can hear you but don't speak to us directly unless you're sure you're completely alone.”
“Got it.”

“Good, now go, you've got about 45 minutes to meet with the principal, find your class, confirm your target is on the grounds and begin.” Anya patted her on the shoulder and Lexa grabbed Clarke's hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

“You've got this Clarke.” She gave Clarke a soft kiss on the cheek just before the blonde exited the vehicle, her purse in hand. The door closing behind her as she walked away, heading towards the high school with a voice in her ear. She gave a curt reply, Anya confirming established connection as Clarke crossed the street.

She felt herself smile as the high school came into view, red brick walls and spacious windows. The grounds fairly empty except for a few early arriving students and a couple of teachers. Clarke spotted her target across an expanse of green grass. The older woman scowling as she swept the path clean. Her dark gray hair pulled back into a bun. Her charcoal black uniform loose on her thin frame.

Clarke looked away as the woman turned her head, her eyes falling on the principal just ahead of her. She picked up the pace to catch up to the woman.

“Principal Bowens,” Clarke called out to catch the woman's attention. The woman turned to face Clarke and gave her an easy smile.

“Ms. West! I was just heading to my office to wait on you.”

“Principal Bowens, I'm glad I met you before you got there. I wasn't quite sure where it was located.”

“That I understand, it is in quite an odd spot but we can walk together there dear.” She smiled again, her smile reaching her light brown eyes as she beckoned for Clarke to join her.

“Thank you.”

“Of course, is this your first time substituting Ms. West?”
“Yes, I'm a little nervous to be honest.”

“Well don't be dear, the students here are quite well mannered.”

“I hope so Principal Bowens.”

“Please dear, call me Patricia.”

“My apologies, Patricia.” The older lady nodded as she pushed through a door and into the building, her hand holding the door open for Clarke to pass through until leading her into the principal's office. She gestured to plush red leather chair before her desk before taking a seat.

Lexa and Anya listened to Clarke speak through the ear piece. Lexa listened intently, while Anya made stupid faces at her to try and get her to laugh into the microphone that sat between them. She reached out and smacked the woman upside the head without saying a word. While Anya let out a sharp yelp.

Lexa winced, the yelp coming through her own ear piece. She knew full well that Clarke heard it as well, her suspicions confirmed by the principal asking Clarke if she was okay. To which Clarke replied hurriedly, explaining that she suddenly felt cold. It was a weak excuse but the principal seemed to buy it.

Lexa switched off the microphone with a scowl at Anya.

“I can't believe you! This is her first assignment and you're acting like a teenager!”

“Me!? You're the one who hit me!”

“Because you're acting like an idiot!”

Anya rolled her eyes, “whatever Lex, shut up. Your girlfriend will be fine!”
“I know she will!”

“Then relax, you're like a mother at her child's first day of preschool except your kid isn't crying for mommy!”

“I am not!” Lexa hissed, shushing Anya when the woman opened her mouth to reply. She pointed to her ear, listening as Clarke said her goodbyes to the principal. She felt relief wash through her, they were in.

–

Clarke wandered down the hallway, replaying the directions over in her head that Patricia had given her. She spotted her classroom just down the hall ahead of her, a few students milling about as she made her way there. The door was already partially opened as she stepped in, one student already sitting in her seat near the back of the room with a book open on her desk.

The walls covered in various maps, ranging from the early versions of North America to a more modern one. Time lines depicting wars, presidential candidates with check marks beneath the winner of that year.

“Who are you? You aren't Mrs. Glover.” The girl from the back of room spoke up quietly, her feet shifting beneath the desk almost nervously. Clarke understood the girl to be quite shy as she seemed to look everywhere besides at her when she spoke.

“I'm Ms. West, your substitute for today and you are?”

“Zoey, I usually come in here before class begins. Mrs. Glover says its okay but I can..”

“No, you're fine.” Clarke cut her off gently as she set her bag down on the floor by the desk and straightening her shirt. She looked away from the girl, knowing direct eye contact made her feel uncomfortable.

“Is this your first time?”
“Yes, how did you know.”

“You're fidgeting.” The girl murmured quietly looking back down at her book. “The others aren't that bad, just watch out for Brian. He can be a di- jerk.” She said not looking up to meet Clarke's gaze.

“I'll keep that in mind.” Clarke replied as the bell rang and students began to pour into the room. Their voices loud as they found their seats and settled. Five minutes later the bell rang again as a boy rushed into the room, dropping hurriedly into his seat. He looked up with a cocky smirk at Clarke.

“Woah, you're not Glover. Don't know why I rushed.” He called out, Clarke assumed him to be Brian as she caught a collective eye roll from the other students in the room.

“Just because I am not Mrs. Glover, does not mean I won't send you to see Principal Bowens.” Clarke replied sternly picking up a black dry erase pen.

“You're too hot to be Mrs. Glover.” The boy answered with an air of arrogance. Clarke easily ignored him, writing her name on the board.

“I am Ms. West, your substitute for today.” She said turning back to the class, her eyes roving over the students. She opened the teacher's textbook on the teacher podium, opting to stand instead of sitting on the black padded stool. “Turn to page 394.”

Clarke allowed herself to fall into 'teaching' as naturally as she could manage while keeping an eye on the students in front of her. Using the seating chart to allow her to call out for readers then using the notes Mrs. Glover kept in her book for extra tidbits of information.

She frowned when she heard a phone ding, fighting the urge to scowl at the boy she learned to actually be Brian pulling his phone out. She saw him put it away but she heard it go off again. She sighed inwardly, calling out a kid named Ryan to read as she approached Brian. Taking the phone from his hands as he typed out a reply to whomever.

“Hey! You can't do that!” He shouted, getting to his feet. Ryan stopping in the middle of a word at Brian's shout.
“Mr. Hoover I will not have you disturbing this class or yelling across the room.”

“Fuck you bitch, give me my phone back!” He approached her quickly, grabbing for his phone but Clarke maneuvered out his reach. She glanced up at the camera in the corner of the room, hoping someone would come to the room. “Give it to me!” He shouted again, lunging for her but she sidestepped, letting him stumble to the floor but he caught himself on the wall. “Bitch!”

“Mr. Hoover, I recommend you stop this immediately.” Clarke replied calmly as the classroom door opened and two security guards entered the room. The taller of the two grabbing Brian and pulling him from the room.

“Ms. West, are you okay?” The smaller one asked.

“I'm fine, thank you, here.” She handed over the phone then waited for him to collect Brian's things before resuming her lesson.

–

Clarke walked slowly down the empty hallway, spotting her target at the double doors that lead outside. The woman eyeing her before heading her way. Clarke put on her best smile as the woman passed her, an idea popping into her head.

“Um, excuse me? Miss?” She called out after the woman, following her down the hallway.

“What?” Mrs. Weaver replied harshly with a scowl. “The hell do you want.”

“I need directions actually, if you don't mind. To the faculty restroom?” Clarke answered sweetly, shifting to get her point across.

“Fine, follow me.” The woman growled and headed off down the hallway. She turned several corners before halting in front of a door, “here.”

“Thank you so much!” Clarke patted the woman on the arm, gaining an odd look.
“Your welcome.” She replied as Clarke darted into the bathroom. She let out a breath and leaned against the wall, waiting ten minutes before leaving. The janitor was gone when she stepped out but Clarke already knew she had planted the seed in the woman’s mind. However, she realized she would have to follow the woman when she left the school to kill her.

She pulled out her phone and shot off a quick text to Lexa, explaining that the delivery of her tree would have to wait until after work.

–

As the work day ended Clarke let out a relieved sigh. She’d had no more problems with any of the other students. She’d seen Mrs. Weaver several more times and the woman generally seemed to appreciate the kind words that Clarke said to her. It only made Clarke feel a little guilty as she approached her, the woman sitting alone on a bench with a bottle of water in her hand.

“Mrs. Weaver?” Clarke asked as she stood before the woman with a smile.

“Don’t call me that, call me Tanya.” She patted the seat next to her which Clarke took gratefully.

“Tanya, thank you for today.”

“Your welcome..”

“Elizabeth, Elizabeth West.”

“Elizabeth.” Tanya confirmed with a nod of her head as she settled in her seat. Clarke watched her discreetly then pulled a plastic baggy from her bag. She pulled out a cookie and handed it over to Tanya.

“Cookie? As a thank you.” Tanya eyed her suspiciously but took it, polishing off the poison laced cookie fairly quickly.
“Bake that yourself?”

“I did, how was it?”

“Pretty good, my daughter makes better.”

“Its a work in progress.” Clarke smiled as she stood, “I’ve got to get going. My sister is waiting for me, have a nice rest of the day Tanya.”

“The same to you.” She replied wiping sweat from her brow as a car pulled up before the two women. Clarke recognized the car to be Anya's as she approached, flashing a Tanya a small smile before climbing in.

“Well then Ms. West, your first assignment is complete I assume?”

“That it is Ms. Woods.” Clarke replied sarcastically to Anya, she felt Lexa's arms encircle her and her lips press to her cheek. “Now we meet the commander don't we?”

“That we do.” Lexa answered her from the backseat. “The mysterious commander.”

“We'll be meeting 4 at a private air strip at 7, so we have an hour or so once we get back into Boston to get ready. She said there is no dress code to meet the commander but I'd dress decently. No old, holey sweats Clarke.”

“No shit Anya.”

“Just thought I'd tell you.”

“Just take us home.”

“Yes your majesty.” Anya answered her sarcastically as Clarke climbed into the backseat with Lexa. Kissing her on the lips as she put on her seat belt.
“How do you feel Clarke?” Lexa asked quietly holding Clarke's hand.

“I..” Clarke began but stopped, she mostly felt calm but a small part of her felt guilty. She felt Lexa's eyes on her, felt her heat as she leaned closer to her. “A little bit of everything babe.”

“I'm proud of you Clarke, you did so well. Especially dealing with that kid.”

“He was a damn brat.”

“I agree but you handled it beautifully.” She kissed Clarke softly before pulling away and resting her head on her shoulder. “I love you.” She murmured so only Clarke could hear her.

Clarke felt her heart skip a beat at Lexa's words, her body warmed as she sighed softly. “I love you too Lexa.”

–

The three women walked together as they approached the moderately sized beach house. Lexa clenched her jaw, the place felt familiar but she couldn't quite say it was the exact place she'd been brought to so long ago. The sounds were the same, the smells were the same, she felt that the sand would be the same underfoot if she wasn't wearing shoes. She wouldn't know for sure if it was the same until she saw that office once more.

Alta moved ahead of them as they entered the house, halting them quickly with a glance. “Before you meet the commander, I ask that you do not speak out of turn. Do not question the commander, do not disrespect the commander.” She eyed the three women slowly, “am I understood?”

“Understood 4.” Anya replied first, Clarke and Lexa nodding.

“Good, one moment.” Alta walked down a short hallway and disappearing through the last door at the end of the hall. Moments later she stepped out and motioned for them to follow her.
Anya moved first, Lexa behind her then Clarke. They filed into the room quietly, Lexa clenching her jaw as she took in the room. Noting that it was, in fact exactly the same room she'd gone into when Echo offered her the deal. The marble floors, the dark wooden desk with an empty vase. An open silver laptop but no papers on the desk.

The person in the chair faced away from them, elbows just visible where they rested on the arms of the chair. The arms moving slightly as Alta moved around the desk, stopping just beside the commander with Nadira on the opposite side.

“Commander, 12, 20 and 24 have arrived as requested.” Alta announced with her head held high, an almost sad look in her eye.

“Thank you 4.” The commander did not turn to face them, she didn’t have to. Lexa recognized that voice, she’d heard it in her dreams a million times. She’d heard it whisper words of love to her, she’d heard it gasp her name.

She’d heard the owner of that voice die.

The commander turned slowly to face them, her coffee brown eyes locking onto Lexa's forest green. Her lips set in a hard line, her dark brunette curls tucked behind her ears. Dressed in a low cut white dress.

Lexa held her breath, not believing what she was seeing, “Costia.”
“Alexandria.” Costia began, her voice soft but her emotions running rampant. Anger and jealousy coursing through her as Clarke took Lexa's hand. The brunette squeezing in response despite her own confusion at the woman before her.

“You can't be real, I watched you die.” Lexa said quietly, her eyes wide. Still disbelieving as Costia shifted in her seat under her gaze.

“I can explain.”

“I watched you die!” Lexa shouted, tightening her grip on Clarke's hand. Trying to figure out if this was really happening or just a dream.

“I'm sorry, I-”

“This can't be real, you died. I watched you die, Clarke watched you die! You've haunted my dreams for years, you still haunt my dreams to this very day!” Lexa shook her head.

“Let me explain Alexandria.” Costia stood slowly, cautiously as Lexa jerked away from Clarke. The brunette leaving the room without looking back at Costia. “Alex-”

“Her name isn't Alexandria.” Clarke glared at Costia, stepping into the woman's line of sight as Anya left the room. No doubt following Lexa. “Her name is Lexa, the name she took after you faked your death. The name she chose when she became an assassin.”

“I have nothing to say to you.” Costia muttered as she sat back down.

“But I have everything to say to you.” Clarke approached the desk, slamming her hands on its dark surface. Costia meeting her angry gaze while her guards moved to stop Clarke should she decide to attack. “How could you do that to her!”
“I..” Costia began, shaking her head.

“Explain.” Clarke leaned over the desk.

“I love- I loved her.” Costia clenched her jaw, she'd never forgotten Lexa. She'd continued to love her even to this day. “It was my sisters idea, Echo. I was on assignment when I met her, I found her to be quite intelligent, beautiful, she made me feel things I hadn't allowed myself to feel in a long time. I fell for her instantly but then my mother was killed and I was called off to be commander. Just as she wanted for me and I prepared to leave but I found it difficult.” She trailed off, twisting the ring on her finger.

“Go on.” Clarke growled, stepping back from the desk and crossing her arms.

“I fell in love, and she fell in love with me. I knew she planned to propose to me. I'd seen the ring... So I made a decision, a decision that would be good for both of us. I planned to fake my death and let her live on the way she was meant to but Echo had other plans. She'd seen her potential. She'd seen her quiet resolve and her quick reflexes. She knew she was strong and could be great as one of us. She convinced me to let her take Lexa, to make her one of us and I agreed on one condition.”

“The memories of your time together.” Clarke muttered.

“Yes, I wanted her memories to be wiped. I wanted her to forget me and find love somewhere else, the love she found in you Clarke... is exactly what I had opened she'd find.” Costia felt sudden hatred build but she pushed it away.

“She remembers.”

“That was an unfortunate thing. Only fate could intervene in such a way, only fate could bring the only woman in the world that remembered that night to her.” Only fate could let her remember without me telling her. Costia added to herself. “Now my sister is dead but I assure you that is karma for you.”

“And what do you expect to happen now that she knows you're alive?”

“Now I have no reason to hide behind my desk. I have no reason to hide my existence from anyone. So I want to work together, with the three of you.”
“And if we don’t want to work with you?”

“You have no choice, I am your commander, you are under obligation to work with me.” Costia replied with an edge to her voice. She glanced over her shoulder at Alta. “4, bring 12 back in here. We have much to discuss, 24 you are dismissed.” She said without even looking at Clarke.

“Right away commander.” 4 gave a slight bow and motioned for Clarke to follow her. When Clarke refused to move the taller woman grabbed her by the arm and pulled her from the office. “Go and find 12.” She snapped angrily as they stepped into the hallway, the door closed behind them.

“Your commander told you to do it.”

“Stop acting like an insolent child, go and find 12.”

“I don’t.” Clarke began.

Alta cut her off sharply, “check the beach.”

Clarke huffed but headed off down the hallway. Following the way they’d come in until she stepped out onto the wooden porch. The boards beneath her creaking quietly as she walked around the house until she finally spotted Anya leaning over the railing.

“Anya? Where is Lexa?” Clarke asked as she stopped just behind the older woman. Anya glanced over her shoulder at her then motioned with her head down to the beach. She saw Lexa sitting on the beach with her arms wrapped around her legs. “Thank you and the commander wants you.”

“Thanks, take care of her Clarke.”

“Of course.” Clarke waited as Anya headed off back into the house before pulling off her shoes and socks then rolling up her pants legs. She walked quietly down the beach, feeling the sand between her toes and frowning. Knowing it would be hell later to feel sand free once she sat down beside Lexa.
“Lex? Babe?” Clarke called out as she approached. She knelt down beside the brunette, sighing as she dropped herself fully onto the warm sand. The breeze gentle enough as it washed over the two women. “Lex?” Clarke leaned into her girlfriend, breathing in her warmth and stroking her hair.

“Shes alive Clarke.” Lexa murmured as she shifted on the sand. “Alive, not dead.”

“I know.”

“She lied to me.”

“I know.”

“I don't love her anymore but it still hurts.” Lexa murmured as Clarke scooted closer to her and wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“I know babe, I know it hurts and I understand.” Clarke rested her head on Lexa's shoulder, feeling the brunette shake beneath her. She rubbed her hand soothingly on Lexa's back. “Tell me what you're thinking.”

“I..” Lexa began but she sighed in defeat. “I don't know.”

“Its okay, we don't have to talk about it right now. We can just sit here.”

“Thank you.” Lexa murmured staring out across the ocean. Listening to the waves crash against rocks nearby but the waves in front of her gentle in their motions. The quiet ebb and flow almost soothing to Lexa as she counted each breath she took. A part of her still wondering if this was real or not.

“Clarke.. This can't be real, I watched her die. I felt her blood seep between my fingers as I held her. I watched the life drain from her eyes.. I..”

“I watched her die too but this is real, we're really here. This isn't a dream, I'm real, you're real, shes real. Anya is real.. somehow Anya is real, the old fossil.” Clarke muttered the last part as a joke, and she smiled when Lexa laughed softly.
“I heard that you asshole.” Anya shouted from behind them, Clarke jumped as well as Lexa did. Both turning sharply to face the older woman. “And that is no way for you to talk about your new head.”

“Oh shit, look whose getting a big head. Be careful Anya, don't want you to break your back with all that extra weight.”

“Fuck off Griffin.” Anya scowled at her as she dropped herself down next to Lexa. Pulling her sister into a hug. “You okay baby sis?”

“I will be.” Lexa sighed into the hug. “But what happens now?”

“The same ole same, except I'm your head and you will take senior over Clarke.” Anya hummed for a moment as she pulled back from Lexa. “Alta was telling me about Clarke before I met with the commander, apparently your girlfriend went head to head with the commander.”

“What!” Lexa turned to Clarke who frowned.

“She lied to you, she broke your heart and I got mad. I would've hit her if her guards weren't there!”

“Clarke..”

“I know, I'm sorry.” Clarke scowled thinking back to the commander in her office. Recalling the look in her eye when Clarke had touched Lexa.

“I was going to say thank you but you didn't have to do anything. Its our past, and hopefully after today I won't have to see her anymore.”

“She said she wasn't going to hide anymore. That she wants to work with us.” Clarke clenched her jaw, waiting for Lexa's reply but she merely nodded curtly.
Lexa laid still next to Clarke's peaceful sleeping form. She counted the slow rise and fall of her chest as the blonde shifted in her sleep. Murmuring something inaudible as she pulled a knee up. Lexa smiled softly but the smile quickly faded away as she thought back over the previous day.

Costia was alive. She was alive and Lexa's commander. Everything had been a lie. Clarke had told her everything that the commander had told her. Explaining as best she could what Echo had done and why. Explaining Costia but there had been something else that Clarke had left out. Something that Clarke hadn't told Lexa, she could hear it in the way she spoke. She could see it in her eyes when she held Lexa's hand as she spoke.

Lexa let out a soft sigh as she glanced at the clock on the bedside table, it was just after six am. She knew she should try to sleep a little longer before the seven am alarm went off but she doubted she could. Her mind still running rampant with thoughts of Clarke and Costia, she wondered how this would all work out in the end. However she knew she couldn't let herself get distracted by Costia returning from the grave.

Lexa felt Clarke shift again in her sleep as Lexa moved to get out of bed. She looked down at the blonde, her face hidden by the white sheets now. A mess of blonde hair still visible splayed across her pillow. Lexa laughed softly and stood up off the bed. Stretching before adjusting her clothes and pulling her long hair back into a messy bun as she walked down the hallway. Intending to make coffee and breakfast before Clarke woke.

She made the coffee quietly then collected a pan from above the stove. Just beginning to mix pancake batter when she heard a sniffle somewhere behind her. She turned sharply, nearly dropping the mixing bowl as Clarke approached her. Wrapped up in the white sheet, blonde hair covering the majority of her face as she wrapped her arms around Lexa's middle with a groan.

“Good morning beautiful.” Lexa murmured continuing to mix the batter, relaxing in Clarke's warmth.

“Morning babe.” She pressed her face into Lexa's shirt, sighing at the softness against her face as her girlfriend made breakfast. “Just pancakes?”

“And anything else you'd like.”

“Bacon and coffee.”
“Then bacon and coffee with it.”

“You're the best.”

“Thank you.” Lexa smiled, not minding Clarke remaining in her spot behind Lexa with her arms around her middle as she flipped pancakes awkwardly. “Can you get the bacon out of the fridge?”

“If I must.”

“I'd appreciate it.” Lexa set out plates when Clarke detached herself. Returning to the stove as Clarke did, the woman reattaching herself to Lexa. “After breakfast we can go back to sleep if you'd like.”

“I'd love to.”

“How about you go and sit down then, I'll bring you your coffee.”

“Sure,” Clarke murmured pulling away from Lexa and pulling the sheet up over her head like a hood as she shuffled to the couch. Plopping herself down onto the cold leather as Lexa leaned over the back of the couch with her coffee.

Clarke accepted her coffee with a hum of approval, her fingers wrapping around the cup still covered in the white sheet. She sipped quietly as Lexa returned to the kitchen to finish breakfast. She leaned over and grabbed the remote, turning on the TV. Flicking through the channels as she listened to the sizzle and pop of bacon, followed by Lexa's soft cursing.

“You okay back there?” Clarke called out, leaning her head back against the couch.

“Yeah, just burned myself a little but I'm okay.”

“You always burn yourself on bacon, maybe I should get you a riot shield.”
“Perhaps, you could ask Anya. She is in the power to get one now.” Lexa told her setting a plate of pancakes and bacon before Clarke on the coffee table. “Breakfast m'lady.”

“Thank you love.” Clarke kissed Lexa's cheek when she dropped herself next to the blonde with her own food.

Clarke bit her lip, unable to figure out exactly what color she wanted as she sat before her easel. She'd had it all drawn out in her head and it was ready to be painted but she was stumped on the color. The color of Lexa's eyes had always stumped her, they weren't exactly green, they weren't exactly blue. They reminded her of a forest after a rainstorm. They felt refreshing but it wasn't something that she could easily translate onto a canvas.

Nothing could be easily translated onto a canvas anymore.

Not since she'd become an assassin anyway. The things that flashed through her mind when she sat in front of easel usually originated from whatever she'd done that day. Before it had been her training with Anya. Now it was the blood splatters after she killed someone, or the still bodies covered in a sheen of sweat.

Clarke almost hated it. So she'd decided to try something different. To focus on Lexa and paint her, to draw her. She'd opened up her sketchbook and flipped through the pages before settling on the drawing of Lexa on the mountain. She wanted to begin from the inside out, the inside being Lexa's eyes.

She wanted to get up and hold Lexa's face close to her. To figure out that exact color but her Lexa was napping on the couch just behind her. One of her playlists filling the room as background noise, most of it Clarke didn't recognize but some she did. Right now it was more instrumental than anything, Clarke was fine with that. She let out a soft sigh as a song she recognized began to play, one of her more favorites, Finding Beauty by Escala.

With a groan, Clarke decided to give up on finding the color. Hoping it would come to her later on as she put away her paints but leaving the easel in front of the window. She began to unbutton her shirt as a knock sounded at the door. Clarke clicked her tongue rushing towards the door before whoever it was knocked again.
She swung the door open and frowned at her visitor.

Costia gave her a weak attempt at a civil smile before opening her mouth to speak but Clarke cut her off in a harsh whisper.

“Wait,” she shoved the woman back into the hallway and cracked the apartment door. “She's trying to nap.”

“She doesn't take naps during the day.” Costia replied with a frown.

“In case you forgot, she had a bit of a rough day yesterday. Excuse her for wanting to rest.”

Costia scoffed at her, “whatever.” Costia looked Clarke up and down, frowning at her shirt being half buttoned and short shorts. “You could at least dress appropriately.”

“Oh, shit, my bad your highness! Let me just change into a fucking ball gown for your royal ass.”

“That is no way for you to speak to your commander.” Costia scowled.

“Keep your voice down before you wake my girlfriend up.” Clarke closed the apartment door fully.

“Your…”

“Yeah, my girlfriend, who is in love with me and me in love with her! So whatever little delusions you have of you two getting back together isn’t going to happen. That I can promise.” Clarke crossed her arms over her chest. “Got it your royal fucking highness?”

“I could have you killed for that little blonde bitch.”

“Bring it bitch, I'll kill anybody you send at me.” Clarke snapped as the elevator doors opened and Anya stepped into the hallway. Her jaw dropping at the stand off between Clarke and Costia.
“Clarke?” She nearly yelled stepping in between the two women. “What the hell Clarke.”

“Nothing Anya.”

“12, I dropped by to give 24 here an assignment. As I presumed you were not yet settled into your position to being giving assignments.”

“Commander, I am perfectly situated and prepared to do so but I appreciate the thought.” Anya replied smoothly as she turned to face Costia. “Go ahead and give Clarke the assignment, I will take my leave.” Anya turned back to Clarke and nodded slowly, giving her a look that said 'call me' before walking off.

