Between the Sheets

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Summary

Clarke Griffin is a high school student whose life takes a 360° turn the day she meets the substitute teacher of her English class, Miss Lexa Woods. Clarke falls in love with this smart and passionate woman who seems to care for her as well, and yet the young girl knows that she's forbidden. Clarke understands that this attraction is not okay, but she won't fight what her heart is telling is good for her.

Lexa Woods is a young woman with huge dreams, her best friend offers her a chance to work at a high school since the young writer has been struggling lately with a stable work. There, she will meet a girl who will stir in her things that she shouldn't feel. She has a good relationship with a wonderful woman, however, this girl will change her forever.

Now as the two entangle in a forbidden relationship will they be able to achieve happiness or would they have to keep this secret between the sheets?
Chapter 1

The wind blew softly on the hill, it was dark, yet the moonlight shone over the sky. Clarke was sitting on top of the hood of her car, waiting. She inhaled and pulled her legs up to her chest, her arms resting on her knees. Her blue eyes fixed on the stars above her, watching as they twinkled, the beauty and the mystery behind each one of them called to her. Space is infinite, so many planets, stars, and galaxies, and yet, of all the things that could have happened, of all the probabilities that ruled this world, she had met her.

Clarke Griffin wasn’t a bad person, she was a good student, she respected her peers and teachers, and she obeyed her mother. One mistake. That was all it took to be the bad guy of the story. One look and she lost herself in a sea of green with tints of gold. One kiss and she burned the moment into her memory forever.

Where was her happy ending? God already took her father away from her. Now she lost her too.

Clarke looked at her watch. It was late already, she wasn’t going to come, but she was a fool, her heart told her never to give up hope. But who was she kidding? Clarke knew that this kind of story never ended well.

Her mistake.

She fell in love with her teacher.

Her sin.

She crossed the line.

Clarke sighed again, she leaned on the windshield, her hands behind her head, legs extended and crossed on the hood of the car, her eyes fixed again on the sky. This was her reality.

Closing her eyes she saw clearly how it all began, the first time she crossed the door to class and she was sitting regally in her chair. How could she forget, when the moments spent with her were the most amazing of her short 18 years of life. People didn’t believe at love at first sight, she didn’t either. However, what do you call it when your heart literally stops for a second, you run out of breath and you don’t know if you’re alive or dead anymore? When your stomach feels fuzzy and you feel warmth spread through your body like a spark running through your nervous system igniting the synapses with millions of neurotransmitters to provide a simple response that in return is so complex that you have no idea what the hell is going on with you anymore?

Because that is what happened to Clarke.

“I guess this is how it ends.” Clarke mumbled to the stars, “but could you at least hear me out? Let me share with you how it all began...” Clarke chuckled, it was ridiculous if she really thought about it, she was talking to no one, but if she shared it somehow it would make it more real and maybe, just maybe, she could finally accept that this was the end.
“So, let’s go back almost a year ago. Another boring day in class…”

“Shit!” Clarke hit the snooze button of the alarm and threw the covers of the bed on top of her head. She couldn’t believe that it was already time to go back to school; the weekend had gone by in the blink of an eye.

“Clarke! Time to get up, honey.” Abby knocked on the door peeking inside the bedroom. “Hurry up Clarke or you’re going to be late again.”

“Argh I hear you mom, gosh!” The teen complained but sat on the bed nonetheless; she muffled a yawn and stood up, moving slowly to the shower. She took a glance at her disheveled blonde hair in the mirror, her blue eyes still drowsy with sleep. She removed her old t-shirt, tossed it in the laundry bin and showered.

By the time she was ready, her mom and dad were already having breakfast. Clarke greeted her father with a kiss on his cheek, and then she greeted her mother. “Morning.”

Clarke sat and took a waffle from the plate and served herself some eggs.

“So when is the school art exposition?” Jake looked at his kid while he took another spoonful of cereal.

“Ah you know at the end of the semester. I’m still working on my painting but I’m kinda stuck right now so I guess I’m gonna have to put in extra time after school to finish.” Clarke commented.

“Just make sure to keep up with the other classes Clarke. This is your senior year and you have to work harder if you want to earn that scholarship.” Abby as usual was more serious than Jake. Always worried for her daughter’s school performance while Jake was more laid back.

“Ugh, mom just chill. I’m doing just fine. I’m acing all my subjects, well except for damn English where I got a C, but Miss Rivers sucks, her class is so boring.” Clarke pouted and Jake laughed.

“Come on Abby, Clarke is doing a pretty good job so far.”

“Just don’t get overconfident Clarke, you tend to pay too much attention to electives instead of the ones that count the most.” Abby pointed out. The older woman finished her cup of coffee. “I have two surgeries scheduled and I might be back pretty late, I left money in the kitchen jar in case you want to order something you two.” Abby picked up her dishes, set them in the sink and went to brush her teeth.

“Alright honey, I still have work with Thelonious regarding the water supply system. I’ll be back as soon as I can. But make sure you have the house keys Clarke in case I can’t make it on time for dinner, okay?” Jake smiled at his daughter and took his dishes to the kitchen.

Clarke finished her breakfast, brushed her teeth and picked up her bike to go to TonDC High School.
She was already 10 minutes late by the time she reached the parking lot of the building. Clarke left her bike tightly secured and ran quickly to her locker trying to be as stealthy as possible. Principal Kane was very strict regarding tardiness and Clarke was already on his list of students to keep an eye on. Not that Clarke was a bad kid, the problem was when she engaged in discussions with her teachers, she annoyed the hell out of them. Clarke had to fight every single point of view. She just couldn’t keep her mouth shut.

Clarke took her books for the first round of classes and ran to her classroom, however, she heard the voice of Principal Kane in the next hall.

*Crap!* Clarke looked around to find a place to hide. She quickly slid behind the stairs that went to the art classroom, and waited until the man walked past by her.

“I think that you’re going to fit well here Miss Woods.” The man said to his companion while showing her around.

“I hope so, Principal Kane.” The woman walking on his side replied. Clarke peeked and noticed that the man and the brunette on his side were already at a safe distance. Clarke tiptoed until she reached the next hall and sprinted to her class.

She snuck in as silently as possible to avoid interrupting the class. She walked hurriedly to her chair in the back of the classroom right beside her best buddies and classmates.

“You’re finally here, Griffin. Too much beer over the weekend?” Raven smiled at her friend.

“Shut it, you were the one smashed, not me.” Clarke whispered.

“Shut it you two or else Anya is going to—”

“So, Miss Griffin…”

“Too late.” Octavia finished.

“Since apparently your discussion with Reyes is so interesting, would you be so kind to explain to the class why Hatshepsut deemed it necessary to represent herself as a male?”

“Uhm, of course Miss Forrest. Hatshepsut wanted to make sure that um, you know the Egyptians recognized her as pharaoh, as divine. As a queen she was going to be seen simply a woman, but as king she could maintain her divinity.” Clarke explained.

Anya quirked her eyebrow and moved on with the class. “Yes, at least Griffin has done her homework. Moving on with the discussion…”

The world history class was the first two periods. Clarke was working with Raven and Octavia on their presentation regarding the leadership of Thutmose I, Thutmose II and Thutmose III.

“By the way Clarke,” Octavia looked at her friend, speaking in a low tone to avoid disturbing her other classmates, “Jasper wants a Mario Kart rematch.”

Clarke chuckled. “Jasper should play with Monty instead, I’m bored beating the crap out of him.”

Raven smirked. “It’s his ego talking Clarke, he can’t believe that you beat him with fucking Yoshi man.”
“I assume you three already have your work ready, Blake and company?” Anya eyed the three girls.

“Almost Miss Forrest, I assure you we will leave you impressed.” Clarke smiled confidently.

Anya looked at her seriously and curved her lips slightly. “I do hope so Griffin.”

After World History the girls had to split, Raven and Octavia had Chemistry while Clarke had Calculus. She met with Wells Jaha in the middle of the hall while he was looking for his calculator in his locker.

“Hey Wells, you did the homework right?” Clarke leaned on the locker beside him.

The tall boy smiled, “of course Clarke, who would give it to you if I didn’t, huh?”

“That’s what I want to hear.” Clarke took the notebook that Wells handed her.

The two moved to the next classroom. Clarke sat way in the back, she really hated this class but she needed the credits so there was nothing much she could do about this. She wasn’t bad at it, she was simply too lazy. “Sup Mr. G.” Clarke greeted the huge bearded man writing problems on the board.

“Good to see you so excited Clarke. I think you’re going to enjoy today’s class.”

“Oh boy, really Clarke?” Wells took the empty chair besides the blonde. “You know Mr. Gustus, the happier he is the more shit he copies on the board.”

Clarke opened her notebook, it was very clear that she barely paid attention by the tons of sketches and doodles on the margin of the pages. She copied the latest homework and returned the borrowed notebook to Wells once she was done.

Gustus started to explain a problem where they had to find the limit of the equation while Clarke propped up on her elbows and leaned her head in her hand. She looked at the board, and was already yawning. She started to doodle again getting lost in the shapes and lines until the loud ring of the bell brought her back.

Clarke met Raven and Octavia in the cafeteria. The three went to look for a table when they found the rest of her buddies - Jasper and Monty.

“There you are, how are you?” Monty asked, he was sitting beside Jasper, both were very close friends and they have been pals longer than Clarke and company.

“Anya almost kicked Clarke’s ass today, it’s so fun to watch those two.” Raven put a fry in her mouth.

“Anya hates the fuck out of me, I don’t know why.” Clarke stated, she bit her sandwich and shrugged.

“Yeah yeah, feign ignorance.” Octavia eyed Clarke with a glint of mischievousness.
“Look who’s talking.” Raven pointed to Octavia.

“What?” Octavia asked.

“Teacher’s pet. You idolize your teacher Indra.” Raven mocked. “She doesn’t shut up about Indra and her awesomeness. Indra this, Indra that, like gosh, shut up already.” Raven rolled her eyes.

“Just because she suspended you, you dislike her; stop being so envious of me. And what do you say about Mr. Wick? You just loooove the chemistry laboratory because hot stuff Kyle Wick is the teacher.”

“Okay you two shut up already.” Clarke intervened. “Wick sucks and Indra is scary as fuck. I wouldn’t dare to be in any of their classes, seriously. And crushing on a teacher is like eeeww no.”

Clarke focused again on her meal and finished her lunch.

“I mean it’s not that I’m going to bang Wick or anything.” Raven took a sip of her coke, then added, “though I do appreciate the eye-candy.”

Jasper laughed. “That’s true, too bad I’m not in art class ‘cos hot damn, your teacher is so damn hot Clarke.”

“Jasper, you find everything that moves hot.” Clarke said between the laughter of her friends. “But yeah Miss Greene is pretty, but what I admire is her openness and creativity. She’s really talented.”

“Oh man, just what we needed.” Monty stared into the back of the cafeteria. Clarke lifted her gaze not sure what was Monty seeing until the two boys approached.

“Well if it’s the powerpuff girls and the two idiots.”

“Murphy, if you value your nuts you will back off now.” Raven warned.

“Just passing by, ladies.”

“Finn why don’t you take your buddy away from us, will ya?” Octavia asked the boy with the longer hair and handsome looks.

“Yeah, we have to go now Murphy. It was fun talking to you Clarke.” Finn smiled and kept moving on along with Murphy.

Raven sighed, “I can’t stand Murphy, he’s an asshole. I wonder since when Finn and Murphy started to hang out though.”

“And Finn is thirsty for Clarke. Which I think it’s pretty obvious by now. So, what are you gonna do Princess?” Octavia eyed at her friend, curiosity in her look.

Clarke frowned, thinking about it. “I really don’t know. He’s cute and we have fun together, but I’m not sure if I really wanna date him for real.”

The bell rang signaling that break was over. Jasper and Monty headed to their next class while Clarke walked with Octavia and Raven to the art building before they had to split to their respective classes.

“We have a match this Sunday, after the game I think we should go and watch a movie or something.” Octavia proposed, looking at the two other girls.
“Right, sounds good. Who are you playing?” Raven asked.

“It’s Grounders vs. Mountaineers. Coach Lincoln has been pushing us damn hard. If we win we might be closer to the championship.” Octavia was one of the most talented soccer players on the team and she loved the game. She hoped she could get a sport scholarship after graduation.

“Oh that’s going to be fun. We’ll be there in the bleachers cheering for the team.” Raven winked.

The girls reached the entrance of the building. “Have fun Clarke, we’ll see you in English and then we can go to ‘The Dropship’ after school.” Octavia smiled and waved to Clarke who was going inside already. ‘The Dropship’ was the go to coffee shop when students wanted to hang out right after school.

“Yep, see you there.” Clarke hurried up, headed to her locker and took out her supplies. If there was one class that she really liked, it was the art class. She took out her charcoal sticks and shoved them inside her bag, Clarke hopped up the stairs to reach the art classroom and pushed the door to enter. The young student went straight to her station and took her material out.

“Good day, Clarke.”

“Hey Miss Greene.” Clarke smiled to the slender figure walking around the classroom supervising the different works. Jasper was right, Costia Greene was pretty, with a dark complexion just like Raven and curly dark hair that cascaded right above her shoulders, she was elegant and Clarke respected her mad artistic skills.

“How’s your charcoal drawing going, Clarke?” Costia came to see the drawing that Clarke was working on.

Clarke pulled out her paper and showed the almost completed work. Costia eyed carefully the details - the contour, the shadow applied, the theme. She paid attention to every detail. “Looks good, I really like the depth you’re using in this area here.” The art teacher showed her on the page.

“Thanks, I’m still working a bit on the traces here.”

“And how’s your project going?” Costia tilted her head, she leaned her hip on the table and paid attention to the girl.

“Well, I’m stuck. I see the canvas and I think I have this idea, but then when I try to put it on paper it just doesn’t flow.” Clarke explained with a certain degree of frustration.

Costia nodded in understanding. “As I have explained, when it’s a work so personal you want to reflect your inner feelings, Clarke. Your passion fuels you and the creativity flows with it. If you don’t feel inspiration maybe you need to take a step back. Don’t push it. And yes, you still have a deadline, but I want you to leave that out of your mind for now and focus on your heart. Find the muse Clarke. I know you can do it.”

Clarke smiled. “Yeah, I really hope so.”

Sadly for Clarke, visual art class hour seemed to fly by, she immersed herself deeply in the drawings
and paintings, it was her safe space. She tried to look for inspiration just as her teacher had recommended but for now it was elusive, there was no motivation to paint. This was her last chance to demonstrate to her mother that she had the potential to be an artist. Her mom was clearly opposed to the idea of Clarke pursuing an art career; instead Abby pushed Clarke toward a career in medicine. Clarke liked to help people, medicine was a good opportunity to do just that, and yet, painting was what soothed her, what gave her an escape, what allowed her to be in touch with her inner self. She loved painting.

The bell announced the end of the class. Clarke put away all her materials and picked up her backpack. She walked to the desk and left her work for review.

“All right class, make sure to review aboriginal art for next class.” The teacher said while the students walked out of the classroom.

Clarke strolled down the long corridor to get to the next classroom, however she was in no hurry. Language arts English 12 was the worst subject for her. Miss Rivers was so damn boring, she always shut down Clarke when she wanted to discuss in depth a novel or a poem. She hated the old hag, so she took her time. Halfway there she met Raven and Octavia.

“Hurry up princess, you’re going to make us late.” Raven lifted up her backpack from the floor and slung it over her shoulder.

“Where’s the fire? Miss Rivers probably is still plugging the damn laptop to the projector.” Clarke dismissed her friend’s comment, she was in no hurry to reach that damn classroom.

Octavia smiled and pulled Clarke from her arm. “Just move your ass.”

Raven went in first to the classroom, then Octavia followed. Clarke remained outside for a bit, she was really thinking about skipping this class. Her phone bleeped and Clarke took it out to check who was texting.

“Finn. What now?” She texted back and put the phone away, then she finally went in.

“…covering for Miss Rivers…”

Clarke slipped inside when the woman stopped speaking. Clarke froze realizing it was not Miss Rivers who was seated at the desk.

“Excuse me, I believe class began 8 minutes ago Miss?” The brunette eyed her with a stern expression.

Clarke gulped down. “Griffin, um, Clarke Griffin.” And bonjour maDAMN. Clarke eyed the woman from head to toe. Nope, definitely not miss Rivers.

“Clarke.” The woman repeated, and the way she pronounced her name sent chills down her back. “This is the last time you will be late to my class.”

Clarke faced the woman, she was young - her chestnut hair loose, except for a couple of braids. Green eyes over plum lips and a regal nose. Sun-kissed skin and a jawline that was carved by Zeus himself. Clarke’s throat felt dry, she gulped down again. Clarke had to admit that she was nervous, this woman didn’t play games. This was no warning, this was a threat. And of course if there was
something she was good at, it was defying authority.

Clarke quirked her eyebrow, if she was scared she wouldn’t show it. “It was only 8 minutes, no big deal.”

With the corner of her eye Clarke could see Raven with eyes wide-open, Octavia face-palmed. Both her friends knew she was in deep shit.

The woman in the chair didn’t change her expression, a quick movement of her eyebrow was the only sign that she might be irritated at the irreverence. The brunette stood up from her chair as if it was her throne and walked to meet Clarke at eye level.

The classroom was completely silent. The tension was high, it felt suddenly too hot. The brunette walked tall, proud, chin up. She conducted herself with discipline and Clarke was about to shit her pants.

The brunette stopped a few feet away from Clarke, she was two inches taller than Clarke but her body language screamed power, and Clarke felt intimidated. “This is not a negotiation, Clarke.” Green eyes burying into blue ones. “You’ll be here on time.” The brunette didn’t raise her voice, it was barely a whisper and yet, it was scarier than all those sermons given by Principal Kane in the past.

Clarke was mute, she couldn’t say a single word, and for a minute she lost herself in those eyes that were aimed at her. So cold, detached, and yet, Clarke couldn’t stop staring.

Clarke finally reacted. “Yes, ma’am.” She stepped back and took her seat between Octavia and Raven.

“As I was saying before your classmate interrupted, I’ll be substituting for Miss Rivers for the rest of the semester. I noticed that you were working on grammar, however I think it’s best if we start working with literature this semester and writing on your position papers for the novel analysis.” The brunette eyes the students of her class, however, her eyes stopped one extra second over the blonde. “Any questions?”

Clarke raised her hand.

The brunette narrowed her eyes and her lips curved the slightest. She nodded to let Clarke ask her question.

“And you are, ma’am?”

“Lexa Woods.”

“Lexa.” Clarke repeated to herself. The name foreign in her mouth, yet the sensation it provoked was strange.

The blonde was pretty impressed. This woman, Lexa Woods, had come to this class and turned it upside down. The way Lexa spoke was full of passion, it was clear that the woman loved what she did.
Clarke had never paid so much attention to this class in her life. Her eyes followed the teacher whenever she moved. Studying the woman’s behavior was an interesting thing to do.

“There are many Victorian and 20th century authors whose works we’ll discuss regarding the values and issues of the Victorian era. Can someone give me examples?” Lexa asked to the class.

“Lord Byron?” Monroe was the first who gave it a shot.

Lexa shook her head. “His work is remarkable but no.”

“Emily Dickinson.” Clarke told with confidence.

“Very good, any work that interests you from that author?”

“Not really, but ‘Because I could not stop for Death’ is kind of cool poem, I guess.”

Lexa was about to say something when the bell rang. Students picked up their things and started to leave the room.

Octavia and Raven were on their way out, Clarke following them when she was stopped by that commanding voice.

“Miss Griffin, could you stay a minute, please?” The brunette was back at her desk picking up her papers and devices.

Clarke eyed her friends who looked pretty freaked out, Clarke nodded to them in reassurance. “Yes, Miss Woods.” Clarke turned around on her heels and met the teacher.

“I have to wonder why do you have so many C’s in this class, when I see all the potential you have, Clarke. You know this stuff. I trust you can do so much better.” The woman leaned on the desk, she seemed more relaxed now. Her pretty eyes scanning Clarke.

“It’s not something that interests me very much, Miss Woods.” Clarke stated.

“I see. Well, I hope I can offer you something that will make you want to like this class, but I’m going to need for you to be here on time.”

“Is that a negotiation, Miss Woods?” Clarke tilted her head a bit, a small grin in place.

“See you tomorrow, Clarke.” Lexa said ending the chat and returned to fix her desk.

“See you tomorrow, Miss Woods.” Clarke walked away with a smile on her face.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s been a couple of weeks since Miss Woods started as a substitute teacher at TonDC High. Clarke’s life should have been the same. She woke up to go to school, did her homework, studied, hung out with her friends. It was the routine, and yet, everything had changed.

Since Clarke met Miss Woods something definitely had changed.

“Oh man, I might be missing info. Could you give me a hand here Clarke?” Raven asked her group member and bestie. Clarke, however, was not paying attention, her mind wandering far away. It was only third period but the blonde was already eager for English class. She had been paying attention for the first time in years, not because she liked the subject. Miss Woods was open for discussing whatever came to the mind of the students; she encouraged them to think outside the box. Discussions were suddenly more fascinating and reading romanticism didn’t seem so dull anymore. And of course, the main reason was that Clarke had developed a huge crush on her teacher. Who would ever have imagined?

“Helloooo?” Raven waved at her classmate, but Clarke was pretty far away at the moment.

Octavia leaned near Clarke close to the shell of her ear. “Pop quiz!” She suddenly blurted.

“What!?” Clarke blinked looking horrified at her friends, she sat straighter on her chair and total confusion and surprise clearly showing on her face.

At that, Octavia burst in laughter. “Oh my gosh, Clarke. Where the hell are you seriously?”

“Yeah, you’re like in outer space.” Raven propped her elbow on her desk looking at her friend with curiosity. “Something is on your mind. You’ve been like this for days. Spill.”

Clarke sighed. “It’s nothing, you assholes. Don’t scare me like that.” The young student returned her work.

“You’re a terrible liar, princess.” Octavia smiled, nudging Clarke with her arm.

“I’m trying to work here.” Clarke ignored the two girls, attempting to concentrate on the work at hand.

Raven passed a sheet of paper to Clarke. “Here, gimme a hand with this part, will ya? I did my part of the research but I might be missing stuff.”

Clarke eyed her friend and took the paper, she scanned the information briefly. “Right, you’re missing the comparison between emperor Augustus and Tiberius. I already did Caligula and Claudius. Fix it before giving it to Anya man, I need an A on this report.”

“Don’t we all.” Octavia concluded.
The three girls finally finished writing their report and delivered it to Anya. The world history teacher was on her laptop while each group did the analysis of their respective emperors, the classroom worked as silently as possible since Anya was very strict with the discipline and as soon as someone started making too much noise they were getting extra homework for the weekend. “It’s a miracle that you get some work done considering how much you talk.” Anya commented, the woman grabbed the classwork and whipped through the pages of Clarke’s group.

“We get the job done Miss Forrest, we’re that amazing.” Raven smiled cheekily. A bit flirty one could say.

Anya rolled her eyes, “Reyes, you better sit down before I show you how amazing I can be grading your average report.”


Raven’s face was indignant, but the girl didn’t push it any more. She returned to her desk. “Average? This is all your fault you two.” Raven ranted.

Octavia continued, “better keep your mouth shut with Anya. She’s gonna screw us thanks to your amazing charms.”

“Nah, Anya is strict but she won’t deduct points just because Raven is a miss know-it-all.” Clarke was confident; at least she hoped so.

During their break, the three friends sat on a bench near the gym, covered by the shadow of the trees and the wind blowing softly around them where they could chat in total privacy, away from the hustle of all the kids going in and out of the cafeteria.

“So Clarke, are you going to say what is so distracting that we have to keep calling you to return to us every 5 minutes?” Octavia took her lunch out of her bag, she brought a sandwich, a bag of chips and juice. Raven only retrieved an apple from her backpack and took a bite.

“Is that all you brought?” Clarke eyed her friend with concern.

“Well, there weren’t many options. When ma spends her money on booze I gotta keep digging to see if there’s any food left in the fridge.”

“Here.” Octavia split her sandwich in half giving it to Raven.

“This is your fave.” Clarke offered a pouch of CapriSun to her friend.

“Thanks, what would I do if it weren’t for you two?” Raven commented, the sadness in her voice evident. Raven’s family was a mess, no dad, mom was an alcoholic, and Raven had to work during the afternoons at a car workshop to be able to sustain herself. The issue was that her mother was selling anything that could give her cash to buy booze, making things difficult for the hardworking girl. Raven needed to get out of that toxic environment, but so far it had been almost impossible. Clarke hoped she could do much more for her friend. In the meantime she was going to have her back, and she always carried extra food in case Raven didn’t have enough.

“Oh, attention! Commander on deck!” Octavia laughed, saluting, military style, the lone figure
walking to the art building with her casual black slacks and button up.

“Who?” Clarke frowned, she looked around but she didn’t see who Octavia was talking about.

“Miss Woods, Clarke. That’s her nickname you dummy. I mean, look at her, she’s like military or something. She scares me.” Raven took a sip of the juice, her brown eyes following the woman at a distance.

When Clarke’s eyes finally spotted her teacher, her heart rate increased; she licked her lips, needing the moisture because suddenly her throat was dry. She opened her water bottle and gulped it down fast.

“I’m still amazed that you didn’t get suspended Clarke. I swore she was going to friggin’ stab you.” Octavia looked at Clarke who was still drinking water.

“Yeah, I agree. But hey, at least now Clarke is always on time to English class.” Raven giggled, and took a bite of the sandwich given by Octavia.

“Whatever.” Clarke felt so much better now that she was hydrated; her heartbeat was back to the normal rhythm. This was ridiculous, just seeing the woman alone sent her into overdrive. This crush was going to kill her.

But she wondered why would Miss Woods went to the art building if her classroom was on the other side of the school?

During Calculus Clarke was drawing in her notebook instead of solving problems. Wells was the one doing the work for both of them. But she needed to draw her eyes. Lexa had such pretty eyes and she wanted to do them justice. Clarke erased again the damn lines that weren’t as precise as she needed them to be. She closed her eyes one second and tried again. She had the green-like emeralds eyes memorized already. Clarke made sure to pay attention to each of her features during classes; she drowned in that voice that made her feel butterflies in her stomach, her fingers itched to touch the skin of the woman, she was at levels of heavy obsession. However, the thing that all her sketches had in common was the lack of a smile. Does Lexa even smile? Clarke was curious to know. The woman was reserved, and like Octavia pointed out earlier, she was scary. Not one student remained after classes to ask questions or discuss the topics in depth. Not because the teacher wasn’t going to help them, it was simply that they feared her too much to even approach her, particularly after the teacher put Clarke in her place.

“Clarke seriously? Are you even planning to do the work?” Wells tried to peek at her notebook but Clarke was faster and closed it.

“Mind your damn business Wells! I’ll pay attention when I want to.”