Clarke waited for Anya to disappear into her apartment before speaking, “we don't take paper assignments anymore.”

“So you're not a dumb blonde.”

“Far from it, I know you're still in love with my girlfriend but it isn't happening and you should go. If you have an assignment for me then you can send it to my email. Have a nice day commander.” Clarke growled backing up into her apartment and closing the door in the woman's face.

Clarke huffed as she walked away from the door, glancing over at Lexa. Finding the woman to have merely rolled over in her sleep, her face buried in the crook of her arm. Clarke grinned and grabbed her phone from the kitchen counter, dialing Anya’s number as she closed herself into the guest bedroom.

Anya picked up on the third ring, nearly yelling into the phone. “What the fuck Clarke! What the fuck happened between you and the commander. I planned to come home, take a nice shower, get to bed early but I find your ass about to throw down with Costia in the hallway with your boobs on display.”

“Slow down, and my boobs weren't on display. Just a few buttons undone.”

“ON DISPLAY CLARKE!” Anya yelled loudly, causing Clarke to wince.
“Fine! Sorry! And to tell you what happened, the commander is still in love with Lexa.”

“How the hell do you know that.”

“Well, for one she's wearing the engagement ring that Lexa intended to give to her. She got super jealous when I touched Lexa in the office then when I mentioned that Lexa was my girlfriend. I think I watched her heart break into little tiny fucking pieces, if she even has one.”

“Clarke.. You need to let this go, she could have you killed then it wouldn't matter if you and Lexa are dating. She could worm herself back into Lexa's life before your corpse was even cold.”

“If she tries to kill me, you can fucking bet I'll take the bitch down with me.”

“Clarke.” Anya warned.

“Anya.”

“Be careful, call me if something comes up. There may be something I could do to protect you should it come to that.”

“Like?”

“The 12 heads are who put the commander in her position, no matter what her mother did before her death. They have the power to destroy her if they so felt like it. Never forget that.” Anya told her before hanging up on her.

Clarke groaned and stood up off the guest bed when her phone vibrated in her hand. A text message from Anya to check her email for her assignment.

Lexa woke to a quiet apartment, her music still playing softly in the background as she sat up stiffly. She glanced at the easel in front of the window, noting the untouched canvas as she stood. Glancing
around for Clarke, her eyes drifting to the spot where her shoes usually sat by the door but frowning when she saw the spot empty.

She looked over at the kitchen counters, finding a small sheet of paper with writing as she approached. The grabbed it up quickly, letting out a soft sigh.

*Got a call about a dog, be back later. - Clarke*

She folded up the note carefully and dropping it into a drawer before heading down the hallway. Stripping as she went, leaving her discarded clothes in the hallway as she stepped into the bathroom. Leaving the door cracked as she started the shower. She stepped in as she heard the apartment door open and Clarke call out for her.

She turned the shower water warmer as Clarke stepped into the bathroom. Her bare feet on the white tiled floor. Lexa heard clothes hit the floor then turned and glanced Clarke as she stepped into the shower just behind her.

“Hey.” Clarke murmured against her skin, pressing a kiss to her shoulder as water cascaded down onto them.

“Hey, how was it.”

“Fine, got messy.”

“Slash, don’t stab.” Lexa murmured turning to face Clarke. Draping her arms over Clarke’s shoulders and kissing her firmly on the lips. “Could have woken me up, I would have gone with you.”

“You were too cute to wake up but let me wash your hair to make up for it.” Clarke smiled slipping her hands down Lexa's sides, halting at her hips. Pulling her closer and ducking her head, kissing Lexa's neck, sucking on her wet skin hard enough to leave a mark.

“Marking me are you?” Lexa asked breathlessly as Clarke nipped at her skin.

“Perhaps, now turn around so I can wash your hair and show you how much I love you.”
Anya frowned, trying to figure out how to get her web cam to work. A few of the other heads had requested a meeting with her but were unable to find a reasonable location or time for a face to face meeting. They'd agreed on a video chat meeting instead, a meeting that was due to begin in less than ten minutes as Anya struggled.

She smirked when her test worked, able to see herself through the web cam as she shut it off and waited patiently for one of the heads to 'call' her. She glanced behind her, hoping the background wouldn't be too noticeable. Hoping she was at least looking presentable as the 'call' came in. She answered quickly, smiling as the three other heads came into view.

She recognized them from Indra's files, FK2 Luna Rivers, her former mentor. SK1 Sienne Dunn, one of the numerous heads of the south. Then finally CK1 Melinda May of the west coast, the head in charge of Harper and Monroe. Only Melinda was dressed decently, in a black jacket and a white shirt underneath. The other women dressed pretty much in pajamas.

“Anya!” Luna smirked into her camera, “the last time we spoke you were nothing more than an unimportant assassin training Lexa! Now you're a head and Lexa is one of TriKru's top assassins, good work.”

“Shes right, you've come a long way Anya.” Sienne gave her a small smile, while Melinda remained silent.

“Of course I'm right Sie! When aren't I.”

“The last joint assignment proved otherwise.”

“It was a fluke.”

“Nearly killing one of your men isn't a fluke FK2.” Melinda replied sharply to Luna.

“It was an accident, wrong place at the wrong time.” Luna defended herself.
“Perhaps you should have the new TK1 train your men, perhaps then they wouldn't make such rookie mistakes.”

“May, I trained Anya and she is damn near one of the best in all of the 12 except for CE 4 and 5. Even you can agree to that.”

“I can and I do.” The woman gave a small smile that faded quickly. “But that isn't why we're having this meeting.” Melinda began, a collective nod from the other two women as she spoke.

“May is right. Anya, this is an important meeting. We've noticed that the commander seems to have relocated herself to your part of the world, Boston to be exact. We assume you know this?” Luna asked, suddenly very seriously.

“I have, I met her today in conversation with one of my own.”

“Oh? What happened.”

“A heated discussion involving an unimportant matter, it has been handled.” Anya reported, her eyes flicking between the women but she paused on Melinda, noting the woman's dark eyes staring pointedly at her through the screen.

“Tell us.” Melinda shifted on the screen.

“Tell us Anya, we need to know, if its something that could possibly damage TriKru then we need to know.” Sienne agreed.

“The.. the commander has a past with TK20, Lexa.”

“We know that but what happened in that hallway.” Luna pressed.

“How do you know?”
“We watch, we know.” Melinda quirked an eyebrow. “So tell us, who had the issue with the commander.”

“TK24, Clarke.”

“Oh, the blonde who knew what we were without being one of us. We know about her, we heard she kicked your ass!” Sienne smirked.

“I simply underestimated her, but yes. She was involved in a heated discussion with the commander concerning her love life with TK20.”

“I taught you better Anya.” Luna frowned.

“My apologies.”

“Enough, go on TK1.” Melinda cut the chatter short quickly, focusing on the task at hand. Anya sighed but explained the situation, not leaving out any details as she watched the other three women on the screen. Luna nodding as she spoke, Melinda keeping a straight face but Sienne looking more and more annoyed.

Anya expected Sienne to immediately offer her support should the need arise but it was Melinda who spoke first.

“You have my support should you need it, I presume FK2 and SK1 are also willing to lend their support.”

“I am.” Sienne smirked.

“As am I.” Luna mirrored her.

“Feel free to contact us TK1 at anytime, but do not use the network. The commander has someone watching it at all times for situations like this.”
“Of course, thank you, all of you.” Anya waited for the other three women to disconnect before she disconnected herself. Taking a deep breath and thanking whoever was in her corner looking out for her.

—

Lexa held onto her glass gingerly, feeling her fingers slip against its cool, wet surface. Most of the ice had melted before she'd even gotten her drink. The bartender too slow to give her the whiskey she'd bought ten minutes before hand. She sipped at it anyway, not minding the taste as much as when she'd first drank it.

She glanced up at the TV behind the bar, the nightly news barely audible over the sound of other patrons around her. The sound of glasses clinking together drowning out the sound of the footsteps approaching behind her. She sagged her shoulders as she took another drink, finishing the drink quickly as someone dropped their hand on her shoulder.

She turned sharply, looking up and her eyes widening at the sight of the commander. “Costia.”

“Lexa, here alone?”

“No, waiting on Clarke to get off work.” Lexa answered, her eyes still wide as she swallowed thickly. “Why are you here in Boston.”

“I came to see you, now that there is no reason for me to hide anymore. I thought we could be friends again, like we used to be.”

“Like before you faked your death.” Lexa muttered turning back to the bar and ordering herself another whiskey.

“Yeah.” Costia sat beside her at the bar, facing her and dropping her hand on Lexa's knee. “I'm sorry Lexa. I really am.”

“I don't care Costia, you lied to me, you broke my heart and I've found Clarke. Clarke, who I love.” Lexa paid for her whiskey as the bartender poured it up with an apologetic smile.
“Lexa..”

“No Costia, go before Clarke gets here.” Lexa snapped turning to face her, jerking her knee out from beneath Costia’s hand.

“Le-”

“Costia, stop.” Lexa growled as Costia sighed, she looked back towards the door. Spotting Clarke step into the bar and she smirked, grabbing hold of Lexa firmly. Turning her to face her as Clarke approached. “Cos-”

“I know you still love me.” Costia murmured before kissing Lexa fully on the lips as Clarke spotted them. The blonde storming towards them as Costia pulled away with a satisfied smile. “Call me sometime.” She murmured into Lexa’s ear as she slipped a piece of paper into her pocket.

“What the fuck!” Clarke shouted as Costia turned to leave the bar, Lexa staring after her. “Lex!” Clarke shouted as Lexa stood, moving to follow Costia.

Lexa broke into a jog away from Clarke, following Costia out onto the street. Leaving Clarke alone and confused in the bar as she watched her girlfriend follow her ex into the street.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry.
Clarke stood still in the middle of the bar, she knew Costia was still utterly and completely in love with Lexa. She grit her teeth at the thought, she should have known Costia would attempt something like this. Assassins would do anything to get their target, it was easily one of the things that Anya had repeated the most.

She let out a huff and went to follow Lexa, pushing the door open just as Costia got into a car alone. Lexa standing on the sidewalk in evident rage, her brunette hair wild where it had escape from her braids. Her clothes disheveled and her hands curled into fists at her side. She turned sharply as Clarke came to a stop just behind her.

“Clar-”

“Don't Lexa.”

“I.. She-” She tried to defend herself, her anger replaced by confusion and sadness.

“Don't come back to the apartment tonight, I don't want to see you or hear from you until I decide.” Clarke glared pointedly at her, only looking away when Lexa gave her a weak nod. She could see the tears already beginning to form in her eyes as Clarke walked away from her. Pulling out her phone and calling Raven to come pick her up.

Clarke dropped herself onto a bench near the bar, running her hands down her face while she waited for Raven. She felt guilty for not giving Lexa the time to explain herself but she didn't want to know what had happened in front of the bar before she'd made it outside. She felt anger at Costia for having the gumption to pull something like that. She couldn't bear the thought of learning that Lexa still harbored feelings for Costia.

She groaned in frustration, peeking between her fingers when she heard the familiar sound of Raven's 1967 Shelby Mustang GT500, the car Raven rebuilt from the ground up their senior year of
high school. It was her pride and joy, black with maroon racing stripes down the middle, another across the bottom.

She stood as the black hot rod came around the corner, classic rock blasting and Raven sporting a cocky smile as she pulled the car up to the curb. Her arm slung across the back of the passenger seat as Clarke slid into the seat.

Raven turned down the volume on the radio, her smile fading at the look Clarke gave her. “What's wrong Clarkey.”

“Nothing, just take me home.” Clarke buckled herself in and looked away from Raven.

“Where's Lexa?”

“Don't know.”

“Clarke..”

Clarke turned sharply and glared at her friend. “Raven, I don't want to talk about it. Just take me home, please.”

“Alright, alright, relax but I'm here if you change your mind.” Raven muttered turning away from Clarke and driving her home. She didn't bother turning the music back up, knowing Clarke needed the almost silence. Which was surely hard enough for her to achieve with the roar of the engine as Raven drove.

When Raven finally pulled up to the curb across the street from the apartment complex, she chanced a glance at Clarke. Noting the unshed tears in her eyes and withdrawn demeanor. She knew something had happened between her and Lexa but she wasn't about to push it. That was Octavia's job, but Raven wasn't going to let her girlfriend get into Clarke's business unless she invited them in.

“Here,” said Raven quietly. Watching through worried eyes as the blonde exited the car and crossed the street. Raven sighed and followed her, locking up her car but she stopped before entering the building. Spotting Lexa sitting in Anya's BMW, her hand covering her eyes as the woman leaned over against the steering wheel.
Raven glanced towards the building then back towards the car before jogging to the driver's side window. Knocking loudly and smiling as Lexa jumped, her eyes wide as she wiped tears from her cheeks. She opened the car door roughly, knocking against Raven's thighs.

“Shit Lex, relax.”

“Shut up Raven.” Lexa slammed the car door, locking it with the keypad and pushing past Raven.

“What the hell is with you Lexa.”

“None of your business Raven.” Lexa grumbled heading into the building and hitting the up key on the elevator. She scowled when Raven stood beside her in front of the elevator. “Go away Raven.”

“I'm going home too you know, so don't be a bitch.”

“Sorry.” Lexa rubbed at her neck as the elevator doors opened and the two women stepped inside. She hit Raven's floor then her own. “Been a long night.”

“Want to talk about it Lex?”

“Surprised Clarke hasn't told you.”

“She doesn't want to talk to me about it but I've offered my services regardless. The same services that I extend to you, I'm here if you need somebody okay Lex?”

“Yeah, thanks.” The elevator doors opened on Raven's floor quickly, the brunette giving Lexa a friendly smile before stepping off.

Lexa groaned as the elevator doors opened on her floor. She headed off towards Anya's apartment, grateful that she'd kept the key as she unlocked the door. She shoved the door open, hoping Anya kept some kind of liquor in her kitchen as she slammed the door shut with her foot. Kicking off her shoes while she rummaged through the cabinets, letting out a relieved sigh when she found the
“The fuck are you doing here and with my liquor!” Anya shouted from the hallway in a towel.

“Getting hammered that's what I'm doing, put some clothes on. You're getting wasted with me.” Lexa grumbled unscrewing the lid and tossing it on the counter. Drinking straight from the bottle.

“What the hell happened.” Anya asked snatching the bottle from Lexa and putting the cap back on.

“Costia fucking happened, give me the bottle back Anya.”

“Not until you explain in detail.”

“Get dressed first, then I'll explain.” Lexa dove for the bottle but Anya shoved her away roughly.

“Fine, but I'm taking this with me.” She told her as she walked away, the bottle firmly in her grasp.

—

Clarke laid fully awake in her bed, partly wishing Lexa were there to hold her but the rest of her glad she wasn't there. She was sure she'd hit the brunette and seriously hurt her, knowing the woman wouldn't strike her back. She scowled into the darkness, pulling Lexa's pillow to her chest before tossing it across the room as her phone dinged. Signaling she had a text message.

She grabbed her phone from the bedside table, dropping herself back onto the bed.

7:36 [Anya] – Why the fuck is your girlfriend trying to get completely smashed on a Tuesday night?

7:36 [Clarke] – I don't know, maybe she feels guilty about kissing Costia and following her out of the bar instead of talking to me.
7:37 [Anya] – My baby sister did what now?

7:37 [Anya] - With the commander when she is so evidently in love with you?

7:38 [Anya] – She is sobbing into the bottle almost Clarke.

7:38 [Anya] – I'm going to kick someones ass and it will probably be the commander's.

7:38 [Anya] – Clarke?

7:39 [Clarke] – Let me kick the commander's ass, I'm tired of this bitch and she isn't even started in her ploy to win back Lexa.

7:39 [Anya] – So you're not going to dump Lexa on her ass for this shit?

7:39 [Clarke] – I don't know Anya, I just don't know.

7:40 [Anya] – Don't you dare hurt my baby sister anymore than you already have, I am not against coming over there and kicking your ass as well.

7:40 [Clarke] – I expect nothing less from the mother t-rex, just don't break a hip while you do it.

7:40 [Anya] – Fuck off Griffin.

Clarke shut off her phone and curled up into a ball, glancing towards the pillow she'd tossed. She truly wasn't sure what would happen between her and Lexa. She loved the woman completely, she would do anything for her, she would take a bullet for her but right now she was hurt.

Lexa woke the next morning with a massive headache and in a bed she wasn't familiar with. She
knew she wasn't in Clarke's apartment and judging by the decor of the bedroom she was currently in, she could assume it to be Anya's. Clothes strewn across the floor and blankets pooled at the end of the bed, pillows thrown across the room. Anya herself completely passed out beside her, thankfully clothed as she snored softly.

She pulled herself from the bed, running her hands through her hair and looking down at herself. Over sized t-shirt and boy shorts, clothing she was thankful for. She didn't want to fall asleep in Anya's bed naked, the older woman would have never let it go. Telling stories of her completely wasted sister falling into bed naked.

She stood slowly, her head pounding harder as she made her way into the bathroom. Flicking on the lights and wincing as she struggled to find the Advil. She avoided looking in the mirror, not wanting to see herself in such a sad state. No doubt a complete mess as she finally found the Advil.

“Surprised you're up and around baby sis.” Anya announced from the doorway, causing Lexa to jump and drop the bottle of Advil in the sink.

“Fuck.” Lexa groaned leaning over the sink, suddenly feeling nauseous.

“Always fun to scare you.” Anya watched her a moment and frowned, “are you going to puke?”

“No.. Maybe.. I don't know.” Lexa let herself slide slowly to the floor. “I don't know.” She repeated.

“Good thing I can work from home.” Anya murmured sitting down beside Lexa. “Don't worry Lex, it'll be okay.” She patted her head softly.

“I don't know anymore, first Costia is alive then she kisses me. Then Clarke sees it and hates me. I've fucked up Anya.”

“It'll be fine, just relax. Let Clarke calm down then explain yourself. You told me yourself all about it.” Anya reassured her as Lexa groaned.

Lexa pushed past Clarke, following Costia out onto the sidewalk. Yelling her name as the woman approached her waiting vehicle, a small smile on her lips as Lexa approached her angrily.
“Back for more are we? I knew it would be too easy.” Costia cupped Lexa's cheek but Lexa jerked away from her. Digging into her pocket and pulling out the piece of paper then crumbling it up, tossing it into a nearby trashcan.

“Fuck off Costia, this isn't going to happen. I'm not going to let you ruin what I have with Clarke!”

“No Lexa, this is just beginning. That little blonde whore of yours is a downgrade from me and you'll see that soon enough.” Costia snapped at her, grabbing Lexa by the wrist. “You'll see when she finds someone else and tosses you aside like garbage.”

Lexa ground her teeth, yanking herself free and backhanded Costia. Watching the woman stumbled backward but remaining upright as she held her hand to her cheek with wide eyes. “Don't you dare talk about Clarke that way!”

“You'll see Lexa, trust me.”

“Leave and if I ever see you again, I'll kill you!” Lexa snapped as Costia backed towards her car and climbed in.

Lexa ran a hand down her face with a sigh.

“Now, please brush your teeth and take a shower. You smell like a brewery Lex.” Anya complained with a small smile, kissing Lexa's hair before standing and extending a hand down to her.

“Yeah.. Well.. You're old.”

“Jeez Lex, leave the age jokes to Clarke.”

–

Alta frowned at her commander, she didn't want to wake the woman but her swollen cheek and deep scratches from what she assumed to be rings or nails needed tending to. She didn't know what the woman had gotten up to the night before when she'd managed to shake Alta but it hadn't been good.
“Honey, just wake her up.” Nadira murmured softly at her side. Alta sighed and shook the commander.

“Commander, its time to wake up.” Alta nudged her again as the commander opened one eye slowly. Managing a death glare while being half asleep.

“Leave me.” Costia growled as she sat up slowly. Both eyes open but wincing as she opened her mouth to speak again.

“We need to do something about your face commander.” Nadira sat beside her on the bed, motioning for Alta to open the box in her hand. “At least let me clean it, then we will leave you be.”

“Fine, hurry, then when you're finished. Find me more permanent housing.”

“Of course commander.” Nadira replied first as she cleaned the scratches on Costia's face. Trying to be gentle but getting rough as the commander jerked away from her touch. The woman gripping firmly at Costia's head to keep her in place. Ignoring the scowl the woman gave her at the rough handling. “I wouldn't have to be so harsh with you if you kept still.”

“You do not speak to me as though I am a child.”

“Then do not act as such.” Nadira muttered as she pressed a large bandage to the woman's face. “There, done.”

“Good, now go.” Costia waited for her guards to leave before letting herself relax and press a hand to her face. Wincing in pain and falling back against the hotel bed. She liked this hotel well enough but she needed something more permanent. At least she did if she intended to win back Lexa, she knew she would have to do something drastic but not yet.

She did have something important to do in Boston, working to better her relations with heads in the area. To solidify her role as commander, to ensure she wouldn't be politically removed too soon. She was not on good terms with any of the heads, even the ones her mother had had specific relationships with.
Costia sighed and sat back up, kicking off the bed sheets then heading into the on suite bathroom. She knew Nadira would give her hell if she removed the bandage too soon but she could at least brush her teeth and her hair. At least then the woman wouldn't go into mother mode with her again, the older woman making it a point to mother Costia at nearly every turn.

Alta did less so, the tall blonde would rather sit and watch patiently while her wife worked over Costia. She knew Alta respected her less after the office fiasco, perhaps even respecting Clarke Griffin or even the new head of TriKru more than Costia. It was evident in the way the woman spoke with her and acted around her.

She didn't blame her, wiping Lexa's memories and choosing to hide hadn't been the wisest decision. Nothing Costia did lately seemed to be wise either, pulling her little stunt with Lexa in that bar then allowing herself to be injured would not look good to heads.

But she didn't care, not when Lexa knew she was alive.

She was determined for things to change.

–

Clarke woke to the sound of someone speaking as if they were standing over her. She cracked open one blue eye and scowled, her suspicions correct. Octavia standing over her bed on her phone, speaking rather loudly when she smiled and hung up.

“Good, you're awake.”

“And you're a dick O, how the fuck did you get in here.”

“Raven has a key, remember?”

“Unfortunately, what do you want.” Clarke sat up, glaring Octavia. “Better be damn good, I wanted to sleep in today.”

“Its nearly 10 in the morning Clarke and by the way, your phone is off. Your mother has been
calling Raven non stop, and I just got off the phone with her.”

“The hell does she want, she could have just as easily come over to check on me.”

“She just wants her favorite daughter!” Octavia grinned, “I don’t know what she wants. You know your mother terrifies me.”

“Just because she’s a surgeon doesn’t mean she’ll drop you into a pit in her basement and tell you to put lotion on your skin.”

“She could Clarke, she could.” Octavia spoke as if she was completely serious, her hazel eyes wide.

“Whatever.” Clarke muttered shoving Octavia away and getting to her feet. “Is that all you wanted?”

“No, where is Lexa?”

“I don’t know.”

“What the hell do you mean you don’t know? Did you two break up? What happened!”

“No.” Clarke growled heading into the bathroom, closing the door in Octavia’s face.

“What do you mean no!” Octavia shouted from the other side of the door.

“Don’t want to talk about it O.” Clarke yanked the door open as she brushed her teeth. Silently wishing Raven would show up and deal with her girlfriend before Clarke herself hit her. Hell, she’d even go for Anya or Lexa showing up and saving her from 20 questions Octavia edition. “Go get me coffee or something, breakfast even.” She muttered around her toothbrush.

“Too early for coffee Clarkey.” Octavia poked Clarke in the side as the blonde spit and glared at her.
“Never too early for coffee Octavia, let me get dressed. We're going for coffee and breakfast.”

“I will if you tell me what happened.” Octavia blocked Clarke from leaving the bathroom.

“That isn't up for discussion.”

“Then no coffee or breakfast.” Octavia crossed her arms over her chest, feeling good about herself but Clarke sighed and slipped past her. She heard Octavia move to stop her but Clarke ducked beneath the woman's arms and closed herself into her bedroom with a laugh at the look of confusion Octavia gave her. “Since when did you become a ninja!”

“8 months ago!”

“Oh fuck off, what else can you do!” Octavia barged into the bedroom as Clarke got dressed.

“Wouldn't you like to know.”

“I would, show me.” Octavia eyed Clarke suspiciously as Clarke pulled a pair of jeans on. Clarke rolled her eyes but approached Octavia, moving fast and smiling as Octavia mimicked her as if to defend herself. At the last second Clarke switched her stance and knocked Octavia off her feet with a grin.

“Now coffee and breakfast.” Clarke told her pulling a shirt on that she recognized to be Lexa's but she didn't care. It was one of her favorite's to steal from Lexa.

“Where the fuck did you learn that!”

“Lexa.”

“What the fuck is your girlfriend!?”

“Shes trained in self defense, she taught it to me.” Clarke lied smoothly, glad that Octavia seemed to believe it as the brunette got to her feet with a frown.
“Whatever, let's go for breakfast and coffee but let me call Raven first. Maybe she'll go with us.”

—

Anya sat in silence with her laptop on her lap. Her glasses falling down the bridge of her nose as she leaned over to get a closer look at the screen. Lexa laid beside her on the bed, holding up a book as the ceiling fan turned overhead, the soft breeze flicking at the book pages.

They'd simply done this for hours, Anya occasionally taking calls and answering emails from clients. She knew later she'd have to type up complete reports based off of the information she'd been given. Including her own research on the targets before handing them over to Clarke and Lexa. The two women had a nearly empty week ahead of them. So far only one assignment that required their immediate attention, an assignment that would require the two of them instead of separate.

Anya paused for a moment and smiled, a good opportunity for the two women to work out the bullshit that Costia had stirred up. She glanced at Lexa and her smile faded, the brunette had turned over onto her side. Curled into the fetal position and her eyes focusing on a point across the room, her book left discarded behind her.

“Lex?”

“What.”

“Relax.”

“I am relaxed.” Lexa sat up, glaring at Anya. “The most relaxed I've ever been.”

“Whatever, stop being little sad Lexa.”

“I'm not sad.”

“Sure you aren't.” Anya closed her laptop and took off her glasses. She eyed Lexa and ran a hand
down her face. “How about we get out of this bed and go find something to do.”

“Like?”

“Oh, I don't know.. Think there's a Red Sox game today at Fenway Park.”

“Since when do you watch baseball?”

“Since there are tons of hot guys on the team of course.” Anya grinned as she stood and stretched.

“Gross..” Lexa muttered under her breath.

“ Heard that! Just because you're super fucking gay doesn't mean I am.”

“Whatever, can you even get tickets to the game?”

“Lex.. I am the TriKru head, I can get anything I want.” Anya pulled on a pair of jeans quickly and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. “Go put some pants on, your shirt is fine.”

“I slept in this shirt.”

“Who cares, you'll still probably get plenty of pretty girls numbers.”

“Don't want numbers.”

“You might not, but I wouldn't mind a few.” Anya smirked pulling Lexa to her feet. “Come on, cheer up! Nothing beats a day at Fenway Park!”

“Yeah, yeah.” Lexa grumbled.
Anya sighed. “Look, tomorrow you've got an assignment.”

“Where at and who?”

“Local strip club, the owner, you get to play as a high powered client with little care for what her cash lands her.”

“What the hell? Why!”

“Because that's what you're getting paid to do, that's why. Now go get dressed so I can ogle those men in those tight pants.”

“How about you just go by yourself with a camera and a pair of sunglasses, get your creep on.”

“No, I haven't reached that level of desperation yet.”

“Yet..” Lexa muttered under her breath and crossing into her old bedroom.

Anya waited for Lexa to leave the room before sending a text to Clarke, informing her about the assignment and to check her email later on.

Clarke's reply was quick, a simple okay. Anya glanced towards the open door once more and sent another text to Clarke. Letting her know where Lexa would be that day, she already knew Clarke's reply before she received it.

Her plan to get the two women back together just had to work, it wasn't even a full 24 hours since it all began and she was already sick of it.

–

Clarke sighed inwardly as she read through the email. She couldn't believe Anya, she couldn't believe the woman hadn't had given her an early warning that the assignment was to take place in a strip club. Luckily she wasn't to play a stripper but a waitress, a scantily clad waitress of course.
She scanned through the email further, reading up on her target. The owner of the club, a small man who appeared nervous in the picture. It appeared simple enough, in and out. She just needed to get out of the plans she'd made with Raven and Octavia tomorrow. The two women who sat across from her in her apartment.

Raven braiding Octavia's hair while the brunette sat between her legs on the floor. They'd insisted on spending the day with Clarke. Telling her they needed, as they'd put it, 'best friend time'. Clarke was fine with that, anything to get her mind off of Lexa and how much she was starting to miss her. She closed her laptop quickly, catching the look Raven gave her and the woman's small smile.

“So Clarkey, what do you want to do?”

“I don't know, this was your guys' idea.”

“Well, I can braid your hair then we can binge watch some bullshit TV reality show. Make you forget all about your little girly.” Raven patted Octavia on the shoulder, signaling she was finished.

“I guess.” The offer didn't sound half bad, bad TV and maybe some hard liquor later on could really make her forget Lexa. “And I'll let you braid my hair long as you don't do it weird like that one time.”

“Hey, it wasn't weird. It was amazing! Now come and sit.” Raven patted the space between her legs, smiling as Clarke situated herself. She shifted and got comfortable as Octavia flipped channels on the TV until finally landing on a baseball game.

“Red Sox game!” She shouted excitedly.

“Babe, you know I set it to record at home right?” Raven tugged at Clarke's blonde hair, pulling a yelp from the woman beneath her. “Sorry.”

“Whatever.” Clarke winced.

“I know Rae! But its the Red Sox!” Octavia argued in a almost pleading tone.
“Clarke, do you-”

“I don't mind.” Clarke replied before Raven finished her question. She smiled as Octavia squealed excitedly and sat on the couch next to Raven only to jump up a minute later yelling at the TV.

Lexa sat alone in the VIP area of The City of Light, the only strip club in Boston. She frowned and silently hated Anya for the type of job she'd given her. Hating her for the attire she'd put into her that file but loving the tight braids she'd done for her before sending her off. She shifted, adjusting her clothes as a scantily dressed waitress approached her.

The waitress only vaguely familiar in her mannerisms but the lights in the club too dim for her to make out the woman. She watched the waitress, her full breasts threatening to escape her almost too tight top as she bent. Retrieving Lexa's empty glass and replacing it with one full. Lexa clicked her tongue when a flash of light flashed across the waitress. Her blonde hair visible for a split second and her blue eyes glaring.

Lexa didn't want to think it was Clarke, she didn't think the blonde to be the type to visit a place like this. Even if it were just for a job. Lexa turned her head as another flash of light crossed over her, hoping the waitress didn't see her but the woman turned away. Lexa looked back towards her, just able to make out long legs and high heels. Short skirt that barely reached mid thigh as the waitress walked away.

Lexa stood as music began to play loudly, straightening her jacket and smoothing out her black pants. The perfect picture of a business woman just coming off the clock as she approached the railing. The first dancer gracing the stage with her presence. Lexa pretended to watch for the sake of looking the part, but her eyes remained on the blonde waitress as she made her rounds through the tables and men. One man evening going as far as to slap her on the ass. Lexa snapped to attention at the way the blonde twisted his hand in fury.

That was the moment she knew it was Clarke. Now she understood why Anya had done this. Clarke released the man and retrieved his glass before walking off with a scowl. Lexa stepped back from the railing, moving to pull out her phone when the manager of the club approached her cautiously.

The weasel of a man giving her a shy smile. “Miss Cooper?”
“Mr. Powell, who is that waitress down there. The fiery blonde.” Lexa asked, pointing to Clarke as Mr. Powell approached.

“Oh, that is Miss Cole, she's new. Has she offended you in a way? I can have her removed.”

“No no, far from it. I'd like to meet with her in private actually.” Lexa gave the man a small smile, sensing his sudden discomfort.

“She.. She isn't a dancer.”

“That's fine, I'll pay anything for her time.” The man shifted under Lexa's gaze but gave her a small nod as he motioned for another waitress. Speaking to her quietly and pointing to Clarke.

“Miss Cooper, if you'll follow me.” Mr. Powell led her into the back, down a row of private rooms to the last one. He held the door open for her and motioned for her to take a seat. “She'll be right in.”

“Wait, Mr. Powell, will she be able to see me?”

“No, the light will focus on the center, you will be completely in the dark.” He pointed to the center of the small room, the small stage and pole as the lights began to dim. “Have a nice evening Miss Cooper.”

“Oh, I intend to.” Lexa smirked as he left, unbuttoning her jacket and pulling out her phone. Sending off a text to Anya as the door opened and Clarke appeared in the bright light with a scowl. She shoved her phone back into her pocket as Clarke just stood there before slowing reaching and grasping the pole firmly.

“You must be quite important and have a lot of money to be able to do this.” Clarke growled angrily as music began to play over the speakers. Lexa kept her mouth shut but remained smiling, glad to know that Clarke couldn't see her. “I've never danced on a pole before, but you should know that. Just as you know I'm not one of the dancers here, just a waitress.”

Lexa let out a breath, watching as Clarke circled the pole, her fingers lingering on the cool metal. “I could always try, for your sake anyway.” She murmured grasping the pole with both hands as she
moved her hips slow and sensual despite the upbeat song. “My girlfriend would love this, she especially loves lap dances though.”

Lexa let out a strangled cough at her words and Clarke turned her head in the direction of the sound with a small smile. “I knew you were a woman, I caught you watching me earlier but the real question is... who are you.”

Chapter End Notes

So much Costia hate, hope this fills ya'lls blood lust.
The Fight Begins

Chapter Notes

Forewarning, chapters may start to come out a little later than usual as I have less time to write now. However, anyone is still welcome to come by my tumblr and ask me questions if it helps you get through the wait. (Less time at home, more time on mobile tumblr).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In reality, Clarke had an idea of who the woman was. She'd seen the flash of light across her jaw line, a jaw line she'd recognize anywhere. Then that suit, that suit she wore that left little to Clarke's imagination. A form fitting suit that accentuated the woman's firm rear perfectly.

Clarke kept her dance slow and sensual, using the pole to her advantage but not quite using it. As she moved, she edged closer to the woman she suspected to be Lexa. She felt those eyes on the curve of her hips as a soft blue light graced her skin.

“Miss, you should speak. This would be a lot more fun if I knew what you liked.” Clarke leaned forward, nearly between her legs and cupped her breasts. Holding them back from spilling out and revealing too much of herself. Winking and licking her lips as she straightened herself, running her fingers through her hair then back down her body. For a second she thought she heard a whimper but the music drowned it out.

Clarke cleared her throat and turned her back toward the woman. “You know.. in about five minutes there won't be any darkness to hide you.”

“Doesn't matter, you know who I am.” Lexa replied promptly, her voice husky and full of arousal. Clarke frowned as she turned back around and shook her head.

“I'll always know who you are but don't you remember what I said? I didn't want to see you until I said so.”

“Please forward your complaints to the head of outside lawn and garden.” Lexa replied as she leaned forward, a dark look in her eyes as she became visible. Clarke rolled her eyes but continued to dance, she wasn't aware if there were cameras in this room or not but she wouldn't take the chance.
“I surely will but why are you here.”

“Same as you, we're in this dance together aren't we?”

“Don't you have someone else to dance with you.” Clarke growled approaching Lexa and resting a hand on her chest.

“I love only one dancer in particular.” Lexa looked up, meeting Clarke's glare.

“I'm still mad at you but mostly I'm angry with her.” Clarke muttered pushing Lexa back onto the leather seat and pushing her knees apart. “Shes got balls.”

“You're the one that I want.” Lexa leaned forward and bit her lip as Clarke dropped suddenly to the floor, running her hands up Lexa's legs and resting on her hips as she moved forward. She swallowed thickly, suddenly feeling hot as Lexa kept eye contact with her until the moment Clarke grabbed the back of her head.

“This has been an interesting experience.. for me at least, you. I don't know.” Clarke smirked as she pulled Lexa's face forward into her cleavage then grabbing a hand full of brunette hair. Yanking her head back and straddling her. “Well?”

“Amazing.” Lexa gripped tightly at Clarke's hips, as the woman rocked her hips at the contact. “But I have a job tonight, as do you.”

“Unfortunately.” Clarke pushed herself off of Lexa, readjusting her top. “Let's get this show on the road.”

“Of course.. Cole.” Lexa stood quickly, a mask falling over her facial features as she gripped tightly at Clarke's bicep, pulling her from the room and past the other private rooms. Down the long hall and into Mr. Powell's office, Lexa slamming the door behind them. Causing the man to jump suddenly in his seat as Lexa roughly shoved Clarke forward. Clarke letting out a yelp for good measure, catching herself on the desk.

“Miss Cooper? Is something wrong?” Mr. Powell stood quickly, his eyes flicking between Lexa and Clarke.
“This bitch tried to steal from me!” Lexa shouted, glaring at Clarke then back to Mr. Powell, her green eyes blazing in rage. “I will no longer bring my business to this establishment if this is what you allow your girls to do.”

“Miss Cooper! I can assure you, this type of behavior is unacceptable!” He rounded his desk quickly, glaring at Clarke. “You're fired! Don't you come back!”

“Gladly.” Clarke replied sharply to him with a scowl. “Shitty pay anyway.” She glanced at Lexa as she attempted to pass her but Lexa reached out and grabbed her. Yanking her back to the spot next to her. “What are you-”

“That isn't enough Powell,” Lexa snapped furiously. “I demand a full refund.”

“Miss Cooper!”

“Powell.” Lexa replied seriously, reaching into her coat slowly. Fingers wrapping around the handle of her gun, the other still gripping tightly at Clarke's arm. “Refund... or else.” She threatened, showing the handle of her gun.

“Cooper,” Powell inched back to behind his desk, his hand reaching beneath the wooden surface as Lexa drew her gun fully. Aiming at Mr. Powell with a neutral expression. Lexa heard Clarke's gasp and felt her try to pull away from Lexa to escape.

“Powell.” Lexa repeated his name as the man furrowed his brow at her, his hand still reaching beneath the desk.

“Cooper, you don't want to do this.”

“I really do.” Lexa growled pulling the trigger, shooting him between the eyes. The gun loud in the small office but Lexa heard no screams erupt as she hid her gun once more within her jacket.

“He was going to shoot you.” Clarke said quietly as Lexa released her grip on her.
“Did I hurt you?” Lexa asked worriedly, she knew her grip had been a little too tight.

“No, but-”

“Good,” Lexa cut her off as she pulled a pair of gloves out of her pocket. Approaching the dead body as she pulled them on. Digging through Mr. Powell's pockets and pulling out a full manila envelope. She glanced beneath the desk and spotted the gun he'd been reaching for. She grabbed it and smirked, thankful it was the same model as her own as she fired it into the ceiling. Causing Clarke to jump and curse at the sudden sound. “Sorry.”

“Warn a woman first, shit.” Clarke frowned, watching Lexa stage the scene. “Hurry up, I hate this place.”

“As do I.” Lexa pocketed the manila envelope as she stepped over his body. Motioning for Clarke to leave the office. “Go and meet me at the BMW, I'll drive you home.”

“Yes Cooper.” Clarke gave her a small smile as she left the office, closing the door behind her. Lexa watched her quietly, a small spark of hope warming her as she glanced over the body once more before leaving.

–

Anya wakes to a door slamming then her bedroom door being thrown open. Revealing Clarke wearing Lexa's suit jacket and a black stiletto in her hand. Lexa standing just behind her and flicking on the bedroom light as Clarke threw her shoe at Anya's head. The shoe landing precisely where Clarke had aimed, blood already dripping from Anya's nose on contact.

“What the fuck Clarke!” Anya yelled holding a hand to her nose as she dodged the second shoe.

“You sneaky little bitch, why didn't you tell us we would both be on that job!” Clarke yelled back, holding the jacket around her shoulders as Lexa pulled her shirt free of her pants waistband behind her.

“You two good now?” Anya pulled back her hand and scowled at her blood covered hand, blood dripping down her face, onto her white sheets. “Fuck sakes Clarke.”
“Stay out of our love life! We can figure it out on our own!”

“You crazy bitch, I think you broke my nose!” Anya stood up out of her bed, crossing the room and shoving Clarke aside.

“You'll be fine.” Clarke muttered glancing at Lexa behind her. “We'll talk tomorrow Lexa.”

“I'd like that Clarke.” Lexa gave her a hopeful smile as the blonde left the apartment, Lexa's jacket still draped over her shoulders. Lexa's smile turned into a frown when she stopped at the bathroom door. “I can't believe you Anya.”

“Whatever, worked didn't it.”

“I could have done it on my own.” Lexa pulled off her belt and kicked off her heels. “Maybe I should throw my heels at you too.”

“Don't, I'm already horribly disfigured by your psychotic girlfriend.”

“You deserved it for that stunt you pulled.”

“At least I didn't pull a Costia, I want you guys together!”

“Don't talk about that woman.” Lexa ground her teeth as she recalled what had happened.

“She's going to be staying in Boston permanently for an undisclosed amount of time, 4 informed me earlier.” Anya winced as she pressed her fingers to the nose, letting out a curse as she realigned her nose. “I'm going to kick her ass!”

Lexa winced and shook her head, “please don't do that again. It was the most nightmarish sound I think I've ever heard.”
“Coming from the woman who has broken fingers to get information out of people.” Anya looked herself over in the mirror and smiled. “Maybe I won't look too bad.”

“When I broke those fingers I had your voice in my ear to distract me.”

“My angelic voice?”

“The voice that raises the dead to shut you the fuck up.”

“Woah, bitch train over here, choo choo.” Anya scowled shoving past Lexa. “Go to bed or better yet, go get laid.”

“Going to bed won't get me shoes thrown at my head.”

Clarke hurriedly washed off the sweat and lingering smell of gross strip club. She had half a mind to go back to Anya's and yell at her but she sighed in defeat. Washing her hair and rinsing thoroughly before stepping out of the shower. She quickly wrapped a towel around herself and grabbed her phone but she hesitated. Knowing she couldn't do this forever, she needed the whole story about what had happened outside of that bar.

12:34 [Clarke] – Lexa?

The reply was quick, as if Lexa had been waiting by her phone for it.

12:34 [Lexa] – Yes?

12:35 [Clarke] – Come over?

Clarke dressed quickly, pulling on her old worn gray t-shirt as a knock came at the apartment door. She grabbed her shorts, tugging them on before answering the door. Lexa standing on the other side changed into pajamas as well with her thin black reading glasses on, a book in her hand and a small smile.

“Hey.” She gave a small wave as Clarke stepped aside to let her in.

“Hey.”

“I thought I’d knock.. Since, well you know.” Lexa pulled at the hem of her shirt in obvious nervousness.

“Its okay Lexa, relax.” Clarke locked the door, motioning for Lexa to take a seat on the couch. “I don't think I can wait until tomorrow to talk to you.”

“Same.” Lexa sat slowly on the couch, setting her book down on the coffee table, drawing her knees up to her chest and resting her head on her knees. Green eyes following Clarke as the woman sat down beside her.

“Lexa.. I- I should apologize to you.” Clarke began, taking a deep breath. “I didn't give you the chance to explain yourself when I should have, it wasn't right of me to treat you that way.”

“You were upset, its understandable.”

“Lexa.. it was still wrong of me and I'm sorry.” Clarke reached out and took Lexa's hand, running her thumb over Lexa's knuckles with a soft sigh. “I'm really sorry.”

“I'm sorry too Clarke.”

“You did nothing wrong Lex, it was all me.”

“I walked away, I should have stayed and talked to you, explained that you're the one I love, not her.”
“I know you love me Lexa and I love you, so can we just get past this. Go back to what we were before Costia came back from the dead.”

“Of course,” Lexa unwrapped herself and pulled Clarke into a tight hug. Clarke's head resting on Lexa's chest, just beneath her chin. “I love you.”

“And I you but I need to know what happened that night.”

—

Anya wandered the halls of Skaikru hospital, looking for a specific doctor. The only doctor she'd found herself searching out whenever she was hurt. After the car accident and no questions asked about the origin of the gun shot wound, even after the investigation was mysteriously dropped by BPD. The doctor hadn't asked many questions, so when Anya finally found her. Sitting alone in her office with a mug of hot coffee and a newspaper, she couldn't help the smile that appeared on her lips as she knocked on the open door.

“Paging Dr. Griffin.” Anya said aloud approaching the doctor's desk. The woman looked up at her, a hint of a smile on her lips.

“You again, what is broken or otherwise maimed in some mysterious way this time.”

“Well Dr. Griffin, my nose appears to be broken.” Anya pointed to her swollen nose as the doctor rounded her desk, coming to a halt in front of Anya.

“You may as well call me Abigail, since you seem to always come to me for anything medical.” She reached up and pressed her fingers gently to Anya's nose with a frown. “There appears to be a cut from what I would assume to be the heel of a shoe?”

“Yeah, your daughter threw her stiletto at me.” Anya winced as the doctor pressed her fingers more firmly at her nose. “Does that rage run in the family?”

“She gets it from me but she had to have had a good reason.”
“I was trying to get her and her girlfriend back together.”

“What?” Abigail took a step back, giving Anya a horrified look.

“I.. uh, I thought you knew. Shit she is going to murder me in my sleep now.” She groaned as the doctor started to laugh.

“I'm kidding, I knew she was dating a woman. I just haven't met her yet.” Abigail patted Anya on the shoulder. “She wouldn't murder you in your sleep either, just throw more shoes at you.” She chuckled.

“Gee thanks doc, glad to know the humor runs in the family too.”

“Yeah well, about your nose. I assume you're the one who realigned it and its fine. Might have a little scar from the heel but it shouldn't be too noticeable. Ice it to keep the swelling down, take-”

“Doc, I've had a broken nose before and as much as you going all doctor mode is sexy, you don't need to.” Anya took a step back and sat herself down in a chair in front of the desk with a sigh.

“My husband used to say my doctor mode was sexy.” Abigail smiled as she sat down behind her desk once more. Taking a sip from her coffee.

“You're married?”

“Widowed actually, he died when Clarke had just graduated from high school.” She cleared her throat and met Anya's gaze.

“I'm sorry for your loss.”

“Life goes on.”
“That it does.” Anya nodded, looking away from the doctor. Instead choosing to look around her office. She felt the woman’s eyes on her as she stood, crossing the room to one of the two windows. She stood quietly, watching people walk below her on the sidewalk.

“What about you, are you married or otherwise in a relationship with someone?”

“No, not for a long time.” Anya half turned, looking over her shoulder at the doctor. She took a deep breath as she turned back around, looking down at the people again. “Its been years.”

“I find that hard to believe, you're an attractive woman.”

“Doctor, are you hitting on me? Surely you've got some strapping young man or woman.”

“Are you calling me a cougar?” She cocked an eyebrow at Anya as the woman turned away from the window. “Because I’m not, I'm married to my work.”

“With no one to warm your sheets at night doc? I find that hard to believe.” Anya approached the doctor, leaning against her desk with a flirtatious smile. “In fact, if you'd like to attempt to further convince me. We could talk over dinner sometime.”

“You seem like a lovely woman but no, I have lives to save.”

“Perhaps we could be friends then Abby.” She paused at the look the doctor gave her, “do you mind if I call you Abby?”

“Only if I can call you Anya.” Abby stood quickly, “now if you'll excuse me. I need to get back to work.”

(Of course doc, don't let me stop you from saving lives.” Anya stepped aside to let Abby pass her.

“Remember to ice your nose Anya.” Abby called out as she exited the office, throwing a quick smile over her shoulder at Anya. Anya waited in the office as Abby's footsteps echoed down the hallway, her mind playing on repeat at the way her name rolled off the doctor's tongue.
She'd heard her name slip from the tongues from many men and women but none said it quite like Abigail Griffin.

Clarke tried to act as if she wasn't watching Lexa but she found it difficult. The woman dressed in a pair of short jean shorts and loose green muscle shirt with a bottle of window cleaner in one hand, rag in the other. Nearly standing on her toes trying to reach the top of the window in front of Clarke, her shirt riding up and a sliver of perfectly tanned skin coming into view. Her green cased phone just visible in her back pocket.

Clarke sighed inwardly, giving up on trying to be discreet. Watching Lexa clean the windows from top to bottom before turning back to face Clarke with an odd look.

“You're staring Clarke.”

“Sorry,” Clarke looked away quickly, not at all embarrassed about getting caught.

“I wasn't complaining.” Clarke looked back to her, catching the faintest hint of a smile gracing her girlfriend's perfect lips.

“Are you almost finished?”

“Yes, then we can do whatever you want since Anya seems to be MIA right now.” Lexa set the cleaner and rag on the coffee table, quickly pulling off her shirt as Clarke suddenly became enamored by the movement. “You're staring again.” She tossed her shirt over her shoulder, adjusting her sports bra.

“Stop doing things like that and I won't.”

“Like what?” Lexa smirked, running her fingers down her stomach. “Like that?”
“Yes!” Clarke huffed as Lexa dropped her hand and walked away.

“My bad,” Lexa replied sarcastically.

Clarke listened to her wander around somewhere behind her. She wasn't that mad at Lexa anymore but she did feel uneasy. The kiss was just the beginning despite what Lexa had done to Costia. It wouldn't take long before the commander was back, trying to get herself back into good graces with Lexa. The only question remaining was if Lexa fell for it.

“So.. Where is your sister again Lex?” Clarke called out, turning around on the couch and leaning over the back, arms dangling down the back as she watched Lexa sweep the kitchen.

“I don't know, why?”

“So no one is going to come over and disturb us?”

“I would assume no, unless your friends decide to show up. Did you have something that you wanted to do?”

“Yes but I need your assistance.” Clarke licked her lips, watching Lexa prop the broom up against the kitchen counter.

“With what Clarke?”

“I need..” Clarke bit her lip as she looked around the room hurriedly, spotting the window cleaned behind her. “I need you..” She repeated knocking the bottle off the coffee table with her foot. “I need you to come and pick that up for me.”

“Clarke..”

“Please Lex?”

“Maybe you should pick it up Clarke, you are the one who knocked it over.” Lexa frowned at her,
knowing what she was trying to get her to do. She knew her shorts were incredibly short and that Clarke just wanted to ogle her but Lexa knew Clarke was wearing equally short shorts.

“You just want to look at my ass!”

“Like that isn’t what you want from me too.”

“Touche.” Clarke smirked and stood as someone knocked on the door. Clarke looked to Lexa as the brunette answered the door in her sports bra. Clarke wandering up behind her as Alta came into view. The older woman scowling as her gray eyes flicked between Clarke and Lexa.

“4? Is something wrong?” Lexa asked as Alta reached into her pocket and pulled out a card.

“The commander wishes to invite the two of you to a dinner at her hotel room tonight.” She held out the card to Lexa, nodding as she took it from her. “Please dress accordingly and do not be late, have a good day.”

“But-” Clarke began.

“Just do it,” Alta snapped at them as she turned on her heel and headed for the elevator. Lexa sighed and closed the apartment door, handing over the card to Clarke.