Wells looked a bit hurt by her remark. “Okay, sorry. Geez Clarke I’m just trying to be helpful, you know?” Wells turned around and faced the board again slumping in his chair.

Clarke felt bad for snapping at her friend. She touched him lightly on his shoulder to get his attention. “I’m sorry Wells, shouldn’t have been rude to you.”
Wells sighed, “I get that you might not give a damn about Calculus Clarke, but you’re going to have to do some work if you really want to pass this class.”

Wells was right, she really hated this class but Clarke had to pass it. She put her sketchbook away and focused on the board. Mr. G was rambling about the marvelous worlds of integrals, which was seriously not amusing at all. Clarke did try to put in her best effort nonetheless. She glanced at the clock on the wall, she had still two more classes before English. She couldn’t wait to see her.

Lexa never thought in a million years that she was going to end up teaching at a high school. She had majored in English literature, and she had been writing small articles for the local newspaper, doing some freelance journalism and lately, some editorial work. However she needed more money and after her best friend Anya told her that they needed someone who could substitute for the English teacher due to sickness, Lexa didn’t think twice. How convenient that her girlfriend also worked in the same place.

She was walking through the yard to reach the art building, her classroom was on the other side of the school, and in order to see Costia she had to take a 7 minute walk to reach the upper floor where the art classroom was located.

When Lexa reached the place she knocked and went in. The space was wide open, the windows allowed the sunlight to filter naturally offering a very relaxing space to work. In the back was the workshop and all the materials were scattered around wooden tables and right at the front the teacher’s desk.

“Hey you.” Lexa shoved her hands inside the pockets of her slacks.

“Hi, sweetie. Coming to see the bae?” Costia stood up from her desk and went to greet her girlfriend. Giving her a peck on the lips. She offered a chair to Lexa and both sat down.

“It’s pretty nice here.” Lexa was scanning the place. Canvases and paint everywhere, sculptures, photography, everything that turned this classroom into a good place to learn art.

“Yup it is, but the art room got much nicer when you came in.”

Lexa faced Costia with a smile on her face. “You’re such a charmer.”

Costia winked and took Lexa’s hand in hers. “So, how’s it going? How are the students so far?”

Lexa crossed her legs, and thought about each of the groups she was teaching, caressing Costia’s hand with her thumb. All the kids were basically as she had expected. Teens who are not yet adults but who weren’t kids either. She remembered her days when she was around 17 years old. All those kids thought about were parties, booze and sex. She couldn’t blame them for the lack of interest in poetry or reading. And yet, there were others who loved to passionately discuss the characters in a novel, who immersed themselves so much into the story that they could recite the lines of the characters from memory. And then, there was the third group of students. Those who left a huge impression on her from day one. Actually that list was pretty short.

“Clarke Griffin.” Lexa said. Then she eyed Costia. “Do you know her?”

Costia lifted her gaze to meet Lexa’s. “Griffin? Sure, she’s taking art this semester and is one of the most talented of the group. Lots of potential there, however, there are some issues with her. Not
really sure what they are.”

“Hmmm.” Lexa remained pensive.

“Griffin giving you trouble? Because Clarke can be a huge influence on the group, so if you have her in your pocket things will run smoothly. Ask Anya though, she has better experience with Griffin since they have more classes together.” Costia commented.

“No, not at all. I’m just impressed, she’s very eloquent for her age, and isn’t afraid to speak her mind. Also she stands her ground. A bit sassy with authority, too.” Lexa smirked, remembering how Clarke didn’t back off the first time. Clarke Griffin had remained right there on the spot waiting. Blue eyes never leaving her gaze.

Costia chuckled. “You know, now that you put it like that, that sounds like you when you were her age, Lex. If Anya’s stories are to be believed that is.”

“Oh.” Maybe that was the reason why she felt some weird kind of connection with that girl since day 1. Because they were pretty much the same.

“Anyway, the kids are okay I guess.” Lexa finally said. She stood up from her chair, left a kiss on Costia’s cheek. “Gotta go now. See you later.”

“Take care Lex.”

Lexa returned to her classroom, she prepared the material for the next class that was starting in 5 minutes. They were working on Russian literature. The students had to finish reading ‘Anna Karenina’ by Leo Tolstoy at home in order to do the worksheets in class. Lexa arranged the stack of papers and prepared the prezi presentation she had ready for the analysis.

The bell announced that it was time for the students to come into the classroom. Lexa took her seat, and waited while the kids started to enter little by little.

Right on time Clarke Griffin followed her two friends, Reyes and Blake and they took the chairs in the back. Always near the window, like if the corner could be enough to hide herself from her.

“Alright, today’s activity will be split into two parts. First you’re going to fill out the worksheet that Miss Harper will help me distribute.” Lexa handed the papers to the girl who stood up from the front row, and while Harper handed the worksheets to each of her classmates, Lexa continued with her explanation. “Then I want you to write an analysis of the symbolisms the author used based on the points I have on the prezi slides. Make sure to use your time wisely; I’ll pick up the worksheets when the period concludes. Get to work!”

The class was doing their assigned work while Lexa paced through the classroom checking that each student understood the assignment. Sometimes she caught Clarke staring at her out of the corner of her eye. She had to wonder if that had to do with the girl resenting her, Clarke seemed to be the kind of girl to hold grudges, and after their first encounter they haven’t spoken much outside of class, just during discussions. Lexa approached Clarke nonetheless to supervise her work.

“Clarke, everything okay?” Lexa stood beside Clarke, the blonde girl tensed a bit. Lexa frowned
wondering if this had to do with her as well.

“Yeah, just trying to get my head around this story. I mean, Anna never had a chance. She was doomed from the very beginning by the society she lived in.”

“Yes, but Anna was a woman who followed her heart, who sought autonomy and passion in a male-dominated society which is a very interesting contrast with the role of women during that time. You should focus on those ideas for your character analysis questions Clarke.”

“Will do, thanks Miss Woods.”

Lexa nodded and kept moving, checking the work of the other students, and giving them pointers when needed.

By the end of their class, they had already discussed several symbolisms and characters. It was a good class in Lexa’s mind. Students were opening up a bit more to her. She had no idea what kind of class Miss Rivers conducted, but so far she had to encourage the students to participate more, to be more outspoken.

The bell rang, the class came to its conclusion, and the kids delivered their work to the teacher. Lastly, Clarke came after giving one last read to her handout; she slung her backpack over her shoulder and walked to meet her teacher.

“Things haven’t changed that much. I mean, if Anna were to have an illicit affair in our time, people would still judge her.”

“That’s true, society is quick to point out things that are not the standard for them. But think about Vronsky, he abandoned his social and professional status to be with her. In the end it was Anna’s disappointment and fear that he fell out of love with her, one of the reasons that lead Anna to her demise.”

Clarke nodded. “Yes, that’s right. I guess it was then about trusting that love huh?”

“There are other novels that discuss the topic of forbidden love in more depth if you’re interested and no, I’m not talking about ‘Romeo and Juliet.’”

“And why not?” Clarke asked with real curiosity.

“Because I think that the story was very dumb, if Romeo had restrained himself from killing Tybalt, or waited one day before killing himself, things would have turned out differently. I don’t know, it just really frustrates me.”

Clarke chuckled; “maybe Romeo was the true original fuckboy.”

Lexa curved her lips, and how glorious it had been for Clarke to witness such an amazing view. It was barely there, just the tiniest movement of her mouth but it was a smile nonetheless.

“See you tomorrow, Clarke.”

“See you tomorrow, Miss Woods.”

Clarke was blissful, she was happy that at least she could enjoy Lexa’s presence on a daily basis.
Every time she was in class she participated more and more, she wanted to be the one who held her
stare the most. She wasn’t going to share her new fave teacher with the rest of the class, no way in
hell. Of course, that sudden change had clearly gotten some attention from her friends.

“I think you want to become Lexa’s teacher’s pet.” Raven was writing in her notebook, reviewing
her notes for chemistry class. The trio were in the library studying and doing homework. Hopefully
they were going to get some work done today and not procrastinate like they tend to do most of the
time.

“Not at all. I find it interesting to talk about all those novels. At least Miss Woods makes the class
more exciting to me versus Miss Rivers.” Clarke was doing her calculus homework trying to conceal
the truth.

“Bullshit! You’re scratching a C, and now you found a chance to improve. Kudos to you for the
effort Clarke.” Octavia was seated between Clarke and Raven, she was reading for World History
class. “But I think the Commander doesn’t take prisoners. It’s all kill or be killed Clarke.”

“Yeah, same applies to you asshole. Just because Indra sends you to the board doesn’t mean
anything. She just wants to torture you.” Raven quipped.

Octavia chuckled “She just wants us to learn the damn reactions. That’s not torture!”

Raven rolled her eyes. “Oh shit, you’re deep in the Indra chemistry fanclub O. That woman never
gives a compliment or a positive remark. Surrender already.”

“Ha! You’ll see Raven, when Indra praises my effort I will be laughing my ass off in your face.”

Clarke laughed. “Okay you two shut it, we’re going to get kicked out of here if you keep up your
stupid discussion.”

“Look who’s talking. Clarke Griffin, who’s currently in the Lexa trashcan.” Raven said in a lower
voice to avoid being evicted from the library.

“Not true!” Clarke replied fast, however, the tint of red on her cheeks betrayed her. “It’s just a
lowkey appreciation.”

“Mhmm, whatever you say Princess.” Octavia smiled.

The three girls returned to their current tasks before each one of them had to depart to their after-
school activities.

The three girls concluded their tasks at the library, they picked up all their stuff from the table and
walked out silently. The sun was high above the sky, it was a clear afternoon, perfect to hang out
with their friends or simply go home and be a lazy ass.

The trio were chatting while escorting Octavia to the soccer field for her practice. On their way to
the field the girls met with their party buddies.

“Hey ladies. Tonight Mario Kart at Monty’s?” Jasper joined the group, walking along Monty.

“I have to go to the shop, I’m just staying awhile with O during her practice. I’m going to be stuck
“Yeah, I’ll be busy too. I have to start doing some actual work on my art project before the semester ends. I am way behind.” Clarke announced.

“Dammit, maybe Saturday we can have a Mario Kart battle with pizzas and beers.” Jasper suggested. “We can get ready our special Moonshine formula for that day, right Monty?”

“Sure thing.” Monty agreed.

“Well I’m going to pass on the beer because we have a game on Sunday.” Octavia commented, “and you know that my big bro gets a little paranoid too.”

Raven laughed “Just a bit? Bell is so intense with you O. I usually get exasperated with him. He’s all macho bravado and annoys the hell out of me.”

“Well, here I depart, I’ll go to the art classroom to work on my stuff so text me later, okay?”

Clarke split from the group who were heading to the field and Clarke took a detour to the school building where the art classroom was located. She usually stayed after school and went there. For some reason she found that place to be soothing, calming, just what she needed after dealing with so much stuff during the day.

She climbed the stairs up to the second floor, and rounded the next corner to reach the door of the classroom. Inside, there was another division where the workshop was located. The workshop in the small corner of the school building was the place where the magic happened.

Clarke usually came to the workshop to look for the muse, to find inspiration and make her art. However, the muse was pretty absent so far.

Clarke dropped her backpack on a table, turned on the dim lights of the workshop and took out her art supplies, spreading them over a big wooden table. She positioned the canvas and sat, taking out all her sketches to see if something offered her what she needed. Clarke was pressuring herself to do this. If she wanted to make sure to show her mother how valuable this was, how art was as important to her as breathing, she had to nail this work.

Lexa sighed; it had been too long a day. She reclined on the chair eyeing the stack of papers that she had already graded over her desk.

“I’m calling it a day.” Lexa commented to her colleague and friend Anya, who was also in the teacher’s lounge serving herself a cup of coffee.

“You worked a lot. That’s a lot to read right there. That’s why I prefer to do more handouts and stuff. It drives me crazy to read tons of essays and reports.” The tall blonde woman took a sip from her cup. She returned to her desk and faced the young woman. “I see that you already have a certain reputation among the students, which is good I think.”

Lexa arched her brow, “and that would be?”

“The Commander.”
Lexa stood pensive for a second. “Commander? That’s weird. I guess it’s better than being called a witch or something along the lines.”

“They respect you. I think you’re doing a great job.” Anya seemed proud, which made Lexa happy. Anya had always been such a role model for her when growing up. She respected and cared for her deeply.

“Is Griffin in your class too?” Lexa asked out of nowhere.

“Clarke?”

Lexa nodded in affirmation. She leaned on her desk, paying attention to what Anya had to say.

“Yup, pain in the ass. She’s a good kid, but gets herself in trouble because she’s very protective of her friends. Good student, but again, annoys the hell out of me. Why do you ask?” Anya furrowed her brows, Lexa made Anya curious.

“She gave me some attitude when we first met, but she has improved. I see interesting qualities in her, that’s all.” It was more or less true. She was interested in Clarke but for other reasons. Lexa sensed that there was something else going on with this girl, and she needed to know what it was. She couldn’t pinpoint the precise problem, but Clarke Griffin was an enigma that she needed to comprehend. After asking several teachers about Clarke, they all thought more or less the same. A good girl, a natural leader, loyal to her friends and ready to fight anyone who talked shit about them. With her it was all or nothing it seemed.

“Do you think Costia is still around?” Lexa checked her watch, it was almost 5, she was tired, and she had to go to review some written articles for a magazine.

Anya smiled playfully, eyes glinting with mischief. “Hmmm, I don’t know, check her classroom, but I see things are moving pretty well with her.”

“Oh come on Anya, don’t give me that look. I know what you’re thinking. We’re not getting hitched anytime soon. We’ve been dating for almost eight months now. I’m 25 Anya, I feel that there are so many things I should do first before… you know.”

“At least you two should move in together already. I mean, how many times have I gone to visit you and she’s already there. She freaking even cooks for me. She’s perfect, you dummy! I’m serious, Costia is really good for you.” Anya stated with too much passion. But Lexa understood the concern. She had been most of her life a loner, too busy to pay attention to what was going on around her until she met Costia, her first love. A woman that made her smile and feel at ease, who was so loving and caring that Lexa simply was shocked that Costia had accepted an invitation to go out with her the second time around. That first date had been so disastrous because Lexa was a complete idiot when trying to woo her lady. Thankfully Costia found it endearing.

“I know. Just one step at a time, Anya.” Lexa packed her things and waved goodbye to her best friend. Anya introduced Costia to Lexa last year at the school’s Christmas party. Since then they started to talk more and more, until one day Lexa gather her courage and asked her out.

She walked through the now empty halls of the school, Lexa reached the exit door of the building
and strolled into the backyard, she could hear the whistles and grunts of the girls of the soccer team practicing hard at this time of the day. If Lexa had learned anything, it was that the school took very seriously the performance of ‘The Arkers,’ it was that playing games against ‘The Mountaineers’ was a life or death situation. It was almost a religious experience as Lexa witnessed at the last game she went to with Anya.

When Lexa finally reached the other building she headed to the staircase, she hoped to find Costia and maybe invite her for dinner. She kept walking the corridor until she found the door that led to the art classroom. She peeked inside, the classroom was dark except the workshop at the back of the room.

“Hello?” Lexa walked cautiously. “Is anyone in—“

“FUCKING GODDAMMIT!”

Lexa had heard that voice on several occasions. Immediately a lot of noise followed, like someone was destroying and throwing things in a fit of rage or tantrum. Lexa quickened her pace and met a very frustrated Clarke Griffin smashing things in the workshop.

“HEY! Calm down.” Lexa went to meet the girl, she touched her arm lightly calling immediately her attention.

The blonde was breathing heavily, “Miss Woods? I uh, am sorry, I thought that, well shit, er, sorry about that.”

“It’s okay.” Lexa was worried. Clarke was not like this, she was a very jovial girl with gorgeous blue eyes that reminded her of the sky on a daily basis. “Come, sit here.”

Clarke slumped her shoulders and took the offered chair.

“You want to talk?” Lexa leaned over and patted her back, offering the young student her support.

“It’s nothing really.”

“Nothing? You smash things when nothing troubles you? To me that’s something. Mind over matter Clarke. If you have a strong mind you don’t let your feelings interfere.”

Clarke eyed the woman with a smirk. “Is this another lesson?”

“I’m just practical. You gain nothing with your anger Clarke. What’s the reason for your sudden rage?” Lexa interjected, eyes resting on Clarke’s face.

“You wouldn’t understand.” Clarke turned her face away from Lexa, avoiding her gaze. Lexa really wanted to be useful, she was right here, and this girl needed someone. Lexa was someone. The brunette reached for her chin and cupped it softly to make Clarke look at her. It was warm and soft yet as soon as the girl stared back at her she let go.

“Try me.”

Clarke sighed and after a minute of hesitation she spoke. “You might think I’m dumb but this damn painting is important to me. My mom is kind of difficult, and I wish she saw art as a real career. I
have this stupid dream to be an artist but she doesn’t think it’s like worth it. And I don’t know what to do to prove to her that I can be good at this. That I can be successful.” Clarke’s voice cracked.

“She doesn’t want you to pursue art?” Lexa tilted her head, frowning, trying to grasp what the girl was saying. It was clear that this meant a lot to her.

“No. She wouldn’t like it at all, she’d rather have me studying medicine or some shit like that. My dad is supportive but I wish I could get her approval sometimes. It’s really stupid I know.”

“Not at all.” Lexa rested her hand on Clarke’s shoulder, she really wasn’t good at comforting people but she could try for this girl. She really hated seeing her upset. “Look, when I was your age I also wanted the support of my family when I told them my... preferences. They weren’t bad people. It’s just that it wasn’t what they wanted to hear from me, they thought that I was being rebellious, that I was in a phase of sorts. It wasn’t going to change because that’s who I really was, so I left.” Lexa confessed, however, she was more shocked than Clarke. This was way too personal, how on earth did she share her coming out story to a girl she just met a month ago. It was still painful and hurt a lot but sharing it with Clarke didn’t feel so wrong. “What I want to say is: you have to go and fight for what you want. Be true to yourself Clarke.”

Clarke was silent, processing the information that Lexa just shared with her. Lexa could see her mind working extra hard to pull the pieces together, she had no idea if she was going to be judged or what, but Lexa was starting to get impatient with Clarke’s silence.

“Do you speak with your parents?” Clarke blurted, then added, “I’m sorry Miss Woods, I shouldn’t have asked. It’s none of my business.” Clarke stood up a bit embarrassed but Lexa answered.

“Sometimes. It’s hard, they being all religious and I being Satan’s child, but I can’t afford to be weak.”

“Weak how?”

“Letting my feelings interfere with my decisions.” Lexa concluded.

Clarke nodded. “Sooo uh, thanks Miss Woods. I think I got it from here.” Clarke lifted up from the chair, started to put her things inside her backpack while both remained silent.

Lexa was pretty surprised that she opened up so easily with her. Like speaking with Clarke Griffin was the most cathartic thing she had done in ages.

Clarke slung her backpack over her shoulders and walked to the exit. “Thanks again Miss Woods. I don’t think I could have discussed this with O and Raven, you know? They’re great friends but sometimes they just don’t get it. It was good to be able to trust someone else.” Clarke smiled and that made Lexa feel so happy. This is how she wanted to see this girl all the time.

“Yes, it was.” Lexa offered a sympathetic smile losing herself in that huge grin the girl offered. “See you tomorrow, Clarke.”

“See you tomorrow, Miss Woods.”

Chapter End Notes
And so the friendship between the pupil and mentor begins :)
Feel free to leave a comment below or in my askbox; for the 100 oneshots visit my fic page.

Until next friday,

Tana
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A little homage to Bare My Soul so do what you know you have to do friends when the time comes ;)

We could dim the light of day
Watching colors drift away
Beating like the sound of love
Reflecting light back to the sun

Listen as the silence plays
Washing darkness from the shade
Standing on the center stage
Building castles in the rain

Samantha James - Waves of Change

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kLW1Y8Y_8ak

Clarke spent several weeks working very hard on her painting while trying to keep up with the rest of her classes. After speaking with Lexa she suddenly got inspired, motivated to be true to herself. She still had a hard time grasping how to avoid being weak because getting in touch with her feelings was how Clarke connected with art and people.

Clarke was painting with vibrant colors that reflected her happiness, and sharp geometrical shapes that symbolized the entrapment of her desires. The core of the painting is a softer outline of woman with eyes as green as the deepest forest that represented the wisdom and bravery of a warrior. The focal point was undoubtedly the mesmerizing green eyes that reminded her of and may have been based on the eyes of the teacher that filled her every thought. Now Clarke was pumped knowing that her crush was not straight as she initially thought. Lexa Woods was hella gay. At least that’s what she understood from their latest conversation, which provided her extra motivation because that meant that she had a chance, a very slight chance that is, but still, it wasn’t a lost cause. Not anymore.

Clarke wiped her hands on a damp towel to remove the paint from her hands and fingernails and took a step back to look at her work. It was almost ready, she needed to add some extra details. Then she would be done and ready for the end of the semester exposition.

“That’s beautiful, it seems so joyful. I really like it Clarke.” Costia approached the student and closely inspected her painting. “The technique is flawless.” Costia pointed out looking intently at the painting. “Hmmm that woman seems kind of familiar though.”

“Really? Uh, who knows, it still unfinished so…” Clarke smiled at the art teacher.

“I’m glad that you got your inspiration back.” Costia remarked and then moved on to the other
stations to check the progress of the other students.

“Yeah, you have no idea.”

The loud sound of the bell ringing signaled the end of the class. Clarke cleaned her work area and put her canvas in a safe place. She was eager to show her mom this work, but more excited to let Lexa know how much their talk had helped her.

During English class it had been extremely difficult not to stare like a love-struck fool at Lexa. When the woman spoke she felt butterflies in her stomach and her eyes, oh those green eyes, captured her. Lexa Woods was breathtaking, and Clarke couldn’t peel her eyes off of her teacher.

Her constant staring was interrupted when Lexa kept talking with Monroe. For some reason Monroe had always been good in English class, even with boring as hell Ms. Rivers, and Clarke was so angry that effing Monroe was stealing Miss Woods’ attention. They were discussing poets during the romanticism movement. Monroe was babbling about William Blake, and Lexa had all her attention on the girl. Clarke rolled her eyes, and instead tried to focus her attention elsewhere. She quickly became pretty annoyed when she caught asshole John Murphy talking shit about Lexa.

“Murphy why don’t you shut up.” Clarke groaned, looking at the boy next to her.

Murphy chuckled. “And what do you care Griffin? Since when do you like shitty poetry or maybe you like something else, huh?” The boy started to laugh.

“Fuck off Murphy.” Clarke was angry; Lexa was still talking with Monroe, and Murphy was being a complete asshole.

“Chill Clarke, don’t listen to that idiot.” Octavia leaned in, touching her friend’s shoulder to give her reassurance and tried to calm her down.

“Anything you would like to comment on today’s discussion, Murphy?” Lexa asked suddenly to the group of kids disturbing her class.

“Not at all Miss Woods. Maybe Griffin would love to recite a love poem to you though.” Murphy joked. Suddenly Clarke stood up from her chair, her cheeks redder than ever and pounced on Murphy.

“Fuck you!” Clarke punched Murphy with all her might.

“Clarke shit!” Raven quickly stood up and pulled Clarke away from Murphy. Octavia pushed them further apart, and Lexa ran to the back of the classroom to restore order.

“HEY!” Lexa growled.

Murphy was still laughing like a maniac, Clarke was trying to push Raven to the side so she could shut him the hell up.

“You’re a real dick, Murphy!” Raven shouted.

Murphy kept laughing, “yeah yeah, your alcoholic mother can suck it too.”
“Oh no you did not.” Octavia was furious and punched Murphy on behalf of her friend Raven. The classroom turned into a battlefield, and Lexa had to intervene to split Octavia from Murphy before she killed him.

“ENOUGH!” Lexa pulled Octavia away with force, and she picked up Murphy by his shirt and pushed him against a wall. “I said enough, Mr. Murphy,” Lexa then eyed Octavia and company. “You too.” Lexa looked again at Murphy in the eye, still fisting his t-shirt in her hands. When the kid nodded only then did she released him. “All of you to the principal’s office. NOW!” The bell rang, and the students were pretty freaked as they walked out of the classroom.

The quartet was walking down the hall followed closely by Lexa.

“This is all your fault dickhead!” Octavia pointed at Murphy, murderous intent still in her gaze.

“You can’t take a fucking joke.” Murphy replied, his nose was bleeding profusely and his cheek was already bruising.

“Silence! All of you!” Lexa ordered and the two kids shut their mouths right away. Lexa spared a glance at Clarke who was walking with a furrowed brow. Lexa had to wonder what on earth happened to provoke such a reaction from Clarke. As far as she knew Clarke was the kindest, most generous girl in this school. Maybe she was a bit biased, but she knew this was not her usual self.

“Wait here.” Lexa knocked the principal’s door and disappeared inside while the four kids took a seat.

Clarke sighed. “I’m sorry guys. I never wanted to involve you in this mess.”

“Nah. It’s cool Clarke. We have your back no matter what.” Raven smiled and nudged her friend with her shoulder.

“Yeah, that was a nice punch princess.” Octavia winked while she rubbed her hand after hitting Murphy.

“Thanks O. You shouldn’t have either, you know?” Raven looked at her brunette friend. “You’re gonna be in huge trouble too.”

“Hey. I’m not letting anyone talk trash about you Raven. Even when… you know.”

“Yeah, my mom’s an alcoholic, everybody fucking knows, huh. How sad is that?” Raven bowed her head in shame and closed her hands into fists. Octavia stood up from her chair and kneeled in front of her friend and rested her hands on top of hers. “That has nothing to do with you, do you hear me? You’re the most amazing girl in this whole world Raven, and not even your mom’s situation can change that.”

“How cute? Are you going to kiss her now, Blake?” Murphy mocked.

“Oh for fuck’s sake.” Clarke jumped at Murphy and that’s when the wooden doors opened.

“Clarke!” Lexa called.

The blonde immediately stepped away from the boy.
“What on earth? Here I was hoping to avoid seeing you again in my office.” Marcus commented.

“Not my fault Principal Kane.” Murphy defended himself.

“To my office Murphy. You three will wait here.” Marcus pointed at the three girls and went inside his office with Murphy.

Lexa took the opportunity to pull Clarke away from her friends and speak with her.

“What’s the matter, Clarke? I think I explained to you about letting your feelings interfere. That was stupid and you know it.”

“Yeah yeah, I know. So what’s gonna happen?”

“Suspension probably.”

Clarke sighed, closing her eyes. “Shit err, sorry. My mom’s going to kill me. Just what I needed.”

“I understand that a comment like that might be very inappropriate. But you’re smarter than that.” Lexa let go of Clarke’s hand to the blonde’s disappointment.

“Murphy was uh, rude.” If only Lexa knew how close Murphy had hit home though, Clarke was ready to recite to the teacher all the love poems she knew from Lord Byron like ‘She Walks in Beauty’. However, Clarke thought it was more fitting to use Walt Whitman’s ‘Sometimes with One I Love’ which was clearly closer to her situation.

“Yes, that was not okay. Besides, a student wouldn’t say a love poem to a teacher, that’s way wrong.” Lexa smiled and Clarke immediately hid her face.

“Yeah that would be stupid.” Clarke commented. Lexa had no idea, did she?

“Griffin your turn.” Marcus let Murphy go, and it was Clarke’s turn.

Clarke nodded and smiled to Lexa. “Thanks Miss Woods.”

Two days. Two effing days of suspension was what Clarke got after punching Murphy. Clarke understood that she reacted badly, however, she let Principal Kane know that she wasn’t sorry for punching that asshole. He disrespected the class and Miss Woods, which was what she said in her defense, instead of admitting being extremely disturbed that she wanted to recite a poem and
experience the x-rated things she had in her head. She begged for her friends too. Clarke took the blame, but of course she couldn’t save Octavia, she almost murdered Murphy for being a total douche.

Octavia got suspended for two days too while Raven received detention like Murphy for the rest of week for using expletives during the altercation.

The worst part for Clarke of course had been missing English class. She was in bed using her laptop to catch up quickly with classes - thanks to Raven who was updating both of her friends. They were lucky that both were good students, and Octavia was also the star of the soccer team, which helped her a little.

“No Clarke really, that was so weird of you. What the hell was all that?” Raven asked through the Skype video call.

“I was having a bad day, okay? Murphy just tried my patience.” Clarke leaned on the headboard of her bed, the laptop resting in her lap comfortably.

Raven knitted her brows, still not sure if her friend was being completely honest. “You know you can trust me Clarke.”

“Yeah, of course. If I have to say something I will, okay?” Clarke smiled. “Anyway, thanks for the help with the class notes. I have to go now it’s pretty late.” Clarke stifled a yawn, waved goodbye to Raven, and closed the lid of the laptop. She left the electronic device on her nightstand and comfortably settled under her duvet. She shut off the lamp on her bedside and leaned on the pillow closing her eyes. And yet, her imagination was already playing games with her. The only thing she could see was her face, the feel of her hand had been magical, and the teen desired to feel it again, but somewhere else. Clarke took a deep breath. “I am going to fucking burn in hell for this.” She guided the hand she hurt while punching Murphy beneath the elastic band of her shorts reaching the place that tingled every time Lexa Woods spoke of passion and love, of essays and exams. The palm of her hand rubbed against her already wet folds while her mind took her to new heights, picturing green eyes piercing her while she was devoured, of skilled hands entering her core, of lips brushing her clit.

Clarke gasped, and increased the pace. “Oh god forgive me please. Oh shit!” Her breathing was harsh, fast paced, and when Clarke fingered herself, oh boy, that’s when she knew this was going to really send her to the deepest zone in hell because all she could see in the darkest parts of her imagination was Lexa Woods doing the nasty with her.

Lexa finished her classes for the day. She walked to the teacher’s lounge to finish reading essays, and then she was going home to rest. It had been a tough week, and she was also a tiny bit worried about Clarke Griffin. She needed to know if she was okay, the classes had gone by as normal as possible, just some of tension remained in the classroom after the return of the blonde and her friend along Murphy, but Clarke was participating more than ever, sometimes too much which led Lexa to choose other students instead of the blonde, since she wanted to be fair with all of them. Lexa was supposed to care for all the kids equally, however, deep down she knew she had developed a soft spot for Clarke in the last two months. The blue-eyed girl had won her over with her enthusiasm and brightness. Clarke Griffin was like a star, so bright that it was difficult not to notice her.
Lexa pushed the door open and went to the desk. She dropped her stash of papers and sat down to grade them.

“Heard that you had some trouble this week.” Costia approached and leaned in, kissing the cheek of the green-eyed woman.

“Yes, nothing that I couldn’t manage. Kids can get a bit difficult sometimes.” Lexa took out a pen and grabbed the first stack of papers.

“Mhmm, you know about that, don’t you.” Anya was serving herself a cup of coffee, grinning at Lexa.

“Really?” Costia arched her brow expectantly, looking at Anya for information; she grabbed a seat beside Lexa and rested her hand on her arm.

“Yep, hasn’t this moron told you anything?” Anya walked to the main table and pulled a chair to sit near her friend.

“Not at all. So how was little Lexa in school?” Costia asked.

Anya chuckled, looking mischievously at her friend. “Well I could tell you if you invite us to dinner, maybe after the ‘Grounders’ semifinals game in a couple of weeks?”

“Anya, that’s pathetic. You’re bribing Costia with info about me because you want a free dinner?” Lexa eyed her friend, stoic face in place.

“Lex, don’t be a grumpy ass and let me do business here with this cutie.” Anya told Lexa, and then she faced Costia. “Do we have a deal?” Anya extended her hand to Costia.

“Yes, I think we do.” Costia shook Anya’s hand and Lexa rolled her eyes. Both women giggled at the expense of the English teacher, and Costia added, “Lexa never shares much with me. I wish I knew more about young Lexa.”

“Because it’s really boring. You don’t want to hear about my days when I was a teen. I swear it’s not worth what Anya just negotiated.” Lexa kept reading, ignoring her friend and lover.

“Lies! I promise fun stories Costia.” Anya finished her coffee, stood up from the table and waved goodbye.

Costia cupped Lexa’s cheek softly. “It’s not that I want to pry into your life baby, but sometimes I wish you were more open with me. Even those simple stories would help me get to know you.” The black haired beauty closed the gap and kissed the brunette tenderly. “If you don’t want to talk about it, it’s fine babe, the invitation still stands.” Costia kissed her again, whispered, “I love you,” and pulled apart. She waved goodbye and left the teacher’s lounge.

Lexa sighed, closed her eyes and rubbed the back of her hand against her tired eyes. She took the next essay and started to read it. A small smile started to spread on her face, she recognized the handwriting, it was Clarke’s.

The girl had a way to infuse passion into her words, she really had no idea how she had been getting C’s with Ms. Rivers. Her latest analysis of ‘Great Expectations’ was pretty good. Her analysis of the characters was on point, and her critique was superb.
However, the next words written by the girl caught her attention.

“...I think I get Pip, he was crushing so hard on Estella, even though she wasn’t capable of love. Pip loved her against reason, against the social boundaries, against everything because for him, she was perfect. I understand his sentiment.”

Lexa narrowed her eyes, this line called her attention, not because it was incorrect. It was a good point, and yet, the fact that Clarke felt a connection with the main character for crushing on someone who was what? Unattainable? Unrequited? Whatever it was made sense with her behavior.

“Hmm, is that what is bothering you Clarke?” Lexa said out loud. She thought about Clarke’s smile and her pretty eyes that were as blue as the sky. She seemed happy to her, and yet, there was sometimes a tint of sadness in her look. Lexa finished reading and put the papers away. She couldn’t concentrate anymore. She shoved all the pending papers inside her messenger back and slung it over her shoulder. She took all of her belongings and went to the parking lot to get her car. On her way, however, she spotted light in the art workshop. She knew who was there.

As soon as she entered the art classroom, she heard electro music pumping through a radio. She left her stuff on the teacher’s desk and walked to the workshop.

“Clarke?” Lexa called, but no one responded, obviously the music was pretty loud, so she kept going until she reached the working area.

Clarke was moving to the rhythm of the music, she would take a step closer to the canvas and with the paint brush, added a bit more color to her art while still keeping the rhythm with her hips. Lexa stood there simply watching the girl, leaning on the doorframe, her arms crossed in front of her chest casually. Eyes followed the blonde dancing with such exquisite movements, it was alluring, the way the girl swayed her hips was hypnotizing and the teacher couldn’t peel her eyes off. The teen was completely in the zone, painting with so much energy and frenzy.

Clarke was singing along with the song too, she seemed so damn happy, it made Lexa smile.

♫
Be my strength
Show me the way
Come to life
Come and feel the sun
Lift your hands, embrace
Breaking waves of change ♪

Clarke dipped the brush in the red paint on the table and kept painting, brushing the canvas and then she turned around.

“Crap!” The girl said moving her hand over her heart, the brush falling to the floor. “Jesus fuck. When did you come in Miss Woods?”

“A while ago. I uh, I didn’t want to interrupt, you were into it so…”
Clarke turned off the music player. She cleaned her hands to remove the excess paint with a towel and went to meet the teacher.

“That’s… wow.” Lexa said while taking a closer inspection to the painting. She was really impressed. Costia was not kidding when she said this girl was talented.

“You like it?” Clarke bit her lip nervously looking at the woman.

“If I like it? This is beautiful Clarke, it’s… I don’t know how to put it, but it makes me smile. It’s impressive.”

Clarke blushed, bowing her head a bit embarrassed. “Thanks Miss Woods.”

“Lexa’s fine. At least between us since we’re friends, right?” The brunette took one of the empty chairs; Clarke followed and took the stool next to Lexa.

“Lexa.” Clarke said, testing the name on her lips and then she grinned at the teacher.

“I wanted to check on you. How are you doing? Any issues with your folks?”

“Nah, my mom was pissed but she’s chill now. At least she thought that Murphy had it coming.” The girl explained, her eyes fixed on Lexa.

“Good.” Lexa looked back at her, holding her gaze. For some reason Lexa lost herself in them for a minute. “Um, I really liked your analysis of ‘Great Expectations.’”

“It was interesting. I liked it. At least Pip got the girl.” Clarke voice was husky, and Lexa remembered how much Clarke identified with Pip’s situation with Estella.

“He did but sometimes you just got to resign yourself to watch from afar. When I was your age there was this girl in my class.” Lexa begun, “she was attractive - dirty blonde curly hair, hazel eyes, athletic build - she was damn fine. I really liked her but she had a popular boyfriend while I was a nobody. I was just happy to see her in my class even though she had no idea who I was.”

Clarke twisted her mouth, not believing it. “No way, you a nobody? Nah, have you seen your reflection ‘cos hot daaamaan.”

Lexa arched her brows taken aback by the sudden compliment.

“Aaah, I mean no disrespect Lexa. Just stating the obvious.” Clarke was kicking her ass mentally, her tongue slipped, and she had to fix it quickly to avoid making this awkward. But clearly she was useless right now with the woman sitting just feet away from her.

Lexa chuckled at Clarke’s comment. “I was a bit impulsive too, quick to defend my friends, well, friend. I was an outcast at school, a loner. Nonetheless I got myself in trouble a lot. Anya was a hothead and in the end it was me who ended in the middle of a drunken fight.”

“Woah wait, Anya, like Miss Forrest?”

Lexa nodded, “Yes, Anya is like your Raven and Octavia.”

Clarke burst in laughter. “Oh god are you kidding? She’s so damn serious and really hates me. I can’t just picture her drunk and getting you into trouble.”

“Anya is pretty funny once you get to know her Clarke and between us she doesn’t hate you. But yes, I ended up in several fights. Once she bet to some random jocks that I could beat them. It was a
disaster.” Lexa blushed when she retold the story, she felt embarrassed now but Clarke was enjoying it so she didn’t mind at all.

“Yep, definitely she’s your Raven and O. But did you win?” Clarke leaned closer, she was so into the story that she was already invading the personal space of the other woman.

Lexa raised her chin, and with a tight-closed lip smile she nodded. “Yes, of course.”

Clarke cackled in laughter. “Oh excuse me, Commander badass.”

“Commander? That’s what you kids call me, right?” Lexa mimicked Clarke’s body language. She felt so damn comfortable with the blonde, it was so easy to talk to her. They didn’t pay attention to the clock on the wall, it kept ticking without interruption, time flowing and the two girls were chatting like nothing else in the world mattered.

Clarke affirmed with her head. “No offense. I still think that’s a cool nickname Lexa.”

“If you say so. Anyway, loving from afar sucks, but it will pass Clarke and one day I assure you, you’ll get the boy. Or girl.” Lexa advised to the girl who was looking at her so intently. Her eyes noticed again that sadness that haunted the blonde, why did she have that look on her face? It was haunting her day and night. Lexa wished she could do something to erase that look but she had no idea how. Pretty eyes like that didn’t deserve to look so sad, and those gorgeous lips always had to be smiling.

Okay, why are you looking at her lips Lexa?

Lexa blinked several times and brought her attention to Clarke’s eyes again when she caught the clock on the wall. “Hell, it’s very late. I had no idea we’ve been talking here for hours.”

“Yeah, I better get going.” Clarke stood up and started to pack her things.

“Let me take you home Clarke. I don’t want your parents to worry about you.”

“Don’t worry, they’re never home when I get back from school. Mom has the night rotation at the hospital and dad is working on a very important project so who cares.” The girl was already turning the lights off while she walked out of the classroom.

“I care, Clarke.” Lexa stated honestly, she really did, maybe too much.

“Okay then, thanks again, Commander.” Clarke teased with a huge smile on her face.

When Clarke opened her eyes she smiled. She had slept like a baby, dreaming of her gorgeous Lexa, fantasizing about her lips, her hands, her eyes. Clarke didn’t want to wake up but she had to support Octavia at the soccer game today. Clarke rolled from the bed and padded barefoot to the restroom. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. Blonde locks disheveled, pink cheeks after pleasing herself last night for the millionth time thinking about Lexa. Clarke smiled and hit the shower.

These past weeks had been magical. Clarke spoke with Lexa every day, even after class they always met in the workshop. The place had become like their spot for talking. Clarke would paint, and Lexa
Clarke was ecstatic. She couldn’t love the woman more if she wanted, because she realized that what she felt for Lexa Woods was not a high school crush, she was in love with her. Clarke Griffin was madly, irrevocably in love with her English teacher. How pathetic.

But she really didn’t care that Lexa was oblivious to her affection, that they were just friends. To be close to her, to be able to spend her afternoons along the brunette was wonderful, for now. Her friends thought that Clarke was too obsessed with her painting project, and when the blonde told them that this was the only way to prove to her mom that she could be an artist, they stopped worrying about her. Clarke preferred to spend her Mondays to Fridays with the teacher than with them or her other friends.

Clarke arrived at the field. There were people everywhere, and Raven spotted her as Clarke looked around for her buddy.

“Clarke here!”

Clarke followed the familiar voice until she saw the brown skinned girl with hair as dark as the night in a ponytail waving. “Hey Raven!” Clarke walked the rest of the steps and reached her friend. “Exciting day. This is going to be a great game. Where are the boys?”

“Jasper, Monty and Bell are on the upper rows. Today we have to cheer hard for O.” Raven offered a Coke to Clarke and whistled. The game was about to begin when she noticed her. The gorgeous braided hair loose in the wind, and her tanned skin glowing with the sun.

“Oh!”

“What?” Raven looked at her friend curiously.

“She has a tattoo.”

“Who?”

“Miss Woods.” Clarke was surprised. Lexa always wore button ups that covered her arms but today she was wearing a sleeveless shirt, which looked so damn good on her over black pants. Her very sexy arms were showing how fit Lexa was and that intricate tattoo resting on her right arm was sublime.

Raven followed Clarke’s gaze until she noticed the teacher over the left side of the bleachers. “Pretty rad. And she’s hanging out with Miss Forrest and Miss Greene. It seems they are pals.” Raven added.

Clarke’s throat was so dry, her imagination playing games, and she could almost picture herself tracing those patterns with her fingertips. Almost.
The game was intense, and the first period had been tight. Even though the ‘Grounders’ monopolized possession of the ball, the ‘Icelanders’ had a tough defense. The second period was basically more of the same; ‘Icelanders’ formed an almost impenetrable wall while the ‘Grounders’ tried to breach their defenses. Monroe made a long pass to Fox who received it with her chest and quickly ran to the visiting team’s goal. Fox quickly faked to the right and passed the ball to Octavia who was on her left and near the penalty box. Octavia took control of the ball and turned around.

“Come on O!” Raven cheered.

“Go Octavia!” Clarke shouted and stole a glance to Lexa’s group. She was a moron for not paying more attention to the game but she couldn’t help it. Lexa was pretty stoic though, all the cheering came from Anya and Costia, and it made Clarke giddy to know that the smiles of Miss Woods were all hers.

“WHAT THE FUCK REF. THAT BITCH DID IT ON PURPOSE!!!” Raven was standing up pretty agitated. Clarke swiftly turned her attention back to the field when she saw Octavia grabbing her leg in complete pain rolling on the field.

Lincoln went quickly to check on O with the medical staff.

“Oh god, I hope she’s okay.” Clarke prayed to the higher powers that her friend hadn’t suffered an injury that would knock her out of the game.

“REF THAT WAS A RED CARD FOR FUCK’S SAKE. THIS IS BULLSHIT!” Raven was screaming to the top of her lungs clearly immersed in the game.

The game resumed while the staff treated Octavia on the sidelines. ‘Grounders’ took the free shot but the goalie blocked the perfectly aimed shot to the right corner of the goal.

Octavia stood up and was back in the game, running to get into position for the corner kick.

“Hell yeah that’s my girl! You go O!” Raven clapped with excitement and relief to see her friend safe and sound.

“Come on Grounders!” Clarke shouted.

Monroe gave the signal and kicked the ball. Immediately Echo entered the area pulling the defense with her. The girl jumped but missed the headshot, however, Octavia came running fast and slid on the grass and kicked the ball towards the goal. It was an impressive shot from the ground that caught the goalie off guard and went in.

“GOOOOOOOOAL. HELL YEAH TAKE THAT FUCKERS!!!” Raven raised both arms in the air.

When Octavia saw that the ball was inside the net, she jumped with her fist in the air while the rest of the team surrounded her with congratulations.

“WOOOOT!” Clarke jumped and hugged Raven.

Octavia pointed at her two friends when she ran near the bleachers with a huge grin on her face, dedicating the goal to them.

“I LOVE YOU ASSHOLE!” Raven squirmed laughing still squeezing Clarke in her arms. Raven
was more than happy. That goal put Octavia in the lead for the highest scorer of the tournament.

The game resumed again and the ‘Grounders’ were motivated to keep on the offensive, but the other team was more interested in maiming their forwards.

“BITCH!” Raven was furious, they kept hitting Octavia hard. One of her knees was already bleeding but O never stopped running.

Minutes later she earned a free kick. Fox kicked the ball to Octavia, and even with two defenders covering her, she managed to pass the ball with her head. Harper received the pass with her chest and made the shot into the upper left-hand corner of the net.

“GOOOOOOOOOOOAL” Clarke screamed.

“THERE YA GO ICELANDERS TAKE THAT!” Raven jumped in happiness along with Clarke. The blonde couldn’t help watching Lexa celebrate the goal, high-fiving Anya with her usual seriousness. It was unbearably cute.

When the referee announced the end of the game, everybody started to leave the bleachers in total euphoria. Raven and Clarke headed to the locker room to wait for Octavia and then to meet the boys. They were definitely going to celebrate the victory of the game and of course the pass to the finals for the second year in a row. Last year the ‘Grounders’ lost against ‘The Mountaineers’ so this year was all about revenge.

Octavia came out all showered and dressed in clean shorts and a tee, however, she was limping a bit.

“Are you okay?” Raven asked with real concern as she approached Octavia offering her help.

“Yeah, just a bit of inflammation, but I’ll be good in no time.” Octavia winked.

“Alright, celebration time then. We should grab pizza with the boys.” Raven started to walk keeping near Octavia in case her friend needed help.

“Oh shit, I uh forgot something. I’ll catch up with you in a sec.” Clarke turned around quickly and went to look for Lexa.

She wanted to see Lexa before she left but there was so many people emptying the place, and she had no clue where she was. Still the blonde kept looking around. Clarke walked behind the bleachers and that’s when she heard the familiar voice. It was closer to the gym so that’s where Clarke headed.

“I told you it was going to be a fun game.” Anya was strolling behind Lexa and Costia who were walking hand in hand.

“Yes, you were right Anya.” Lexa replied dryly.

“Damn right and now Costia is going to cook the most delicious dinner ever.” Anya grinned with excitement. Anya was a big fan of Costia’s cooking.
“Anya loves my cooking a lot which makes me wonder how bad of a cook Lexa is?” Costia asked to Anya.

“Oh god a terrible one.” Anya laughed.

“Anya please, your food is so much worse.” Lexa smirked to her friend.

“Yeah yeah, lucky bitch.” Anya pouted crossing her arms.

“True.” Lexa smiled and pulled Costia closer to her and kissed her. That’s when Clarke arrived at the scene.

The smile from the blonde’s face was completely erased, seeing Lexa kiss Miss Greene was painful. She looked at Lexa’s hands holding Costia’s waist while her lips moved softly over the other teacher’s mouth.

“Griffin, you lost?” Anya asked the stupefied girl who was staring like a fool.

“Shit, sorry, I uh, yeah, sorry.” Clarke tensed, and when she saw Lexa’s face she wanted to cry, she turned on her heel and ran away as fast as she could.

She found her friends waiting near Bellamy’s car, she met them with a sour expression, with no idea what to do. She was hurting. She clearly had no idea that Lexa was already in a relationship, much less with Miss Greene, one of her favorite teachers. She was feeling a sudden rise of anger and hatred towards Costia Greene, the person who had the heart of the woman she loved.

“Found what you were looking for?” Octavia asked Clarke.

“Yes, more than what I was bargaining for.”

Chapter End Notes

A little bit of action for you guys, but you know this fic will require your patience cos obvs is not an easy topic to portray in a fulfilling manner. Seriously guys stop rooting for them, save yourself the heart ache. Hope you are liking it so far and hope to see you back next friday, until then.
Tana
Clarke gulped down another beer, she had lost count already, but it didn’t matter how many she drank, the sourness in her soul was killing her. She was hurting, she had no idea that Lexa was in a relationship, much less with her art teacher. Now all the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. Lexa was looking for Costia when they met at the workshop that first time. Clarke took a bite of a pizza slice and drank more beer. She was going to need something stronger to forget this pain.

The music was loud, and there were lots of young people dancing and making out. Others were playing games while the rest simply chatted over the music. Clarke, Octavia, Raven and friends were at ‘The Arkers’ victory bash.

Clarke was seated in the living room watching Raven battle Jasper in beer pong. Finn took the empty spot beside Clarke and smiled at her.

“Hey Clarke, how’s it going? You look really nice tonight.” The boy was handsome with deep brown eyes and shiny chin-length long hair, a real charmer. Clarke liked him, she was attracted to him physically. At least until she met Miss Woods.

“Thanks.” Clarke took a swig from her beer, still looking at Raven throwing the ball with precision and dexterity. Octavia was at her side cheering on the daring mechanic.

“I was thinking that I had fun with you last time. Maybe we could go to the movies or something.” Finn proposed with a confident smile. He was a pretty boy indeed. The jeans he wore fit him nicely and his t-shirt was pretty rad, Finn Collins was very stylish. He extended his arm casually on top of the couch, almost touching Clarke.

Smooth, Clarke thought.

“Sounds fun, I’ll text you.” Clarke crossed her legs, and leaned on the couch during the rest of the game, staying in contact with Finn’s arm. It was subtle, but at least she was letting him know that she was interested. If Lexa had someone, why couldn’t she have someone too? At least that was how Clarke saw things at the moment. Which was pretty ridiculous since Lexa and Clarke had nothing at all.

Raven ended puking her life away in the backyard while O held her hair and patted her back softly. Clarke was holding their bags and stood on the patio, trying to stay distracted, and not think about Lexa’s hands on Costia’s waist. She noticed that the night was pretty dark, especially with clouds floating overhead, hiding the moon and stars. The wind was surprisingly chilly. She still heard loud music from where she was standing, even though it was way past midnight. “It is only a matter of time before a neighbor calls the police,” she muttered to herself.

“Okay baby, breathe. That’s good.” Octavia kept caressing Raven’s back and helping her not fall on her face.
“That was a tough battle, but I won.” Raven smiled proudly as her eyes slowly closed. The girl sat down on the grass, and removed her red jacket. Underneath, Raven wore a grey racer tank that allowed her to cool off a bit and combat the heat she felt from the alcohol.

“You need to shower first and then I’m going to hydrate you Reyes. You can’t go back to your place like this.” Octavia pulled Raven up. Clarke joined them, and supported Raven by circling her waist with her arm from the opposite side.

“Her mom might get mad, and you know that might be dangerous if Mrs. Reyes is under the influence of alcohol too.” Clarke told Octavia while they helped drunken Raven reach Bellamy’s car.

“Yeah, that’s why she’s staying with me tonight. You might need a ride too.”

“Not at all O. I’m pretty sober myself.” Clarke kept holding half of Raven’s weight; she wasn’t as drunk as Raven here, and she was sure she could make it home pretty fast. After all, she was going to walk home.

Octavia opened the door of her brother’s car and helped Raven sit in the back. The two girls lowered their drunken friend, positioning her as comfortably as possible.

“Yup, I got my house keys with me, you know my parents are always late so I have to keep my keys with me all the time. See you two Monday. Text me as soon as Reyes returns from drunkenland, okay?” Clarke hugged Octavia and waved goodbye before she walked to her place, which was a couple of blocks away from Monty’s.

The walk home helped Clarke put things a bit in perspective. She was attracted to Lexa in ways that were way inappropriate between a teacher and student. The sound of her boots reverberated in the silent night as the teen walked towards her home; Clarke hugged her arms, rubbing her hands over the denim of her jacket to give herself some warmth, and kept thinking of Lexa kissing Miss Greene. How many times has she wondered what it would feel like to be kissed by her? Now she had a point of reference, and it appeared to be better than she could ever have imagined. Clarke shook her head to wipe out the stupid fantasy.

“You can’t have her Clarke. This needs to stop.” Clarke had to be realistic; there was 0% chance of something happening between them. Lexa had been kind enough to be there for Clarke whenever she needed someone, however, that didn’t mean anything at all. Lexa was a good woman and a good teacher; Lexa apparently cared for every single student in her class too. “You need to stop imagining things that won’t happen Griffin, get your shit together.”

Clarke reached the porch of her house, took out her keys and slid them in the lock, she turned the knob and went inside. She closed the door with her hips and sighed. The lights were dimmed so she didn’t smack her foot or anything against the side table. She removed her jacket, and hung it on the coat rack beside the door, and willed herself to go to her bedroom upstairs. She took the stairs two at a time, and once she reached her bedroom she removed her clothes that stunk of booze and her shoes. She padded to the restroom barefoot and brushed her teeth, she removed the make-up after finishing with the toothpaste, and then splashed her face with the warm water coming out of the faucet.
“She doesn’t see you that way Clarke.” She told her reflection. Her eyes were a bit reddish and watery, and not because of the water she had just splashed, she was crying. The tears fell silently, running on her cheeks mixing with the water.

“You have to forget her, you need to bury this stupid thing you feel and move on. Do you understand?” Clarke kept talking to her reflection, looking at her opposite image intently. “Forget Lexa Woods.” It was an order.