“Hasn’t even been a day.” Clarke muttered under her breath as she opened the card and read it.

I would like to officially invite you to a dinner at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel, top floor suit tonight at 8 pm. Please dress formally, do not be late.

- Commander Costia

Clarke scowled at the signature, small and minimal, as if she hadn’t felt the need to put much effort into it. Lexa stood just behind Clarke, looking over her shoulder at the card and remaining silent as she stepped away.
“Well Lex? We going?”

“Do you want to?”

“I'd rather jump into a wood chipper but I would assume she'd send someone to kill us if we didn't show.”

“She'd kill you but I get the feeling she'd keep me for a pet.” Lexa growled her reply as she pulled her shirt back on. The earlier mood gone.

“So we're going.”

“Unfortunately.”

“Can I get drunk before we go? I might kill her if I'm not.”

“Drink, yes, kill, no. I'd hate to have to kill her personal guards in order to keep you alive.”

“Thanks babe.”

Lexa held Clarke's hand as they approached the hotel room. Both dressed formally, hair and make up done. The earlier agreement to arrive intoxicated shot down by Lexa when she decided to drive Anya's BMW. Lexa did not allow herself to release her hold on Clarke as she knocked on the door, she gave her a small smile as the door opened. Revealing Alta in the same suit they'd met in, the woman sporting a scowl as she stepped aside. Motioning for them to enter the hotel room.

Lexa squeezed Clarke's hand as they entered the posh room, no doubt always the best for the commander. The same commander who was no where in sight as Alta closed the door behind them.

“The commander will be in shortly, she had a previous engagement prior to the dinner. She hopes you understand.” Alta muttered in sheer annoyance, Lexa understood the guard's feelings, she was
annoyed as well. She'd wanted to get this over with and go on with her life.

Clarke gave Alta a smile, trying to ease the slight tension in the room. “So 4, how is the wife?”

“Fine.” Clarke frowned at Alta's curt reply.

“I thought you two guarded the commander together?”

“We do.”

“Then..”

“Why do you question this arrangement? Someone had to be here to meet you two, be quiet 24.” Alta replied angrily as she left the room.

“Clarke..”

“I know Lex, behave but trust me, I am.” Clarke smirked, looking Lexa up and down. Appreciating the navy blue dress she wore. It wasn't too tight and kept her chest covered but she looked amazing nonetheless. “You look beautiful babe.”

“As do you.” Lexa glanced at Clarke in her simple white dress, knee length and suiting Clarke quite well in that moment. Lexa just wished there was a different reason for her to be wearing it. She let out a soft sigh, leading Clarke to a white leather love seat.

“Are you nervous?” Clarke ran her thumb over Lexa's fingers reassuringly. “We'll get this over with and go home, you can finish that book you've been wanting to finish for the past few days.”

“I'd love that but the commander seems to be taking her sweet time.”

“That she does.” Clarke half turned as Alta re-entered the room, her hand on the doorknob as she quickly glanced to Lexa and Clarke.
“They are here.” Alta said aloud, waiting a minute before opening the door just as Nadira and Costia approached the door. “Commander.. Nadira.”

“Sorry we're late, sometimes heads can be a real pain in my ass.” Costia grinned as she entered the room. Her brown eyes landing on Clarke and Lexa as they stood, still hand in hand. The commander's smile faltered for a moment but she composed herself. “Glad you two could make it, come into the dining area and we'll get this show on the road.”

Costia lead the way through a doorway but Lexa waited before following. Glancing quickly at Clarke and noting her fake smile as they walked. Lexa knew she should be mirroring Clarke but she couldn't find it within herself to put forth that much effort for the commander. She didn't want to give the woman hope for anything.

“Please ladies, take a seat.” Costia kept her smile as Lexa pulled out a seat for Clarke before taking a seat herself next to her at the glass table. Costia herself sat at the head, an empty seat between herself and Clarke.

Nadira followed by Alta entered through a separate doorway, Nadira carrying wine and glasses. Alta halting at the doorway, gray eyes locked on Clarke. Clarke seemed oblivious to the woman, her own eyes locked on Costia with her fake, plastered on smile.

“I'm so glad you two could join me.” Costia began, nodding to Nadira as she poured the red wine into glasses for the three women.

“Thank you for the invitation commander.” Clarke drank her wine slowly, blue eyes roving over Costia as the woman picked up her own glass. “I understand it to be quite the honor to dine with the commander.”

“It is more appropriate for heads to dine with the commander rather than those lower on the chain.” Costia tapped her fingers on the table, hoping Clarke would grow irritated and fight her but Clarke merely nodded.

“We should count ourselves lucky then,” Clarke turned to Lexa. She remained passive but Lexa knew Clarke was absolutely fuming in that moment. “Shouldn't we dear?”

“Of course.” Lexa replied meeting Costia's gaze. “But to what do we owe this pleasure.”
“I wanted to apologize.” Costia shifted in her seat, propping her head up with her hand, as if attempting to discreetly cover up the scratch marks on her cheek. Her eyes never leaving Lexa’s, “my behavior the other night was.. less than appropriate. I hope you will accept my apology and let us move on from this whole mess.”

Clarke remained silent, her smile unwavering but Lexa frowned. “It was extremely inappropriate.” She replied without raising her voice. “But..”

“We would gladly move on from the little mishap, wouldn't we dear?” Clarke answered before Lexa could finish her sentence, she flashed Lexa a genuine apologetic smile before looking back to Costia.

“Yes, let us move on.” Lexa agreed with a small smile.

“I am happy to hear that,” Costia let out a relieved sigh. “Feels as though a weight has been lifted off my chest.” She sipped at her wine as Nadira left the room, Alta remaining in her position by the door.

–

Clarke waited she was alone with Lexa in the elevator before letting herself release her pent up rage.

“I can't believe that little bitch.” She crossed her arms over her chest with a scowl as she looked over at Lexa, the brunette meeting her gaze. “Who the hell does she think she is!”

“Shes the commander.”

“No shit sherlock but that doesn't give her the right to be a total fucking bitch.” She clicked her tongue looking away from Lexa. “If only she'd have the gall to call me a whore to my face, I'll show her how much of a whore I am when I fuck her ass up.”

“It won't do any good to get into a fist fight with her Clarke.”
“Somebody needs to take her ass down a peg or two.”

“Clarke..” Lexa warned as they approached the lobby floor.

“I know.” She huffed as the doors opened and she hurriedly exited the elevator, Lexa following her closely. “This is only the beginning.” She told Lexa quietly as she signaled for a valet to retrieve the car.

“With luck she may find other routes.” Lexa replied as the BMW came to a halt in front of them, the valet quickly hopping out of the car and handing over the keys with a smile. Lexa nodded her thanks and opened the door for Clarke, waiting patiently for her then closing her door.

“And that fake apology of hers was just pathetic!” Clarke nearly shouted as Lexa got into the driver's seat. “She can't possibly think that it was believable.” Lexa sighed inwardly as she started the car, listening to Clarke.

“She will not give up until she gets what she wants Clarke.”

“And she won't get you, not over my dead body.” She paused looking over at Lexa, the fire in her eyes suddenly gone and replaced with uncertainty. “Unless you decide to go back to her of course, that is the only other alternative.”

Lexa stepped on the breaks hard, turning the car into a grocery store parking lot before turning her full attention to Clarke. “I told you-”

“You told me you don't her love, that you love me, I remember.”

“Then believe me, Clarke, she lost me the minute she attempted to wipe my memories. You had me the second I met you and you've never lost me. You never will until the day I die.”

“I believe you.” Clarke gave her the best smile she could muster in that moment. Trying to hide the still lingering uncertainty.

“How about some ice cream then? We're already in the parking lot, may as well go in.” Lexa patted
Clarke's hand as she turned the car into a parking spot by the doors of the store. “Do you want to come in with me?”

“No, these heels hurt my feet. Think I'll just wait here if you don't mind.”

“I don't mind, I'll be right back.” Lexa kissed her cheek before getting out of the car, leaving the keys in the ignition. Clarke waited until Lexa was inside the store before glancing over at the keys in the ignition. She couldn't shake the things she was feeling, despite Lexa's words, despite her own words.

Costia was a determined woman, she'd proven that when she made the choice to hide herself away so Lexa couldn't, wouldn't be able to find her. When she wiped Lexa's memories and held herself back despite the love she felt for Lexa. It was what told Clarke that no matter what happened, Costia would try to find a way to be with Lexa. Through hell or high water she would fight for it.

Clarke respected her for her undying loyalty and love but Clarke wouldn't give up Lexa so easily.

Chapter End Notes

I don't really like how this chapter or the previous chapter turned out, maybe its because someone has taken to hovering over me as I try to write. Maybe its because I seem to be losing my inspiration, maybe its because I have little to no experience writing relationship drama.

Also, how do you guys feel about the Abby x Anya? Or Anby as a lovely tumblr person deemed it.
The keys dangled from the ignition, the almost inaudible metal clicking together as the car sat still. Clarke couldn't tear her eyes away from those keys, the keys that could take her away from this. That could set Lexa free to choose instead of being tied down to what Clarke felt herself to be second best. But those keys couldn't set Clarke free from her thoughts and feelings.

She leaned over with a sigh, hiding her face in her hands. Blocking her view of those keys as she heard the driver's side door open and the rustle of a plastic bag then the door closing.

“Clarke?” Lexa voice soft as her hand rubbed soothingly at Clarke's back, “honey are you okay?”

“Tired is all,” Clarke answered as she sat up. Meeting Lexa's worried gaze, “just tired.” She repeated as Lexa's hand fell away from her.

“We'll be home soon.” Lexa gave her a quick smile as she drove the car away from the store, towards home but it wasn't where Clarke wanted to be. No, Clarke wanted to be far away from this city, to the mountain perhaps. Maybe further, somewhere where Costia couldn't reach her or Lexa but she remained quiet.

She turned her gaze from Lexa and towards the city. Taking in the quiet of the car, the sounds of the city muffled by the glass. The smell of Lexa's perfume subtle enough to mask the smells of Boston. Her eyes taking in the bright lights of the buildings on her side of the road, the street lights and headlights of neighboring cars.

She loved this city but right now she couldn't stand it. Knowing Costia was here took away the feeling of home that this city provided her.

“Lexa?” Clarke turned her attention back to Lexa, the street lights catching in the jewelry she wore.

“Yes Clarke.”

“I want to go back to the mountain for a few days.” Lexa chanced a glance at her as she slowed the
car at a red light.

“I'll speak to Anya but I don't see why we couldn't take a few days vacation.”

“Tell her because I said so.” Clarke gave her a small smile as Lexa looked back to the road with a soft laugh.

“I'll be sure to, maybe throw in a threat of another flying stiletto.” She grinned as she brought the car up to the curb outside of their apartment building. “We're home.” She announced reaching into the backseat and grabbing the sack with the ice cream.

“Good, I'm ready to get these heels off.” Clarke climbed out of the car as Lexa did, not wanting to wait for her to round the car and open it for her. She appreciated the sentiment but she was too tired to wait. “I can hear that ice cream calling my name.”

“The ice cream whisperer?”

“Yes Lex, the ice cream whisperer.”

“Amazing, I'm dating the ice cream whisperer.” She chuckled as they crossed the lobby towards the elevator just as the doors opened. They stepped in quickly, Lexa hitting the button for their floor then taking Clarke's hand.

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Anya ran her hands through her hair as she leaned back into her chair. Her day had just begun but she was already five phone calls, three complaints and one meeting in, it wasn't even noon yet. She still had another meeting then a video call meeting with Luna and Sienne. Melinda May was due to fly in within the week for a meeting with the commander, a meeting to set up the re-transfer of Harper, 19 and Monroe, 14.

Upon request, May explained the reasoning behind their transfer. A request from Echo during her reign as head of Tri Kru. The whole 'accident' revolving around their transfer being a fraud, Harper did miss the shot but she did not hit an innocent. TK9 Tristan firing a gun in unison with Harper, killing the innocent himself.
The original assassins of Boston were completely innocent and Anya intended to right what Echo had wronged. The only drawback being that she had to send two others to replace what May was losing. With one in mind already, she only had to pick a second to send to the commander before May's arrival.

She leaned forward in her chair again, picking up her pen but pausing before writing down the second name she had in mind. With a groan of frustration she tossed the pen onto the desk and stood quickly, crossing the large office to the wide window that overlooked the Boston Harbor.

She glanced back over her shoulder to the metal desk, eyes falling on the office phone. The temptation to call Abby almost too much but she shook her head. They'd easily fallen into a casual friendship the past few days, going as far as having lunch the day before. The duo sharing laughs as they made their young waiter blush, Abby being sure to tip him extra before leaving.

With a soft sigh she rubbed her neck as her office door opened, Lincoln closing the door loudly behind him before striding across the room with a bright smile.

“Nice new digs here Anya, how did you manage it?”

“Sold one of Echo's little business ventures and bought out the building.” Anya replied without looking at him.

“What was her little business venture that sold enough for you to buy this.” He spread his arms out, putting emphasis on the size of the building as Anya glanced at him.

“A relatively successful real estate business, I don't have much of a head for that sort of thing so I decided on a different route.”

“Which is? The building has no sign to say what it is.”

“Isn’t open just yet, but it will be a medical research facility.”

“And you have a head for that? Instead of real estate?”
“Do you know how many real estate offices are in this city alone?”

“Too damn many, I know but who will run this for you? I know for a fact you know little to nothing about researching cures.”

“TK18 out of Philadelphia has already agreed to move to Boston, as well as her girlfriend, TK21. TK11 has agreed to relocate to Philadelphia, as well as TK7.”

“Why do you use their IDs? I have no idea who you're talking about when you do it.”

Anya sighed, “18 is Jemma, 21 is Daisy, 11 is Nyko and 7 is Sinclair. You really should know your own people Lincoln.”

“I'm just a doctor, it doesn't matter who is who to me. What matters is who is hurt and who needs to be helped.”

“Perhaps I will transfer you then.”

“Transfer? Who is being transferred and to where?”

“14 and 19 are being transferred back to Boston.”

“Anya..”

“Monroe and Harper.”

“Now was that so hard?”

“Whatever, what exactly did you need?” Anya turned and walked back to her desk, dropping herself into her chair.
“Dr. Griffin sent me to find you, said shes been calling you for the past fifteen minutes.” Lincoln smirked at the confused look that Anya gave him. “Didn't know you two were friends.”

“Recently yes,” Anya muttered digging through her desk for her cellphone. Finally finding it under a stack of papers and groaning at the three missed calls. “Don't know why she seems to want me though.”

“Something about lunch but her lunch break is already over I'd suspect by now.” Lincoln strode over to her desk, dropping into the plush red leather seat. “You should still call her back you know.”

“I know Lincoln,” Anya dialed the doctor's number. Relaxing into her chair lazily as it rang, meeting Lincoln's gaze as the doctor's voice came through the phone.

“I called you Anya.”

“Didn't hear it, your lunch is over?”

“That it is, I wasn't too hungry anyway.”

“You should still eat something.”

“I'm the doctor, I should be saying that.”

“Paging Dr. Griffin, paging Dr. Griffin to the cafeteria.” Anya stood quickly, grabbing her keys and motioning for Lincoln to follow her out.

“I have a surgery in an hour and a half, I can't just disappear.”

“Sure you can, you're the surgeon!” Anya rushed Lincoln as silently as she could, locking up the office behind them. “Abby, I've got to let you go. Someone just walked in but let me make up for this lost lunch sometime.”
“I'd like that Anya, have fun.”

“Don't I always?” Anya smiled as she hung the phone up, Lincoln hovering just behind her as she stepped onto the sidewalk then headed down the street towards a sandwich shop.

“So.. you and the doc seem real friendly.” His voice suggestive, no doubt giving Anya a knowing grin beside her as they walked.

“Shut up Lincoln.” Anya growled at him as she jogged to cross a street. Lincoln keeping up with her easily.

“Touchy subject?”

“No.”

“Then why the tone.” He pressed and Anya sighed, halting on the sidewalk to face him.

“I asked her out and she said no, so we're just friends.” She turned on her heel and strode off once more, leaving Lincoln rooted in his spot in quiet shock. He quickly shook his head and jogged to catch up.

“Wait, wait, you asked the doc out? Clarke's mom? Out on a date and she rejected you? Whoa, you got rejected for the first time in years. How did it feel? Are you a sad little Anya?” He teased with a grin.

“Shut up Lincoln!” Anya shouted as she turned into the sandwich shop, quickly getting into line as Lincoln fell in behind her, leaning over her shoulder.

“She hasn't gone on a date in years, she rejects everyone who asks her out. Don't feel bad Anya.”

“Lincoln..”

“I know, I know, shut up.”
“Not what I was going to say.” She held her hand up when she felt him go to speak as she ordered food, being sure to order something for Abby as well. She waited until the employee behind the counter headed off before saying what she'd wanted to. “I was going to say thank you, that made me feel better, but I'm fine with being friends. I have a date tonight anyway.”

“Oh yeah? Whose the lucky person?”

“The woman who sold me the building, Michelle.”

“She pretty?”

“Shes pretty and funny, had a nice chat after the deal was done. Thought I was going to die from laughing with her.”

“What's she look like?”

“Tall, the most gorgeous set of pale blue eyes I've ever seen and- Why am I even telling you this Lincoln?”

“I don't know.” Lincoln patted her on the shoulder as she paid for her order and his. “Hope it works out though Anya.” He said heading out of the shop and down the street.

–

Clarke flipped through the channels on the TV with a bag of chips between her legs. Dressed in one of Lexa's shirts, her own underwear and socks. She sighed as she settled on a TV show about people trying to find their dream homes in a foreign country. A secret guilty pleasure of hers, one she rarely indulged in when she knew Lexa was in the apartment.

She made no move to change the channel when she heard Lexa pad barefoot into the living room. No doubt standing just behind her, “didn't know you liked this.”
“Nothing else is on.” Clarke swallowed thickly, glancing behind her at Lexa. Confused by her wide grin and happy look in her eye. “Why? Do you like it?”

“I love it actually, House Hunters International is the shit Clarke but I hate it when they pick a shitty house while its still out of their price range. How stupid can you be?” Lexa rounded the couch and sat next to Clarke, pulling her legs to her chest as she reached over into the chip bag. “You'll see, I bet they pick something stupid.”

Clarke remained silent, watching her girlfriend in mild shock. Confused by the almost carefree tone the woman had taken up while talking about a TV show. Who'd have known that the two of them shared an interest in something like this.

“I had no idea this was one of your things Lex.”

“Really? Thought I had mentioned it but- oh man. If they don't buy that house I will.” She leaned into Clarke, continuing to judge the couple of the TV and their choices. Pulling smiles and laughter from Clarke, a welcome difference from the sad look in those blue eyes.

They watched the marathon together, laughing at each other as they heavily judged the couples on the TV. Time felt as if it had ceased to exist, the storm in Clarke subsiding as she laid between Lexa's legs. Her head comfortably settled on her chest and her hands gripping at Lexa's shirt under her chin. A steady heart beat in her ears lulling her to sleep alongside Lexa's absentminded rubbing of her back.

Lexa felt happy and comfortable enough to fall asleep on that couch with the woman she loved lying on her. Clarke's breathing evening out as she fell asleep but Lexa remained awake and alert. Eyes on the TV but not paying attention to the words said or the pictures that flashed across her vision.

She hadn't wanted to ask Clarke for the reason behind her sad eyes, she had an idea but she wanted Clarke to come to her first. She didn't want to push her, she wanted her to trust her enough to find Lexa through her clouded, uncertain mind. Lexa was content to wait, to hold on.

–

Costia listened quietly to the audio coming in through the laptop speaker with a scowl. A small part of her wishing she hadn't had Nadira install the microphones into the apartment. Wishing she wasn't torturing herself listening to the things those two women did.
She could live without hearing Clarke scream Lexa's name in orgasmic bliss. She could live without Clarke sleepily calling out for Lexa and the quiet 'I love you' whispers in the dead of night. She could live without listening to Clarke's annoying friends being in the apartment every couple of days. Their stupid jokes that made little to no sense to her.

Raven and Octavia were two people she could definitely live without but Clarke loved them, they were close. In fact they were so close that if something were to happen to one of them that it would break Clarke. The woman already appeared to be on edge at every turn, the photos that were taken of her proved as much.

SK1's request for one of her southern assassins to shadow 4 had quickly turned into an advantage for Costia. The kid was incredibly unknown, fresh out of training. A young man by the name of Zoran, small for his age but intelligent, quiet. He was sent to trail Clarke and Lexa, his ability to hide within a crowd welcomed by Costia with open arms. He sent in weekly reports personally, often times unnerving Costia with his silent footsteps as he approached her but he was useful.

Costia knew when this whole ordeal was said and done that she'd have to properly work with the man. Perhaps even Alta getting over her apparent dislike for him and teaching him. The southern assassins weren't as adept as the north, by some miracle Sienne and her husband Osias had exceeded Costia's expectations. Both intelligent and hard working members of the SK.

Costia closed her laptop and laid down on her bed. Eyes focused on a spot above her bed as she fell deep into thought. Trying to figure out a way to get rid of Clarke but still manage to keep Lexa.

--

Clarke woke to a cold silence, to soft sheets against her skin when she distinctly remembered falling asleep on Lexa. She opened her eyes and let herself grow accustomed to the darkness of the room. Her hand searching for Lexa but finding herself alone in the bed as she sat up. The temptation to call out for her overwhelming but she remained silent.

Instead choosing to slip out of bed and padding quietly across the bedroom then into the dark hallway. Blue eyes meeting with an unsettling emptiness as she headed into the living room, flicking on the hall light. Illuminating the things that usually sat by the door as gone, keys to the motorcycle gone, helmet gone as well. Lexa's things missing from all the places they usually sat. Vibrant paintings no longer hanging on the walls, instead piled on the floor half covered by a sheet. Broken bottles and shards of glass lying nearby.
Clarke opened her mouth to call out for Lexa but she couldn't force the name to escape her lips. Instead turning to go back to bed and escape what she believed to be a nightmare but she halted. Spotting a figure standing in the hallway, just beneath the hall light. The figure's face dark as it advanced towards Clarke with a determined gate that Clarke associated with only the commander.

“Costia.” Clarke stood her ground as the woman's face finally came into view. Those eyes that were usually so bright, now so dark. Her smile malicious as she reached out for Clarke.

“You should wake up, as this nightmare will be your reality soon enough.” She cackled as her fingers met the skin of Clarke's face. Plunging her into pitch black darkness then the floor suddenly giving out beneath her. She fell through the darkness, her hands reaching for anything to catch herself on until the moment she hit water. Her mouth opening to scream but filling with water instead as she struggled to reach the surface. The harder she struggled, the deeper she sank as if her arms and legs were broken, her lungs filling with water until her vision began to fade but a familiar voice in her ears.

“Cla- Clarke!” Someone screamed her name over and over, “Clarke wake up!” Her body being shaken roughly and her eyes snapping open. A frantic Lexa hovering over her where Clarke had somehow managed to fall on the floor.

“Lexa..” Clarke choked out, throwing her arms around Lexa's neck. “Lex-

“What happened Clarke, tell me, please.” Lexa begged quietly in her ear, holding Clarke tightly to her. Unwilling to release her, as if her hold on Clarke would keep those screams from ever escaping her again.

“Lexa.” Clarke balled her hands in Lexa's shirt, burying her face in brunette curls. “You were gone, you left me, everything of yours was gone.”

“Clarke.. I-”

“Costia was there, she was so dark and cruel... please don't go Lexa. Don't turn my nightmare into reality like she said was going to happen.” Lexa listened to Clarke, to the choked sobs that escaped between words. Her suspicions proving true, everything she thought that Clarke had feared an actual reality and Lexa wondered what she had done for this to happen.

“Clarke, I'm not going anywhere.” She pressed a kiss into blonde hair gently, “I promise.”
“Please.” Clarke pleaded as Lexa pulled them both to stand. Sweeping Clarke up into her arms easily and carrying her into their bedroom where they both laid in each others arms. Clarke somehow eventually managing to drift off to sleep again, her hands in a death grip on Lexa's clothes, her legs nearly wrapped around Lexa's.

For the second time that night Lexa remained awake as Clarke slept. She was aware that her words weren't enough to keep the blonde feeling safe but it was all she had. No matter what she said, or perhaps even what she did would keep Clarke out of the swirling darkness that attempted to take over at every turn.

Costia somehow digging her claws deep into Clarke, rattling her to her very core. The confidence that Clarke had once held was ripped from her in one fell swoop but Lexa couldn't help to wonder if it was that night. The night of the kiss that started the blonde's downfall.

–

Anya sighed and finally wrote in the names for suggested transfer to May for the commander to look over and evaluate herself. One she was happy to rid herself of, the other she had little to no experience with. However she knew the two would pass the commander's evaluations easily enough, TK8 Penn had an immaculate record, TK10 Quint as well despite his affiliation with Echo.

She glanced at the clock on her desktop and turned her attention to her office door. It was almost time for the commander to arrive, to begin the process of transfer to right wrongs. CK1 due to arrive any day, the exact date unknown as the west coast head kept herself quite busy.

She shifted in her seat as her phone rang, the picture of Lexa scowling at her on the screen. Anya smiled, remembering taking the picture before answering it.

“Sup baby sis.”

“Any, I need a favor.” Lexa sounded out of breath as she spoke.

“What's up, what do you need.”
“Clarke and I need a few days off, for a vacation.”

“Lex.. I can't do that.” Anya leaned back in her chair, dragging a hand down her face.

“Anya! She needs this!”

“What do you mean she needs it? What happened.”