Clarke dried her face with a towel hanging on the restroom wall and returned to her bedroom. The blonde opened the upper drawer of her dresser, and took out a University of Wisconsin t-shirt that her dad bought for her years ago. She unclasped her bra, changed her underwear, and put on a clean pair of shorts and then she snuggled into the old shirt. She pulled the bed covers back and slipped in.

Clarke closed her eyes. “I’ll forget about you Miss Woods, but not tonight.” Clarke moved her hand inside her shorts and 10 minutes later she whispered her English teacher’s name.

Monday morning had arrived, and after the girl hit the snooze button for the third time, and Abby called her daughter to wake up, the blonde was finally on her feet. Clarke was dressed today in tight blue jeans and a grey low-cut long-sleeved shirt that revealed her cleavage. She put on her boots and headed downstairs to the kitchen area. If she was going to erase these dumb teen feelings, she needed to look good to attract anyone who could become her scratching post. Probably Finn Collins.

“Hey sweetheart, that was some game huh?” Jake smiled at his daughter.

“Yeah, too bad you had to work over the weekend, dad.” Clarke took a spoonful of the fruit cereal she was eating and added more milk.

“I know honey, I’ll try to be here for the final game though.” Jake promised, squeezing the blonde’s hand.

“And how’s your art project coming?” Abby suddenly asked.

Clarke arched her brow, took another spoon of her cereal before answering her mother. “And why the sudden interest in my art class, mom?” The annoyance was clear to her mother’s ears.

Abby pursed her lips, taking a quick look at Jake who nodded to encourage his wife to speak, and then she answered. “I’d love to get to know more about your art Clarke. I get that I’ve been a pain in the ass but I really want you to know that I’ll support you honey.”

Well, that was a first. Clarke assumed it had been a conversation her parents had regarding her future. “Don’t worry mom, in the end I might not pursue art. My project is pathetic, it’s a total waste of time so...”

Abby glanced at the girl in front of her, the woman raked her fingers through her chestnut locks, trying to understand what was going with her daughter now. “Sweetie, is something wrong?”

_Nah, I’m just in love with my teacher, Miss Woods, mom. And she has a hot girlfriend who happens to be my art teacher, and I kind of hate her right now._ “Not at all mom. Maybe I just needed a dose of reality.” Clarke finished her cereal, brushed her teeth and headed to school on her bike.
“Hot damn Griffin, looking good.” Raven took a bite of her potato chips, eyeing her friend from head to toe. The three friends were hanging out in their usual spot in the backyard of the school, on one of the benches under the trees closer to the gym. Birds chirped above them, grey clouds covered the sun, still it was a pretty day.

“I bet she wants to impress Finn.” Octavia wiggled her eyebrows at Clarke, she took a fry and popped it in her mouth.

“I don’t dress to impress anyone, O. This outfit is just cute. Period.” Clarke stated dryly. She sipped her CapriSun, and when she finished she walked to the nearest trashcan where she disposed of the empty pouch.

Clarke’s gaze drifted back to the school premises, and she immediately noticed that Lexa was walking with Miss Greene. They weren’t holding hands but there was a familiarity between them. Clarke’s stomach churned. She couldn’t stop staring though, Lexa’s chestnut curls were tamed in a ponytail, only the braids were loose. Clarke’s fingers itched to touch that mane.

“You plan to keep staring Griffin?” Raven called her friend, making Clarke return back to her spot in the bench.

“I wasn’t staring.” Clarke sat and instead of saying anything else, she bit her sandwich.

“Yes you were.” Octavia nudged her with her elbow, a grin extended on her face.

“Enough! I don’t give a shit about Lex- err Miss Woods.” Clarke corrected quickly.

At that Octavia and Raven both stared at Clarke with clear confusion. “Miss Woods? Who was talking about Miss Woods? Finn is right there you dweeb.” Octavia commented pointing right where Lexa was walking, and then Octavia looked at Raven. Both friends surveyed each other for a moment, comprehension on both their faces.

Clarke’s face turned a ghostly white. She fucked up and big time. Clarke lifted up from the bench, but Raven caught her by the arm. “Oh no, you’re not running away Griffin.” Raven leaned in to look at Clarke. “You have the hots for Miss Woods?”

“OH EM GEE!” Octavia was wide-eyed, she never saw this coming.

“I totes get it though. I mean, look at her walking in those grey slacks that suit her long legs perfectly, that fit ass could lift a car, those green eyes are like emeralds looking back at you and damn, her lips. Uff! She’s hot.” Raven watched the two teachers strolling around the backyard during lunch, checked Lexa out again, and made the ok symbol with her hand.

“No, that’s not. I don’t. I mean that, that…” Clarke struggled for words, she had been caught, and now she had no clue how to dig herself out of this hole. “That’s bullshit!” Clarke countered quickly, her tone defensive.

“Hey Griffin chill. We’re only teasing you, don’t take it seriously.” Octavia reached for Clarke, her hand resting on her arm softly. “Unless... how big of a crush is it?”
“Clarke?” Raven stopped smiling, she was now seriously concerned for her friend.

“It’s nothing, okay? She’s hot like you said. That’s it. No biggie.” Clarke attempted a fake smile but her friends knew her pretty well, however, they didn’t push it anymore.

“Okay.”

The bell rang announcing that break was over, and just her luck, the class that she was eager to attend in the past was now the one she dreaded the most. Kids started to move quickly back to their classrooms, stopping to pick up their material from their lockers before the next bell for class rang.

Octavia, Raven and Clarke made their way through the crowded halls. Kids were opening and closing lockers, taking books in and out, and rearranging backpacks when the bell announcing the beginning of classes echoed strongly in their ears.

Clarke remained frozen in front of her locker. “Clarke hurry up, you want to be late?” Octavia asked as she picked up her stuff, closed and locked the metal door of her locker.

Clarke quickly texted and waited for a response.

“Clarke what the hell are you doing? Miss Woods is going to kill us if we’re late!” Raven pulled Clarke’s sleeve.

Clarke’s phone bleeped back and she smiled in relief. “I’m not going. I’m skipping class, going out with Finn.”

“What, why?” Raven put her hands inside her pockets not believing that her very responsible friend was skipping English class.

“Rather spend the rest of the day with Finn. English is boring.” And just like that Clarke walked quickly to the backyard leaving her friends open mouthed in the hall.

Despite Clarke being a responsible girl, she skipped English class the following days too. Clarke was so desperate to lose herself in something, in someone who could help her erase the heartache that she felt. On the third day, Raven and Octavia simply said to Miss Woods that Clarke was sick. Of course, Lexa knew that was a lie since Anya had Clarke as a student as well. The teacher was concerned about the blonde girl, but she had no idea what was the best course of action, except approach her and speak with her, if she returned.

It was Thursday morning in TonDC High and rebellious Clarke Griffin was still avoiding English class. She kissed Finn behind the bleachers of the soccer field where no one could bother her. Finn Collins for her was simply an escape from her desires, a distraction from her attraction to her impossible love. Clarke was grateful that Finn didn’t mind spending time with her. The boy was nice and warm, he smelled musky, and when she kissed him on the neck he chuckled and tickled her ribs. It was silly but that’s how it was. Stupid kids doing dumb things at school.

However, she couldn’t run forever, Raven texted her that Lexa had been asking about her. The
woman might be concerned, but Clarke didn’t care. She needed distance, and she was going to entertain herself by whatever means available.

Clarke leaned in to reach Finn’s lips again, she entangled her arms around his neck, pulling herself closer.

“Griffin and Collins!!!”

Clarke and Finn split immediately; she turned around and met Miss Greene. Finn scratched his head in embarrassment, hiding his face from the teacher.

“You two are supposed to be in class. Go right now before I call both your parents!” Costia crossed her arms, looking seriously at the two kids, determination in her voice. “Now!”

“Yes ma’am.” Finn lifted his backpack and passed Clarke her own. “Call you later?” Finn asked Clarke who nodded. Finn gave a last peck on the lips and ran to his class. Clarke eyed Costia with a not so friendly gaze before heading to class.

Clarke took a deep breath, she could hear her voice from where she was standing. “Just get in, you dumbass!” Clarke pushed the door, and there she was, Lexa Woods in front of the class discussing today’s topic with Harper. Clarke simply waltzed to the back of the classroom, hugging the walls trying to avoid calling too much attention or interrupting the class to find her usual spot. She dropped her bag when she reached the desk on the corner, and that’s when she spoke to her.

“Miss Griffin.” Lexa said in a low tone, “I was told you were sick.” Lexa was very serious, her eyes narrowed, she put her hands inside her pants pockets casually, her chin up still looking suspiciously at Clarke. Lexa’s eyes fixed on the blue stare, trying to find some answers, but knew that Clarke wasn’t going to make it easy.

Clarke flared her nostrils, and her heart idiotically began to race, and she knew she wasn’t going to stand another 45 minutes in the presence of this woman; Clarke had to find a way out so she did the dumbest thing she could do. “Yeah, sick of this class.”

The whole classroom gasped, the bluntness in which Clarke said it was astonishing.

“Clarke what the hell are you doing?” Raven whispered to the blonde. Raven was sitting right beside Clarke, and Octavia sat at the desk in front of Raven. Neither could believe what was happening, and their eyes were as wide as saucers.

Lexa remained impassive, stone cold. “Then why are you here?” The teacher simply said, neither angry nor mad, simply as a matter of fact. She walked closer to the blonde, Clarke didn’t back off either, Lexa could see the defiance in her posture, in her eyes, this game of the young girl was getting out of hand.

“Clarke don’t say anything else, shut up and sit down.” Octavia begged through gritted teeth, but Clarke had to open her big mouth and dug her own grave.

“Because your girl—“

“She’s sorry Miss Woods, please proceed with the class.” Raven stood up, covering Clarke’s mouth, and pulled her back to her seat.
Clarke’s narrowed eyes stared angrily at Raven, who was about to punch Clarke if she dared to do anything foolish again. Octavia looked at Clarke, and her expression said shut the fuck up before you blow this. There was no need for words, the three girls could understand without speaking a single word, Clarke rolled her eyes in understanding.

Lexa stood at a close distance staring at the angry blue eyes that were aimed at her. Lexa looked at Reyes, then at Blake. Whatever was happening, those two knew it. Lexa didn’t want to lose the class to Clarke’s childish behavior, better to show them who was in command here.

“Very well, since Miss Griffin is so enthusiastic for this class, everybody will write an analysis regarding the shifts in narrative perspective in ‘Frankenstein.’ You have 20 minutes.” Lexa ordered, and of course the class immediately complained. However, that served as reminder that she was in charge and not Clarke Griffin.

The three girls were walking to their next classes. Clarke was the first to get out of the English classroom as soon as the bell rang, she left her essay completely blank, which of course was going to earn her an F. Octavia and Raven followed with somber expressions.

“Are you out of your fucking mind? What was that?” Octavia stopped Clarke midway to the Calculus classroom.

“That was unbelievably rude, Clarke. Do you want another suspension or worse?” Raven faced her friend cupping her face and looking her in the eyes.

“And you’ve been skipping English classes only to smooch Finn? Or is there another reason?” Octavia constricted her eyes, keeping her rhythm while she strolled to her next class.

“It won’t happen again, okay? I was pissed, that’s all. I don’t want to look like I love kissing Miss Woods ass either.” Clarke commented apologetically. Raven let go of Clarke and resumed her march.

“Jesus, Clarke. That was fucking wrong.” Octavia shook her head with disappointment. Clarke didn’t say anything else, she realized that her behavior was unacceptable, that it wasn’t fair to her classmates, much less to Lexa. After all, it wasn’t Lexa’s fault that she was drowning in jealousy without justification since there was nothing and would never be anything between the two of them. Clarke recognized her huge mistake and headed to Calculus class.

Another day has gone by, and Lexa was relieved that it was over. Students had several essays to deliver, and she still had to finish grading some papers, but her head was about to explode. She couldn’t work properly when all she did was think about Clarke being a total asshole today. She left her analysis completely blank, she just wrote her name and delivered her paper empty. That was not the student she met almost three months ago. She shut down her laptop and stored it in her messenger bag. She closed her classroom, and walked to the teacher’s lounge to pick up her belongings. Halfway there she was met by her girlfriend.

“Hey babe.” She greeted Lexa with a quick kiss on the lips. “You look like a car ran over you.”
“Yeah, kind of.” Lexa smiled briefly, she really wasn’t in the mood to talk about that.

“Maybe what you need is a therapeutic massage.” Costia smiled and entangled her hand with her girlfriend’s.

“You offering?” Lexa quirked her brow, admiring the woman who was walking beside her. Sometimes Lexa wondered how she was lucky enough to meet someone as nice and loving as Costia. She had been marvelous, and her relationship with her felt good, in spite of the fact that Lexa still kept herself guarded with her.

“I am.” Costia smiled and kissed again the brunette. The two teachers reached the parking lot area to cross to the teacher’s lounge in the administrative building. While strolling through the yard Lexa caught Clarke walking to the art workshop, making her stop in her tracks.

Costia noticed that Lexa’s eyes lingered on the girl. “You know? I caught Griffin today making out with her boyfriend during class time.”

Lexa looked at Costia with a question mark drawn on her face. “She has been skipping my class to kiss a boy?”

“Your class?” Costia had no idea that Clarke had been absent from English class for the last three days, that surprised her. She knew Clarke was a very conscientious student and that was way out of character. “Weird. She’s not like that. I guess it has to be love then.”

“Love?” Lexa frowned, then she continued her walk to the teacher’s lounge alongside Costia trying to ignore the need to see Clarke.

“I don’t know about that, but her behavior lately is worrisome. I think I should speak with her parents about her.” Lexa opened the door for Costia, letting her pass first to the main building. The two women kept talking and chatting. Lexa opened the next door for her girlfriend, she greeted the teachers that were still around, and then she went to her desk to pick up the rest of her things before going home.

“Well, now that you mention it. Griffin has been slacking in art class this week, she seemed lost. She wouldn’t even talk to me, like she was angry or something.” Costia reached her for her handbag on the desk and walked over to Lexa.

Lexa was deep in thought, Clarke was acting excited in her class right before the weekend. After the soccer game Clarke simply disappeared from her class, and today she had been rude to her. “The game,” the brunette finally said.

Costia tilted her head, her dark curls cascaded over her shoulder, and the art teacher approached Lexa, getting closer to her, speaking in a low tone so Lexa was the only one who heard. “You think it’s because she knows we’re together? Like she’s disgusted because we’re gay?”

“No I don’t think so. She has an open mind, or at least that’s what she has proven to me in class.” Lexa was trying to come up with a logical explanation for Clarke’s sudden change of behavior. They were on good terms and out of nowhere she was pushing her away.

“Then it must be because she has a crush on you, and after the game Griffin discovered that you’re mine.”

Lexa looked horrified at Costia, and that’s when the art teacher giggled. “I was joking, you dummy, you’re so serious all the time. It must be nothing babe. She’s a teenager, they’re like that.” Costia dropped feathery kisses along Lexa’s jaw.
“That wasn’t funny at all Costia.” Lexa couldn’t imagine that some kid would have a crush on her, much less Clarke Griffin, but she felt a tingle in her stomach just thinking about it.

“That happens, you know? Kids develop crushes, it’s normal. I remember there was this cute PE teacher I was crushing on, it’s part of growing up Lex, so don’t take it the wrong way. Meet me tomorrow night?”

Lexa pulled Costia to her, snaking her arms around her waist. “Sounds like a plan. I’ll pick you up at 9.”

Costia stood up on the tip of her toes to kiss her girlfriend softly. “Can’t wait.” Costia caressed Lexa’s cheek before pulling back, and with a grin she went to pick up her stuff before leaving the school.

“Hey lover girl, a word.” Anya came into the teacher’s working area, she greeted Gustus, then she met Lexa. Her expression was neutral, lips pursed. Lexa nodded, and walked out to the hall where they could talk in private. Anya’s strides were slow, in no way rushing, she was calm but her expression was tight.

“What is it, Anya?” Lexa could feel the heavy stare of her friend on her back. When Anya got in big sister mode, it was not good news. They reached an empty classroom, and that’s where they sat to talk.

“Why are you so soft with Griffin? I heard what she did. The kids were pretty sure you were going to slit her throat though.”

Lexa gulped down, and clenched her jaw. She knew where this was going. Anya had a way to read Lexa. They have been friends since elementary, they were almost like sisters, and it was logical that Anya was going to approach her the moment she noticed Lexa hesitate or waver in her work.

“You’re being weak Lexa.” Anya leaned on the chair observing Lexa closely.

The room suddenly felt heavy, the scrutiny made Lexa feel 12 again when Anya came to her to offer advice, to guide her when she felt so lost in a sea of sexual confusion. When the woman with hazel-almond shaped eyes looked at her like that, Lexa knew she was dealing with Anya the mentor, not the goofy friend.

“I did what I thought was best for the girl.” Lexa defended.

“Liar. You should have sent her to the principal’s office and made an example of her. I ask you again Lexa, why are you soft with her?”

Lexa hid her face from Anya trying to come up with something in her favor, but she grasped Anya was right. “She needs a friend, not a punisher Anya. Clarke is going through some emotional whirlpool that is causing her to make mistakes.”

“She has friends, Lexa.” Anya rested her hand on Lexa’s shoulder, “you feel connected to the girl, I get it, but she has parents, and people that can help her if she needs it.”

“Her parents are too busy to pay attention to her, her friends are as lost as she is. I can protect her.” Lexa looked at Anya, determination in her voice.

“Don’t involve yourself Lex, it’s not going to end well for you. That girl is nothing but trouble. Just
keep her at a safe distance, okay?” Anya squeezed the shoulder of her friend, rose from the chair and walked back to the teacher’s lounge.

Lexa exhaled slowly, she had no idea she was holding her breath until now, the muscles of her back were so tense. Lexa stretched, trying to ease the knots in her neck and back, she returned to the teacher’s office and organized her work for the next day.

Lexa understood that Anya didn’t want her to involve herself in Clarke’s messy life. Anya was right, she was always right, and yet, she couldn’t let the girl alone. Clarke was in need of a mentor, of someone who could guide her. Lexa identified with the girl. When her parents shoved her away she was more alone than ever, but she had Anya who was her rock. Clarke’s parents probably had no idea what was going on in the life of their kid since they worked so much. Reyes and Blake were clearly in similar situations as well so they couldn’t offer much to Clarke either, so it was up to her to be the rock that Clarke needed.

Why are you soft with her?

Anya’s question remained in her mind nonetheless. Why indeed?

Lexa was heading to her car after spending some time in the teacher’s office arranging all the material she was going to require for tomorrow and the stuff she was taking home to review. She glanced to the building where the art classroom was located, and noticed a lamp left on. She couldn’t go home yet. Lexa had to speak with Clarke and find out what was going on with that girl, she was really concerned for Clarke.

She went up the usual set of stairs, and heard the music pumping loudly as soon as Lexa reached the hall. She kept walking straight to the door and opened it, letting herself in. She left her messenger bag on the desk and advanced to the workshop area.

“Fuck this!”

Lexa heard the complaint from the girl, she passed the doorframe and observed the mess. The canvas that Clarke painted with so much effort was in the trashcan; Lexa’s heart broke for the girl. The English teacher knew how much Clarke loved the painting and seeing it in the trash was sad.

“Hey Clarke.” Lexa kept her distance, observing the girl with attention. “Why did you do that?” Lexa pointed to the painting.

“I don’t like it anymore.” Clarke responded bluntly, doing a one-sided shoulder shrug, looking down and turning off the radio.

“Not true.”

“What do you know? You have no idea who I am.” Clarke moved to the material shelf and took out a new canvas. She put it on the easel giving her back to Lexa, and focused on the paintings she had on the wooden table.
“I know that you’re strong, intelligent, loyal to your friends, protective and caring of them, selfless, sometimes impulsive and stubborn.” Lexa took a step closer, then another until she was standing close to her student, her gaze stuck to the teen who seemed stiff. She did know her as Lexa already demonstrated. “And I also know that you love art with all your heart and soul.”

Clarke eyed the woman who was standing to her left, her soft gaze making her feel awful, guilty and aroused. “Not anymore.” Clarke gulped down her nerves, she licked her lips, easing a bit. She didn’t love art anymore because there was someone occupying that space in her heart. Clarke Griffin now liked art, but her love now belonged to Lexa Woods, and that was the truth.

Lexa was soft spoken, not judging her, on the contrary she understood. “Talk to me, Clarke. Let me help.”

“Leave me alone.” Clarke avoided eye contact with Lexa, her voice not faltering.

Lexa sighed; she wasn’t going to push it anymore. “Okay, if you ever want to talk.” Lexa scribbled something quickly on a piece of paper and took Clarke’s hand, leaving the piece of paper with the teen. “Whatever you need, no matter what time it is, I’ll be there for you.” Lexa took a step back giving space to the clearly troubled student and left her alone.

On the way out Lexa took the painting that was left in the trash and placed it in the trunk of her car. This painting was as part of Clarke, and Lexa couldn’t see such masterpiece among garbage.

The drive home had been intense in her head, not even the music from the radio could shut down her inner thoughts. She plugged in her phone and selected a random playlist while at a red light. The beat began and a smile was drawn on Lexa’s face. It immediately brought back memories of Clarke. Lexa felt more at ease and just thinking about that day made her smile. She had buried it in her memory - Clarke’s happy voice, Clarke’s hips moving side to side, Clarke’s gold locks bouncing with the rhythm, it was beautiful, Clarke was beautiful. Lexa joined the song.

♩ I can hear you calling from the distant plain

‘Cause in this moment I feel love

I can feel you falling, miles from yesterday

‘Cause in this moment we are loved ♪ ”

Once she reached her home in a more relaxed mood, Lexa made a call that was more than necessary, there were several things she needed to discuss, and it was time that she did all she could for Clarke.

“Hello? Hi Dr. Abigail Griffin?” Lexa spoke. “I’m Clarke’s English teacher, Lexa Woods, and I need to talk about your daughter.”

By the time Clarke arrived home it was already dark. She dropped her bike in the garage which was
empty, meaning that her parents were still at work. She used the keys to open the back door and once in she dropped her backpack in the living room, turned a couple of lights on, and headed to the kitchen. She checked the fridge, and there was frozen food, but the blonde was not in the mood for microwavable food. She shut the door of the fridge again and ran upstairs to her bedroom.

She removed her dirty shirt splashed with paint, and threw it in the laundry bag. She took out of her pocket the paper given by Miss Woods before removing her jeans. In a pristine handwritten note was written her phone number. Clarke took out her cellphone and added the number to her contact list, however, she didn’t want anyone else to know she had that number so she came up with a name that might be related to the woman without giving away the information.

Clarke pressed the phone screen typing Heda and saved the info. She scrolled through her contact list while walking to the bathroom; she held the phone pressed between her shoulder and ear while washing her hands.

“Hey you out of the carshop? Wanna get drunk with me while watching Netflix?” Clarke dried her hands and returned to the room. “Great, I’ll text O. See you in 20.” Clarke concluded the call and texted Octavia.

Wanheda: yo bitch, pizza, Netflix and strong booze @ my place?

Pocahontas: yas, who’s going? All the crew?

Wanheda: nah, ladies night only.

Pocahontas: k, let me finish my chemistry homework. See ya in a bit.

Clarke ordered the pizza, and put on clean clothes. She went downstairs to the money jar to take money to pay and turned on the TV. She dropped on the couch while she waited for her friends and thought about Lexa.

She acted like a stupid brat, the woman wanted nothing but to help her, and she had been also a bitch with Raven and Octavia. She wanted to apologize to them. Clarke covered her face with both hands in frustration while leaning on the couch.

“Aaaargh! How can I forget about you?” Clarke took a pillow and buried her face in it. She sat straight again, shoulders slumped, and propped her arm on the armrest of the couch. She closed her eyes and breathed in, she could almost smell her perfume, it was intoxicating. She started to slide her hand over her left thigh, the warmth of her hand sent shivers to the rest of her body. Clarke could almost recreate the sensation when Lexa took her hand and gave her the paper in the afternoon. Hands that were soft and long fingers that suited a writer. Fingers that the blonde wished were buried deep in her. Clarke breathed out a shaky breath, she could feel the pool of desire forming between her legs, more underwear ruined by Lexa Woods. That was a day-to-day occurrence for Clarke. She cupped with her free hand one of her breasts, feeling the fabric of the t-shirt over her erect nipple and started to fondle it slowly. Clarke moaned.

Lexa had no fault in this, none at all. Clarke was the one who masturbated on a daily basis thinking about her teacher. Dying to be Costia, to be the woman who earned her caresses and kisses. The level of jealousy she felt for Costia Greene was off the charts, Clarke hated her for the stupid reason alone that she wanted what she had. This was clearly unhealthy, this obsession for a person that
couldn’t look at her how she wanted, that wasn’t going to touch her like she needed. Clarke had to stop wanting what she couldn’t have, but how could she do that when Lexa looked at her like she was the most precious and valuable thing in the world?

“Yo princess!”

“Fuck!” Clarke snapped her eyes open, clearly caught in the middle of ‘something’, Raven’s voice broke her out of her stupid fantasy and brought her back to reality. “Coming!” Clarke stood up from the couch fixing her clothes quickly.

Yeah right, who am I kidding, I’m not coming tonight, Clarke determined while approaching the main door.

Clarke opened the door to greet her friend with a smile and said “I need to get laid.”

Raven tilted her head, arching her brow. “Um not with me you perv.”

“Nope, not with you Reyes. I have someone else in mind.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor bby Clarke, ah the teenage years how wonderful they are. Thanks for sticking with this story, I know there is like not much action and yet you return every update so thank you again buddies.
Drop your comments or visit my inbox at commanderlexaofthegrounders.tumblr.com/ask

Until next time,

Tana
Lexa has been so frustrated lately, and not because work was hard at all, she was really enjoying teaching these kids. They were a challenge for her. When she met them, they were unmotivated and completely disengaged from the class. Now, after 4 months of working with the kids, they participated in class discussions, and read more novels that were of interest to them. Their grammar and writing had improved as well, and Lexa was very proud of them. Her frustration revolved around one student: Clarke Griffin.

The teacher bought at the coffee shop that was about 5 minutes from school a good cup of tea before going back to school premises. The barista had written the name ‘Commander’ on the cup. The moniker had become something that Lexa embraced, even in the coffee shop the baristas knew her by that name. Lexa Woods was more respected in TonDC High than Marcus Kane, which was very impressive for a simple substitute teacher.

The warmth of the tea and its sour flavor was just what Lexa needed, her thoughts were lately out of control and obsessed with Clarke - all because Clarke wouldn’t even look at her during classes. Lexa tried time and time again to encourage her to participate. Clarke’s enthusiasm was long gone, and her grades have plummeted again which was the reason she spoke with her mother, Dr. Abby Griffin, and pleaded with her to provide guidance and support. However, the response had been to simply ground Clarke for a couple of weekends, not effective if you asked the disheartened teacher. Lexa thought that Clarke’s downward spiral had to do with her relationship with Finn Collins. Lexa really disliked that kid. She thought he was a terrible influence, and she wished that they would end the relationship or whatever they had.

The teacher glanced at her watch and wondered where the time had gone. She tossed the empty cup into the trash can and walked back to the school. Taking a deep breath, she was more than ready for the day to end. The teacher had one more class in 1 hour, and then she could go home. Lexa entered the school and couldn’t bring herself to grade the remaining papers. Instead, she went to see her girlfriend.

The art classroom was filled with the works of several students; the art exposition was in 4 weeks, and the classroom looked more chaotic than usual. Lexa navigated the obstacle course of paintings in progress, avoiding wet paint on the fabric tarps partially covering the floors, and various other art supplies. Her shoes clicked against the wood making the old boards creak a bit.

“Costia?” Lexa called looking at the empty desk.

“Workshop babe.”

Lexa strolled to the back of the room and pushed open the door to the workshop, where Costia was giving the finishing touches to her sculpture.

“Hey.” Lexa greeted, leaning on the doorframe, observing the dark haired woman with her hands over the clay molding the vase with expertise. Costia had great hands, and Lexa could vouch for that.
Lexa nodded, she took a look around the smaller room, there were more incomplete works around and one caught her eye. Lexa moved closer to the canvas resting on the easel in the corner. It was the black painting mixed with greys, and a red streak delicately cut through the distorted unfinished drawing.

“That one is still a work-in-progress.” Costia clarified while she turned off the clay machine, removed the apron she was wearing and went to hang it on the hook in the wall.

“It’s kind of sad, don’t you think?” Lexa crossed her arms looking at the blackness of the background, the cracks in white contrasted with the grey colors, and that damn red streak captivated her, it was as if the painting was bleeding.

“Yes, Griffin changed her mind regarding her final project and started to paint this instead. She has been quieter too while working this past week in class. Artists can be in good and bad moods sometimes, and I’m glad that she still can produce something of quality even when her feelings are not as vibrant as before.” Costia came to meet Lexa and kissed her cheek, entangling her arms around her body, leaning her head on her chest. “It’s a great work nonetheless.”

“It is.” Lexa kissed Costia’s head looking at the painting that was the work of her student. Lexa had taken the first painting with her and hung it in her bedroom after Clarke threw it in the trash. Her room was somber, simple, but with that painting her room suddenly was brighter, less void of life. It was her favorite thing.

“You too have been down lately. Any problems babe?” Costia kissed the sun-kissed jaw and cupped Lexa’s cheek. “You’re serious, I know, but it’s like you don’t smile at all anymore. I want my baby back, you know?”

Lexa leaned and kissed Costia’s forehead. “You’re always worrying too much about me. I’m good, no need to worry.”

“Why don’t we go to a club this weekend? That might cheer up my broody commander.”

Lexa rolled her eyes. “You too?”

“Mhmm, I think that’s sexy. And you’re kinda bossy in bed too so…”

Lexa’s cheeks flushed, and Costia giggled while pulling her in for a kiss. After moving apart Lexa glanced once more at Clarke’s painting before going back to her classroom.

“Exactly, very good Echo. That’s the transformation that Edmond Dantès undergoes in prison. He loses his capacity to feel any emotion and carry out his revenge.” Lexa pointed out as she walked around the desks of the students during their ‘Count of Monte Cristo’ discussion. She moved to the board to write the points that were up for discussion, then she turned around. “So we already talked about Caderousse as well, who can talk to me about Mercédès?” Lexa eyed the class. “Murphy, describe her please.”

The boy was slumped in his chair, probably doing anything but paying attention. “Well, she married
a dude, Mon-something right?” He kind of joked hoping the class was going to laugh with him, however, no one did. Lexa arched her brow erasing his dumb smile from his face right away. “John Murphy, have you done your analysis as I instructed?” The woman approached him slowly, her stern face could make a man piss his pants. Murphy swallowed and straightened in his chair, his blue eyes were avoiding her. “Murphy, since this story was not worthy of your time, the class would be honored if for next week you present an essay regarding the limits of human justice found in the novel and share it with the class. We would be grateful if you did that for us, Mr. Murphy.”

“Of course Miss Woods.” Murphy agreed rather fast.

“Thank you, Murphy. Reyes, please describe Mercédès.”

Raven cleared her throat. “Mercédès was a good woman but she was very passive and therefore, betrayed Dantès who was her fiancé to marry Mondego even though she wasn’t happy with him—”

“She was weak.” Clarke interrupted. Lexa turned her attention to Clarke, whose face was lacking her usual smile, it pained Lexa to see her like that. The blonde was looking everywhere but her eyes, and Lexa noticed the small bruise barely hidden on Clarke’s neck.

“Explain.” Lexa encouraged the girl, however, her voice was a bit hoarse without reason.

“She still loved Dantès when she married Mondego.” Clarke finally stared at the brunette. “That was weakness because she didn’t let go of Edmund. She married one man while loving another.”

Lexa nodded in agreement. “Yes, good point. She married Mondego who was a total jerk, but you need to consider that Edmond had been in prison for 14 years. Clarke, would you have waited for him?”

For some reason this debate seemed to have nothing to do with the characters and more to do with Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods. Luckily for them the bell rang announcing the end of the class.

Clarke picked up her backpack from the back of her chair, threw it over her shoulder and walked out of the classroom without looking back.

Lexa released her breath slowly now that the students were leaving the classroom, wondering what that was all about. Was Clarke angry because her mother grounded her thanks to her intervention? Lexa speculated if Clarke was so vindictive, then the classes were going to continue to be hellish for her. Both had been passive aggressive with one another during this last month, and the teacher had been pretty tense during her discussion today with Clarke. She extended her neck to one side stretching her muscles, then to the other side. Lexa thought that she probably needed some rest, and this was a sign of her exhaustion. She went back to her desk, and started to arrange her material so she could go home.

On her way to her car Lexa could hear the girls from the soccer team practicing. The tournament had been intense and the ‘Grounders’ were now concentrating on the upcoming championship game. The team was practicing hard on the soccer field every day. Lexa had enjoyed the last game, and she thought it would be fun to attend the championship game. The cheers of the crowd, and the excitement of the students and players was really part of the spirit of TonDC High. Lexa was glad to be part of it.
Lexa was checking for her car keys inside her bag, looking around all the stack of papers she had in her briefcase when she noticed the blonde coming out of the art workshop. Lexa’s gaze followed the girl who was heading to the soccer field, probably to meet her friends when another person, a boy, met her with a kiss on the lips. Clarke backed off pretty taken aback by the sudden kiss without her accord.

Lexa walked closer to make sure that everything was okay with Clarke.

“Finn, please don’t do that!” Clarke told the boy who flicked his hair like one of those hair commercials models did.

“Why not? You’re my girl, and I think kissing is pretty normal between a couple.”

“Finn, look. I know that we’ve been dating and doing ehm, ‘stuff’ but that doesn’t give you the right to kiss me whenever the hell you want.”

“Is it because you got grounded? Your parents don’t want you to hang out with me anymore?”

Clarke snorted, “Finn, my mom has no clue you even exist.” Clarke paused before adding. “I think it’s better if we take some time off.”

“What? Why?” Finn protested. “We’re good together, I like you and you like me, the sex is good. I don’t get it?”

“I have things in my head, okay? I need some space to re-think what I want and—”

Finn didn’t let her finish, he kissed her pressing their bodies together, his lips crushing hers, and Lexa burst into a sudden rage. She was going to kill that boy.

“HEY!” Lexa intercepted the two kids, and pushed Finn away from Clarke, “I think you should go home kid.” Lexa growled eyeing Finn like she was going to stab him to death.

“I’ll text you later, okay?” Finn was pretty shaken so he stepped back and walked away leaving the girl alone.

Lexa kept her burning stare on that annoying boy who was clearly up to no good, then she focused her attention on the blonde.

“Are you okay?” She tried to reach out to touch her arm, but Clarke stepped away avoiding the contact.

“Yeah. I gotta go.” The blonde dismissed Lexa without even a thank you and ran to the soccer field.

Lexa sighed. There was no way she was going to get back on good terms with Clarke Griffin, the blonde had zero chill.

Lexa finally found the keys in her duffel bag and returned to her car. She stashed her bag on the backseat of the car and with a last glance at the blonde she drove away.

The night was perfect to go out as Costia had suggested. Lexa had been a bit grumpy lately, and she
really needed time to unwind, so this was the right time to have fun and enjoy the company of her girl. The streets of DC were flowing with traffic, a dark night full of bright stars that engulfed them was the perfect romantic setting.

Lexa and Costia had opted to have dinner at an Italian restaurant. The couple had already enjoyed their meal, pizza that they shared among good conversation and amazing red wine. For dessert, Lexa choose gelato and Costia ordered tiramisu. When Lexa paid the bill they went for a walk taking advantage of the splendid night lacing their fingers together.

“It was really delicious, thanks for the invitation babe.” Costia leaned her head on Lexa’s shoulder; the brunette took the chance and leaned her head over Costia’s. The two lovers walked silently for a couple of blocks. Costia looked at her partner and noticed furrowed brows, which meant that Lexa was deep in thought. “Baby, a penny for your thoughts?”

Lexa simply glanced at Costia and gave her a reassuring smile, “work stuff. I have to finish writing some articles that I’d love to publish sooner rather than later. The usual.” Lexa leaned in and gave a chaste kiss on the lips of Costia who smiled in comprehension. “You’re not going to shut me up with just a kiss Miss Woods. I really don’t mean to pry, but you’ve been quiet lately. I just need you to know that you can tell me anything babe, even if you think it’s dumb or not important.”

“I know, it’s nothing I can’t handle.” Lexa was sure of that, but the subject of Clarke Griffin was starting to get too complex for her to handle on her own.

_And who the hell is talking about Clarke? Jesus Lexa, stop thinking about that girl._

The couple turned right on the next street and reached a park where they sat on a bench that was deeply covered in the shadows by the leafy trees and kissed. Lexa took Costia’s chin in her fingertips, tilting her face to match the angle of her mouth. The taste of wine mixed with her cherry lip-gloss that was so familiar to Lexa felt good. She closed her lips and smooched her softly, teasing her partner. Lexa pulled away and changed her angle again, this time she went in with more determination, pulling the bottom lip with her teeth and sucking it lightly. Costia responded with a low moan, and her tongue sought entrance which Lexa quickly granted. The two women kissed until the need for air was a matter of life or death and split apart. Costia didn’t go too far away, she leaned her forehead on Lexa’s, her hands cupping those regal cheekbones that she loved to kiss.

“I love you.” Costia whispered softly.

Lexa was in her own world though, deep in her thoughts wondering again why Clarke was acting so cold towards her, ignoring her and pushing her as far away as the girl possibly could.

“Babe?” Costia pulled away to look at Lexa’s obsidian eyes and met her lost stare. Costia knew Lexa, and it was so clear that there was something bugging her girlfriend. Something that was also affecting their relationship.

“Mmm?” Lexa retorted. Costia opened her mouth to ask again if something was going on when they heard a discussion that was escalating and seemed out of control. Lexa surveyed her surroundings trying to find the source.

“Oh fuck off Emerson I have nothing to do with that!” A girl shouted.
“It’s your momma Raven, and she owes us the big bucks, so if she can’t pay the next of kin pays.” A man replied in a mocking tone.

Lexa stood up from the bench, “stay here Costia.”

“Lexa what the hell are you going to do?” Costia was nervous because of the serious stern look her girlfriend sported; it sent chills down her spine. A look so cold it froze her in place.

“Get her boys!”

“Hey don’t touch me you fucktards!” Raven struggled with the men pulling her away.

“Leave her.” Lexa snarled.

Raven raised her eyes and saw a woman walking in their direction, black slacks and a white button up shirt tucked neatly in her pants, a black skinny tie around her neck. Raven clearly recognized the woman. “Miss Woods please go away!”

“Who the fuck are you girly? Get lost.” The man, apparently Emerson, asked unconcerned.

“I said. Leave. Her.” Lexa pulled the knot from her tie, and started to pull up the sleeves of her shirt up to her elbows. Still walking towards the men holding the teenage girl, Lexa counted five men - Emerson, two restraining Raven, and two more lurking in the shadows.

“This is none of your business girly, run away before you end up—”

The man never finished the sentence.

Lexa kicked his head at lightning speed, “run Raven!” Lexa ducked under the next attack and elbowed her next attacker on his ribs hard enough that she heard a crack. She moved the palm of her hand in a swift upward motion, hit the nose of her attacker and broke his nose. Raven ran away but she hid behind a tree, she was scared of the men. But what she saw was way more scarier and truly unexpected - the ‘Commander’ had gone commando on those thugs unarmed.

“Behind you!” Raven shouted and at the last second Lexa pulled back, the knife sliced her torso, making apparently a deep cut from her left rib to her abdomen, instead of plunging into her heart. The white shirt started to stain red. Lexa removed her tie, and in a quick maneuver to avoid the arm of the attacker holding the knife, she used the tie to deflect his trajectory. Lexa got close to the man in that moment and wrapped the tie around his neck. Then Lexa squeezed hard enough to close his windpipe without killing him, leaving him unconscious on the floor.

Lexa turned around and rolled on the ground to avoid a punch, however, she was hit on the head with a piece of a branch. That knocked Lexa momentarily on the dirt, she kneeled to get back up; she shook her head, tackled the much bigger man and straddled him while she punched him again and again, until her knuckles were bleeding. She stood up stumbling and looked Emerson in the eyes. “I don’t want to see you close to this girl again. Do you understand?”

Emerson was wide eyed and ran away afraid for his life.

“Lexaaaa!” Costia ran to hold her girlfriend who was about to faint on the ground. “Oh my god!”
“Miss Woods!” Raven ran to aid the woman.

“I’m okay. Did they hurt you Reyes?” Lexa asked, pulling the girl close to her and looking for any wound. “No. No Miss. Jesus fuck you kicked their asses!”

Lexa chuckled. “Yes, I did. Now, I don’t think it’s safe for you to be around alone and much less go back to your place. Do you have somewhere else to stay?”

“Lexa, babe you need a hospital first.” Costia helped Lexa stay on her feet holding her waist. Lexa shook her head. “First I want to make sure Reyes is safe, Costia. Later I can check these wounds.”

“I uh, yes I think. Just lemme call first.”

The doorbell rang, and Clarke ran quickly to open the door. When Raven called her all scared and asking for a place to stay, she did not give much of an explanation except mentioning Miss Woods very quickly. Clarke didn’t think twice, and called her mother letting her know that her friend was going to stay with them. Of course Abby agreed.

Clarke was thinking the worst; since Raven was in a precarious position thanks to her mother’s alcoholism and awful friendships, Clarke was afraid Raven’s mother crossed the line this time and hurt her.

When Clarke opened the door she immediately jumped and hugged Raven tightly. She took a step back to check that she was not hurt, and only then her eye caught the woman standing behind her.

“Oh my god. Le- Miss Woods!” Clarke corrected before anyone caught her. “Please come in.”

Clarke stepped aside, and Raven entered her place. Lexa stayed outside the door nonetheless. “I uh, I’m glad you’re okay Reyes. I hope to speak with you tomorrow after class, if you don’t mind.”

“Yes, I will Miss Woods. Thank you so much. If it wasn’t for you…”

“You’re okay now.” Clarke hugged her friend again, then eyed the bloody figure of her impossible love. The way Lexa looked at her was simply heartbreaking, with so much sadness that Clarke might have felt pretty guilty for being a complete ass with her. Lexa took a shaky step back, and Clarke noticed something was off and went quickly to aid the woman as she collapsed.

“Lex!” Costia got out of the car and ran to see if Lexa was okay.

“I’ve got her Miss Green. I think she has lost a lot of blood.” Clarke pulled the woman inside the house with the help of Raven and laid her on the couch.

“We need an ambulance!” Costia was panicking, and Clarke couldn’t focus with that woman’s nervousness and hysteria.

“Calm down Miss Green. Her pulse is stable; she lost some blood, but she’ll be fine, I promise.” Clarke removed the pillows the from the couch and created space to tend to her teacher properly. “Raven, bring the first aid kit from the bathroom and Miss Greene, I’m gonna need you to press right here with…” Clarke ripped the button up Lexa was wearing to see the biggest wound - a gash that ran around 12 inches long, but didn’t look too deep. Clarke removed her shirt. “With this.”
Costia pressed the t-shirt to the wound, but by the squirmy face of the woman Clarke thought Costia was going to faint.

“It’s okay Miss Greene, just press as hard as you can so we can stop the bleeding.” Raven came back, and Clarke took the first aid kit. She took out some gauze and disinfectant.

“Do you know what you’re doing Clarke?” Costia asked with certain apprehension.

“Yes, I have been working with my mom as an apprentice every summer since I was 16. She is a surgeon by the way. I know how to provide basic medical attention Miss Greene.” Clarke was thankful that finally her apprenticeship with her mom had paid off. Not that she wanted to be a doctor yet, but she was glad she listened to her mother. “Okay, I need to clean that wound before it gets infected and make sure that she doesn’t need stitches.” Costia nodded and took a step back. Clarke moved over Lexa to check the wound. As soon as she removed her t-shirt that Costia pressed over her skin, which had absorbed a lot of blood, she saw the wound clearly, and a lot of other things that she shouldn’t be paying attention to at the moment. Things like Lexa’s tight abs or the black bra that she wore, much less the tribal tattos that the woman had right above each hip bone. Clarke slapped herself mentally for being a moron and focused her attention on the wound.

“This is going to hurt.” Clarke said to the teacher who nodded, and then she pressed the gauze. The teacher hissed in pain but she didn’t move.

“It’s going to be okay, baby.” Costia took one of the lover’s hands in hers to look after her.

Clarke cleaned the wound, pretty impressed by Lexa’s tolerance to pain, she barely moved. If it was another person they would be probably screaming in pain. Clarke stopped and checked the skin edges. “Raven pass me my phone please.”

Clarke dialed her mother just to be sure that Lexa didn’t require stitches.

“Hey mom, I have a medical situation here. Yeah I’m okay, it’s not me, just tell me if it needs stitches.” Clarke took a picture of the wound. “Yeah, I applied pressure, and the wound stopped bleeding minutes ago, and I disinfected it as you can see. No it doesn’t look deep. And I can see that the patient probably has a concussion as well.” Clarke pushed away the strands of chestnut hair to take a better look at it. “It’s superficial but there is probably going to be a bump. Yeah, mhmm, got it. Thanks mom.” Clarke returned the phone to Raven.

“This hit plus the wound might have caused the fainting. She has a mild fever, but that might be due to the inflammation.” Clarke cupped Lexa’s face. “How do you feel?” The student asked the teacher.

Lexa opened her eyes and saw blue, the bluest blue of all the blues she had ever seen. “It hurts.” Also, Lexa wondered why Clarke was only wearing a bra.

Clarke chuckled. “Okay, that’s good. She’s conscious.” She told her audience. Clarke extended her hand to reach for the first aid kit and took out more disinfectant to clean the other wounds. Clarke first took care of the bump in Lexa’s head, then she paid special attention to her eyebrow, and last she cleaned her busted knuckles. “There we go. Ray get me a bag of ice.” Raven headed to the kitchen, and Clarke stood up.

“She’s going to be pretty good. I’m going to cover the wound with a cream that my mom recommended and with that she should be fine.” Clarke reported to Miss Greene, “I think she should rest now though so I think it’s better if Miss Woods remains here. As soon as my mom comes back
she will check on Miss Woods. You need to change those clothes too. She’s in good hands Miss Green.” Clarke assured.

Costia breathed in relief and nodded. “I guess that makes sense.” Costia caressed Lexa and kneeled down to kiss her forehead. “I’ll come tomorrow to see you babe.”

“Don’t worry Costia. I’ll call you, okay?” Lexa mumbled.

“Okay.” Costia softly kissed Lexa’s lips and met Clarke’s eyes. “Thanks Clarke, I owe you for taking care of her.”

“Nah, it’s all good, she helped Raven so it’s the least I could do.” Clarke took the bag of ice from Raven. “This should help with the inflammation.” She passed the bag to Lexa who held it on her head.

Clarke escorted Costia to her door and waved goodbye to the art teacher.

“I’m going to finish here with Miss Woods, Ray. Can you wait for me in the guest room?”

Raven nodded and the girl went up the staircase leaving Clarke tending to the wounds of the English teacher.

“I’m just going to finish here.” Clarke said hesitantly, she was pretty conscious that she was in her bra touching her teacher, not in a wrong way but how she wanted to feel more, oh Clarke Griffin was going to burn in hell.

Lexa grasped Clarke’s wrist in a sudden movement. The feel of her hands were warm and so soft. “Thank you, Clarke.”

“Sure.” Clarke couldn’t even look at the woman, her thoughts were in perverted mode, and if she saw those malachite-like eyes, her desire would be evident and that was a terrible idea. Clarke finished covering the wound as fast as she could, then she went to wash her hands, and brought her teacher several items, including a clean t-shirt and a blanket.

“I uh, I think it’s better that you toss that bloody shirt, you can use this one.” Clarke put the things on the table beside the couch. Lexa sat up with some effort, and Clarke went to help her sit up straight. The contact sent sparks between them, and Clarke blushed right away.

“Thanks.” Lexa grunted.

“I’m going to leave this water pitcher and cup here in case you’re thirsty. Also some pain killers if you feel too crappy.” Clarke placed all the things in order on the table. “I know that the couch might not be too comfy, but it’s better that you stay here instead of trying to go up the stairs.”

“It’s really fine, thank you Clarke.”

If Clarke had a dick she would probably be erect just by hearing the way Lexa said her name. “I’ll leave you right now so you can um, change. Good night Lexa.”

Lexa smiled and Clarke melted right there. “Good night Clarke.”
Clarke helped Raven get comfortable in the spare room, and brought her a tea to loosen up the shaken girl. “How are you feeling?”

Raven took a sip of the hot tea, exhaling a shaky breath. “I almost crapped my pants Clarke. My mom owes money to this gang from Mount Weather who sell some weird drug or some shit, and they came to collect some money today. My mom of course was drunk and barely spoke something coherent. This Emerson dude came to the shop with his goons and dragged me out, probably to put a bullet in my head, I don’t know.”

“Geez Raven, you can’t go back home ever. You’re going to end up dead if this keeps going.” Clarke rested her hand over Raven’s thigh, her eyes so full with concern. The window swiftly opened. Octavia jumped in and ran to hold Raven in her arms. “Holy shit, when Clarke called I swore I thought the worst, Raven.” Octavia squeezed her friend tight against her.

“Yeah me too O.” Raven hugged back leaning her head in the crook of her Octavia’s neck. The two girls split apart, and O grabbed the empty spot on the bed to sit with them. “You made me spill the tea you dork.” Raven smiled more at ease now that her friends were with her.

“O, you do know that I have a front door. There’s no need for you to climb in that window anymore.” Clarke tilted her head to face Octavia who took Raven’s hand between hers.

“Yeah but it’s more fun climbing, don’t you think?”

“Guys, Miss Woods is a fucking badass. You had to see it with your own eyes. She kicked the butt of 5 thugs by herself. It was like she was the god of death or something, she was fast and deadly, holy fuck. You don’t mess with ‘Commander Hot Stuff.’” Raven retold her story with gory details, and how Lexa Woods was a frigging warrior in disguise.

Clarke smiled though; this wasn’t a surprise to her. Lexa had shared with her so many stories of her teen years that she already knew that kicking the living shite of men was part of the extensive resumé of Lexa Woods. “I don’t think it’s wise to tell anyone else what happened, for the sake of Raven and out of respect for Miss Woods. She might get in trouble for that, so better keep our mouths shut, okay?” The three girls agreed to keep it between them.

“By the way, I think that Ms. Greene is dating Ms. Woods. I mean if it wasn’t obvious by the kisses and calling her babe.” Raven commented with surprise.

“Woah, that’s a pretty hot pair if you ask me. I had no idea they were a couple. I think nobody knows in school though. But daaaamn Miss Woods has game!” Octavia giggled.

Clarke was clearly not in the mood to discuss such a bothersome topic so she stood up. “well it’s late and I’m going to bed. I’ll go with you tomorrow so you can pick up stuff from your house Ray.”

“Thanks Clarke.” What about you O?”

“I’m staying with you tonight, dummy. What are friends for?” Octavia smiled at Raven.

“Alright you two, good night.” Clarke walked out of the guest bedroom and into hers.
“How am I supposed to forget about her when she does this shit?” Clarke rolled over on her bed and crushed her face in her pillow, “uuuugh!”

Dating Finn was not working at all, their relationship was empty, lacking of anything but sexual release. Clarke knew that it was definitely better to end things with him. The feelings for Lexa weren’t going away anytime soon, not after the woman went all superhero and helped one of her best friends. Clarke couldn’t hate her, she actually fell deeper in love with her teacher. Lexa was caring and so brave, even when the woman didn’t show it.

What I really need is a replacement, Finn is pretty cute, and he’s cool but is not what I need. A girl might make the difference. The power of pussy will rip her from my heart.

Clarke made up her mind, she was going to hook up with a girl and see if that actually worked. A way to move on from these stupid feelings she felt for someone as forbidden as Lexa ‘Commander Hot Stuff’ Woods. In the meantime, thoughts of Lexa were creeping into her mind, the blood splattered on her face, the red stained white shirt, Clarke was truly worried. The blonde couldn’t sleep properly, she rolled in her bed all night. She took a peek at the clock on her night table.

“Fuck!” It was past midnight, and she still couldn't sleep. Thoughts of Lexa saturated her mind, particularly because the woman was asleep right in her living room, wearing one of her huge old t-shirts she used as sleepwear.

Clarke sat on the bed and pulled back the covers, she had to know that Lexa was okay so she went downstairs as silently as possible. There was only a tiny lamp lighting the hall which meant that her mother had to check on Lexa when she arrived from work. Clarke tiptoed her way to the couch and noticed the brunette in a deep sleep on it. Her face relaxed, and her even breaths gave Clarke peace. Clarke was happy to see that Lexa was really okay, she wished she could do more for the woman who risked her life for her friend. Clarke closed her eyes and imagined a world where they cuddled together and Clarke would watch her sleep. That she was her doctor and Lexa her grumpy patient.

Those were the dreams of Clarke Griffin, dreams of a life she could never have with her.

She snapped out of her treacherous thoughts and turned around to return to her room, however, she stopped.

Clarke faced Lexa again and walked to where she was, she kneeled beside the couch so she could reach the brunette.

Hoe don’t do it.