“I.. I can't tell you on the phone, you need to come by later but please Anya.”

“I can't have you two disappearing with the commander in the city, not in the middle of a transfer. One of the west coast heads is coming to Boston soon, I need you here for that Lexa!”

“What transfer? Who is getting transferred!”

“Monroe and Harper are coming back to Boston, you can take your vacation when the deal is done. I promise you that but for now you need to stay.”

“Anya..”

“Lexa, I'm serious.”

“Fine, but still come by later, we need to talk.”

“Of course, I will but I've got to go. Meeting the commander soon.”

“Sure.” Lexa hung up abruptly, leaving Anya to scowl at her phone as the office door opened. The commander entering first with her guards behind her, Melinda May just behind them.

“Commander! May!” Anya stood quickly, rounding her desk and extending her hand to the commander first.
“Let’s just make this quick, I have other places to be.” The commander frowned at her, May just behind her meeting Anya’s gaze and giving her a curt nod.

“Of course commander, my apologies.”

—

Anya dropped herself into her seat with a soft sigh, head bowed, unaware that May had remained in the room as she cursed the commander aloud. She didn’t hear the movement over her words nor see the woman take a seat in the chair that the commander had vacated before her desk. It wasn’t until she finally looked up to call Lexa that she noticed the other head.

“I.. I’m sorry, I didn’t-”

“You’re fine.” May cut her off quickly, crossing her legs and clasping her hands together in her lap. Her dark brown eyes almost black as she held Anya’s gaze. “The car ride here was just as frustrating.”

“Do you need a ride anywhere? I can call someone to take you if you’d like.” Anya reached out for her phone but the look Melinda gave her halted her. “Or not.. That’s fine too.”

“How long have you been a head?”

“Not even a week.” Anya swallowed thickly as Melinda merely nodded, her eyes scanning the room then back to Anya.

“Don’t hesitate to contact me should you need assistance with anything, I will gladly help you. You have potential, I’d hate for that to go to waste.” Melinda stood, sweeping her black hair over shoulder and adjusted her clothing.

“Thank you CK1, I appreciate it.”
“Call me May, most other heads do already.”

“Of course, May.” The woman nodded and turned away from her, Anya quickly standing before she reached the door. “May? Do you need a ride somewhere?”

“My hotel isn't far from here and a walk may do me good, but thank you for the offer Woods.”

—

Lexa sighed as she sat up next to Clarke in the bed. The blonde already awake and playing a game on her phone with a frown.

“Clarke, we need to talk.” Lexa began as she turned to face her, her lips set in a hard line as Clarke set her phone down.

“Yes?”

“Anya denied the request for a vacation until after a transfer is complete.” Lexa studied Clarke, waiting for her face to fall at the denial but she remained neutral.

“What transfer?”

“The transfer that caused Anya and I to come to Boston. The two assassins are coming back here which means we’ll have less work to do and a lot more free time.” She tried to make it positive but she knew Clarke had been looking forward to the possibility of the vacation.

“I see, so after the transfer is complete, then we can go?”

“That's the idea, yes.”

“Good.” Clarke resumed the game on her phone. Lexa remaining in her position above her with the ghost of a frown on her lips.
“You're okay with this?”

“Yes Lexa.” She replied quietly, not taking her focus off the game. “Raven sent me a text earlier, she and Octavia want to come over for dinner tonight.”

“Anya is coming over later as well.”

“Family dinner?” Clarke suggested sitting up, leaving her phone on the bed beside her. “Anya is your family I mean, Raven and Octavia are pretty much mine.”

“I'm pretty sure Anya considers you her family at this point too Clarke.”

“I broke her nose.”

“So have I, and a finger.” Lexa grinned, “so dinner tonight?”

“Yeah babe, dinner with the family tonight.”

“Awesome, I'll cook so you can just sit and look gorgeous as usual.”

“Can I get drunk on wine and critique your cooking style?”

“Only if you make suggestions as you critique me.”

“Deal.”

—

Lexa hummed to herself as she walked down the sidewalk towards the closet liquor store. She'd
begun to cook dinner but discovered they were completely out of wine for Clarke to get drunk on as was their agreement. She'd quickly put on a pair of Clarke's slip on shoes, grabbed her wallet and was through the door, making sure she turned off the oven first of course.

She was determined for Clarke to enjoy herself tonight, even when Anya was bringing a mysterious friend to the dinner despite Lexa's complaints. The older woman reassuring her that it would be completely fine.

Lexa began to lip sync along to the song in her head as she turned into the store. Spotting Clarke's requested wine and grabbing two bottles when she heard the door to the store open. She paid no heed until she turned, coming face to face with Costia, nearly dropping the bottles in her hands.

“What are you doing here!” She hissed glancing at the clerk behind the counter quickly then back to Costia.

“You know I like a glass of wine before bed after a long day Lexa.” She laughed softly, strolling off down the aisle. Lexa scowled at her retreating figure, knowing her hotel and this liquor store in particular were a good fifteen minute drive apart.

She shook her head and approached the counter, paying for the wine quickly just as Costia approached her with her own bottle in hand. Indeed what she'd drank when they were together, but Lexa's preferred instead of her own. She gave Lexa a small smile when she looked up to meet those brown eyes she'd once been in love with.

Lexa huffed and left the store, carrying the brown paper bag in one arm. Her phone in the other as she sent a message to Anya. Sending it off just before she heard hurried footsteps behind her then Costia falling into step alongside her.

“Lexa..”

“Don't start Costia, I'm not in love with you and I don't want to be with you.” Lexa snapped, shifting the bag to her other arm.

“That isn't what I was going to say Lexa.”

“Then what the hell do you want, don't you have deaths to plan for?”
“I do, but I wanted to speak with you.” Costia rested her hand on Lexa's arm, asking her silently to stop walking. Lexa sighed but stopped, knowing that whatever Costia said to her she would relay to Clarke.

“What is it.”

“Can we be friends? I'm serious, its weird being out of the office without having you around.”

“You've had six years to get used to it Costia.” Lexa moved to walk away but Costia tightened her grip on her arm. “Let go.”

“No Lexa, can we just try? That's all I ask.”

“Why should I? First you kiss me, hurt Clarke then you tried to make a fool of her at that stupid fake apology dinner!” Lexa pulled away hard and stormed away but halting at the words that Costia spoke next.

“To protect Clarke, that's why.”

Chapter End Notes

May or may not have channeled my own feels from a past experience through Clarke in this chapter. Thankfully with my own situation no one faked their death.

Also, still conflicted on the Anya x Abby as you guys can probably tell. For about two seconds I considered unrequited love type situation but I don't think Anya the type to pine over someone like that.
“Protect her from what.” She asked facing Costia, “who would want to hurt her.”

“Some of the heads believe you and Clarke both should have died when you told Clarke what we were. Luckily for you I was able to turn them away from wanting your blood but they still desire Clarke's.” She moved forward, stopping just before Lexa with a frown. “I'll keep them off of her in exchange for your time Lexa.”

_Translation, Lexa thought to herself, I'll kill her if you don't give me what I want._

“Just friends Costia, no more.”

“That's all I'm asking Lexa, now.. tell me why you've got two bottles of wine. I doubt your girlfriend is a drunk.” Costia gave her a smile, gesturing towards the bottles in the bag.

“Family dinner tonight,” Lexa told her truthfully. Wishing she didn't have to but Costia's off hand threat to kill Clarke fresh in her mind.

“I see, well Lexa. I must be off, busy day tomorrow.” Costia patted her on the arm and turned away, heading off down the sidewalk with a skip in her step. Lexa watching her until she turned the corner and out of sight.

Lexa turned and began the walk back to the apartment. Trying to decide if she would tell Clarke or not what Costia had told her. If she would put the blonde into a even deeper pit of fear than before. As she rounded the corner and the apartment building came into view she sighed. Making the choice to not tell her, not until she was better.

She would tell Anya of course, hoping she would have an idea of what to do about the situation or know someone that could help. Doubtful as the problem lied with the commander and Anya was only nearly a week into being head.

She shook her head as she headed into the building, hitting the up button on the elevator and waiting
patiently for the doors to open. The tell-tale ding as the doors opening pulling her from her thoughts, the awful elevator music only adding to her frustrations until the doors opened once more on her floor.

The moment she stepped into the apartment she met the dark eyes of Raven as well as Octavia's peering over the back of the couch.

“Where the hell have you been!” Octavia asked making grabby hands for the wine in Lexa's bag. “Clarkey here said you went for wine, so hand it over.”

“I got wine for her, not you.”

“I'm her unofficial sister so hand it over future Mrs. Griffin.”

“Griffin? Who says I'd take her name?”

“Cause' Lexa Griffin is loads sexier than Lexa Woods and wait, did you just agree that you will one day marry Clarke?” Octavia snapped her fingers impatiently as Lexa approached her with a wine bottle in hand.

“Maybe, that is up to Clarke.” Lexa met Clarke's gaze and smiled.

“Maybe one day Lexa.” She answered taking the bottle of wine from Octavia as Lexa handed a wineglass to her. “Thanks babe.”

“Of course, has Anya called?” Lexa asked hearing Clarke open the wine bottle.

“Yeah, she said her and her mystery gal pal were on their way.” Octavia followed Lexa into the kitchen, pulling herself up onto the counter as Lexa resumed what she had begun to cook earlier.

“Gal pal?” She asked glancing at Octavia. “Get off the counter O.”

“Yes, and no I'm not getting off this counter unless Clarke tells me to.”
“Octavia get off the counter.” Clarke yelled from her spot on the couch.

“Fine..” She grumbled and hopped off, instead dropping herself into a chair at the dining table. “What are you making Lex?”

“Spaghetti and meatballs.” She shoved the pan of uncooked meatballs into the oven as the apartment door opened. Anya walking in and stepping aside to let the mystery guest in.

“Oh shit, that's not a gal pal.” Said Octavia from her seat as she eyed Clarke's mom.

“No way is Abby my gal pal, what the hell O!” Anya closed the door behind Abby as the older woman smiled. “Told you it would be fine Lex.” Anya elbowed Lexa with a smirk, prompting her to speak.

“I.. Uh, hi Mrs. Griffin.” Lexa smiled as Clarke's mother approached her with a polite smile.

“Call me Abby, Anya already does.”

“Yes, Mrs Gr- Abby.” Lexa waited until Abby turned to speak with Clarke then punched Anya in the gut. “What the fuck Anya! Why didn't you tell me it was her mother! I should kill you!” She whispered as Anya coughed.

“You fucker, it was a surprise! And my original date canceled so relax, make a good impression.” She stood upright with a groan, “fuck you hit hard.”

“You deserved it!” Lexa hissed as Abby and Clarke approached her. She met Clarke's gaze and tried to give her the best smile she could muster before looking to her mother. The older woman giving her a hard look before breaking into another smile.

“Lexa Woods, nice to formally meet you as my daughter's girlfriend.”

“Nice to meet you as well Abby.” she bit her lip with a quick glance to Clarke. “I hope spaghetti and
meatballs is okay for dinner!”

“Great actually, do you need help with anything?”

“No ma'am, I've got it.”

Lexa waited until Clarke fell asleep in their bed before heading over to Anya's, not bothering to knock on the door and walking right in. Finding the woman alone sitting on her couch with a bowl of popcorn and a movie on.

“You're alone Anya?” Lexa asked as she sat next to Anya, grabbing a hand full of popcorn.

“Of course, why wouldn't I be? Abby went home when Octavia and Raven did.”

“I don't know, you said you were bringing a date and you brought her mother.”

“Don't do me like Lincoln did, nothing is going on between Abby and I.”

“I would hope not.”

“Whatever, what did you need.”

“I need to tell you something, I need to know if its real or not.”

“What, what's up.”

“Costia said heads want Clarke dead, is it true?” Lexa watched Anya's face in the flicker of light from the TV, reading the confusion and waiting for her reply.
“Its possible, but I'll look into it.”

“Thank you.”

“But what do you think? Do you think its real or not?”

“I'm not sure, it is the protocol, so its entirely possible but with Costia, I just don't know.”

“I'll look into it, don't worry but you should head back to your girl. She seemed a little off tonight.”

“She's fine but you're right, thank you Anya.”

“Of course, good night baby sis.”

“Night.” Lexa stood, patting Anya on the head and leaving the apartment. Quietly returning to her own, locking the door before curling up behind Clarke in bed with a content sigh.

—

Days passed rather slowly for Lexa and Clarke, their time spent together in their apartment. Clarke busying herself with her art while Lexa read. Lexa feeling pleased as each day that passed resulted in Clarke appearing a little less down. That morning in particular the blonde waking with a small smile, every so often absentmindedly humming.

“Clarke,” Lexa set her book down in her lap waiting for Clarke to respond. “Clarke,” she repeated once more when she didn't turn to her. “Cla-”

“Yes Lex, did you need something?” Clarke faced her slowly as she wiped her hands on the shirt Lexa was deeming the paint shirt after watching Clarke wipe her hands on it.

“Do you want to go out and do something today?”
“Like? Did you have something specific in mind?”

“I thought maybe we could get out of the city for a few hours, see some of the scenic views of Massachusetts?” She gave Clarke a hopeful smile as she stood, “its a lovely day, or at least it was when I went for my run this morning.”

“I think I'd like that Lex, just let me change and we can go.”

“Of course.” Lexa nodded, leaning forward and kissing Clarke on the cheek before the blonde hurried off to change. Lexa watched her go, sighing when she disappeared down the hall. Costia's words still fresh in her mind, words that she needed to tell Clarke. But when Clarke reappeared dressed in jeans and a loose tank top, she couldn't find the words.

“I'm ready if you are Lex.” She pulled on one of Lexa's soft flannel shirts, the blue faded from numerous washes. “Lex?” Clarke frowned at Lexa's nervous jump when she poked her in the arm.

“Yes, sorry, I'm ready just let me get my shoes on and we can go.” Lexa replied heading to the door and pulling on a pair of boots. Grabbing the keys to her motorcycle, her helmet and Clarke's.

“You okay Lexa?”

“Yes Clarke, I was just deep in thought. You kind of startled me.” Lexa held out the helmet.

“What were you thinking about.” She asked taking the helmet as Lexa opened the apartment door, stepping aside for Clarke to pass through first.

“You.”

“Me? Nothing bad I hope.” Clarke murmured hitting the down button on the elevator after Lexa locked the door of the apartment.

“Never anything bad, unless you count that thing you like to do where you dump ice down my shirt
when I'm reading.”

“But your squeak is so cute Lexa!”

“For you! I always have to change my shirt or sit there cold and wet!”

“Fine, fine, I'll stop.”

“You said that last time but you still do it.” Lexa grinned as the elevator doors opened, she gestured for Clarke to step on first as Anya stepped out of her apartment.

“You two better hold that elevator!” She yelled at them as she jogged up, slipping in before the doors closed. “Where you guys going?”

“Mini vacation for a few hours.” Lexa answered as she laced her fingers through Clarke's, “such a nice day for it.”

“That it is, too bad I have to spend it in the office.”

“When are those trees coming in?”

“Should be soon, few days at the latest.”

“Good.” The doors opened at that moment, Anya stepping off first into the lobby followed by Clarke and Lexa. “Have fun at the office Anya.”

“Yeah, yeah, you two take care.” She waved them off as she left the building, she was in her car and gone before the other two women made it outside.

“New job must keep her seriously busy.” Clarke commented as Lexa released her hand and straddled the red bike.
“It does, but after the transfer she should have a little more free time.”

“Yeah because we’ll be working.” Clarke patted Lexa on the shoulder as she climbed on the motorcycle and pulled on her helmet. Lexa mimicking her and turning the key in the ignition, smirking as the bike roared to life beneath her.

“Ready?”

“Always Lex.” Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa's middle just before the brunette took off.

Lexa halted on the dirt trail, glancing over her shoulder at Clarke. The blonde stopped just beside her and bent over, her hands on her knees as she panted.

“You trained with Anya by running through the city for months Clarke, but this gets you?”

“Shut up Lex, at least Boston is relatively even. We just ran up a hill!” She straightened up, pushing her hair away from her face. “Fuck its gorgeous though.”

“Not as gorgeous as you but it comes pretty close.” Lexa grinned at Clarke's soft laugh, turning her gaze out across the tree tops that swayed gently in the breeze. The sun just beginning to set in the distance, painting a various array of colors in the sky.

“Hard to imagine I’ve lived in Boston all my life but I’ve never been here before.” Clarke murmured leaning into Lexa.

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Glad I got to share this with you then.”
“Me too.” Clarke smiled and turned Lexa's head towards her, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. “We should go through.”

“You're right.” Lexa took her hand and lead her back down the way they'd come. Back into the shade of the trees as it steadily grew darker, she felt Clarke tighten her grip on her hand. Lexa took a deep breath, listening to the sounds of the forest suddenly fall away. Silence taking over except for the sound of their shoes on the dirt.

“Is it just me or did it suddenly get creepy?” Clarke whispered into the growing darkness.

“Not just you.” Lexa replied suddenly breaking into a run, pulling Clarke close as she too began to run. They rounded a corner quickly, Lexa pulling Clarke aside to avoid a puddle but halting suddenly as a figure stepped onto the trail. Clarke stumbled at the abrupt stop beside her but remained upright.

“Get off the trail you two.” The man spoke suddenly, his face and clothes hidden in the darkness as he flashed a light on them. “The park is closing.”

“We're trying sir.” Clarke turned to Lexa, “right babe?”

“Yes, we were heading to go now.” She agreed.

“Good.” The man replied gruffly, stepping aside to allow them to pass.

Clarke tugged on Lexa's hand, pulling her past him and flashing him a apologetic smile. They broke into a jog when the man spoke once more.

“Wait, are you Clarke Griffin?” He asked flashing his light on them again when they halted, turning back to face him.

“Yes, why? Who are you?” Clarke asked as the man reached behind his back.
“Mr. Garrett sends his regards.” He pulled a gun from behind his back, firing at Clarke rapidly as Lexa pulled her off the trail. Shoving her into the forest with a shout, telling her to run. Clarke broke into a sprint, Lexa just behind her. The two dashing through the dark woods, Clarke clearing a fallen log easily. Lexa managing just behind her.

“What the fuck Lexa, what the fuck is this about! Who the fuck is Mr. Garrett and why does he want me dead!” Clarke yelled as she ducked beneath a low lying branch.

Lexa remained silent, her blood pounding in her ears as she recalled Costia's words. The commander hadn't lied and Lexa had put Clarke in danger by not telling her. She silently cursed to herself as Clarke suddenly came to a halt before her. Lexa skidding to a halt before crashing into her.

“Answer me Lexa, what the fuck is this!”

“I don't know! I thought she was lying damn it!” Lexa panted, whipping around as the sound of someone approaching. “Run Clarke, I'll stop him.” She shoved the motorcycle keys into Clarke's hands and shoved her off to run as the man appeared just as Clarke rushed off into the forest once more.

“20, where is she, my target isn't you but I will not hesitate to kill you should you aim to stop me.” He aimed his gun at Lexa to prove his point.

“I won't let you hurt her.” She growled jerking away as he fired at her feet.

“Tell me or die.” He threatened advancing on her just as Clarke appeared behind him. A thick branch in her hands, she swung for his head but the man ducked and spun aiming his gun for Clarke. “You northern assassins are all the same.” He laughed and shot his gun into the darkness as Lexa kicked his knee in, forcing him down.

“Clarke!” She shouted bringing the heel of her boot down onto his face. His unconscious body hitting the ground heavily. “Clarke! Are you okay.”

“I'm fine Lexa but what did you mean you thought she was lying. What the fuck aren't you telling me Lexa.” Clarke growled grabbing the fallen man's flashlight.

“Costia.. She said,” Lexa took a deep breath as relief washed through her that Clarke was safe. “She
said heads wanted to kill you but I thought she was lying to me. I thought she was just trying to force me to accept her friendship!”

“Why didn't you tell me Lexa, this is something I really need to know. Fake or not! I need to know!”

“Clarke.. I.. you weren't okay! You-”

“Lexa don't, I'm fine. I can do it, I can do anything! I'm just like you, I was trained for this!” Clarke took a step back, “I can handle it, but only if you tell me!” She shouted with a shake of her head.

“Clarke, I know, I-”

“Then trust me! Don't keep shit like this from me. Don't keep things from me that put me in danger!”

“I'm sorry Clarke.” Lexa reached out for her but Clarke jerked away.

“Don't, let's just get back to the city.” She muttered stomping off back towards the trail.

–

When they finally got back to the apartment building Lexa felt the arms around her waist release before the bike was even at a complete stop. Clarke already off the bike and nearly in the building before Lexa had her helmet off. She sighed, remaining on the bike as she pulled her phone out of her pocket, quickly dialing Anya's number. The woman picking up on the second ring as she looked around herself.

“Oh hey Lex, I was just about to call you. What's u-”

“It was real, Costia wasn't lying. Someone was sent to kill Clarke and they followed us out of the city.”

“Who was it, do you have any names?”
“He said Mr. Garrett, that's all I know.” Lexa got off the bike, tucking her helmet under her arm as she entered the building. Stepping into the stairwell instead of taking the elevator and beginning her ascent as she listened to Anya's frantic typing.

“Garrett is the current head of Ice, took over when Costia became commander. One of her mother's men I would assume which is what I wanted to call you about.”

“Could have called sooner you know.”

“I just found out about ten minutes ago, but yes, there are heads out for blood. Take care of your girl Lex.”

“Not sure if she even is going to stay my girlfriend after this one.” Lexa unlocked Anya's apartment door, tossing her keys onto the kitchen counter and slamming the door behind her. “We got into a fight.”

“Over?”

“Me not telling her about the heads wanting her dead, thinks I don't trust her.” Lexa dropped herself onto the couch, covering her eyes with her hand. “I do trust her Anya, I do but she was so out of it, so down that I just couldn't tell her and destroy her more.”

“I know baby sis, relax okay. You're in my apartment?”

“Yes, I don't want to upset her further by going into hers.”

“Okay, look, there is no liquor in the apartment-”

“Fuck that, I'm leaving to get some.” Lexa went to end the call, but not before hearing Anya yell her name as she hit end.
Clarke slumped to the floor in front of the apartment door, barely managing to lock it as she dropped her helmet. Listening to it bump into the wall somewhere near where she'd dropped her keys. She pulled her knees to the chest, resting her forehead on the tops of her knees.

She felt the tears beginning to form in her eyes when she heard the stairwell door open and Lexa's voice flood into the hallway, no doubt on the phone with Anya. Clarke gripped at the material of her jeans, hoping Lexa wouldn't try to come into the apartment but starting to cry the second the realized Lexa was going into Anya's apartment instead.

She was mad at Lexa, grateful to the brunette for saving her life but mad. She was lied to, as if Lexa didn't believe in Clarke's own strength. Clarke knew she wasn't weak, she was strong, just like Lexa. She knew she could handle anything that was thrown at her but Lexa's disbelief in her hurt her.

Clarke sat up, wiping the fallen tears from her cheeks as her phone rang in her pocket. She pulled it out and read the caller ID, frowning at Anya's name before answering.

“What do you want.”

“Relax Clarke, I heard what happened.”

“Of course you did.”

“Chill, I was too late okay, I was looking into it and I-”

“You knew? She told you but not me?!” Clarke shouted into the phone.

“I'm her head, I have to know things like this, don't start tripping that its something more than that because its not Clarke.”

“Whatsoever Anya, what the hell do you want.”

“You're meeting 14 and 19 tomorrow at the airport. I'm going with you as well as their head that is
currently in the city.”

“What time.”

“They arrive at 8, but we're leaving the apartment building by 7:30 to collect May before going.”

“I'll be ready.”

“Good.” Anya hung up quickly, leaving Clarke to stare at her black phone before deciding to get up off the floor. She grabbed her keys and set them on the table in the doorway, placing the helmet next to the keys. She checked her locks again before heading off towards her bedroom, kicking off her shoes as she went.

Trying to ignore the questions that arose, trying not to think about what else Lexa could be lying to her about as she fell into bed.

–

Clarke stood on the sidewalk at exactly 7:30, Anya and her BMW no where in sight. She dug her phone out of her pocket, checking the time once more when she heard the car come around the corner and halt in front of her. She opened the passenger side door and frowned at Anya, the woman already in a pair of sunglasses. A tray of coffees sitting in the passenger seat with a brown bag between them.

“Get in the backseat Clarke.”

“Why!”

“Because I said so you chunky ass monkey.”

“Fuck you, bet you celebrate your birth the same day the pyramids were completed.” Clarke scowled at Anya as she slid into the backseat.
“No coffee for you then.” Anya grabbed one of the coffees as she rolled down her window and held the cup out the window.

“No! Come on! You're amazing just give me the coffee!” Clarke pleaded reaching around Anya for the cup.

“No, bad Clarke, sit in your seat.” Anya held the coffee further away from her until Clarke huffed in defeat. “Good girl.” She handed the coffee back to her and tossed the brown bag into the backseat.

“You're the best Anya.” Clarke sipped at her coffee and hummed in pleasure. “The very best.”

“I know, but feel free to say it more.” Anya smiled into the backseat mirror before driving off. “Now, Clarke, pay attention.”

“What.”

“We're picking up Melinda May, head of CK”

“Okay.” Clarke muttered as she opened the bag and gasped. “Donuts!”

“Yeah, don't choke on them. Melinda May is very important, so don't act like a damn fool.”

“Chill, I can handle this.” Clarke replied between bites of the chocolate donut in her hand.

“I know you can.”

“At least you believe me when I say it.” Clarke grumbled.

“She loves you Clarke.. give her a break.” Anya replied with a sigh.