She checked for fever, resting her palm over Lexa’s forehead, and then with her fingertips she traced that jawline carved by God himself. Clarke looked at her in detail appreciating every feature of her sleepy face. Lexa looked beautiful, charming, exquisite and bewitching. Clarke could think of many more adjectives but she didn’t have the time, because she was about to do the stupidest, most irresponsible thing she could ever think of.

I’m really going to burn in hell. Satan, here I come.

And she started to close the gap between her and her sleeping beauty. With her hand she cupped Lexa’s cheek very tenderly while Clarke reduced the distance between their mouths.

Clarke was going to burn in hell, but at least she was going to finally find out how it felt to kiss those
lips.

The teen was so close, so damn close that she could feel Lexa’s easy breaths on her nose that was bumping softly against her teacher’s and then, after gulping down her nerves, she closed her eyes to cross the finish line.

Chapter End Notes

Me: Clarke WTF are you doing??? Dont. do. it. STOOOOOOP!!!
Clarke: \_(_\(ツ\)__/

Hope you are liking it so far buds.
Until then,

Tana
“Is that you Clarke?”

Clarke fell on her ass moving away as fast from Lexa’s face as her body allowed, she bumped the small table during her fast escape, but Lexa was pretty tired and the clattering of the small lamp hitting the floor didn’t wake her. Luckily it didn’t break. Clarke was thankful that it was pretty dark near the couch, and Raven couldn’t have seen what she was about to do.

“Yeah, I’m checking to see if Miss Woods has fever.” Clarke stood up quickly after picking up the lamp she knocked off and returned to the stairs to meet Raven. “She’s good.”

“Oh, okay. I heard some noise and I got scared. O is in a deep sleep, drooling on the pillow so I had to come on my own to see if everything was secure.” Raven climbed the last steps of the stairs, Clarke followed closely.

“Don’t worry Raven, you’ll be safe here.” Clarke rested her hand on Raven’s shoulder.

“I better go back to sleep. It’s been some night.” Raven turned to her room.

“Yeah, true.” Clarke went back to her bed still carrying the adrenaline from moments ago. What she was about to do was completely wrong, so wrong at so many levels, Clarke had to find a way to erase Lexa completely from her mind and heart.

The morning went as it normally would in TonDC High. Students went from one classroom to another, lockers opened and closed, the conversations and gossip in the halls never ceased.

Clarke, Raven and Octavia were in their World History class with Ms. Forrest. The three were working on some worksheets regarding slavery. While they filled out their work they discussed the events of the previous day.

“I think Anya is pissed at us.” Octavia took a quick glance to the teacher who wandered around the classroom checking the work of each group.

“She has to know about the Commander, they are buddies.” Raven filled out a line with the answer she thought was right. “Of course she hates us.”

“I just think she might be worried for her, she doesn’t hate us.” Clarke remembered one of those conversations she had with Lexa. The woman had been friends with Lexa since their elementary school days, and by her stories Anya had to be a blast. Of course, the teacher couldn’t show that side of her in school, but Clarke saw her with different eyes.

“By the way, Miss Woods spoke with social services about my situation. She recommended that while they handle my case I stay with one of you.” Raven sighed softly, “I’m an idiot, I should have looked for help a long time ago.”
“Hey, Ray. You were scared and she’s your mom, but look, you’ll be better now, you won’t have to deal with that shit anymore and as soon as you turn 18, which is around the corner you can fully take care of yourself. We’ll have your back all the way.” Octavia patted Raven’s back. “You can stay with me Raven, you know that.”

“Yes, you have us Raven.” Clarke took Raven’s hand in hers in reassurance.

“Thanks guys. I owe Miss Woods big, she’s a really badass woman, and I hope that good things happen to her.”

Clarke nodded, “true.” She had to stop being an asshole to Lexa and Costia. If they were happy then so be it. Clarke would still love her, but she was going to be less of a bitch with both teachers. And the only thing she could do with Lexa was keep her at a safe distance. There were many things Clarke had to put in order in her life. Everything was messy and chaotic, her feelings were like a tidal wave threatening to ruin her, and her grades were a disaster. No wonder Ms. Woods had been talking with her mother about her performance, it was awful. Clarke was going to make sure that she was at least as whole as she could be so she could take care of her friends and be there for them, even when her heart was empty and full of sorrow.

During break the girls were hanging out with the rest of the squad. Jasper and Monty were planning their next Mario Kart night while playing Uno with Raven, and Octavia in the backyard under the shadow of the bushy trees. Clarke played chess with Wells at the table next to them.

“What do you say if we meet this Saturday? We already have a new batch of Moonshine ready.” Jasper threw a card.

“Yeah I need to unwind.” Raven put a +4 card on the pile.

“Fuck off Ray!” Octavia took the extra cards. “I say yes to Mario Kart night though.”

“Awesome! Then it’s all set.” Monty put down the next card.

“By the way, what on earth happened to the Commander?” Jasper had to take cards from the pile until he found a matching number to Monty’s card. “It’s like she killed someone.”

“Shut up Jasper!” Clarke lost concentration as soon as she heard the nickname. “She might have been in an accident for all you know so stop spreading dumb rumors.”

“Yeah, shut it.” Raven backed up Clarke. If they wanted to keep Raven’s situation under wraps it was important to keep gossip about their teacher to a minimum.

“Okay sorry.”

“Oh oh, fuckboy at ten o’ clock.” Wells pouted. Clarke turned around and sighed.

“I’ll be right back.” Clarke walked from her spot and met Finn. “We need to talk in private.”

Finn nodded and followed Clarke, the two walked through the open space of the backyard where students played football or simply listened to music laying in the grass. The two kids kept walking until they found an empty hall inside the administration building.
“Clarke, I know that you asked for space, but I think that what we have is good.”

“Finn. I’m so sorry but I can’t be with you, I really really wish I could feel something more for you but I don’t. So it’s best for us is to split.” Clarke had to start from somewhere and breaking up with Finn was a good start to fixing her life.

Finn pursed his lips. “Clarke, come on. Is it because there’s someone else? Who is it? Wells?”

Clarke was getting annoyed. “Finn, that’s none of your business. But no, it has nothing to do with that.”

“I love you!” The boy spat.

Clarke remained silent. She had no idea that he was going to develop deep feelings from fooling around, she felt bad for him, but she wasn’t going to return to him. She couldn’t.

“Clarke, talk to me please.” Finn tried to take Clarke’s hands but she backed away.

“I’m sorry. Bye Finn.” Clarke turned around and moved away from Finn, the boy stood there slumped with a sorrowful look and Clarke felt really awful, but being with him didn’t feel right anymore. Clarke kept walking submerged in her thoughts and right when she was rounding the next corner on her way back to the backyard she bumped into Ms. Woods.

“Ow!”

“Ouch!”

Lexa squint in pain and protectively held her hand over the wound on her rib. Clarke went to her aid right away. The blonde put her hands over Lexa’s arm and shoulder making sure that she was stable. “I’m sorry Lexa. I didn’t see you.”

Lexa took deep breaths before straightening. “It’s okay Clarke.”

Clarke’s concern transformed into embarrassment as she gazed at Lexa, remembering her shirtless, the soft skin revealed while she was tending to her wounds. Then, she glanced at her lips. Lips that she was going to kiss last night unashamedly while the woman was unconscious.

*That was low, Griffin. But you can’t like apologize for almost kissing her if she has no clue, so just forget about it.*

Clarke realized that she kept staring as if she was under a spell, which was basically true and her hands were still on the woman, feeling her warmth, her softness, so she yanked her hands away as if she was on fire and took a step back. “How are you?”

“I’m better, thank you Clarke. Your mother was kind enough to check on me this morning before I left.”

“Yes, you left very early, before any of us was awake. I’m glad that you feel much better though.” Clarke put her hands inside her jeans’ pockets or else she was going to be too tempted to reach for the teacher again. “And thanks for Raven. She couldn’t have done this alone, and we had no idea what else to do for her, so thank you Lexa.”

“It’s what any teacher would have done.” Which was not entirely true, many teachers could have
done something after certain rumors spread about Raven Reyes years ago, and no one did a thing. Lexa, however, risked her life to protect a girl she barely knew and took action right away.

Clarke was going to need a miracle to forget about her.

“See you in class, Miss Woods.” Clarke had to bolt or she was going to do something stupid.

“Clarke wait!” But Clarke never gave the teacher a chance, she had to keep evading her as much as she could or else this was going to become a bigger problem for her.

Several weeks had passed after the Raven incident, and the young mechanic got help from her loyal friends and Lexa. After she turned 18, eleven days after she almost got killed because of her alcoholic mother, she moved out of Octavia’s house now that she was allowed to be on her own and rented a small apartment thanks to her job at the carshop. Raven walked away from her mother and never reached for her again. Her friends had remained closer than ever and together they cheered up each other and supported one another.

Tonight, the trio was at Raven’s place, which had become their second home. The girls were celebrating Clarke’s 18th birthday, and since Abby and Jake were going to be home very late her friends decided to have a small gathering to celebrate with cake and lots of tequila.

“Never have I ever skipped school.” Octavia asked giggling. Clarke downed the shot. “Fuck off O!”

“That’s what happens when you act like a Princess.” Raven laughed. “Okay, my turn. Never have I ever masturbated at someone’s else house.”

Octavia drank.

“OMG please tell me you have never done it in my place O” Clarke begged.

“WEEEEELL, I couldn’t help it Clarke, it was like once? That guy we met at that random party at Jasper’s was hot.”

“EEEEEEWW too much info O. I won’t look again at the guest room with the same eyes ever.” Clarke took a bite of nachos and thought about her next statement. “Alright. Never have I ever fantasized about anyone in this table.”

Octavia and Raven drank. Clarke was eyed wide. “Are you two serious? How drunk are we? Well, I guess it was inevitable since I’m so hot.” Clarke giggled.

“You wish Griffin.” Raven took a bite of nachos and sauce trying to hide her flushed cheeks, and Octavia laughed. “Okay my turn.” Octavia narrowed her eyes. “Never have I ever had a crush on a teacher.”

Clarke and Raven downed their shots.

“Well our dear wrench monkey has had the hots for Wick since chem lab started. But the Princess here has been pretty quiet about her huge crush on Miss Woods. That’s suspicious.”
“Okay two things. Number one, I’m no fucking Princess, I’m Wanheda, you suckers. Second, it’s not a huge crush and I’m done with that, you moron!” Clarke defended, her cheeks were red, and the alcohol didn’t help all as she was mumbling lots of sketchy information trying to twist the truth.

“Whatever you say Griffin, I know you’re hiding something. My turn!” Raven chewed more nachos and wiped her mouth with the napkin before coming up with her statement. “Never have I ever used a sex toy.”

No one drank on this one.

Clarke burst in laughter suddenly as she had these hardcore porno images of her and Lexa doing some really triple X stuff with a strap-on or even a dildo. The sad thing about her fantasy was how she could think of using toys when even her fingers were as far from that holy pussy as a person looking for water in a desert. She kept laughing holding her stomach and she hit the table spilling the nacho sauce. Clarke was hella drunk now. “Oops!”

“Oh, you’re fucking lying! I bet you fucked yourself with a huge ass vibrator oh almighty Wanheda.” Raven pointed while she cleaned the table with a damp cloth.

“No but I wished.” Clarke laughed, “cos you know Finn wasn’t so fulfilling in that department.”

“OOOOOOOH BUUUUUURN!” Raven laughed.

“Okay, we’re lame or maybe we have to spice things up in bed. So take notes ladies.” Octavia raised her shot. “Cheers bitches!” and gulped down her shot. Raven and Clarke did the same.

“You know? We still need to go big for your celebration Clarke. How about we go clubbing this weekend? You need to cheer up after your break up.” Raven suggested, looking at her friend with care.

“I told you I’m waaaaaay over him.” Raven and Octavia had assumed that the sadness that Clarke was carrying lately had to do with the break up, but it was more related to the fact that she had resigned herself to her unrequited love quest. Even when she stopped behaving like a spoiled brat in English class and being an ass with Ms. Greene, she still was too pained to even talk with Lexa, their interactions were pretty cold and distant.

“Alright, that’s good. We’re hooking you up Clarkey of the sex toy people, if that’s what you need to forget fuckboy Collins.” Octavia laughed like a maniac and took another shot. “We’re going to get laid! All three of us!”

Raven eyed Octavia knitting her brows, she took another shot. “And why would the three of us bang?”

Octavia looked back at Raven like she lost a bolt from her head. “Not a threesome you dumbass! What, you want some?”

Raven cheeks turned a shade of red and the girl filled her mouth with more nachos. Clarke giggled. “That wouldn’t be so bad. Girls rule!” And she downed another shot.

After their party games the trio went inside Raven’s small bedroom. A window had a gorgeous view of the city lights at night; a lamp provided enough illumination to light the room where a twin bed
rested between two small night tables. And cramming together, Clarke and Raven sandwiching Octavia started to drift into sleep.

“Guuuyysss” Clarke mumbled, her head was pretty foggy.

“Wuut Clarke. If you wanna puke I’m not holding your hair.” Octavia mumbled, pressing closer to Raven’s back.

“Is it so bad if I touch myself thinking about Commander Hot Stuff?” Clarke was clearly not in control of her senses anymore, and since she lost her filter a couple of shots ago she said whatever came to her mind.

“Nah, it’s all good. She’s hooooot.” Raven turned around and spooned Octavia. “Wait. You mean now?” Raven raised her head from the other edge of the bed to look at Clarke.

“Mhmm.” Clarke admitted.

“Shit, err, not here with us you perv.” Octavia yawned and closed her eyes.

“Unless she needs help.” Raven giggled. “Ow! Shit O, you didn’t have to elbow me for fuck’s sake.”

“Okay thanks for the support you two. I’ll go and sleep on the couch. I got this.” Clarke sat on the edge of the bed, and stumbling on her feet she dragged her body to the living room shutting the door of the bedroom on her way out.

“Happy Birthday Clarke.” She smiled drunkenly and got to work.

Clarke woke up with some memory of the idiotic things she revealed last night. She had to stop playing these games with her friends or one of these days she was going to spill the whole truth.

She rode her bike back home which was several blocks away from Raven’s place. The sun was hot on her skin or maybe she was too dehydrated but that didn’t matter, she kept pushing the pedals until finally she reached her home before she fainted on the road by the massive hangover she was suffering. It was thankfully a Sunday morning so she could spend the day after her birthday relaxing at home and obviously finish studying for her upcoming Lit test.

She opened the door with keys in hand and shut it slowly, when she turned around she could smell the delicious scent of waffles. She headed to the kitchen and there was her mom cooking at the stove and her dad who stopped reading the newspaper and went to greet his daughter.

“Happy birthday kiddo! Sorry we couldn’t be here yesterday to celebrate but things are a mess at work.” Jake hugged his daughter with all his love.

“Happy birthday Clarke.” Abby tightly hugged her daughter and returned to the stove. “I’ll try to cut my shift at the hospital honey, there was no excuse for us not being here.” Abby turned off the stove and brought several plates to the table. “I hope you’re hungry.”

“Yeah I am mom. And I get it, you two have important stuff to do and big positions in your
workplaces. I had a good time with Raven and O, so it’s okay.” Clarke always said that, she already was used to the absence of her parents, she didn’t doubt of their love, she could feel it whenever they talked or interacted, but it was still hard to not have them around most of the time. Clarke took a seat and served herself waffles with blueberries and lots of syrup.

“When’s the exposition by the way? I know it’s very soon.” Jake took a bite of his waffles and sipped his juice. “I wouldn’t miss it for anything in the world.”

“You promise?” Clarke asked looking at his father’s eyes. She knew she shouldn’t hope much, but she wished he would be there.

“I promise baby. We’ll be there rooting for you.” Jake smiled.

“Now eat your breakfast sweetie, we want to give you our present too.” Abby took Jake’s hand in hers and grinned.

Clarke felt so much better now with proper nourishment after eating cake, nachos and drinking god knows how much tequila last night. Her parents made small talk about school and were happy that she made some progress with her grades. At least, they were glad that they didn’t get more calls from the Principal or even Ms. Woods.

“Alright honey time for your gift.” Jake said with a huge smile after they were done with breakfast.

“Close your eyes baby.” Abby winked at Jake.

Clarke did as told and felt some hands on her back pushing her surely but softly.

“No peeking sweetie.” Jake warned.

Clarke giggled. She was guided in the dark for several minutes until she heard a door open and a click from the light switch.

“Are you ready?”

“Yup!” Clarke was excited guessing what could it be.

“Okay, open them.” Her father said.

Clarke snapped her eyes open and her jaw fell to the floor. “OH MY GOD! Is that mine?”

Jake smiled and Abby showed her the keys.

“Holy fuuu- er, geez thanks mom. Thanks dad.” Clarke jumped to her father and hugged him hard then she kissed her mother. Her mother opened her brand new car, an Audi A3 Sportback in color blue.

“Do you like it?” Jake arched his brows, crossing his arms over his chest.

“It’s perfect dad. I love it. Thank you guys! Wait till I tell Raven and O.”

The kids were finishing their test; Lexa walked around the classroom making sure that everything was in order. The only sound was of pens moving over the sheets of paper on the student’s tests.
Lexa looked around at each of her students and wondered why she hadn’t involved herself with them more. She was conscious that after almost six months of working with these kids all her attention had been on the quirky blonde girl who was such an enigma to her: Clarke Griffin. Even the reason why she helped Raven Reyes had to do with Clarke. Lexa would have helped the girl anyway that night in the park, but she’d never have gone to the lengths she went to if it weren’t for the fact that Raven was Clarke’s best friend. And that had to mean something. But what?

Lexa had lots of students that were worth her attention. For example, Monroe was a great candidate to pursue a similar career to hers, she should be motivating her, inspiring her and pushing her do better, but no. She was fixated on Clarke. Lexa resolved to work harder to give all of her students attention, starting today. At least she hoped to keep her students engaged when her substitution period came to an end.

Once the students finished Lexa picked up the tests and left them on her desk.

“The semester is coming to an end guys. I have to tell you that I’m very proud of the work we have done so far, and I know that when Miss Rivers returns she’ll be impressed. Don’t forget for next week to read pages 110 to 115 of your textbook to prepare for the activity we have planned. See you next class.” Right on cue the bell announced the end of the class, and students started to pick up their things.

“Um Monroe would you give me five minutes?” Lexa called the young girl.

“Sure.” Monroe headed to the desk to speak with Lexa. With the corner of her eye she caught Clarke giving her one of those glances that she couldn’t interpret properly, was she mad? Or maybe sad? She had no idea, but Clarke left without a word followed by Reyes and Blake.

“Look Monroe I think that English literature is a field that you could be interested in at college. I’m myself majored in English lit, and I really hope you consider pursuing it. I have some pamphlets of some universities programs that might be of interest to you.” Lexa opened her drawer and took out a couple of papers. “Here you go.”

Monroe smiled and accepted the information given to her. “This is pretty rad Miss Woods, thanks a lot. I’ll look at this for sure.” Monroe thanked the teacher again and left the classroom. Now Lexa had to sit her ass down and grade the hell of that tower of tests she had on her desk. Lexa picked up everything and stashed it inside her bag, she grabbed her materials, closed her classroom and headed to the teacher’s lounge.

She was sitting at her desk drinking lots of tea, she was reading and correcting some grammar mistakes while also analyzing the reasoning behind the answers of each of her students. Lexa’s phone buzzed on the table and she answered the call. “Woods.”

She kept scribbling notes on one of the answers holding the phone between her shoulder and ear. “Wait, wait, slow down, Ryder what article? Quinn? Yeah that one. She took my what? That woman wants to end me. I don’t know what is her problem but I’ll try to finish it this weekend Ryder. Thanks for calling.” Lexa ended the call, shoving her phone inside her pocket and sighed, she squeezed her eyes shut and with the heel of her hands she rubbed her tired eyes. If things at school were kind of complicated, things at the magazine were a living hell. Since that new journalist arrived,
there has been an animosity between them. Lexa detested the woman who was as cold as ice, and Ms. Quinn hated her back. The magazine was expecting a full written article and Lexa had none, schoolwork had her trapped, and her head was out of focus lately. It was chaos.

Lexa kept grading until her stomach grumbled several hours later. Lexa glanced at the clock ticking on the wall and realized that it was time to go home. She packed her things inside her duffel bag and walked to her car.

She opened the trunk to stuff her materials inside and took a look at the art workshop window, which of course was on. Lexa took a deep breath and grabbed the package that she had been carrying in the trunk for several days before heading to the art classroom. Lexa noticed the lonely blue car parked on the other side of the lot. Lexa had heard that the car was a birthday gift from Clarke’s parents, and Lexa imagined that now that she had a car the girl was going to stay in the workshop a lot more since she had nothing else to do at her home.

The woman went inside the building and climbed up the rickety stairs. She headed for the hall where the classroom was located, her steps confident as usual, walking proud and ready to face again the girl who was driving her insane. A couple more steps and Lexa reached for the door handle, turned the knob and opened it. As soon as she stepped in she could hear the loud pumping of music.

Lexa knocked hard on the workshop door to call Clarke’s attention. The student turned around and once she saw who it was she went to the radio and shut down the music.

“Clarke.” Lexa met the eyes expectantly, the name rolled out of her tongue so easily, comfortable, a name that Lexa liked to voice out loud.

“Lexa.” Clarke wasn’t rude anymore, still the way she spoke to her teacher was somber, cheerless in some way that Lexa couldn’t pinpoint.

“I won’t take much of your time. I see that you’re about to finish your art piece for the exposition so I’ll leave you alone quickly.” Lexa approached carefully, steps secure but slow measuring Clarke’s reaction, the tension of the girl’s shoulders was clear to Lexa. It was like Clarke was always holding back something, and Lexa had no idea what that could be. The only thing she knew was that if she imposed her authority, demanded respect or forced the girl to obey she was going to lose the kid’s trust, that’s how she has been managing the girl at school. “Clarke, I wanted to congratulate you on your birthday. I know it’s a bit late though.” Lexa offered the wrapped package to the girl, Clarke took it in her hands, yet her eyes were holding Lexa’s gaze. “Hope you like it.” Lexa expressed solemnly and turned around to return to her car.

The drive home was quick, she dropped her duffel bag on the living room sofa and headed to her bedroom, she took her phone out of her pocket and laid it on the night table. She planned to work on her article before that bitch Quinn fucked her up again. Lexa sat on her bed, removed her clothes, and headed to the shower. She finished in less than 15 minutes, changed into comfortable sleep bottoms and a tank top, and was brushing her long curly hair when she heard the BEEP from her phone signaling a text message. She reached for it on the night table and checked the text message assuming it was from Costia.
Wanheda: tnx for the gift. I love it. btw this is Clarke.

Okay this was definitely not Costia. Lexa smiled, she was so happy that Clarke liked her gift. Lexa had bought art supplies for Clarke, from charcoal pencils, paintings, brushes to coloring pencils and a small sketchpad. However, what made her smile the most was that for the first time ever Clarke had used the phone number she provided her, even though it was something as simple as a thank you. This was progress. Lexa was satisfied that she still had the trust of the girl, and she really thought that maybe there was hope to mend their strained relationship and help the girl to be as great as Clarke was meant to be. Lexa saw in Clarke so much potential and she really wanted the teen to reach her full potential.

Lexa typed a response back with excitement.

Lexa: I’m glad. Use it well. Good night Clarke.

WanHeda: Lexa?

Lexa: Yes, Clarke?

Wanheda: Are you really leaving?

Lexa thought for a second. Was Clarke going to miss her when she was gone?

Lexa: Yes, my substitution period is up. I’ll be leaving on Friday.

Wanheda: …

Wanheda: …

Wanheda:…

Lexa tilted her head wondering what was Clarke writing that it took her so long, or maybe she was writing and deleting again and again what she wanted to say.

Wanheda: I understand. G’ night Lexa :)

Lexa: Good night, Clarke.

Lexa didn’t know how to take that answer. She glanced at the painting hanging on her wall, her chest swelled with pride and hoped that good things happen to Clarke once she was gone. However, there was this sense of dread in her chest. Lexa ignored whatever she was feeling, put the phone back in its place and went back to work.

And Friday came. When Lexa Woods began almost half a year ago she found a group of bored students with awful grammar and a total lack of interest in reading. The classes had been pretty crazy after so many papers, discussions and tests, but Lexa was finally done with her work and was so proud of those kids. Now she could finally dedicate herself to her real work as an aspiring writer for ‘Polis Magazine.’
The teacher had finished her last class of the day after some tearful goodbyes. Clarke didn’t say a word, Reyes and Blake wished her luck though. Lexa still had a couple more hours before she could go home and needed to get all things in order before leaving. She was in the teacher lounge when none other than Principal Kane came to the working area and asked for her.

“Miss Woods. I have to thank you for the great work you have done in this school.” Marcus began. “I can see that some students are more motivated and the discipline in the classroom is managed pretty well.”

“Thank you sir. I’m glad to have been of service.” Lexa bowed her head slightly in acknowledgement.

“And that’s why I would like to extend your contract. Miss Rivers kind of got another gig so if you don’t mind to stay, Miss Woods. I would really appreciate it.” Marcus smiled kindly hoping to get a positive answer.

Lexa thought about his offer. She was contemplating whether she was going to be able to manage her work at the magazine and deal with the kids … no not the kids, with Clarke Griffin.

“I will of course, arrange your wage accordingly.” Marcus threw another benefit to make the woman stay.

Lexa smiled politely. “I’d be happy to do it, sir. Thank you.”

Lexa told Costia the good news, and tonight they were going to celebrate that she was going to stay all year alongside Costia and Anya. She had wanted to speak with Clarke before leaving school so Lexa left her duffel bag in her car and headed into the workshop. When she entered it was silent, except for the sobs coming out of the workshop. Lexa went inside the classroom until she reached the door of the small room in the back and found Clarke looking out the window.

“Clarke?”

The girl didn’t face the teacher; she sniffed and passed her hands over her face.

Lexa took another tentative step towards the blonde who was still facing away from the teacher, the muffled sobs could still be heard nonetheless. “Clarke? Are you okay? Did someone hurt you?”

Clarke chuckled sarcastically, “understatement of the year.” Lexa took another step closer to the girl who was evading her look. “Tell me, was it Finn? Because if it was him I swear—“

“Why do you care!? Aren’t you supposed to be gone, Miss Woods?” Clarke cried.

Clarke was referring to her again as Ms. Woods, which meant that the blonde was super pissed at her. “I do care, Clarke. I’ve told you that before, that won’t ever change.” Lexa reached the shoulder of the student and touched her softly.

Clarke finally faced her, the blue eyes were reddish from crying, her face wet with tears. “Why?” Clarke asked, her voice shaky.

“Because I’m still your teacher. I’m not going anywhere. Talk to me Clarke, I’m your friend.” Lexa begged. She hurt seeing this beautiful girl suffering, Clarke didn’t deserve any pain at all. Lexa
reached for her face, cupping her cheek softly with her left hand, her thumb moving slowly over the wet skin.

Clarke gulped down and looked the teacher in the eye. “And that’s the problem. I don’t want to be your friend!” Clarke growled. Her fury and frustrations bubbling up like she was an erupting volcano, spilling all its contents on the surface of the Earth. “Don’t you see that you’re the one who hurts me the most!?” The girl’s lips trembled, unleashing her anger on the teacher.

Lexa knitted her brows, this was clearly not what she expected to hear. The girl was upset because of her.

“Just leave me alone!” Clarke pulled herself away from Lexa’s hold and was going to bolt out of the room, but this time Lexa couldn’t let the young woman go without an explanation. She reached quickly for her arm with a strong grip, stopping the girl in her tracks.

“Clarke wait!” Lexa pulled the girl to her and faced her. “What do you mean?” But Lexa didn’t need an answer, because the truth was in the blue eyes of the student standing in front of her. Eyes filled with so much love and passion, and Lexa had to be so blind not to see it before. But now Lexa saw it as clear as day. The pain, the hurt, the sudden bursts of anger. The reason why Clarke had been so pissed after the soccer game where she found her kissing Costia; now everything was falling into place. The enigma unraveled before her eyes.

Lexa released her strong hold, she was speechless, her eyes were wide. “Clarke I…”

“Don’t!” The girl yanked her arm away from Lexa and stomped out of the workshop. As far away as she could from the woman who was without words, who couldn’t believe what she just realized. Lexa took a deep breath trying to find logic, a reason, but there was none.

Clarke Griffin was in love with her.

Chapter End Notes

BOOOOOOOM!!! And the truth is out. Lexa knows, which means more awkwardness between the two.
Thanks for showing so much enthusiasm with this story pals, you have been incredibly awesome.
Until next update,

Tana
Clarke couldn’t face her. Lexa Woods knew that she had feelings for her, she had never felt so embarrassed and stupid. The weekend gave her time to hide but she couldn’t hide forever or run away, not when English Lit class is next on this beautiful and cold Monday morning. Clarke had been improving her grades at a slow but steady pace, she couldn’t fuck this up again just because her teacher now knew about her feelings. Her plan was to be distant, avoid looking at her, and lay low in class.

“What?” Clarke raised her eyes from her notebook to look at Wells.

“I was asking if you wanted to do this project with me?” The boy looked at her with hopefulness.

“What project?”

Wells face-palmed. “Jesus Clarke, Mr. G just said that we need to make a small project due next week about what he explained in class.”

“Ah right, yeah sure, whatever Wells. I really don’t have much time for fancy projects, you know I have my art exposition next week.” Clarke raked her hand through her hair trying to offer Wells other alternatives.

Wells sighed. “Maybe we can do a short video about applications of derivatives and explain it to the class. That won’t take much time.”

“Okay, let’s do that.”

The bell rang announcing the end of class and Clarke panicked. She had to go and see the woman who made her feel so many things, from desire, to anger, to love and despair, Lexa was ruining her for good.

Clarke stashed her notebook inside her bag and stood up from her desk. “I’ll see you Saturday morning then.” Clarke waved bye to Wells and headed to her locker wondering if she could go to the infirmary and tell the nurse she was cramping or something along the lines. Clarke had to find a way to avoid English class.

“There you are!” Raven came with Octavia to the lockers to get their books for English as well.

“Hey Raven. ‘Sup O?”

“Oh shit! I totally forgot the English homework!” Octavia quickly took out her notebook and stashed it in her backpack. “What was it?”

“To write a three line poem, free topic you dweeb!” Raven snapped at her friend and hit her on the head with a folder. “I wrote mine over the weekend and it’s decent, I think.”

“Shit! What do I do? There’s no time.” Octavia scratched her head thinking about a possible
solution. “Maybe if I say I forgot it to Commander Hot Stuff she will forgive me? I suck at writing.”

“Ha, not happening! Too bad you're not her favorite O, if it was Indra I bet she would have given you a chance you ass sucker!”

“Shut up Raven, I don’t suck her ass! And yeah Clarke. you’re her fave, maybe you could give me a hand here?” Octavia turned to her friend and pleaded with puppy eyes.

“I'm not her anything! Just write whatever comes to mind O, it’s a dumb homework assignment.” Clarke snapped.

“Okay, someone is pissy today.” Raven shut her locker, staring at Clarke with annoyance, resting her hands on her hips expecting her friend to get her shit together.

Clarke lowered her head and sighed, “Sorry, didn’t mean to be rude.” Clarke shut her locker and followed her friends. There was no point avoiding her. After Lexa informed the class that she was staying through the end of the school year, Clarke knew that she had to find a way to erase Lexa completely, or what remained of the school year was going to be a living hell.

Clarke kept her eyes fixed on her notebook, or on the walls, even the window, whatever she could look at that wasn’t the green depths of those emerald eyes. Her voice was unavoidable, but at least today students were doing most of the talking.

“Very good Monroe, that was beautiful. Let’s continue with Reyes.” Lexa instructed as her eyes looked at each student and usually stopped 3 more seconds on the corner where Clarke was sitting making herself as small as possible.

“Yes Miss Woods, you got it.” Raven stood up from her desk. “Watch and learn, O.” Raven winked at her friend and cleared her throat.

“Good friends have your back,
Better friends hold you against the wall.
Let’s bang.”

Some classmates laughed at the unexpected poem; Raven mischievously wiggled her eyebrows at her friend Octavia.

“Well, um, that was very… profound Raven. Let’s continue with Blake since it seems we have a little writing competition here.” Lexa asked the girl next to Raven.

“Eeeeh, I uh, well Miss Woods I—“

“I’ll read.” Clarke stood up to save her friend while Octavia came up with a poem that didn’t suck too much. Octavia looked at Clarke like she was a goddess sent from heaven to save her from punishment if Ms. Woods discovered that she didn’t do the work, and was doing it during class right now.

Lexa eyed Clarke, and the blonde girl could see the recognition in her teacher’s eyes - pity and shame. Her eyes were as earnest as ever, Clarke felt her body vibrate intensely when they locked
eyes, even now. It was as if both were vibrating at the same frequency, their combined energy resonated in harmony, or at least that's how Clarke always felt. “Go ahead Clarke.” Lexa encouraged, the teacher took a step closer, her hands inside her pockets, and her gaze soft over the girl.

Clarke took a deep breath and broke the eye contact to read her notebook.

“I love you.
I will forget you.
Rest in peace.”

Lexa offered a tight-lipped smile, she was without words, the poem was such a reflection of the innermost feelings of the girl. What kind of writer was Lexa when she didn’t notice that every single work that Clarke wrote was about them? All the classes and discussions ran through Lexa’s mind - the painful words, the heartbreaking poems, the sudden anger and bitterness. Clarke was an artist; she expressed herself through her art and words. Her first painting was filled with so much happiness and then, the sadness. Every single thing was an indication of Clarke’s feelings for her. This was no exception, the hurt in the girl’s voice was evident, and Lexa was overwhelmed with guilt. She wanted so desperately to hug her and tell her that everything was going to be fine, that she was going to be there for her, but she couldn’t. Lexa was scared of what this meant for her too, but she wasn’t going to think too much about it, at least, not yet. “Thank you Clarke, um, let’s move on, don’t forget to put the homework on the desk before leaving the classroom.” Lexa turned around and went back to the whiteboard to write the title of the lesson for today’s class.

“Phew! I owe you Clarke.” Octavia was scribbling quickly in her notebook to finish her poem before delivering it to the teacher.

“Yeah, you will invite me to the next round of shots.” Clarke leaned over her desk propping on her elbow looking out of the window again.

The rest of the class was relatively quiet, Lexa provided some worksheets to do in class after the explanation, and the students worked on them in pairs. Octavia and Raven were working together, and Clarke got stuck with Murphy.

“Seriously Clarke, you fucked up Finn, the poor guy is so pathetic now.” John commented as he was filling out the first page. Clarke looked him in the eye and decided to ignore him, she had no interest in discussing anything with Murphy, not today.

“Clarke, don’t be a bitch. At least recognize that you were using him like the little shit you are.”

“I’m going to punch you again if you don’t shut up Murphy!” Clarke was already fed up with her classmate. Lexa noticed the behavior of the two kids, and went to make sure things didn’t escalate to another fight. The distress on Clarke’s face was palpable, and Lexa had to stop the girl before she ruined all of her progress.

“Murphy and Griffin, you’re supposed to be working and helping each other with the task at hand.” Lexa looked at Clarke and rested her hand on top of hers without thought. “Please” came out as a
clarke faced lex, then her eyes moved to her hand that was covered by the teacher’s and back up again to the emerald eyes. lex creased her brows not quite understanding clarke’s sudden change of expression, but when she looked down and noticed where her hand was she removed it like she had grabbed a burning coal. her eyes went wide for one second, and her cheeks seemed to change to a rosy pink. “just keep working guys.” lexa quickly retreated to another area of the classroom leaving clarke wondering if she really saw lexa woods blush because they were touching.

no, clarke. don’t go there, don’t feed your hope. lexa doesn’t feel anything for you besides mutual respect and pity.

this time the teacher avoided clarke for the rest of the class.

“guess what? raven arrived with a bag of chips in her hand to meet her friends in their usual spot during break.

“What?” clarke asked with not so much enthusiasm.

“I have some of monty’s moonshine. we can meet tonight at my place and have a ladies night. watch movies and eat pizza or nachos. whatever you two want.” raven took her spot between clarke and octavia.

octavia was sitting cross-legged, munching her salad and envying raven and clarke’s food. “raven, are you the devil in disguise? you know i have the championship game this weekend. can’t eat that crap.” octavia pouted.

raven nudged octavia with her shoulder. “this is real food O, you are already in great shape, i don’t think eating pizza seven days before the game is going to affect your already badass skills.”

“coach lincoln told us that our bodies need to be fed with proper nourishment so we can be at our peak this sunday.” octavia took another bite of her steamed chicken.

“okay, no moonshine or pizza for you. we can order something that nourishes your body.” raven said in a mocking tone. octavia rolled her eyes. “bitch!” the youngest girl from the group spat. raven laughed at octavia.

“And you? What’s up now? You have been pretty quiet clarke.” octavia leaned a bit to look at clarke, who was pretty lost in her own head.

“The exposition is next week. I’m a bit nervous, that’s all. miss greene told me that some universities are going to visit, and if they like my work i could get a scholarship.” it was kind of true that the exposition was making her worry. she was pretty anxious since it wasn’t her best work. even though it was pretty somber and dark after everything she went through so far this school year, the painting was outstanding according to costia, but the other half of her thoughts were filled with desperation. lexa’s hand had been so soft and warm, her long elegant fingers providing necessary comfort. clarke knew there was no way out of this other than ripping her heart into pieces. she needed to find someone to love instead of lexa woods. but the teacher wasn’t making it easy.
“Clarke, can we speak for a moment?” Lexa had come to the gang’s usual spot looking for Clarke. They normally only spoke in the workshop. However, this was the first time that the woman asked for her with so many people around. Why? Clarke questioned in her mind.

Clarke looked at her friends, then at Lexa. “Sure Miss Woods.” Clarke stood up from the grass, removing the dirt from her ass with her hands before moving on, then she followed the woman a couple of steps away where no one could hear yet they could be seen talking in public as if it was a necessary precaution.

Lexa took a long breath before addressing the student. “Clarke. I’m so sorry for, well I had no idea that you—“

“That I’m in love with you? Yeah no worries Miss Woods, you shouldn’t apologize for something that is not your fault. It’s just me being a stupid dreamy girl.”

“Clarke—”

“I get it Lexa, don’t worry. I’ll forget about you. I swear I’ll erase these dumb feelings so don’t pity me. You could never feel anything for someone like me, I know. So don’t sweat it Miss Woods, I’ll forget you and then we can start acting normal again.”

Lexa pinched her nose trying to come up with something, anything that could make Clarke feel better. “I could never pity you, Clarke. You are the most intelligent and kindest girl I have ever met, and you deserve all the happiness in the world.”

“But not with you.” Clarke added. “I know, but I couldn’t help it, it just happened. You were there for me when I was sad, you took care of me when my parents were too busy to notice the little things going on with me. You’re a good woman Lexa, but right now I need you to stay away from me. I love you and it hurts to love you cos I know you have someone else. It hurts a lot actually.”

Lexa wanted to reach for her, to hold her in her arms and say soothing words in her ear. “This is my fault because I should have seen it!” Lexa raked her hands through her long chestnut hair, shaking her head. “I never meant to cause you this agony Clarke. I only longed for you to be okay, to be happy, and it pains me to see you like this.”

Clarke tilted her head, “why?”

“Because…” Lexa thought why, this question was going to be her demise if she answered wrongly. Could there be a wrong answer? “Because I’m your teacher, that’s why.”

“Right, that’s what you always say.” Clarke look down in sorrow, she turned around and returned to her friends, not noticing the clenched jaw of the teacher biting her tongue as if she wanted to stop Clarke, but she didn’t.

The rest of the week Lexa kept her distance from Clarke, she didn’t even go to see her at the workshop providing the space the student required. But it had been tough for them, the distance was making Clarke hurt badly because she needed Lexa to be there for her and Lexa questioned herself over and over again, but it was hard to see the truth when she was so confused. It had been only one week and both were a complete wreck.

Over the weekend Clarke worked with Wells on their Calculus project. They were editing their short
film at the Jaha household.

“Your dad is never home Wells, same as my dad. I wonder why they’re so busy at that company?” Clarke suddenly asked.

“Well, your dad is the most important engineer in the plant Clarke, and my dad is the boss so I guess that makes them indispensable so they are two of the busiest guys there.”

“Right, yeah makes sense. Still, doesn’t mean I don’t miss him.” Clarke finished her work and showed it to Wells.

“This looks great, I think Mr. Gustus will dig it.” Wells smiled at Clarke, but the girl had been pretty serious lately, she barely smiled. And Wells was a bit preoccupied.

“Um, Clarke. By the way, I uh, I know that you’re not with Collins anymore so I was wondering, um, maybe you would like to go with me to the Winter Formal this year?”

Clarke pondered what Wells was asking. The boy scratched his neck seeing that his friend didn’t say a word. “Unless you’re thinking about going back with Finn?”

“No, no Wells. That’s over. I mean, we never go to those events. We hung out with the squad for Homecoming at Jasper’s, and there are still several weeks until the formal, I was thinking that maybe we were going to do the same.” Clarke thought about Lexa, the woman had to be there to keep an eye on students. At least she could see her in gorgeous formal attire if she went to the event.

“Yeah, sure, um, I just thought we could do something different, you know? To cheer you up and stuff.” Wells gave her a small smile like he was truly disappointed.

“I guess we could go.” Clarke smiled warmly, “It could be fun so I’ll tell the girls.”

Wells lit up immediately, he was happy by the big smile on his face. “Great, this is going to be fun for sure.”

The next day a massive crowd gathered for the big title - ‘Grounders’ of TonDC High versus ‘The Mountaineers’ of Mount Weather High - and the ‘Grounders’ had earned the critical home field advantage. For the second year in a row this field was going to become a war zone. ‘The Mountaineers’ took the title home last year in a crushing defeat that O never got over. Since this was Octavia’s and a few other team members’ senior year, this was their last chance at the championship so all ‘Grounders’ were more than motivated to kick some Mount Weather High ass.

“You go O, go and score those bitches.” Raven shouted from the bleachers. Raven was picky about their seats. They had to be in the center, high enough in the stands so that she could see the entire field, but close enough so that Octavia could see her. Finally settled, Clarke was sitting between her energized friend and her parents, which was supposed to make her feel blissful. But she couldn’t concentrate, not when she was staring longingly at Lexa who was sitting three rows below them with Costia and Ms. Forest. Clarke had to bite her cheek whenever Costia caressed Lexa’s back or rested her hand possessively on Lexa’s waist. Clarke was bitter about it so she couldn’t enjoy the game much.

“Well, those are some lungs you got there Raven.” Abby commented to the obsidian-haired teen.
“Damn right Mrs. Griffin. We gotta cheer hard because Octavia is going to win the title of highest scorer of this tournament aaaaaand,” Raven emphasized, “she’s going to bring us the championship.”

“That’s the spirit!” Jake chuckled. “Clarke, you need to get more pumped.”

“Yeah I know, but Raven is the expert on cheering, dad.”

The referee whistled and the game began. The ‘Grounders’ were wearing their home attire, black jerseys with a red stripe across their left side, and ‘The Mountaineers’ were wearing their comparatively dull sand colored jerseys.

The local team started to pass the ball quickly, moving the soccer ball across the field fast and with precision. Octavia received the pass from one midfielder with her chest and ran to the goal zone of the rival team.

Octavia pushed the ball forward, moving to the penalty kick box, her eyes caught Monroe on the other side moving behind the defense. Octavia passed the ball to Monroe who jumped to take a headshot but the taller defender from the other team deflected it.

“Oh girls, keep it up, that was good. The goal is coming!” Raven shouted.

Clarke wished she could pay attention to the game but all her eyes could focus on was Costia, who seemed insistent on getting Lexa’s attention. But the brunette seemed a bit cold, detached even.

“Go to hell Ref! That was a yellow card!” Raven suddenly jumped out of her seat. Octavia had been swept in a dangerous maneuver by the opposing team.

“Come on O!” Clarke stood up trying to get her head in the game and not on the woman below her. She clapped hard trying to cheer her friend.

“Take it easy girls. This game is going to be hard.” Abby smiled cheerfully at the two girls, so Clarke and Raven sat back again.

The game was already in its second half and the score was still 0-0. The team was playing with so much intensity. Octavia ran hard, her teammates worked together, but their rivals were careful, closing all spaces.

A girl from Mount Weather was moving down the left side of the field, they were on the attack. Echo came to block her, and the girl made a pass. However, Monroe predicted the trajectory of the pass and stole the ball.

“GO RUUUUUUUN!” Raven screamed.

Monroe raised her sight and caught Caris moving quickly to the midfield and made a long pass, catching the defense of ‘The Mountaineers’ by surprise. Caris received it perfectly with her chest and pushed the ball forward, a defender slid to take the ball, but Caris passed it when she caught Octavia running faster than a bullet to complete the counter-attack. Octavia only had to outrun one more defender and dribbling with her legs she made an auto pass between the legs of her rival, and she faced the goalkeeper.

“You can do it O!” Raven stood up. Clarke looked at her best friend as she made the shot. The
goalkeeper moved out to block, but Octavia lifted the ball before she got tackled on the field and the ball crashed into the empty net.

“YAAAAAAAAASSSSSSS!!!” Raven jumped.

“GOOOOOOOOAAAL!” Clarke jumped as well hugging Raven, and the two girls screamed in excitement as Octavia raised her fist to celebrate the goal with her teammates. People were ecstatic and screamed of joy. At the tumultuous celebration Clarke stole a glance at Lexa and to her surprise the woman was looking back at her and offered her tight-lip trademark smile. Clarke melted.

The game resumed with a newly inspired team of ‘Grounders.’ Coach Lincoln refreshed the defensive lineup with a couple of substitutions to give more fluidity to their game. Octavia had another chance to score, but the visitor’s team defense was still hard to beat. The ‘Grounders’ never stopped trying to score another goal, but ‘The Mountaineers’ were attacking and finally scored. By the 75-minute mark of the game, they were tied 1-1.

Caris opened up a breach in the midfield and with a quick pass to Octavia, the player could continue her run to the opposite goal. Octavia caught Echo running with good speed on the right side of the goal. Octavia went into the penalty kick zone dragging the defense and faced the goalkeeper alone, but her angle was complicated so instead of shooting she made the pass. Echo with a jump pushed the ball to the end of the net.

“Woooooot!” Clarke jumped excited. Raven was screaming like crazy.

“Jus drein jus daun!” The crowd started to chant, that was the war cry of the local soccer team and the voices rose in the stadium, feeding the ‘Grounders’ with energy and motivation. Minutes later the referee blew the whistle to signal the end of the game. The ‘Grounders’ of TonDC High had won the championship 2-1.

“Yeah baby! That’s how it’s done!” Screaming to the top of her lungs, Raven went down with Clarke to the field to celebrate with the team.

Octavia pulled apart from the team hug and ran to meet her friends. “You did it!” Raven exclaimed and Octavia jumped to hug Raven. The two girls hugged with such emotion and happiness, swirling in total bliss. Octavia let go of Raven and hugged Clarke. “Congrats O!”

“Thanks for being here you two. Now let me shower and we can go celebrate. Principal Kane is throwing a victory bash at the school gym so I’ll meet you there.” Octavia smiled and continued greeting her teammates and other classmates as she headed to the locker room.

Clarke was going to return to the bleachers to tell her parents that they could go back home since she was going to stay to celebrate the victory when she bumped into someone.

“Oh, excuse me.” A girl with tanned skin and brown hair smiled, her hazel eyes were very pretty, a mix of gold and green, and for some reason she reminded her a bit of Lexa. Maybe it was the way she carried herself.

“Nah, my fault.”

“It’s pretty crazy in here. I’m looking for my cousin Echo. Have you seen her?” The girl asked.
“Oh nope, but you can ask Monroe, the girl right there.” Clarke pointed to the bunch of girls celebrating in the field.

“Thanks.” The girl flashed a very sexy smile, Clarke had to admit that. “I’m Luna.”

“Clarke.” Clarke offered her hand to the girl with a grin on her face and shook it. “So you’re Echo’s cousin, I’m one of her classmates. Nice meeting you.”

“Nice meeting you too. I came all the way from the east coast now that I have time off from college to spend some time with the family here in DC, so I hope to celebrate with that dummy too.” Luna commented, eyeing Clarke with interest.

“Cool. So I guess I’ll see you around.” Clarke smiled and let the girl go on with her search, however, when she turned around she met Lexa who was sporting a deep furrow, her usual soft eyes were hard and her lips were pressed together. The teacher didn’t say anything to her though; she just kept walking to congratulate the girls from the soccer team.

The gym was packed with the girls from the soccer team and her friends and supporters. Marcus Kane gave a speech to celebrate the victory of the team and to congratulate Octavia Blake who won MVP and the gold boot of the tournament. Raven and Clarke were so happy for Octavia. Today their best friend was the biggest star of the team, and she deserved all the attention, particularly when some college scouts were talking with Lincoln about players who had plenty of potential.

The music pumped hard, and the neon lights gave a nice vibe to the usual sober school gymnasium. The students were jumping and celebrating in the middle of the basketball court dancing with excitement.

“That was seriously amazing.” Raven danced between her friends, Clarke and Octavia. The three girls rhythmically dancing. “Best game ever, O.”

“Thanks Raven, you two never missed a game. You two were my biggest inspiration today.” Octavia smiled and the three students hugged.

“Okay let’s not get so sappy, and let’s have some fun!” Raven pulled away from the group embrace first.

“Yeah, let’s have some fun.” Octavia raised her arms in the air with rhythm.

Clarke tried to move, but she was eyeing Lexa who was sitting with Costia and Anya. The three women seemed to be talking and having a good time judging by Ms. Forest’s normally serious face. Nonetheless Lexa stole glances at her, and that is what seriously confused Clarke. Was Lexa so filled with guilt that she had to check on Clarke every second or was there something else going on?

Clarke shook her head and focused on her reality, and that was to stay away from Lexa. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Echo’s cousin Luna. The girl was attractive, and Clarke kind of read some interest from Luna so she might as well use that in her favor.

“I’ll go to the restroom, be right back.” Clarke told her friends before leaving and moved to where Luna was.
“Oh hey Clarke!” Luna noticed the blonde coming her way, and she excused herself to speak with Clarke.

“Hi Luna, I see you found Echo.” Clarke smiled casually, and a bit flirty if one must say.

“Yes I did, thanks. So this is a nice party.” Luna distanced herself further from her cousin to pay all her attention to the blonde.

“Yeah it is. A bit tame if I must say.” Clarke grinned.

Luna arched her brows with mischief. “Tame? Hmmm, and how do you like your parties, Clarke.”

“Wild.” Clarke winked. She pulled Luna to the dance floor and showed her how wild she could be.

Lexa was watching over Clarke. She couldn’t help it, she always felt protective of the girl, and now things were so complicated between them. She could always watch over her even if she couldn’t be close to her.

“Lex?”

“Mmm?” Lexa turned and faced Costia.

“Gosh, what is up with you? You’ve been distracted lately, babe.” Costia took Lexa’s hands in hers.

“Sorry, um, what you were saying?”

“That we should go to New York for the holidays.”

“Wait what? Like you and I?” Lexa tilted her head.

“Unless you want to invite me as a third wheel.” Anya curved her lips and winked.

“Ah, I don’t know Costia. I uh, I was thinking about staying here in DC to work on my articles for the mag.” Lexa explained, and she wasn’t very fond of the idea of taking a holiday vacation with Costia.

Costia sighed. “Lex, what is going on? You’ve been disinterested in all my ideas lately. Is that all because of that ice bitch Miss Quinn?”

“It’s a lot of work Costia. This is important to me.” Lexa defended, her tone getting more serious. “I’m sorry. I just, I’m not ready to go on a trip right now. I uh, I need a drink, be right back.” Lexa left Anya and Costia who were looking at her with some concern, but left her alone nonetheless. The brunette made her way through the dance floor and realized that Clarke was nowhere to be seen, and she got worried. She moved across the gym until she spotted Raven and Octavia.

“Raven, Octavia, have you seen Clarke?” Lexa asked keeping a neutral tone.

“Hmmm, she told us a while ago that she was heading to the restroom.” Octavia commented.

“But, I think she found some company. I caught her earlier with a hot brunette after the game.”
Raven giggled. “Is she in trouble Miss Woods?” The brown eyes that looked back at her were showing concern.

“No, not at all. I just want to um, talk about the art exposition, I have some info that might be of use to her.” Lexa smiled faintly to ease the preoccupation from Raven’s face. She left Clarke’s friends alone and kept moving looking for Clarke.

Lexa looked around the gym without any luck. She asked some classmates but it was like the girl had vanished.

This is madness; you have to stop this Lexa. There is no need for you to worry about a kid that is nothing but a student.

Lexa decided that she needed the cold fresh air, so she headed to the back exit of the gym, away from the music and the people so she could breathe properly and get her thoughts in order. This was getting out of control.

It was already dark outside, the stars were on the horizon shining like diamonds, the air was colder, so Lexa zipped her leather jacket up to her neck and put her hands inside her pockets. She walked around the building wondering why was she feeling like this, to her surprise she heard laughter that was music to her ears. Even with the music booming she heard that laugh and she followed it.

Moving closer to the soccer field she saw two figures flushed together. The closer she got the more she distinguished their identities, and that was not what she wanted to see.

Clarke was kissing the stranger, whose hands were roaming on Clarke’s hips and waist. Lexa felt her blood boil, and with her more stern face she walked over to them.

“I think the party is inside the gym, Miss Griffin.”