“Whatever, where is this woman staying.”
“Here.” Anya replied pulling the car up next to Melinda May, she rolled down the window and leaned over the console. “May!”

“I was beginning to think you'd be late.” May slid into the seat, taking the offered cup from Anya.

“Tea, as you requested May.”

“Thank you.” May half turned in her seat, glancing at Clarke. “And you are 24 I presume?”

“Yes, CK1.” Clarke replied quickly, meeting the woman's eyes for a moment. “It is a pleasure to meet you by the way.”

“Likewise, but call me May. I only go by CK1 in conversation with the commander.”

“My apologies May.” Clarke drank her coffee, zoning out of the conversation between May and Anya. Grateful neither woman decided to try and include her, her mind was too jumbled to have a coherent response. Thoughts of Lexa that built anger and sadness flooding through her mind, Clarke only being able to shut them down the second Anya brought the car to a halt outside of the airport.

“Once we meet them, and my own land in LA, the transfer is complete.” Anya held her hand out to May, the stoic woman grasping her hand firmly.

“Right.”

“Then Clarke gets her stupid vacation.” Anya announced getting out of the car.

“My damn vacation isn't stupid, you fucking dinosaur bi-” Clarke shut her mouth as she got out of the car, meeting May's neutral expression. “I'm sorry, I-”

“I've heard worse.” May replied closing her door as Clarke looked over the top of the car at Anya. The woman smirking at her little victory but feigning offense when Clarke flipped her the finger.
Lexa woke to the sound of her phone indicating she had a message. A message no doubt from Anya as she climbed out of bed, choosing to ignore it as she pocketed the phone. She made her way back to Clarke's apartment, grateful that Anya had told her last night that Clarke would be gone for most of the morning.

She unlocked the door quietly, foregoing dropping her keys on the counter as she made a beeline for the bedroom. Grabbing clothes and a few of her other things before heading back to Anya's. She changed into her running clothes quickly, pulling her hair back into a ponytail and grabbed her phone. Hitting the play button on a playlist Clarke had made for her before taking the stairs down to the lobby, slipping her ear buds in.

She stopped on the sidewalk, stretching as the music played into her ears and looking around herself before taking off. Starting slow and picking up speed as she ran down the near empty sidewalk. The beginning notes to Gravity by EDEN taking over her conscious thoughts as she crossed a street. Skirting a woman and her dog as she spotted a park not far ahead of her. She picked up the pace, smiling when her shoes met the green grass.

She began to slow when she approached the large fountain in the middle of the park. Pulling one of her ear buds out as she dropped herself onto the cool stone ledge. Stretching her legs out ahead of her with a sigh. She looked out across the near empty park, a couple sitting beneath a tree not far from her and a young man walking carefully down the paved path towards her.

Lexa focused on him, his dark hair brushed back and wearing a black jacket despite the warm morning. She studied him as he sat down on a bench. His hands fidgeting in the pockets of his jacket, his knee bouncing as if nervous when he met her gaze. His lips turning into a faint frown when he hurriedly looked away as he unzipped his jacket, one hand disappearing into its dark depths. He half turned away from her as if to hide something then turned back to his original position. His jacket zipped back up and hands both firmly tucked into his pockets once more as he stood.

Lexa shifted as he approached her but furrowing her brow, glancing away from him when he took a sharp turn. Continuing on his way as Lexa stood, stretching once more before taking off to finish her run. Taking a different route to get back to the apartment, crossing a side street and side stepping a puddle on the sidewalk. She paused at a busy street, glancing over her shoulder and spotting the young man once more as he ducked into a store.

She frowned but crossed the street as the other people on the sidewalk did, breaking into a jog as she rounded the corner into an alleyway. She pressed herself against the red brick of the building, counting her breaths until the young man walked by. His hands still deep in his pockets as Lexa...
reached out, grabbing him by the shoulders and slamming him into the brick wall.

“Why are you following me!” She hissed into his ear as he struggled against the wall. “Answer me!”

“I.. I.. I thought you were pretty, so I-”

“Bullshit, that's a bullshit lie.” Lexa growled as she spun him, pressing her forearm into his neck as he continued to struggle. “I'll ask again, why are you following me.”

“The commander, she told me to do it.” He rushed out, his brown eyes wide in fear. “She told me to take pictures of you and I have been for weeks.” He swallowed thickly under Lexa's glare.

“Weeks?! Where is your camera.” She patted his pockets, finding the camera quickly and stepped away from him.

“Don't! Don't break it!” He pleaded as Lexa dropped it on the concrete, smashing it beneath her shoe. He met her gaze with a whimper when she looked up.

“What else is there, what else did she tell you to do.”

“Nothing! Nothing I swear! She just told me to take pictures of you and that blonde woman!”

“Your job is over, you don't come back or I'll kill you. I don't care what the commander says or threatens to do to you, you leave me and Clarke alone.” She advanced towards him and he jerked backward into the brick wall. “Do you understand me?”

“Yes, yes! Just don't hurt me!” He pleaded.

“Good, now go.” She grabbed him by the shoulder and shoved him back onto the sidewalk. Taking several deep breaths as she heard the man run off down the sidewalk before she herself stepped out. She turned back towards the apartment building, breaking into a sprint and not slowing until she was in Clarke's apartment.
She knew Costia wouldn't stop at just having them tailed, she knew there had to be more. If the elaborate plan to hide herself from Lexa didn't tell her that then nothing would. She frowned as she looked around the room, trying to decide where Costia would hide something more when her gaze landed on a bookshelf. A bookshelf that Clarke rarely used anymore, the blonde merely dusting it whenever she cleaned.

She crossed the room to it quickly, standing on her toes as she ran her fingers across the tops of the books on the highest shelf. Reaching as far as she could until she felt something cold and metallic against her fingers. She grabbed it carefully, pulling her arm back and letting it fall into her palm as she stepped back from the bookshelf.

It was small and black, barely bigger than a penny in her palm. She frowned, closing her fist around it and looking around the room once more. Knowing if they were this small then the rest would be hard to find and she knew she didn't have all day to find them.

Chapter End Notes

I want to say thank you to the person who pointed out that Lexa should have known she was being tailed. That being added in ended up cutting meeting Harper and Monroe but since I'm a sucker for badass female assassins, they'll come in next chapter!

Don't be too mad at Clarke guys, shes going through a lot right now.
Clarke stood alongside Anya, the older woman smiling as they waited at the gate that Harper and Monroe were supposed to show at. May had taken a seat not far from them, not speaking but Clarke understood, she was tired of waiting too. Clarke kept her gaze on the floor, blinking slowly, feeling as if she were in a nightmare that she just wished would end.

Since Costia's reintroduction into everyone's lives, everything had changed. Once Clarke and Lexa fought over toothpaste, whose shirts was whose but now they fought over things much bigger than them. For once Clarke wished they would fight over what kind of music to put on while they cleaned like they used to, wished they would fight over what was better, coffee or tea.

Now nothing truly felt like it was true anymore, like everything anyone said to her was a complete lie.

Even Lexa's love felt like a lie.

Clarke sighed, dragging a hand down her face as Anya suddenly moved from her side. The woman advancing towards two women, both carrying bags and bright smiles. The smaller of the two with red hair pulled back into braids like Lexa sometimes wore dropping her bag and throwing her arms around Anya. The second woman was taller, long blonde hair pulled back into a messy bun. A flicker of uncertainty in her eyes as Anya pulled away from the red head. Moving to pull the blonde into a hug as well before turning to look at Clarke, motioning for her to join them.

Clarke nodded, shoving her hands in her pockets as she approached. Smiling at the women.

“Harper, Monroe, this is Clarke.” Anya indicated the red head to be Monroe, the blonde Harper. Monroe extending her hand to Clarke first with a grin.

“Clarke, nice to finally put a face to the name.” Monroe's green eyes looked away from Clarke for a moment, focusing on May who stopped beside Clarke. Monroe dropping her hand and taking a step back, a mask falling over her features as she nodded curtly to May.

“14, I expect the flight was easy enough.”
“Yes May, no complications occurred.”

“Good,” May turned her eyes to Harper where she stood next to Anya. “19?”

“Yes May,” her brown eyes met Monroe's green when the woman glanced to her.

“Your experience?”

“Satisfactory.”

“Good,” May then turned to Anya. “I must take my leave then, I have yours to meet back home.”

“Of course May, have a safe trip.” Anya smiled extending her hand to May, the woman gripping her hand firmly with a faint smile before releasing and walking away.

The four women waiting until they were outside next to Anya's car before speaking.

“I missed Boston!” Monroe exclaimed with her hands in the air and her bag dropped on the concrete. She took a deep breath, “home sweet home, I can smell the harbor from here!”

“Smells like LA Monroe.” Harper replied to her quietly, quickly grabbing the discarded bag as Anya unlocked the BMW.

“Na, Boston has a certain.. thing about it.” Monroe clapped her hand on Harper's back, eliciting a grunt from the blonde. “Relax, we're home!”

“I'll relax when I can get into a nice soft bed.” Harper opened the back door of the car as Anya popped the trunk.

“Put your bags in the trunk and we'll take you to your temporary residence so you guys can relax.” Anya slid into the drivers seat as Harper closed the trunk, getting in behind Anya and Monroe behind
Clarke where she sat in the passenger seat.

“How temporary is it Anya.” Monroe leaned forward in her seat as Anya drove them from the airport. “I really want to unwind, take a good, long bath.”

“A few weeks until something more permanent can be arranged.”

“Good, Harp here needs to get the stick out of her ass and enjoy being home for the first time in six years.”

“Hey! I am happy! I'm just tired.” Harper defended herself, resting a hand on Anya's shoulder with a frown directed at Monroe.

“Don't listen to her Anya, she's just mad that we left the 24/7 sun for Boston.”

“Monroe!” Harper swatted her and Clarke let out a quiet laugh as she pulled her phone out, checking for missed calls or messages.

“So. Clarke, the TK24.” Monroe began, placing a hand on Clarke's shoulder.

“The TK24? What is that supposed to mean?”

“You're a bit of a legend in CK, the woman who TK20 killed for, the woman who upon her first day of being an assassin meets the elusive commander and gives her a piece of her mind. The TK24.”

“How the hell did news of that travel so quickly!”

“That was me Clarke.” Anya raised her hand sheepishly, throwing her a smile as they came to a stop in front of a small house. “And this is your temporary residence ladies.” Anya cut the engine and got out as the other three women did.

They followed her up the front steps to the house, Monroe and Harper with bags in hand as Anya unlocked the front door. Pushing it open wide and dropping the keys into Monroe's hand. The two
women walked in quietly, Clarke just behind them and closing the door, herself in quiet awe.

The house looked simply outside, but inside it was beautiful. Light hardwood floors throughout the living area, meeting tile of the small kitchen. A set of stairs leading up which Monroe made a beeline for, Clarke heard the blonde throw open a door followed by a loud sigh and a thump.

“Well, she’ll be happy for a few days at least.” Harper turned to Anya, “thanks for this. For bringing us home, I appreciate it and so does she.” She pointed to the ceiling where she assumed Monroe to be.

“Your welcome, glad to have you two home.” Anya pulled Harper into a hug then stepped back and turned to Clarke, “lets go chubs.”

Clarke clicked her tongue as she waved goodbye to Harper then followed Anya from the house just as the older woman descended the steps towards the car.

“Be careful you don't fall and break a hip going down those steps so quickly Anya.”

“Clarke, let me ask you. You’re best friends with Octavia right?” Anya unlocked the car using her keypad.

“Yes, why.”

“Did she help you get the fat cat meme started so you could feel better about your weight or did someone else beat you to the punch?”

“I’m going to punch you if you don’t quit!”

“You started it Clarkey.” Anya smirked as she reached the car, “now get your ass in.”

Lexa sat down on the hard floor of the hallway as she unscrewed a ventilation covering. She pulled
The two bedrooms were cleared, the living room, kitchen, bathroom, even one in the hall closet. She only had a few more vents to check then she was done but the clock on her phone read 11:30. Clarke was due back any moment, the thought spurred Lexa on.

She quickly scooted down to another vent on the floor in the living room and began to unscrew it, removing the grate and beginning to feel around. Working her way deeper when she heard the apartment door swing open, she snapped up and met Clarke's furious blue eyes.

“What the fuck are you doing Lexa!” Clarke strode up to Lexa as Lexa frantically motioned for her to be quiet. “The fuck are you doing Lexa, answer me!” Clarke grabbed Lexa's free arm and yanked her up.

Lexa grew hot in annoyance as Clarke continued to yell obscenities at her, repeating her question. Lexa merely shook her head at Clarke and walked around the blonde. Intending to leave the apartment but Clarke grabbed her wrist, halting her.

“Lexa!” She yelled once more and Lexa sighed in defeat, wrapping her free hand around the back of Clarke's neck. Pulling her head close and kissing her roughly to silence her for a moment. She felt Clarke freeze but quickly recover and kiss her back.

She released Lexa's wrist and pushed Lexa against the counter in the kitchen, her hands gripping in Lexa's hair when she suddenly pulled away from Lexa's lips. Pressing a kiss to Lexa's jaw and moving to her neck. Lexa let out a groan then yelped when Clarke bit her hard.

“I'm still mad at you.” Clarke growled when she jerked away to meet Lexa's gaze but surging forward to kiss Lexa again. The surprised brunette responded quickly to the kiss, opening her mouth as Clarke's tongue surged forward.

Clarke's hands dropped from Lexa's hair, dropping to her hips and pulling at the black running shorts. Tugging them down but Lexa grabbed her hands, stopping her and switching their positions. Her eyes dark as she kissed Clarke briefly, only to pull away, turn Clarke away from her and bend her over the counter.
“Lex-” Clarke said in surprise and tried to push herself up but Lexa kept her in place firmly with her hand.

“Do you want me to fuck you Clarke?” Lexa hissed, anger building in her. Her hand on Clarke's back twisting in the material of her shirt. When Clarke said nothing, Lexa pressed her down further on the hard surface of the counter. “Answer me Clarke, do you want me to fuck you or do you want me to leave right now.”

Clarke breathed in a shaky breath, still surprised, confused but ultimately turned on at the sudden change in Lexa. She responded only with a whisper, a whisper Lexa couldn't make out as she leaned over the back of the blonde. “Repeat that Clarke.”

“Fuck me Lexa.” Clarke turned her head to respond, her voice heavy with arousal as she ground herself against Lexa.

“Louder Clarke, say it louder.” Lexa pulled back, glancing at the mics on the counter she knew still worked as she unbuttoned Clarke's jeans with her free hand.

“Fuck me Lexa!” Clarke shouted as Lexa removed her hand from her back and shoved a hand into her panties. Her long fingers grazing her clit, pulling a groan from Clarke but she pulled back. Pulling her hand completely free of Clarke. “Lexa?”

“Hush, or I leave.” She responded and Clarke promptly shut her mouth as Lexa pulled Clarke's jeans down her legs then off of her completely. Tossing them aside, repeating the action with the blonde's already soaked panties. “Someone is enjoying herself.” Lexa murmured.

“I-”

“Hush,” Lexa dragged her fingers lazily up the back of Clarke's legs as Lexa stood, turning inward up to the inside of her inner thigh. Skipping over Clarke's core, resuming her trailing over the curve of Clarke's full rear. Cupping her ass firmly before pulling her hand back and bringing it back down hard. Clarke yelped and jerked away from Lexa's hand.

Lexa passed her free hand to Clarke's front, grazing her clit once more then slipping through her folds. Biting her lip when she found Clarke practically dripping, she heard Clarke whimper as Lexa teased her opening but pulled away.
“Spread your legs for me Clarke.” Lexa spoke loudly, causing Clarke to jump but obey. Her legs spreading as Lexa stepped back, Clarke's hands gripping the counter near her head. “Good girl,” Lexa murmured.

Lexa pushed Clarke's shirt up, revealing her bra covered breasts then pushing her bra up. Clarke groaning as her already hard nipples met the cold counter. Lexa took a step back then, locking the apartment door and turning back, taking in the sight of Clarke spread before her.

“Are you sure you want me to fuck you Clarke?” Lexa asked once more, but Clarke remained silent. “Answer me Clarke.”

“Yes Lexa, I want you to fuck me.” Clarke replied with a whine and Lexa smirked, feeling arousal fill her at the sound. She stepped forward, pushing two fingers inside of Clarke without warning. Thrusting hard as Clarke grunted beneath her. The blonde rising as if to face Lexa but Lexa shot her free hand forward. Grabbing at the back of Clarke's neck and holding her down as she fucked her.

“If you move again I stop and leave.” Lexa snapped as she dove her fingers in faster and harder, keeping her hand firm on Clarke's neck. She felt Clarke's walls tighten at her words, the blonde's hips meeting Lexa's fingers at each thrust. Her moans filling the apartment as well as the sound of Lexa's fingers delving into her core.

Clarke's sounds rising in volume as Lexa brought her to the edge but pulled her fingers away just before she reached her peak. Clarke let out a strangled whimper and turned her head with a begging gaze but not speaking. Lexa's threats to leave fresh in her mind.

“Clarke, tell me what you want.”

“You,” Clarke pushed her hips back. Wanting Lexa's fingers back, to finish what she'd started.

“What?” Lexa released her grip on Clarke's neck, slipping her hand down Clarke's back. Around to her front, pushing her hand beneath Clarke and palming her full breast.

“Please Lexa, please.” Clarke begged, “fuck me Lexa. I need you to fuck me.”

“Need?” Lexa returned her fingers to the inside of Clarke's thighs, but not quite touching her. “These are what you need Clarke?” Lexa teased her entrance with a single finger as Clarke attempted to fuck
herself on it.

“Yes Lexa, ple-” Lexa cut her off as she pushed three fingers into her roughly, Clarke letting out a satisfied groan as Lexa thrust her fingers hard and fast. Feeling Clarke tighten around her fingers and her moans steadily growing louder as Lexa worked her back up.

Lexa pulled her hand away from Clarke's breast and slipped it into her running shorts. Rubbing her clit hard and fast when Clarke began to unravel beneath her. Clarke's walls in a vice like grip around Lexa's fingers as she continued to fuck her through the blonde's orgasm.

She pulled her fingers free, rushing in her need for release. Grabbing Clarke's arm and spinning her, kissing her. Clarke kissing her back as Lexa moaned into her mouth when Clarke's fingers slid into her shorts next to her own.

“Let me,” Clarke whispered when she dropped her lips to Lexa's neck, her fingers pushing Lexa's away. Quickly taking over as Lexa leaned into her, a whimper escaping her as Clarke brought her to orgasm easily.

Lexa remained leaning against Clarke as the blonde pulled her fingers free of her shorts. Wrapping their arms around her each momentarily before Lexa pulled back, grabbing the mics and turned to leave. Unlocking the door as Clarke pulled her clothes back on with a sad look in her eye.

“Bye Clarke,” Lexa murmured without looking at her.

Clarke watched Lexa leave, waiting until the door was closed before allowing herself to move forward and lock it. Stripping off her clothes that Lexa's scent lingered on, mixed with sweat and sex before getting into the shower. Washing herself quickly and getting out, pulling her long hair back into a ponytail as she dressed.

Leaving the apartment, not wanting to be there. In the place where Lexa's scent still lingered all around her. She took the stairs instead of the elevator, wanting to be out of the building quickly, to put distance between her and Lexa.

She let out a sigh of relief when she stepped onto the sidewalk, her hands deep in her pockets as she
began to walk. Her eyes straight ahead but unfocused as the breeze picked up, blowing stray locks of hair that managed to fall out of her ponytail over her shoulders. She tried not to think about Lexa as she walked, knowing she'd yell at Clarke for leaving herself so open when she was being targeted. Yet Clarke still walking without a care, a part of her wanting it to happen. To put her out of this nightmare she'd been thrown into. A nightmare she couldn't wake up from no matter how hard she pinched herself.

Clarke stopped walking just behind a small crowd of people waiting to cross the street. She shifted her weight as the crowd began to move, she followed slowly. Spotting a hair salon as she stepped back up onto the sidewalk. She approached it and glanced inside, it was empty aside from the hair stylists and a young woman in a chair.

Clarke pushed the door opening, the bell chiming to announce her. The receptionist behind the desk with short, dirty blonde hair gave her a polite smile. Clarke recognized her as Leah, they'd met when Clarke worked as a barista the same year Costia faked her death.

“Clarke,” Leah approached her with her hand extended towards Clarke. Her black three inch heels clicking against the tan linoleum floor. “I think I know why you're here.”

“Leah, nice to you see again too.” Clarke shook her hand, returning the woman's smile.

“Same as always right? Your summer cut.”

“Right.” Clarke nodded to her as Leah motioned for one of the stylist.

“Violet will take you, shes good.” Leah gestured for Clarke to take a seat in the chair as Clarke met the deep brown eyes of the woman named Violet. Her black hair long and flowing, her smile careful as Clarke sat. “Yell if you need something Clarke.” Leah patted her shoulder.

“Thank you Leah.” Clarke looked ahead into the mirror as Violet threw the styling cape over Clarke. The woman's long fingers pulling Clarke's hair free its ponytail before running her fingers through golden locks as she met Clarke's gaze in the mirror.

“What would you like dear.” She asked quietly, her voice slightly accented.

“Nothing too crazy, just to the shoulders.”
“Of course.” Violet's smile faded as she worked, her brow furrowed in concentration and Clarke was grateful for the silence this woman offered. Normally whoever cut her hair felt the need to engage in conversation with her. Clarke listened to the snipping of the scissors in Violet's hand, the sound and the music that played over the speakers in tune almost. The song that played one that Clarke didn't recognize.

“Violet?” Clarke murmured quietly, a smile ghosting her lips as the stylist jumped slightly.

“Yes ma'am, did I hurt you?”

“No, I just wanted to know what song this was.”

“Oh, its..” Violet stepped away from her, the scissors still in hand as she checked something Clarke couldn't see. “Its Hollow Moon by AWOLNATION, is it okay?”

“Vi, its fine for Clarke.” Costia jerked in her seat at the voice, craning her head and meeting the coffee brown eyes of Costia. “Hello Clarke.” She stopped beside Clarke, her hands resting on Clarke's.

“What are you doing here.”

“Now Clarke, that is no way to greet an old friend.” Costia grinned at her as Violet returned to cutting Clarke’s hair.

“Kate, I didn't expect you back so soon.” Clarke caught the smile that Violet gave Costia. “Need a cut?”

“Oh no Vi, I'm fine but thank you. Just came to meet with my dear friend Clarke here. She came to me for a job interview a few days ago and I wanted to tell her in person that she got it.” Costia ran her thumb over Clarke's wrist.

“That's great Clarke, congratulations.” Clarke took a deep breath, meeting Costia's hard gaze.
“Thank... Thank you Violet, I'm excited and thank you, Kate.”

“I thought you'd like to know in person Clarke, instead of over the phone.”

“I appreciate it, Kate.” Clarke turned her attention back to Violet, the woman handing over the scissors to Costia before running her hands through Clarke's hair again.

“I'm done but wait right here a moment.” Violet patted Clarke's shoulder as she stepped away, Clarke listened to her footsteps fade as she looked around the now empty shop. Only Clarke and Costia in the room.

“Clarke.” Costia murmured in her ear as she brought the pair of scissors up to Clarke's neck. “I have something I need you to do.” She pressed the scissors into Clarke's neck slowly.

“What do you want.” Clarke hissed when she felt the sharp end of the scissors break skin.

“I have a job for you, a special job.”

“Tell me.”

“First, promise you'll tell no one, not even Lexa, not even Anya. I'll know if you tell them and I'll kill them, slowly, painfully.”

“I..” Clarke winced as Costia dug the scissors into her deeper, a thin trail of blood sliding down her neck. “Okay, I promise.” Clarke breathed out when she felt the scissors stop.

“I'll text you the details later, be ready.” Costia dropped the scissors, exiting the shop before they hit the floor with a clatter.

Clarke panted in her seat, the blood drying on her neck as Violet reappeared. “Kate leave so soon?”

“She said she had a meeting.” Clarke lied as Violet bent to pick up her scissors.
“I'm done and I'll give it to you free of charge considering the job.” She gave Clarke a small smile as Clarke stood, feeling her hair brush against the puncture wound in her neck.

“Thank you Violet.”

—

Lexa frowned as she dialed Alta's number, her foot tapping the concrete where she sat astride her motorcycle. Her damp brunette hair pulled back into braids at her temple, swept over her shoulder and black aviators covering her green eyes. She growled to herself when Alta didn't pick up, hanging up and dialing Daisy's number. Smiling when her old friend picked up.

“Daisy!” She exclaimed excitedly into the phone.

“Lexa, nice to hear from you today.”

“Likewise Daisy, hows Jemma.”

“Fantastic actually, we both are. What's up, what do you need.”

“How did you know I needed something?”

“Don't you always need something Lex.”

“Unfortunately, do you mind?”

“Of course not, what do you need.”

“I need to know the commander's address.” Lexa replied, hearing the intake of breath on the other end.
“Why may I ask.”

“Reason I can't tell you over the phone, can you do it?”

“Of course I can, just give me a second.” Daisy answered confidently as she typed into her laptop, the sound of fingers against keys audible through the phone. Daisy hummed softly to herself as she typed, trying to find what Lexa was asking for until she did. “Got it, I'll text you the address Lex.”

“I owe you Daisy.”

“Damn straight you do, I expect it to be repaid in full when I'm in Boston next week. Dinner, me, you, Clarke and Jemma, deal?” Lexa frowned and bit her lip at Daisy's request.

“Yeah, deal.”

“Good, I look forward to it.” Daisy hung up quickly, the address coming in the form of a text five minutes later on Lexa's phone. An address Lexa knew quite well, it was a place near temporary housing for TriKru assassins just outside of the city.

Lexa turned the key in the ignition, revving the engine when she spotted Clarke running down the sidewalk. Lexa's jaw dropping at the length of her blonde hair, her mind suddenly unable to form a solid thought except for the desire to run her hands through Clarke's hair.

Clarke frowned at Lexa as she slowed to a walk not far from her. “Lexa.”

“Clarke.. your hair..”

“Yeah.” Clarke replied curtly, stepping around Lexa on her bike. Her hair swept over her shoulder at the breeze, the dried blood on her neck visible to Lexa.

“Clarke! Wait a second, what the hell happened.”
“Nothing Lexa, just go and do whatever it is you're doing.” Clarke pulled the door open to the building.

“Clarke! You're bleeding, what the hell happened!” Lexa shouted as Clarke turned to face her.

“Your fucking ex is what happened, now go Lexa.” Clarke snapped as she entered the building. Leaving Lexa to feel the sudden rush of emotion at the thought of Costia hurting Clarke. She revved the engine and sped off towards the address she was given, fully intending to give Costia a piece of her mind.

Clarke winced as she cleaned the blood from her neck, inspecting the wound. Grateful Costia hadn't dug the scissors any deeper. She knew she'd be okay, the small hole already scabbed over when she'd run in through the apartment door.

She dropped the damp washcloth into the sink and left the bathroom, kicking off her shoes behind the couch. Crossing into the kitchen but halting when her eyes fell on kitchen counter. Unwillingly recalling what had happened there, a rush of arousal coursing through her as she swallowed thickly. She quickly forced herself to look away, locating cleaning supplies and getting to work on wiping the counter down. Trying to wipe the memory from her mind but failing, she'd enjoyed it too much to just simply get rid of it.

She put up the cleaning supplies when she finished then dumped herself on the couch. Her phone in hand, fingers lingering over the call button on Lexa's number but her phone dinged in her hand. Signaling that she had a text message. She opened the text and frowned, the message from Costia.

*Tomorrow night, midnight, go to the Boston Harbor Marina. Find The Queen's Paroxysm, board it, find the black briefcase and return it to me. Alta will meet with you tomorrow night before midnight should you have any questions.*

*The Commander*

Clarke read the text over and over, fear of the unknown flooding through her as she quickly dialed Anya's number but ended quickly ended the call. Costia's threat fresh in her mind as she tapped her foot nervously on the floor. She ran a hand through her hair and stood, rounding the couch and pulling on her shoes before leaving the apartment.
Crossing over to Anya's and banging on the door, hoping someone would be there, anyone.

—

Lexa sped towards the address Daisy had given her with a scowl. The need to hurt Costia the way she'd hurt Clarke the only thing on her mind as she brought the motorcycle to a halt outside of the house. The street quiet and empty, the driveway for the house itself empty. She sat for a moment, thoughts of what she'd do to Costia running through her head when the passing of a car broke through.

Realization of what she was planning to do, realization of what the commander could do to her should she fail. Of what her guards could do to her and the ones she cared about. That thought alone putting a halt to everything Lexa planned to do.

She turned the bike back towards the road and sped off, hoping Costia or her guards hadn't seen her sitting there. She sped back towards Clarke, determined to speak with her. She ignored street lights, weaving through the lunch traffic. Grateful for the sudden lack of law enforcement as she rode, spotting the building in the distance.

She brought the bike to a skidding halt, cutting the engine and climbing off. Running into the building and using the stairwell instead of the elevator. Taking two steps at a time and spotting Clarke standing at Anya's apartment door. The blonde leaning against the door, her fist poised to knock when Lexa called out to her.

“Clarke,” Lexa repeated her name as she moved towards her. “Clarke, are you okay?”

“I'm fine Lexa,” Clarke muttered as she pushed Lexa away and went to return to her own apartment.

“Clarke, we need to talk.”

“No we don't Lexa.” Clarke moved to shut her apartment door but Lexa shoved her arm in, wincing as Clarke still tried to close the door. “Go away Lexa.”

“We need to talk.”
“I said no!” Clarke yelled shoving at her but Lexa pushed herself in. Pulling the plastic bag of mics from her back pocket and tossing them into the freezer. “The fuck are you doing Lexa, what the hell were those.”

Lexa ignored her, grabbing her arm instead and pulling her into the hallway. Closing the apartment door behind her then pulling her into Anya's apartment. Locking the door behind them with a sigh as Clarke glared at her.

“The fuck is going on Lexa, and don't you dare lie to me.”

“Costia.”

“What?” Clarke looked taken aback at the commander's name. “What about her.”

“First, you tell me what she did to you.”

“Nothing, it doesn't matter.”

“Bullshit Clarke what happened.”

“I said nothing, don't worry about it.” Clarke went to leave the apartment, not wanting to tell Lexa what had happened. Not wanting to risk her and Anya.

“Clarke, tell me.”

“No Lexa!” Clarke shouted, giving Lexa a pleading look. “Just no, don't ask me again, I can't tell you.” She pushed past Lexa, unlocking the door and pulling it open to reveal Anya.

“Anya,” Lexa said first before Clarke shoved past Anya hurriedly. “Clarke!” She yelled at the retreating blonde.
“The fuck is going on Lex, what's with her.” Anya asked grabbing Lexa before she could follow Clarke, “talk Lexa.”

“I don't know Anya, she won't tell me.” Lexa explained.

“Well, I have something important to tell you so relax.” Anya closed the apartment door, leading Lexa to the couch and sitting her down. “You know I have eyes all over the city right?”

“Of course I know, but-”

“Let me finish Lexa.”

“Sorry.”

“I got a report today, about Costia and Clarke. They were together in a hair salon today, something happened between them. Costia threatened Clarke but I don't know what was said, I only know what was seen.”

“That must be why shes freaking out right now.” Lexa murmured, running a hand through her hair.

“I'll try to find out but you need to watch her, by any means necessary Lexa. I mean it.”

“Yeah, I got it.”

Chapter End Notes

My first attempt at angry, hate sex? If it can even be categorized as that.
When It Rains, It Pours

Costia sat at her desk with a glass of red wine, her laptop open before her and the recordings from Clarke's apartment open. The recorded audio quiet except for the sounds of Clarke leaving for the morning, the door opening once more not long afterward. The familiar sounds that Lexa made while deep in concentration coming through loud and clear but the sounds that followed confusing.

She grit her teeth as she realized what exactly she was listening to. The increasingly loud volume of shuffling near the mics as each one was moved. Lexa's hurried breaths loud as they filled Costia's office through her laptop. The woman obviously in a rush as she found the hidden mics then yelling.

Clarke yelling, the sound of a kiss. Lexa's angry question and Clarke's suddenly soft responses, Lexa's repeated questions and a whisper that only Costia could make out. The same words she repeated when Lexa commanded her to. She heard every word, every moan, she heard the sound of a hand falling sharply against skin and the cry that followed.

Costia listened until she could listen no longer, the glass of wine in her hand shattered beneath her fingertips as Clarke reached her peak seemingly directly into the mic near her. Causing Costia to rise with a scream, for her wine and blood soaked hand to reach out. To grab her laptop and smash it against the office wall. The sounds of Lexa's own moans dying with it. The woman continuing to grab at whatever she could get her hands on and throwing.

A white, glass lamp shattering against the edge of her cherry wood desk. The vase with fresh cut yellow and white tulips smashed against the closed office door. Papers strewn across the floor as Costia continued her rampage, ignoring Nadira as the woman rushed into the office. Her strong arms circling around her and attempting to calm her as Alta stood in the doorway with an indifferent expression at the mayhem her commander had caused.

Costia calmed at Nadira's touch, her rapid panting slowing as she slumped to the floor. Pulling Nadira with her among the mess of broken glass and tossed papers. Her rage clouded mind clearing to rationality, reminders that this wasn't completely over just yet.

She knew she still had her chance.

Clarke tossed and turned throughout the night, dozing lightly until a bump in the night brought her
back to stare up into the darkness. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't forget Costia's words, she couldn't shake the fear she felt. She knew Costia planned something for her at that marina, she knew whatever it was could possibly kill her but she had no choice. Let Anya and quite possibly Lexa or let herself die at Costia's hands in order to protect the ones she loved.

She sat up with a sigh at the last thought. Turning on her bedside lamp, the light filling the room with darkness grasping at its edges as her blue eyes fell on discarded clothing. Clothing she recognized to be Lexa's, her faded blue flannel shirt lying crumbled on the floor where Clarke had dropped it. Clarke sniffled as she slipped out of bed and grabbed it. Bringing it close to her chest but knowing the woman's soft scent was entirely absent, replaced by Clarke's own.

Yet she chose to hold onto the shirt, bringing it back to bed with her and pulling her knees to her chest as she laid on her side. The material soft against her skin where she pressed it beneath her chin but sleep still eluded her. She sat up slowly once more, glancing at her alarm clock on the bedside table. The red against black telling her it was nearly 3 am.

She dragged a hand down her face as she stood, leaving the shirt on the bed and grabbing her phone before leaving the bedroom. Walking slowly through the darkness of her apartment until reaching the living room, flicking on the lamp next to the couch. She dropped herself onto the cool leather and pulled a blanket off the back of the couch as she turned the TV on. Flipping through channels before finally deciding to turn on Netflix and watching a show about a little bald kid that could control the elements.

Clarke doesn't remember when she fell asleep, but she woke up to Raven squatting on the floor beside the couch with her head resting on the couch cushion. A wide grin on her face as Clarke slowly blinked at her in confusion.

“What the fuck Raven.” Clarke sat up slowly, rubbing sleep from her eyes. “How the fuck did you get in.”

“My key remember? Now get up, O is making you breakfast.” Raven stood, rounding the couch as Clarke groaned.

“She cooks? She didn't cook for me much after she cut herself.” Clarke peered over the back of the couch, catching sight of Octavia standing in front of the stove with a pan.

“Raven can be very persuasive Clarke.” Octavia gave her a small smile as Raven stood behind her.
“Not something I need to know O.”

“Shut up and get up, coffee is done.” Clarke heard Octavia begin to direct Raven around the kitchen as she sunk back down on the couch cushions. “Get up Clarke!” Octavia yelled.

“You're not my mother O.”

“No, but I can call her and let her tell you for me, now get up or no coffee.”

“Fine.” Clarke stood up, pushing hair away from her face as Raven poured a cup of coffee. The brunette fixing it just the way Clarke liked it before handing it over. The blonde accepting the cup happily, allowing Raven to steer her towards the dining table as Octavia set down a plate of eggs and bacon before her.

“Eat, shower then we're going out for the day.” Octavia patted her shoulder.

“Out? Where?” Clarke ate happily, sighing at the taste.

“There's this new art gallery opening not far from here, thought you might like to go so I got all of us tickets.” Octavia sat down at the table next to her with her own coffee.

“Babe? Can you go and get something for Clarke to wear so we're not late.” Raven asked from her spot somewhere behind Clarke.

“Yep.” Octavia stood quickly, disappearing down the hallway. Raven claiming her seat.

“What do you want Raven.” Clarke muttered between bites of food.

“We need to talk for a second is all Clarke,” the brunette eyed her cautiously before continuing. “About Lexa, and don't tell me no. We need to talk about it, I haven't found you sleeping on your couch since that time you thought Finn was cheating on you.”

“No Raven.”
“Yes, what happened.”

“Nothing happened.” Clarke replied sharply as Octavia re-entered the room, signaling the end of Raven’s failed attempt. She pushed herself away from the table and grabbed her clothes from Octavia before locking herself in her bathroom.

She started the shower water and looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair mussed up from sleep and her clothes disheveled before she pulled them off. Leaving them in a pile on the floor as she stepped into the shower, not bothering to let it warm up. She washed quickly and stepped out. Pulling on her clothes and leaving her hair down to air dry as she stepped out.

She met Raven and Octavia’s gaze as she walked into the living room. Sitting herself down on the couch and pulling on her socks then her shoes, the other two women still not speaking as Clarke stood back up.

“We going or not?”

“Of course Clarkey, let’s get this show on the road!” Octavia exclaimed as she motioned for Clarke, Raven herself already at the apartment door with her arms crossed over her chest. “I’m ready to see the arts!”

“O, you don't even like art.”

“Shut up Clarke, let's just go and party like its 1999 at an art gallery.” She grabbed Clarke's arm, pulling her close with a grin.

“Please don't start singing that damn song Octavia.” Clarke groaned as the brunette began humming, Clarke looked over her shoulder with a pleading look at Raven as the brunette locked the door. She shrugged in apology and followed the other two women closely as the elevator opened.

Anyia stepped off, smiling when she spotted Clarke. “Hey piggly wiggly.”

“Back from your face lift already Anya?” Clarke smirked at Anyia as the woman gave her the finger, the elevator doors closing.
“Why do you guys do that?” Octavia asked looking over at Clarke.

“For fun, we don't actually hate each other O.”

“Its weird.”

“You're one to talk O.”

—

Lexa leaned back against the trunk of the tree behind her, leaving her legs stretched out on the grass. She'd intended to get out the apartment to read in a nearby park but the people caught her attention. Carefree and casual as they walked, some alone, others with a friend or partner. The sight made her miss Clarke even more.

She sighed at the thought, the blonde hadn't made any effort to speak to her. When they did see each other it was all tension, those normally kind blue eyes taking off to the opposite end of the spectrum. The only morning it was different was the day Lexa lost control, the sadness that followed as she walked out had haunted her. At least until Clarke snapped at her, from then on Lexa's anger had been directed at Costia.

The same woman who she hadn't seen in days surprisingly enough. Who Lexa hoped she wouldn't have to see any time soon, not after what she did to Clarke. Lexa knew that was unavoidable, she was supposed to be tailing Clarke right now anyway. Instead she was in a park thinking of her with a book in her lap.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket, checking the time. It was almost noon, the lunch traffic would be picking up soon. Now being as good a time as ever for her to get out of the park and find Clarke. She stood quickly, brushing off her shorts with her book in hand as her phone dinged in her other hand. She unlocked her phone and cocked an eyebrow at the number she didn't recognize telling her to call it. Lexa grit her teeth but called the number.

The call being picked up mid way through the first ring. “Lexa.”
“Raven? How did you get my number.”

“Clarke's phone of course, what the hell is going on.”

“What do you mean and why were you going through her phone.”

“Because she left it unlocked on the coffee table while she is in the shower, now answer my question.”

“I don't know what you're talking about Raven.” Lexa muttered as she walked down the sidewalk next to the park.

“You know what I'm talking about, I found her this morning sleeping on her couch and you no where to be found.”

“Raven.. Why don't you talk to her about it.”

“She doesn't want to talk! I tried, so spill it.”

“Not my place to spill anything Raven.”

“Yes it is, I need to know why my best friend is a sad panda! So answer me Lexa or so help me I will find you and I will kill you.”

“Your girlfriend is rubbing off on you Raven.” Lexa muttered recognizing the reference to a certain movie.

“I would hope so, now stop deflecting and answer me before Clarke gets out or you're dead.” Raven hissed into the phone and Lexa sighed.

“Fine Raven, I kept something from her because I didn't know if it was real or not. So now she thinks I don't trust her. That's all I'm telling you because that's all you need to know.”
“Fair enough but do you?”

“Trust her? Absolutely, with everything and anything, I just didn’t want her to be afraid until I was completely sure.”

“Okay Lexa, okay. Now what are you going to do to win her back?”

“I don't know.” Protect her from Costia is all I can do, Lexa thought to herself.

“Figure it out, Octavia and I are taking her to a art gallery opening whenever she gets out.”

“Call me if you need anything.”

“Sure.”

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Clarke groaned as she dropped herself onto her bed. Raven and Octavia hadn't left her until now, 7 pm at night, hours before Clarke was due to head to the marina. She closed her eyes, hoping for a short nap before it all went to hell. Her eyes remaining closed for all of five seconds before she sat up and stripped out of the clothes she'd worn all day. Lying back down much more comfortable than the first time, easily falling asleep.

Her dreams were not so comfortable, she was already nervous about the 'job' that Costia was sending her on in a marina of all places. A place she tended to try and avoid as she still did not know how to swim. But the place she would force herself to go to in order to keep Lexa and Anya safe. With that still fresh on her mind she dreamed of boats and dark water.

She woke with a start at what felt like hours later as she scrambled for her phone that had disappeared into the bed sheets. Finding it quickly and checking the time, sighing in relief at it only being 10:30 pm. She laid back against the pillows but shot up at the sound of a pounding on her door. She stood quickly, pulling on her discarded jeans and t-shirt.
The pounding at her door coming again as she unlocked the apartment door and opened it, revealing Alta with a frown on her face. The commander's guard standing alone with a bag in her hand as Clarke stepped aside for her to enter. Closing the door quickly behind her.

“4.”

“24.” Alta held Clarke's gaze for a moment then looked away. “The commander sent me to prepare you and drive you to the marina to ensure that you are indeed alone.”

“I haven't told them, I promise.”

“I know you haven't Clarke.” The woman's frown faded with the use of the name rather than her ID, giving way to a neutral expression.

“Then why are you here, I can prepare myself and get myself to the marina.”

“The commander is simply covering her bases.” Alta held out the bag to Clarke, “put this on.”

“What is it?” Clarke asked as she opened the bag, pulling out all black clothes.

“Your uniform for tonight, you cannot be seen and as you cannot speak to your head about this. I am here in her place.” Alta replied quietly, almost sadly as she watched Clarke. “Get dressed.”

“Yes 4.” Clarke carried the clothes off down the hall towards the bathroom.

“Clarke?” Alta called out as Clarke went to close the door, the blonde halting and waiting. “Call me Alta.”

“I... sorry, of course, Alta.” Clarke closed the bathroom door, dropping the clothes on the counter and staring at her reflection in the mirror. She looked like complete and total shit as she turned on the faucet, leaning over the sink with her head in her hands.

Sighing heavily before splashing cold water on her face and turning off the water. Pulling on the
black pants that felt a little too big on her, but feeling grateful when she spotted the black belt among the clothes. She slipped the belt through the loops on her pants, tightening it and grabbing the top before slipping out of the bathroom to find a sports bra in her bedroom.

She avoided Alta's gaze as she headed further down the hall and into her room. Quickly locating the black sports bra and pulling it on, then the tight black top. The sleeves ending at her wrists as she moved about, trying to get comfortable in the clothes before leaving the room and heading back to Alta. She pulled on the black gloves that completed the look before speaking.

“The pants are a bit big Alta.”

“You'll be fine.” Alta approached her, her hands on Clarke as she checked the clothes she was wearing. One hand slipping around to the back of Clarke's neck and pressing slightly before turning Clarke around. “Good.”

“Good?”

“Just good, put those boots on.” Alta pointed to a pair of black boots that sat against the couch. “I assume your head taught you how to walk in those kind of boots.”

“She did, threw rocks at me every time she could hear me walk.” Clarke replied as she pulled the boots on, tucking her pants in before lacing them up tightly.

“Her teaching tactics always were a bit unconventional.”

“Gets the job done.”

“Somehow.” Alta nodded approvingly as Clarke straightened up, the blonde gathering up her hair into a tight ponytail.

“When do we leave?”

“Soon, I have a call to make.” Alta muttered as she left the apartment, the tall blonde ignoring Clarke's confused look as she closed the door behind her. She made her way down the hall and into
the stairwell, well away from where she knew the commander's mics to be as she dialed a number.

“4.” The voice came through on the opposite end.

“Be at the Boston Harbor Marina just before midnight.” Alta hung up quickly, not giving the person on the other end a chance to reply and headed back towards the apartment. Her lips pressed into a hard line as she entered the apartment, spotting Clarke in the kitchen with a glass of water.

“Alta?” Clarke spoke as Alta held the door open behind her.

“Let's go Clarke.” Alta didn't want for Clarke to reply, only listening to her close the apartment door and lock it behind her. She listened to Clarke approach her from behind and pointed towards the stairwell. “We take the stairwell, suspicious if you're just walking around the building in those clothes.”

“Of course but, can't you just take the elevator.” Clarke asked as they stepped into the stairwell.

“No.”

“But-”

“I said no Clarke,” Alta growled as they headed downstairs. Clarke falling silent until they reached the lobby floor. Alta brushed past her, opening the door first and spotting the doorman before putting on her best smile. She motioned for Clarke to wait as she approached him, turning him slightly with her hand on his shoulder.

She motioned once more for Clarke to head out as she engaged in conversation with the man, her smile brilliant as she complimented him on his job well done. Quickly shutting down the conversation once Clarke was out of sight and left the building herself. She turned right down the sidewalk, spotting her car and unlocking it before reaching it as Clarke stepped out of the shadows.

“Good work Clarke.”

“Thank you Alta, this is yours?” Clarke asked eyeing the dark red car.
“Yes, 2015 Dodge Challenger SRT Hellcat.” Alta replied proudly as she slipped into the driver's seat. Turning the key in the ignition and the car roaring to life as Clarke sat in the passenger seat. “The wife thinks its a death trap.”

“You and Raven would get along well then.”

“Raven?”

“One of my best friends, drives a 67' Shelby Mustang GT500, never lets me forget either.” Clarke murmured turning her gaze to the dark streets as Alta drove.

“Interesting.” And the woman seemed to generally be interested judging by her tone. She leaned over and turned on some music. A song Clarke didn't recognize beginning to play loud and clear as she glanced at Alta, shocked to see the woman so relaxed around her. The street lights giving Clarke glimpses of her as she lip synced along to the song.

“What song is this?”

“Bad Karma by Ida Maria, you like it?”

“I do, but this is strange.”

“What is strange.” Alta asked as she slowed the car at a red light.

“Usually you're so stoic and cold, but seeing you now makes you seem so much more human.” Clarke studied Alta as best she could in the low light, not quite caring if she managed to hurt the woman's feelings. Clarke probably didn't have too much time left to breathe anyway.

“It is the way I chose to present myself when I became the commander's personal guard.”

“Aren't you doing her bidding right now.”
“I am.” She said with finality as she pulled the car up to the docks. Clarke hadn’t realized they were already there as she swallowed thickly, noting the boats that rocked in the choppy waters. “The yacht is at the end, white with thick blue lines, you can board it using a side ladder.”

“Where is the briefcase?”

“I don’t know.” Alta met Clarke's gaze as she replied. “Go, before the storm blows in.”

“Thank you Alta.”

“I did nothing.” Alta watched as Clarke exited the car and disappeared into the night. “Not yet at least.” Alta finished as she herself stepped out of the car and into the increasingly strong wind. She walked quietly, approaching the place she knew Lexa would appear from as it was the same place Alta herself would use.

She reached the spot just as Lexa did, the brunette jumping when Alta grabbed her shoulder and spun her. Lexa swiftly jerking to defend herself but Alta stopping her.

“Relax,” she whispered quietly as Lexa obeyed slightly. Her tense shoulders dropping as she jerked back.

“The commander knows I’m here then doesn’t she.”

“No, she doesn’t.” Alta reached into her pocket, pulling out the ear piece that was companion to the bug she’d put on Clarke. “Take this, Clarke is wearing a bug right now and go get on that yacht but stay hidden.”

“What? Why?”

“Just do it 20.” Alta growled as she dropped the ear piece into Lexa’s hand and turned away from her.
Clarke hurried down the dock quietly, her footsteps not making a single sound as she approached the yacht. White and blue, just as Alta described it with its name painted on its side in blue. Clarke shivered in the sudden strong gust of wind that blew over her as she spotted the rope ladder. Quickly latching onto it and boarding the dark yacht.

Her black boots meeting with the dark wood of the deck, she checked her surroundings before moving. Keeping low and quiet as she began to open doors, cracking them open and closing them softly as she went down the side walkway. Not spotting the briefcase on the first floor of the yacht, she quickly ascended to the second floor. Checking her surroundings once more before opening the only door on that floor that lead to a short, dimly lit hallway.

Clarke took a deep breath before stepping in, letting the door close softly behind her. She stood and approached one of the three doors, opening the side doors to reveal bedrooms until making her way to the final door. She rested her hand on the handle and took another deep breath to try to calm her sudden nerves before opening the door.

This room wasn't dark like the rest, instead lighting up as Clarke opened the door to reveal a office. A well put together office with paintings on the walls and a large dark desk in the center of the room. A black office chair turned away from her but the black briefcase on the desk. Laying on its side and closed as Clarke approached.

She remained silent as she reached out but pausing. A feeling in her gut telling her to run and never look back. She tore her eyes away from the briefcase, looking around the room once more as the chair before her moved. Clarke’s blue eyes meeting Costia’s brown eyes, following those eyes as Costia stood. Dressed in attire similar to her own.

“Right on time Clarke.” Costia smiled as she rounded the desk and pulled out a gun, aiming for Clarke. “I knew I could trust Alta, she never fails me.”

“So this was a trick to get me alone.” Clarke growled, suddenly understanding why Alta had taken away her cold facade in favor of something warmer. Make them feel safe before you take their life, Clarke thought to herself

“Of course it was Clarke, what else could this be.”

“You're here to kill me.” Clarke murmured in defeat.
“Nothing would please me more.”

“So kill me, shoot me. Get it over with Costia.” Clarke stepped up so the gun was point black against the black material of her top.

“I'd rather not spill your blood on this expensive floor Clarke, move.” Costia gestured for Clarke to leave through the door of the office as Costia grabbed the briefcase. “Outside, to the stern.”

“I don't know what that is Costia.”

“To the back of the damn boat.” Costia growled pressing the gun into Clarke's spine. “Move it.”

“Right.” Clarke muttered as she walked down the short hallway and outside onto the deck. Following the walkway to the back of the boat, stopping at the railing that separated her from the black water that churned before her. She hadn't realized they were moving until now, in fact they were now far from the harbor on open water.

Clarke swallowed thickly as fear swelled in her, she hadn't ever learned to swim but she doubted she would have a need to should Costia actually kill her.

“Now, Clarke, turn and face me.” Costia pulled the gun back as Clarke turned to face the brunette commander.

“Are you going to kill me yet Costia?”

“Not just yet but soon, we're not far enough away.”

“Then what's in the briefcase? What was the purpose of that.”

“Nothing for you to worry about yet.” Costia replied with a grin. “Do you want to know how I will kill you Clarke?” Costia began, looking out over the water.
“I don't care to know, but you'll tell me anyway.”

“You're right, I'm going to shoot you, then I'm going to set this bomb to detonate. Make this look like an accident as I make my escape on another boat driven by the current driver of this yacht.” Costia paused, pulling up the sleeve on her shirt to look at a watch. “Now count your minutes, you have about fifteen left.”

Clarke remained silent, instead choosing to breath in and out to calm the hopelessness she felt inside.

“Oh, and Clarke, don't worry about Lexa. I'll be sure to take good care of her.” Costia smirked as Clarke visibly tensed. “She'll forget all about you soon enough..” She murmured into the wind.

Clarke grit her teeth at those words. Her lips twisting into a hard scowl that Costia seemed to find pleasure in. Those words that flipped a switch inside of Clarke.

She would never let Lexa go without a fight.

Defiance surging through her as she yelled in anger, grabbing at the gun and pushing it away. Bringing her fist into Costia's surprised face before she had a chance to react. The gun hitting the deck and sliding away as Clarke hit Costia again.

Costia staggered backward as blood dripped from her nose, stooping low as Clarke went at her again. Her hands gripping the hilt of a knife in her boot as Clarke's hands enclosed around her neck. The skies suddenly letting loose in a downpour of rain as thunder roared in the distance. The yacht beginning to rock dangerously as Costia slashed at Clarke's forearm. The blonde screaming in pain and letting go of Costia, falling backward as footsteps pounded on the wet deck behind them.

Clarke's eyes wide as Costia half turned, spotting Lexa then reached out for Clarke. Pulling the blonde up from the deck and positioning herself behind her. The knife at Clarke's throat as the rain poured from the sky, lightning streaking overhead.

“Let her go Costia!” Lexa yelled over the rain, eyes on Clarke as the blonde grabbed at Costia's arms around her.

“No Lexa, I'm tired of this blonde whore getting in my way of us being together again! She deserves to die!” Costia screamed into Clarke's ear as her other arm came around Clarke's neck tightly, choking her. Costia's free hand opening the briefcase and activating the bomb.
“You don't have to do this Costia.” Lexa shuffled forward, her hand reaching out as Clarke's hands clawed at Costia's arm, fighting to be released but the commander's rage filled grip was too strong. “Let her go!”

“No! Stay back Lexa!” Costia tightened her grip on Clarke, the knife coming back up near her throat as Clarke began to sag in her arms. The sounds she made beginning to fade as she lost consciousness.

“You're killing her!” Lexa yelled in fear, making the split second decision to try and save Clarke despite the knife at her throat. She surged forward, grabbing Costia and swinging her fist around Clarke's head into Costia's mouth. Forcing her to release Clarke, the blonde hitting the deck with a thud as the timer on the bomb read thirty seconds remaining until detonation.

Lexa grabbed Clarke, pulling her up as Costia came at her once more. Swinging the knife and slashing Lexa across her shoulder as she turned to protect Clarke from Costia. Lexa cried out but remained upright as a wave suddenly hit the yacht. The water washing over the deck and sweeping the three women into the black, rough ocean. Lexa losing sight of Clarke and Costia in the darkness as she surfaced, struggling to stay afloat in the waves as the bomb exploded.

The yacht exploding with it into shards of wood and metal. The light from the blast illuminating the water around Lexa as she shielded her face from the blast. Pieces of burning debris rained down all around as Lexa yelled out for Clarke and Costia. She continued to yell into the deafening storm that raged on overhead, the thunder drowning out her voice.

Her only thoughts being that she'd lost both women to the raging waters and that she'd soon enough lose herself as felt herself grow weaker as she struggled among the waves.
The ride is over! We have made it to the other side! (Or have we)

I want to thank the people that helped out, I couldn't have done it without you guys. I also want to thank everybody that took the time read, much love to all of you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa's dreams started the way they always did lately. Dark, cold and very wet, water all around her. In her clothes, in her hair, in her nose, in her throat, in her lungs, there was no place the ocean hadn't touched her that night. In these dreams she doesn't make it. She drowns, sinking to the bottom of the ocean where she remains to be found but no one ever does.

In reality she survived, it had been a miracle. A miracle she thanked her lucky stars and the entire US Coast Guard for but if it hadn't been for Alta. The one who came first, who pulled her water logged body from the black ocean, who forced that ocean from her lungs and held her as she contacted the coast guard. Held her as she took her first actual breaths between coughing up mouthfuls of ocean water. If it hadn't been for her she'd truly be dead and she wouldn't be lying on a bed.

She wouldn't be able to smooth her hand out palm down across cool bed sheets as she thought over the past month. She wouldn't be able to remember being aware enough to witness the arrival of the coast guard, admiral Luna Rivers at their head in a drenched uniform as the storm continued. The woman shouting commands to her crew as divers hit the water in search of Clarke.

A separate team hauling Lexa on board the ship, doctors working over her until someone shouted that a second person had been found. Unconscious, near drowned, requiring immediate attention. The same doctors that worked over Lexa turning to work over the second. A curtain pulled to block her groggy view as Alta stood next to Lexa's bed.

Lexa heard the heart monitor flat line, followed by yells and rushed doctors as they resuscitated the person. She heard the beeping resume, signaling the person coming back from the deep but still not quite awake. Lexa heard the head doctor inform Luna that the second was comatose, for how long they weren't sure before they moved her to a more permanent location.

Lexa was there when Luna informed Anya that a third and fourth body were never recovered, assumed dead. The coast guard searching the area and following the currents for three days until the search was called off.
The commander and another unknown passenger were officially announced as dead on the fourth day.

Clarke officially announced comatose where she laid in a hospital bed at Tri Kru headquarters on the fifth day. Lexa at her side for the week and a half that followed, not even moving for the commander's funeral. A small funeral as Anya had told her, Anya who was obligated to go as she was one of the heads.

Everything felt like a dream, but it wasn't just a dream. It was a dream that became reality when she woke every morning. As she woke this time it was no different, sitting up with a sigh and the sheets pooling around her waist. The sun wasn't even up yet, the moon still in the sky but falling slowly. Her hand reaching out in the darkness, searching for the person she usually woke beside but finding her spot empty.

Lexa knew Clarke had been having trouble sleeping, she'd had trouble sleeping in the city too. A change of scenery hadn't helped her as Anya had seemed to think it would or maybe it was just the place. Surrounded by an ocean, the same thing that had threatened to take their lives but the safest place for them as Anya had told them. On the island where Lexa learned that everything had begun based on a lie.

The commander's own private island, the now dead commander's private island. The place where the two women sought refuge from the world of the 12, from the heads who still demanded Clarke's blood in their now leaderless world. They weren't alone on the island however, they were accompanied by Alta. The guard no longer tied to a single person who made the decision to guard Clarke and Lexa until a new commander was chosen.

Lexa dragged a hand down her face at the thought, she didn't mind Alta being there. She kept to herself mostly, nearly every time Lexa met her gaze the woman was in conversation with someone on the mainland. Most times it being her wife, Nadira relaying the coming and goings, keeping Alta up to date. Alta who in turn kept Clarke and Lexa up to date.

Lexa pulled herself from bed, pulling on her short sleep shorts before leaving the bedroom. Her eyes well adjusted to the darkness of the house as she wandered down the short hallway. Stepping into the moonlit open room, the sliding glass door leading outside open and the sound of the waves on the beach just barely audible. She spotted Alta lying on the couch, her head resting on the arm and silent in her sleep as Lexa passed her.

Quietly making her way outside and stopping at the first step that descended onto the sandy beach. Spotting Clarke sitting near the water's edge on the moonlit beach, her blonde hair lifting in the
gentle, cool breeze. The woman not bothering to look up as Lexa approached her, dropping herself
onto the sand next to her with a sigh.

“You too?” Lexa asked, glancing at Clarke. Following the shadows on Clarke's skin that the moon
left with her eyes as she waited for her short reply, a mere nod without looking at her. “Same,” Lexa
murmured looking away from Clarke.

“Do you think it will ever end?”

“Eventually, just need patience.”

“I hope you're right.” Clarke looked away from the moon, to her bare feet buried in the sand. “They
found Costia's body earlier, while you were asleep. Alta told me.”

“Where.”

“In Nova Scotia, Halifax, a fishing boat picked her up.” Clarke scooted closer to Lexa, resting her
head on her shoulder. “She isn't coming back this time Lex.” Clarke murmured in a relieved tone.

“I hope not, it would be the start of the zombie apocalypse.” Lexa smiled when she felt Clarke's
laugh muffled in her shirt.

“Lexa the zombie killer would be kind of cool though.”

“Maybe but are you okay?”

“I will be, it will take time but I will be okay. Are you okay?”

“Yes.” Lexa replied, Clarke allowing them to fall into a easy silence as they listened to the water lap
at the beach before them. The two watching the moon set before them and the sun rise behind them
gently, throwing them into the shadow of the beach house.
Anya felt uneasy when the plane touched down in Athens, Greece. Meeting the eight other heads made her uneasy, knowing at least one of those eight were out for Clarke's blood. Nadira beside her didn't seem to mind being there, in fact, she seemed quite excited to be there. Her light brown eyes filled with an almost childish gleam as they stepped out onto the streets outside of the airport.

Luna and Sienne greeting them but giving Anya a questioning glance at Nadira. A glance Nadira seemed to catch as she smiled at the two women. Explaining to them that due to her current unemployment situation she and her wife both made the decision to watch over Anya as well as her two assassins. After that the two women understood and welcomed her.

But as Anya, Luna and Sienne left for the meeting with the other heads, Nadira resigned herself to remain at the hotel. Without the woman at her side, Anya felt the weight of her nerves settling heavier than before. The desire to run from the massive office she was lead into overwhelming as she was sat between Luna and May.

She scanned the room as she pulled a mask of indifference over her nerves. Recognizing the other heads from around the world, recalling their names in her head as they began to sit around the conference table. May at the head beside her and a older gentleman she knew by the name of Tsubasa Takeda at the opposite end, two heads on either side of him.

The man gesturing for May to proceed with the meeting, she accepted with a nod. Rising slowly in her seat and leaning over the table, her fingertips lingering on the wooden surface of the table with a serious look.

“We are all aware of what has brought us together,” she began. Meeting each and every eye around the table. “For those who are unaware, the body of our previous commander was found in Nova Scotia following an incident involving Tri Kru assassins.”

“Perhaps such an incident should mark the end of the assassin era May.” A middle aged man stood, looking May in the eye. A man Anya recognized to be Daniel Rojas, his black hair graying at the sides as his dark brown eyes challenged May.

“Rojas, that is not up to us to decide, it is for the next commander to decide and as I understand many heads began with the assassin era. I understand that they would be reluctant to end it, you may wish to silence yourself before you completely ruin your own chances.” May replied to him with finality, a smile ghosting her lips when Rojas dropped back into his seat. “Now, if no one else has anything to add.”
“Before we decide who is to become the next commander, “John Garrett stood as he glanced in Anya's direction. “I would like to bring something forth to consider, regarding TK20 and her decision to allow an innocent to know what we were. In the process killing a respected member of the TK who was under orders from the head at the time, Echo Black.”

“And what would you recommend we do Garrett, the person in question is now a fully trained assassin who was trained by Anya Woods. The current Tri Kru head.” May defended to Anya's surprise.

“Kill her, just as she should have died when she was told, kill her and TK20.”

“TK 20 and 24 are both well trained assassins. They easily took down your man that you trained from childhood Garrett.” Anya stood in fury, trying to bury her emotions as Mr. Takeda raised his hand. Speaking without standing, his eyes trained on the table before him rather than the heads he spoke to.

“Silence,” He spoke as his hand stroked his gray beard in thought. “The assassins in question are trained, I have seen them in action. They show great promise should they continue, as much promise as Alta and Nadira did when they began. If we care to recall their story, they were in a similar situation. Drop this subject and let us continue with what we gathered for.” He looked up slowly, meeting Garrett's gaze until the man sat.

“Thank you Mr. Takeda,” May nodded to him as Anya reclaimed her seat with a soft sigh of relief. “Let us vote, I shall begin and I put forth Anya Woods as my vote.”

Clarke sat at the glass dining table across from the open sliding glass door that lead outside. Alta's laptop set up before her and her mother on the screen with a small smile.

“Baby, how is your vacation?” Abby began.

“Good, mom, real good. Lots of sun and sand.” Clarke replied uneasily, she remembered Anya telling her that she'd spoken to her mother. Letting her in on what Clarke was and did for a living, the truth behind her quitting medical school.
Anya had just stepped down off the last step of the private jet. Meeting the worried gazes of Raven, Octavia and Abby, the women pulling her into a hug. Even Abby pressed against her back in silence before pulling away and turning Anya to face her. Questions heavy on her tongue that demanded answers but not quite yet, not until the two were alone. Abby silent as Anya answered Octavia and Raven’s questions, her brown eyes disbelieving but her lips pressed firmly together.

“Anya,” Abby had begun. Her shoulders set tensely as she wrung her hands in her lap. “Tell me the truth, not the bullshit you told them.” She asked when they were finally alone.

“Abby, I-”

“Anya,” Abby cut her off, her tone sharp. “Don't lie to me, tell me.”

“If I choose to tell you, then you will need to listen to me until I finish and no sooner.” Anya had explained, watching as Abby nodded. Sitting across from her as Anya explained who they were, what they were and what had happened exactly. Emphasizing on the need for it to remain hidden.

“My daughter is a murderer.” Abby had begun, her head in her heads as she bowed her head towards the floor when Anya finished.

“The people she has killed weren’t so innocent themselves Abby, the people I have killed weren’t so innocent, the people Lexa killed weren’t so innocent.” Anya told her, reaching out and resting a hand on her shoulder, causing the doctor to look up.

“You expect me to keep this quiet, but what happens if I don’t?”

“Protocol demands that you are killed, whoever you tell is killed.” Anya answered her quietly, “we are not all killers Abby, remember that.” Anya kept her eyes on Abby, waiting for the explosion of emotion that she expected from the doctor.

“You are nurses, doctors, scientists, teachers, you are in almost every profession known to man but okay.” Abby breathed in deeply, meeting Anya's gaze, “okay.”

“Okay?” Anya questioned in confusion.
“I won't talk, I won't tell anyone, but I need to know what is happening with my daughter right now.”

“Shes safe, hidden, recovering well. No brain damage as our doctors can tell, she responds to questions, she hasn't forgotten anything. But she is worried about you, asked about you numerous times. Voiced her fears if you were to find out what she was.”

“Can I see her then? Can I see my daughter?” Abby asked worriedly.

“When she leaves the facility, yes.”

“When?”

“When the doctors in charge allow it, I trust them, they are good.”

“I want her charts, I need to see them.”

“I understand, I'll bring you a copy as soon as I can Abby.”

“Thank you but I need to go, I need to be alone.”

“Oh course, we understand, we'll have someone drive you home.”

Clarke recalled what Anya had told her as she held her mother's gaze. “Mom?”

“Yes dear.”

“You know.”

“I do.”
“Don't hate me.”

“Never Clarke, I will love you no matter what you do.”

“I understand if you don't, not every mother learns their only child is an assassin that kills people for a living.”

“You're right but I have to trust your decisions Clarke, you're an adult, not my baby anymore.” Abby smiled brighter as Lexa appeared in the doorway to the sliding glass door behind the laptop. Clarke glancing at her before looking back at the screen.

“Thank you mom,” Clarke looked up as Lexa wrapped a towel around her waist before appearing behind her. Her hair wet from the ocean, the fact that Lexa could still swim in the ocean despite what had happened still amazed Clarke.

“Lexa,” Abby spoke the name cautiously, her eyes trained on the brunette as she leaned over Clarke's shoulder.

“Abby,” Lexa gave her a small wave and a grin before walking away.

“I should probably go Clarke, I have a surgery soon.”

“Love you mom, save lives.”

“Love you too dear.” Abby smiled and waved before cutting off the video call, leaving Clarke to stare blankly at the screen for a moment before looking over at Lexa.

“Clarke,” Lexa began as she pulled off her bikini top and pulled a t-shirt on.

“Yes Lex,” Clarke closed the laptop in front of her and turned in her seat.
“Can we talk.”

“About?”

“Retirement.”

“What about it, we haven't exactly been doing this for long Lexa.”

“I know but after everything that happened.. I don't know if I want to continue putting you in danger.” Lexa explained, “and I know you can take care of yourself Clarke but I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you died because of this line of work.”

“I understand Lex, and I agree with you. With everything that's happened thus far, Costia trying to kill me.. us. Then that head who is still out for my blood.”

“Yeah,” Lexa crossed the room and knelt before Clarke, her hands on Clarke's knees. “So do you think we should break the news to Anya when we see her again? Or would you like to think about this more?”

“Its something to really consider.”

“She should be back soon from Greece.”

“That's right, shes meeting with the other heads to decide on the next commander isn't she.”

“Yeah,” Lexa replied quietly, rubbing her thumbs over Clarke's bare skin soothingly before standing and kissing Clarke gently, “love you.”

“Love you too Lex.” Clarke smiled as Lexa turned away from her, heading back towards the bedroom. Alta emerging from the office just as Lexa disappeared around the corner. The tall woman halting when she spotted Clarke alone.

“Clarke.” She approached Clarke from behind and picked up her laptop, tucking it under her arm.
“The meeting has ended if you'd like to inform Lexa.”

“Who is the new commander?” Clarke asked looking up.

“Not for me to say, but I am happy to have a steady job once more.”

“I'm sure you are, so Lexa and I will wait until Anya arrives?”

“Yes, she wants to tell you in person who the new commander is.”

“Thank you Alta.” Clarke stood and jogged into the bedroom, closing the door behind her as she spotted Lexa's discarded clothes on the floor leading to the bathroom. She walked in without knocking, smirking at Lexa standing in the clear glass shower with her back towards her. The brunette washing the ocean and sand from her skin as Clarke stripped.

“Clarke, I know you're there.” Lexa spoke loudly over the sound of the water. Clarke groaned but stepped in anyway, wrapping her arms around Lexa.

“Damn, there goes my element of surprise.”

“Sorry, I was expecting you.”

“Oh yeah?” Clarke pressed a kiss to Lexa's wet shoulder.

“Yeah.”

Clarke buried her face in her pillow and let out a relieved sigh, for the first time in nearly a month she'd slept through the night. Not waking up once because of her dreams at sea, not feeling the need to crawl out of bed and out of Lexa's arms to stare at the sky.
She picked up her head, squinting her eyes at the rising sun through the full glass window next to the bed. The sun glittering like diamonds against the vast ocean as she sat up, Lexa's arm falling from around her waist to the bed with a muffled thud. Lexa picking up her head, jolted from her sleep when her arm hit the bed.

“Sorry babe,” Clarke apologized as the bedroom door opened. Alta standing in the doorway as if she'd just woken up as well, her gray eyes half open and her hair mussed up. “Alta?”

“Anya is on her way.” The guard growled and disappeared down the hall, leaving the bedroom door open.

“Guess that means we've got to get up.” Lexa murmured dropping her head back into her pillow with a groan.

“Yep, get up.”

“No.” Lexa pulled the sheets up over her head.

“Get up Lex.”

“No.”

“Get up or I’m getting a glass of ice water.”

“No.”

“Well then,” Clarke stood quickly, pulling on a pair of shorts before shooting off down the hallway. Returning a few minutes later with a large glass of ice water followed by Alta, the guard watching her in confusion as Clarke climbed on the bed. Standing over Lexa with the glass in one hand.

“Get up Lexa.”

“No Cla-” The name never fully escaping her lips before Clarke dumped the water on her. The
brunette shooting up as Clarke scrambled away, past Alta with Lexa hot on her heels. The guard watching the duo speed off across the beach house with a cocked eyebrow. “Clarke!” Lexa shouted after her girlfriend.

“I told you to get up!”

“I'm killing Anya for starting that bullshit!” Lexa shouted finally catching up to Clarke, wrapping her arms around her waist and dragging her to the floor. Clarke laughing and struggling beneath her as Alta stepped up behind them.

“How old are you two again.”

“Old enough!” Clarke shouted as she and Lexa continued to scramble on the floor. “I give babe, I give!” Clarke held her hands up.

“Good.” Lexa pushed her damp hair out of her face as she sat back off of Clarke, “I'm still going to kill Anya.”

“I've been gone for days, there is no reason to kill me Lexa.” Lexa looked over her shoulder and smiled at the owner of the voice, Anya standing in the doorway with Nadira behind her.

“You're back!”

“Yeah, I'm back but what the fuck did I manage to do while not even being here?”

“Clarke poured water on me.”

“Nice Clarke, told you it worked.” Anya gave Clarke a thumbs up with a smirk.

“It was fun.” Clarke pulled herself up from underneath Lexa, holding her hand down to her as she stood and pulled her up. “So tell us about the meeting Anya.”

“It was fine.” Anya answered as Clarke wandered off into the kitchen, starting to make coffee.
“Just fine?” Lexa asked pulling herself up on the kitchen counter as Anya sat at the dining table.

“Well, Clarke is no longer being hunted for blood, so that happened and the new commander has been chosen.”

“That's great Anya!” Clarke stood by Lexa's legs, leaning against the counter. “So whose the commander.”

“Me.” Anya muttered, pulling at a loose thread on her shirt.

“What?” Lexa asked in confusion, “repeat that Anya.” Lexa hopped down off the counter, approaching her.

“Me.” Anya repeated louder, meeting Lexa's gaze. “Its me, they chose me.”

“Are they crazy?” Lexa stared at her in confusion. “You haven't even been a head for more than a year and they want you to be commander?”

“Hey! I find offense with your words!”

“Anya! You're the fucking commander!”

“I know Lexa! Don't remind me!” Anya hid her face in her hands as Alta stepped up behind her, Nadira close by.

“Anya, you'll be fine, we'll help you.” She offered reassuringly as Nadira rested a hand on Anya's shoulder.

“Shes right, we'll help you.”

“I know, I know and thank you, I'm just still in shock right now.” Anya sighed as Clarke brought her
over a cup of coffee.

“Relax, drink your coffee and I can make you breakfast, anything you want.”

“French toast?” Anya asked hopefully.

“Of course.” Clarke grinned and headed back into the kitchen, Lexa on her heels.

–

Lexa sighed peacefully where she laid on her beach towel next to Clarke, the blonde laying on her back with her sun glasses on in her black bikini. Lexa listened to the music that played off of Clarke’s phone in a red solo cup, grateful they at least had one. Spirals by Sound Remedy playing loud and clear, Clarke singing along under her breath with a faint smile on her lips.

She sang along until the song ended, she fell into silence as another song began. “Lex?”

“Yes Clarke?”

“If we do retire, I want to retire somewhere like this.”

“As do I, I like it. Quiet and calm.”

“Yeah.” Clarke turned her head, looking over at Lexa with a soft smile. “So should we talk to Anya?”

“I think so.”

“Talk to me about what?” Anya spoke up as she descended the wooden steps from the deck barefoot.
“We were thinking of retiring.” Lexa answered first as she propped herself up on her elbows.

“Retirement huh?”

“Yeah, after everything that's happened..”

“I get it and I approve.”

“Really?” Lexa asked in disbelief.

“Of course, you guys deserve to be happy after everything that's happened but I reserve the right to pull you from retirement should I need you.”

“I-”

“You choose where you want to settle down, get married and I better get an invite to your wedding, get a dog, have kids, whatever you want. Go ahead you guys.”

“Just like that Anya?” Clarke asked looking up at her with a faint smile.

“Of course porky the pig.”

“Shut up before I break your arm, shouldn't be too hard with your old ass bones either.”

“Bring it porky, I'll toss you to the sharks!” Anya smirked.

“You know you're too old and slow to catch me then toss me.”

“I'll make Alta do it!”
“She wouldn't!”

“She would.”

“Okay you two, quit it. Who is becoming the new head of Tri Kru since you're the new commander?”

“Well, since you're retiring then it would be down between Harper, Monroe, Emori, Daisy, and Lincoln.”

“And if I didn't retire?”

“I choose you take over.”

“I see, who do you think would be best out of those five?”

“Daisy, shes proven to be quite useful. I heard she was even thinking of training like an assassin would.”

“Daisy would be good.” Lexa agreed.

“Yeah, but if you two are retiring, let me know.”

“Will do Anya.” Lexa grinned as Anya walked off down the beach then turned to Clarke. “Well? Retire or no?”

“What do you think?”

“If we retire, I want to learn to swim.” Clarke laid back down on her towel.

“I could arrange that.” Lexa took Clarke's hand, threading her fingers through hers with a warm
smile.

“Okay, Lexa.”

Chapter End Notes

Again, thanks to all. I had a lot of fun writing this, (except for those few times when I wanted to throw my keyboard out the window). I have no idea what I'm going to do now since I've finished this and have more time on my hands.

Much love to all of you, again!

End Notes

I apologize for any and all mistakes, whenever I work late into the night, a lot misses my eye.

Feel free to find me on tumblr, ChooChooDuckChu if you'd like to come and talk to me about the fic.

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