At the sound of her commanding voice the two girls split apart, still holding hands though.

Clarke held Lexa’s gaze, defiance in her eyes. “No. The party is right here, Miss Woods.”

Lexa arched her brow and took a step closer, this time she was clenching her hands into fists. Why didn’t the brown-haired girl release Clarke? That was sickening. “No? This is not a request, Miss Griffin. You will return to the safety of the gym. And you,” Lexa burned with her stare at Luna. “This is not a place for college sorority girls.” If Lexa could kill her with her stare she would have done so.

“Right um, I guess I’ll see you some other time Clarke.” Luna smiled and leaned in for another kiss. Lexa huffed and took another step closer, rolling her eyes and her jaw tightening before she said anything to that girl.

Clarke kept smiling at the college student. “It will be my pleasure Luna.” And by the way she said it, Lexa almost had a heart attack. The blonde was flirting shamelessly, and Lexa had the sudden urge to pull the blonde to her and hide her from the scrutinizing eyes of Luna.

Lexa kept her eyes glued to the stranger until she was far away, then she turned to face Clarke. “What do you think you’re doing?”
“What? She’s available, so am I. And she’s hot, what’s not to like?” Clarke smiled, her teeth showing radiantly.

“You don’t know that girl! For all you know she could be a serial killer.”

Clarke chuckled at the ridiculousness. “Are you hearing what you’re saying Lexa? Luna is Echo’s cousin, she’s 21 and she’s studying marine biology in UCLA. She’s not a serial killer Lexa.”

“Fine. But she won’t be here for long Clarke, why waste your time with her?”

“Because she can do what you can’t. Why do you care if I’m with Luna, it’s not that she’s getting in your way or anything, is she?”

Lexa gulped down, that was a low blow and Clarke knew it. “I just want what is best for you Clarke.”

Clarke frowned and took a step towards Lexa, then another until they were face to face. “And according to you, what is the best for me?”

Lexa clenched her jaw. “Someone who cares and Luna doesn’t cares, she just wants to get in your pants.”

Clarke smiled, her eyes were twinkling like two precious stars. “You care, don’t you?”

Oh shit.

Lexa had just dug her grave in this game of words. She took a step back but Clarke kept coming for her until there was no escape, Lexa was trapped between a tree and Clarke Griffin. “As I care for all my students Clarke.”

Clarke sighed her jaw was set. “You’re a liar Lexa! I know you feel something for me! You hide your feelings from everyone behind this cold mask, but I see you. You say you care for all your students, that all of us are the same? Admit that you care as much for Raven, Octavia, hell, even Murphy.” Clarke pushed a dark curl away from Lexa’s face, and the faint contact made Lexa’s skin shiver.

“Not everyone, only you.” Lexa had to finally admit it. Clarke was right. She had been running away from something she knew was wrong, but at the same time it’s what made her feel alive. “Please, stay away from Luna.” Lexa whispered, her pleading voice a soft caress in the wind.

“I can’t. A new worry helps to take the pain away, right?”

Lexa wanted to protest, to stop the girl but who was she to do that, to block any potential love interest that Clarke could have. There was no reason. Lexa understood that even though Clarke knew that Lexa felt differently about her, there were many obstacles between them. She had to fight these feelings as hard as she could.

You’re her teacher, you want her to be happy, don’t forget that.

Lexa nodded.

Clarke gave her a faint sad smile and it broke her, the blonde backed off and returned to the gym. Lexa stood there watching the girl walk away from her, and it hurt her as if she lost a piece of her heart to the blonde.
We're getting there friends, the gap is closing so hang in there.

Until next update,

Tana
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It’s been a long day at TonDC High. The skies opened, rained poured, lightning illuminated the storm clouds as thunder rattled the windows of the school building. Lexa Woods had been working non-stop this past week trying to make sense of the current mess she found herself in. She realized that she cared more for Clarke Griffin than any other kid in this school. She cared for her too much, just like Anya had said to her once in one of their conversations many months ago. But Lexa felt she was too involved in the life of the kid to back away now. Still, the woman denied any other reason why she cared so much for her. In Lexa’s mind it was simply to protect her and be her rock and mentor.

You know why.

The art exposition was tonight, and she really hoped Clarke received all the attention she deserved, with Luna a mile away from the blonde though. She wanted to see her big smile when her friends and parents finally witnessed the greatness of her talent. Lexa believed in Clarke, so damn much that her chest filled with pride just thinking about the praise that Clarke would surely receive tonight. Lexa walked through the halls of the administrative building to head for her last class of the day. She was thinking on leaving a couple of titles of interest for the kids to read during their holiday break, maybe even let them choose and then discuss in class when they returned after the holidays.

Lexa pushed the door to her classroom, the lightning lit dimly the classroom. Lexa turned on the lights and walked to meet her students who were about to arrive in a couple more minutes.

The class went smoothly, the kids discussed more about poetry and writing, sharing ideas and working on their textbooks with enthusiasm, they were so busy that the class went very quickly.

“Clarke!” Lexa called. The student headed to the desk of the teacher.

“Good luck tonight. I know that you’ll do great.” Lexa offered a kind smile, which Clarke returned.

“Thanks. You’ll be there, right?”

“Yes, I’ll be there with my girlfriend.” Another reminder to the girl that her feelings had to go away.

“Of course.” Clarke looked down, then met the jade eyes again, “Miss Greene is a nice talented woman. She kept inspiring me to pursue art. I owe her a lot, and here I am wishing that she would simply vanish.”

“Clarke...” Lexa warned.

“I know I know, it’s not that simple.” Clarke sighed, “I wish I could just hate you, things would be so much easier.”

“I understand but I promise this will pass. Focus on your exposition tonight, that’s all you have to be worried about.”
“Yeah yeah, got it.”

“See you later Clarke.”

The student gave her another faint smile and walked out of the classroom. Lexa sat at her desk trying to think of ways she could fix this situation. Clarke was such a good girl, her heart was so pure and Lexa wanted to alleviate the pain Clarke was feeling right now. But nothing came to Lexa’s mind, she was always blank when trying to find the answer in her head.

*You know why.*

Thunder rumbled overhead, and the grey clouds collided with one another. The water washed over the streets as the cold wind blew hard over the tress, the leaves flying away ripped by the strength of it. More lightning spread over the darkness like a spider web, thin lines stretching in zig zags until they reached their destination.

Inside the shelter of the gallery Lexa was holding Costia’s arm, walking through the building observing the work of all the kids in art class. Costia was beaming with excitement, and Lexa wanted to be happy as well but she was feeling uneasy. Maybe it had to do with that girl Luna watching and talking to Clarke, maybe it was the storm.

“This is pretty amazing.” Lexa had to be more enthusiastic; she knew she had been an ass with Costia lately, particularly after she shut down her invitation to go to New York together. Why did Lexa have so much trouble committing to Costia? She was the perfect package as Anya said, the woman was smart, understanding and lovely.

*You know why.*

“Thanks babe, I’m so happy for the students. You look at those guys over there?” Costia pointed to a group of men in suits.

“Yes.” Lexa nodded.

“They’re from different universities, and they came to our exposition to recruit candidates for their programs.”

“That’s really fantastic. Some students might have a chance.”

“I hope Griffin makes the biggest impression. That girl is really talented.”

“Yes, she is.” Lexa looked delighted.

Once Costia split to greet some parents, Lexa took the chance to speak with Clarke. The blonde was anxious and the preoccupation was showing in her face.

“Hey Clarke. Your work is wonderful. You should be smiling.” Lexa leaned forward to tilt the girl’s chin up. “Be proud Clarke, this is a beautiful painting.” Lexa got lost in the blue pool of her orbs forgetting for a minute that she was in a public place and touching a student. Lexa let go of the girl
and stood up straight, clasping her hands behind her back and turned to look at the finished painting.

“Thanks.” Clarke got closer to the beautiful canvas on the wall. “It’s not exactly pretty but it’s how you made me feel. My heart bleeds for you and all the darkness in my head tries to swallow me whole, but the pain reminds me that I still love you, therefore it continues bleeding on the painting.” Clarke smile was pretty weak, deflated and Lexa’s heart clench. She had no words, the painting was clearly heartbreaking, so gorgeous but painful. She was going to reach for the blonde but suddenly they had company.

“Hey Princess, your painting is pretty rad.” Octavia came with Raven. The two girls were casually dressed with jeans and shirts. Raven wore her red jacket on top. Octavia had her hair loose in comparison with Raven who had her hair in a ponytail. Both girls looked really nice for a school art exposition.

“Yep, from all the paintings we have seen, this is the one with more badassery.” Raven commented, paying close attention to the details.

“Hey guys, I’m glad you two made it. I was wondering if you were really going to come with this rain.” Clarke hugged both her friends, relief on her face.

“But of course, how could we not be here for our bestie, huh?” Octavia nudged with her elbow at Clarke.

“Let’s get some food O, I’m kinda hungry.” Raven pulled Octavia by her arm, and the two girls moved to the buffet table.

“Your friends are here. And I know that your parents will be here in no time.” Lexa rested her hand over Clarke’s shoulder.

“They failed me again Lexa. Look at the time, and with this storm I doubt they will arrive on time. My dad promised me they were going to be here, but I guess they were busy again.”

“You still have the support of amazing friends Clarke, and you have me.”

Clarke chuckled. “Sadly that’s not true. She has you.” At that Costia came with such a bright smile that Lexa felt awful for being so distant lately.

“Congratulations Clarke, some of the representatives that talked to you after observing your work were really impressed. I think you’ll be getting some letters offering scholarships to some prestigious universities very soon.” Costia offered a glass of wine to Lexa.

“Thanks Miss Greene. You made this possible.” Clarke was sincere; she was grateful for the support of the teacher. “If you will excuse me, I am going to check on my parents.”

Clarke took out her phone and dialed her dad. “Hey dad. Yeah I’m still here. Where are you? Ok. See you soon. Be careful driving in the storm. I love you.”

“My dad says he’s coming, mom is waiting for him so we’ll see. Thanks for everything.” Clarke excused herself and went to talk to her friends.

“I hope her parents can come. That would make Clarke very happy.” Lexa commented. Costia
leaned on her. “You’re pretty devoted to these kids. I think you might be a great parent too.”

Lexa choked on her wine. Costia had to give her some pats on the back. “What?” Lexa coughed.

“I’m just saying, it’s not to get you so flustered Lexa, relax.” Costia dropped a kiss on the cheek of her girlfriend and returned to round the gallery.

The stormy night continued and the exposition came to a close. Clarke had received nothing but compliments on her work and Ms. Greene had been right. Clarke spoke with several members of different universities who would be more than honored to have her as a student. Her future looked bright, and yet nothing made her happier than having Lexa close to her. The woman had of course, escorted her girlfriend, but she never stopped checking on Clarke every time Costia got busy with some parents or Clarke was left alone by her friends.

Lexa kept reassuring her that the heavy rain might have delayed her parents. However, they never made it to the gallery. And that broke Clarke’s heart.

“Dad promised me he would come.” Clarke walked back to her car, shoulders slumped and carrying such a sad expression that Lexa only wished she could do something to make the girl smile.

“Clarke, they love you no matter what. Things happen unexpectedly so don’t jump to conclusions. Now drive safely.” Lexa offered her company until it was time to close shop. Costia was organizing the logistics with the gallery to make sure everything was going to be left in proper order.

“Yeah, I will and thanks for coming. I know you just came because of Miss Greene, still, I appreciate that you kept me company.” Clarke smiled courtly; her azure eyes glinting with so much love and care. It was so painful loving this much knowing that she shouldn’t expect anything in return.

Lexa nodded in response. “Clarke I—“

“Hey Clarke!” Luna interrupted the conversation between the teacher and student. “Your painting was the one I liked the most for sure.” Luna eyed Lexa with some apprehension, then at Clarke and took her hand in hers. “You have so many talents.”

Clarke grinned. “You know I do.”

Flirting shamelessly in front of Lexa was not part of any evil plan, but it didn’t hurt either to try to forge something with Luna. “Maybe we can put those talents to the test another day?”

Luna laughed and kissed Clarke’s hand. “I’d love to.”

Lexa clenched her jaw and it seemed she was going to break her teeth by how much pressure her masseter muscles contracted, the woman put her fists inside her slacks’ pockets hiding her fury from the crowd. “Excuse me.” Lexa looked everywhere but at Clarke and walked back to where her girlfriend was.

Luna shrugged Lexa’s attitude off and returned her attention to Clarke. “Here is my number, call me.” Luna leaned in and kissed Clarke softly on her lips. Clarke smiled but not with the previous enthusiasm. “Sure, good night Luna.”

“Good night Clarke.”
Clarke drove her car under the rain listening to music on her radio, the crack of thunder muffling the sound a bit. The young student tried to erase the stupid smile she had on her face but she was happy, and the music was pretty upbeat so she was in a good mood even though her parents disappointed her again.

Lexa cared for her, maybe more than what the teacher would admit, and it was satisfying for Clarke. Particularly when the woman went in protective mode, and she loved the way she acted when Luna was around. It was like Lexa really disliked the idea of Clarke being with Luna as more than just friends or whatever they were at the moment. Even if she was projecting too much of her own feelings into Lexa’s behavior she couldn’t care less. She simply was too smitten to think much about whether she was right or wrong.

She turned the next corner after traffic light turned green, and kept moving through the thick traffic. This rain wasn’t making it easy to return home. Maybe what Lexa said was truly right, her parents were stuck in traffic since this damn storm started hours ago.

She finally reached her street and maneuvered the automobile until she managed to get to her home. The garage door opened slowly, Clarke shut down the radio, opened the garage door and pulled in. Feeling tired and still a little disappointed, she got out of the car and pressed the remote to close the garage again.

She fumbled inside her backpack for her keys and slid them in the keyhole, and then she turned the knob to get inside the comfort of her very silent house. Clarke removed her jacket and hung it on a perch in the corner of the living room and flicked the lights on. She climbed the steps to her room two at a time, dropped her backpack on her desk and removed her boots. Finally, she sat on the bed and let herself fall.

She pulled out the paper where Luna had written her number. Clarke was seriously considering using this opportunity to enjoy some quality ‘V’ since she couldn’t touch Lexa’s. It has been a while since she was with a girl. Clarke closed her eyes trying to remember the name of the first girl she banged like three years ago. It was during one of the summer camps she attended and the girl was gorgeous with hazel eyes, and honey blonde hair. The name was elusive to Clarke but she did remember the experience. It had been awkward since both were inexperienced but Clarke did her best and she had fun with that girl, and then summer was over and she never saw the girl again. Since then she had a couple more encounters with random girls but nothing serious or permanent. Clarke smiled at the memories and put the number inside one of her drawers, she was going to keep it to use later. Hopefully before Luna went back to Los Angeles.

Clarke heard the sound of keys and a door closing. Finally her parents had arrived, and Clarke decided to give them some attitude for being such liars and not keeping their promises. The blonde walked down the stairs, “Thanks dad for keeping your promise!” However, when Clarke reached the lower floor she met her mother. Abby was pale, her clothes wrinkled like she rolled on the floor or something. Her hair so messy and out of place, finally her mother’s brown eyes met hers.

“Mom?”
“Clarke…” Abby choked.

“Where’s dad?”

“He… he’s gone.”

Clarke frowned, she heard clearly wrong. “Gone where? To the gallery? Cos I’m obviously here mom.”

“Your dad, he…”

She had cried and screamed that night. The tears didn’t stop running down her face and sleep came very, very late. Not until her body shut down. Her father was dead because of her.

Today on a grim cold morning, where the skies were filled with grey clouds and the wind felt like razor blades, the Griffin women were at the cemetery to say goodbye to Jake Griffin, devoted father and husband. Clarke was dressed in a black pencil skirt and a ¾ sleeve plain blouse, her mid-heel black shoes complemented her outfit. Her blonde curls were trapped in a bun and she covered her puffy eyes with dark tinted sunglasses.

Thelonious Jaha was delivering a eulogy on behalf of the family since they were good friends. Octavia and Raven stood right beside Clarke, both girls dressed as sober as the grieving daughter.

Jake was driving under the heavy rain to pick up Abby and then go to the gallery as promised. One minute after he closed the call with Clarke on a tight curve, his eyes left the road as he put his phone back into his jeans pocket. He looked back at the road and swerved to miss the car that was heading directly towards him at a dangerously high speed. He avoided the other car but the road was drenched and much slicker than normal. The tires slid uncontrollably off the road, the car rolling into the surrounding woods. Jake’s car stopped when it crashed into a huge tree, leaving the car almost unrecognizable. Jake was taken to the hospital were Abby was waiting, and when she saw her husband on the gurney she collapsed. His body had been beaten badly, he suffered from internal bleeding and numerous broken bones. Sadly, the hemorrhage had been impossible to contain and he died.

“…and because of the tender spouse and father he was, Jake Griffin will be sorely missed. But as life goes on, his love will continue to guide and support his daughter Clarke and wife Abby through the rest of their lives.” Thelonious concluded the eulogy and went to offer again his sympathies to the two grieving women.

After the burial Clarke returned to her car with her mother, she didn’t want to talk to anyone or hear more people being sorry for her loss. Before she opened the car door, she removed her sunglasses to wipe her eyes. When she lifted her eyes again, she saw the woman who made her heart beat, even now that it was completely torn. Lexa stood behind a tree apart from the family and friends keeping a low profile, but she was there nonetheless. She was dressed in navy blue slacks that matched the vest she wore over a white straight collar shirt, and the sleeves were rolled up to her elbows, to finish her funeral look, a grey tie. Her eyes bore into Clarke and the girl stood there staring back at the teacher, who was so kind to her and who understood her like no one else, well, probably close to her parents.
if not more. Clarke muffled a sob, and kept moving on, remembering that her dad was never going to return home. That she made him promise to be in her art exposition, there was no other reason for Jake to drive that night. If she hadn’t made him promise he would still be here. It was all her fault.

She kept silent in class, and she was grateful that the rest of her classmates left her alone, well, that was thanks to the support of Raven and Octavia who had not so welcoming faces if anyone tried to bother Clarke. If the girl wanted space they were going to provide it to her. At least, during the first couple of days after the funeral.

Raven and Octavia were with her as much as possible during classes, trying to keep their conversations light and casual, giving Clarke a sense of normalcy or at least as much as the girls could. But the guilt Clarke was carrying was becoming heavier, and not even Raven and Octavia could help her. Clarke was going to have to come to terms with that on her own.

After the bell rang announcing the end of the classes for the day, Clarke waved goodbye to her friends who respected her desire to be left alone.

The blonde went to the place where she sought comfort, the art classroom’s workshop.

She turned on the radio and blasted the music out loud. She put a new canvas over the easel and got to work.

Streaks filled with anger and desperation, the canvas could hold all her pain and Clarke threw more strokes at it, bland colors that reflected her inner agony. Black streaks started to cover the whole canvas, Clarke walked to the table to take another color and she started to sob. She took the glass cup holding some brushes and smashed it against the wall.

“I’m so sorry dad.” She looked at the watch on her right wrist. Her mother gave it to her the night that she told her the mournful news. Her father wanted her to have it as a memento, and since then she wore it.

Clarke sighed, and went to pick up the mess she just made in the small working area, howbeit, when she took a big shard in her right hand she cut herself. Clarke suddenly marveled at the feeling of pain in her hand, impressed that it didn’t match the heaviness of her heart. The girl closed her hand squeezing the shard deeper into her skin.

Clarke hissed in pain but that wasn’t enough, she wanted to hurt more, to pay somehow for what she did. She closed her eyes, going into a trance.

“CLARKE!”

The voice snapped Clarke back to where she was, and noticed that Lexa was there. Lexa in three steps was kneeling beside her and forced-opened her closed fingers to make her release the glass. “What are you doing!?” Lexa pulled out the remains of the glass inside Clarke’s hand slowly to prevent breaking it and causing more damage. Once she took it out, she helped Clarke lift up from the wood boards and guided her to a nearby stool. “Sit.”
Lexa disappeared for a couple of minutes, Clarke stood up and walked to the canvas resting her hand on the painting, leaving her bloody hand print on the canvas.

“Sit down Clarke!” Lexa commanded and Clarke did as told. Lexa had returned with a first-aid kit to treat the student’s hand.

The teacher picked up the stool next to Clarke and sat. The woman captured the bleeding hand in hers and pressed a gauze on the gash trying to stop the bleeding. “What were you trying to do Clarke, look at this! You might need stitches.” Lexa pressed hard focusing on the wound.

“I have to pay for what I did.”

Lexa furrowed her brows, and eyed Clarke. “You have done nothing wrong.”

“Dad is dead because of me. I made him promise.” Clarke started to shake, sobbing. “He was coming to see me, and I called and he was alive and then…” Clarke couldn’t contain the tears anymore and she began a heartbreaking cry.

“Clarke no.” Lexa cupped her supple cheek with one of her hands, pressing with the other the gauze, and wiped the tears with her thumb. “He wanted to be there for you, not because he promised, simply because he loved you very much. He died in an accident Clarke. The other driver was too fast and your dad couldn’t control the—“

“Because of me!”

“He was coming to see you Clarke. That’s how much he cared and he knew how much you loved him, you told him. He died knowing he was loved by you.” Lexa removed her hand so she could continue tending the wound. She threw the soaked gauze in the trash can and with cotton balls and disinfectant she started to clean the gash. “I wish I had the relationship you had with your father. Even though he was pretty busy he always had you in his thoughts. I’m sure of it. My father doesn’t even give me the time of day, remember I’m Satan’s child. The lesbian of the family who ruined their perfect family plans. Even when I call them for Christmas I can feel their rejection. I don’t know if I’ll ever have a normal relationship with my parents ever.” Lexa pressed another clean gauze over the wound and covered the hand with bandages. “There you go. Lucky you that you’re a lefty or else you wouldn’t be able to paint for a while with your hand like that.”

Clarke sighed and took her hand back a bit sudden. Clarke stared at her now bandaged hand. “This pain is awful, but you make it worse Lexa. I am drowning in here. I can’t deal with this anymore!” Clarke stood up walking as far as she could from Lexa. “I will forget you no matter what, I have to or this pain is going to be the end of me!”

“Clarke, don’t do anything reckless please.” Lexa knew Clarke was impulsive and she clearly wasn’t going to be in the right mindset to make a coherent decision, “Head over heart Clarke, remember.”

“I can’t be like you Lexa, I’m not a robot who can turn on and off her feelings at will!” The girl paced in the room trapped by this sea of confusion and hurt. “I can’t.” The girl picked up her bag and stormed out of the room.

Another day where Clarke arrived with bags under her eyes to class. She apparently had been partying and drinking hard based on the student comments Lexa heard during break and in the halls of Clarke’s latest feat in beer pong. Lexa hated how carefree and imprudent Clarke was acting, she tried speaking with Dr. Griffin but the grieving mother was seeking solace in her work and was
barely home.

In order to bury the pain the senior girl had been going to extremes these past weeks. Thankfully today was the last class until school resumed after the holidays and staying at home was what Clarke needed to rest and heal her broken soul.

Lexa clearly understood what Clarke was doing – numbing the pain. Even though Raven and Octavia had been with Clarke every step of the way, they were young and responsibility was something the three students lacked.

Lexa gave a list of books that could be a good read during the holiday break so the students kept the habit of reading. The bell rang and the kids went out happy that it was finally over. At least for a couple of weeks until they return in January.

Monroe and other students wished Lexa happy holidays, she hoped Clarke was going to stay a bit, but the girl simply took her stuff and left the classroom.

“Why do I waste my time on her?!” Lexa growled in frustration going back to her desk to pick up her bag.

You know why.

Lexa met Anya and Costia at the teacher’s lounge. Discussing their plans now that they had some days off before returning to classes.

“I will be in New York during the holidays so I’ll return after New Year. I’m going miss you two.” Costia shared her plans with her girlfriend and Anya. Costia was disappointed and sad that Lexa had rejected her offer to go with her, the art teacher had really hoped to cement their relationship this holiday season, but it seemed that it was not going to be possible.

“I know you’ll have a good time. Say hi to your parents for me.” Lexa kind of apologized; she knew she was being a complete ass with her girlfriend.

You know why.

Lexa sighed. “I will focus on writing several articles for ‘Polis Magazine’ and it’s a great chance for me to show my work. You know Quinn is after my job.”

“I know babe.” Costia laced her fingers with Lexa. “You’ll do great, that woman won’t beat you.”

Anya was observing Lexa with some attention. “Lexa, you okay? You look pretty stressed.”

“It’s just the pressure. You know ‘Polis’ is the most important job opportunity I have right now and if I play my cards right, I will get the job full time.”

Bullshit! You know why.

Anya knew Lexa as well as she knew herself; there was more to it than what the woman, who had not been just a friend but almost like a sister, was sharing. “Just make sure you don’t work all Christmas.”

“We should totally go out tonight. I depart for New York this Sunday.”

“What? In two days?” Anya asked.
Costia nodded. “Yes, I have a lot of things to do with my art project.”

“Then it’s all set, we go to this new club, ‘Sky Box’ or whatever its name is and have fun and as a farewell party for our dear Costia.” Anya smiled, yet her eyes stayed on Lexa.

Music pumped hard, the mass of bodies moved with the beat, neon lights ran all over the club. The place was pretty big, the metal decorations made it look like a real ship. Costia walked into the club holding hands with Lexa, Anya came in a bit behind.

The three teachers found a table in the upper floor and sat. “First round is on me.” Anya shouted to be heard and made signals that she was heading to the bar.

Lexa gave her a thumbs up and chatted with Costia. “This place seems filled with a bunch of kids, don’t you think?”

“Well, we are on holiday vacation so it makes sense that some students would come to a nightclub. You know that these kids have their own methods. Did you ever sneak into a club?”

“Bars actually, Anya had a friend and got us fake ID’s. We were a troublesome duo.”

Costia laughed, “Really? And here I thought you would be more centered.”

Lexa realized that Costia had no idea about her early days with Anya. Lexa had been so closed off from the woman who had been her girlfriend for a year now. How was it possible that she had let Clarke know her more than her own girlfriend?

You know why.

Lexa rolled her eyes trying to shut up that stupid inner voice, she was going to keep ignoring it as long as she could.

“Here you go.” Anya put three amber cold bottles over their table. “For Costia!” Anya raised her bottle. “May you have a wonderful trip to New York.”

“Cheers!” Lexa smiled and raised her bottle and took a sip.

The music kept blasting with upbeat rhythms mixed with electronic sounds and deep bass. Costia excused herself from the table to head to the restroom leaving Anya and Lexa alone. Lexa nursed her fourth bottle of beer in her hands, her inner conflict was bubbling in her head. What happened to her and Costia? She had fallen in love with her, and she did everything she could to conquer her. She was supposed to feel blissful, and at the same time sad because her girlfriend was going to spend the holidays away from her. Why? Why? Why?

You know why.

“Stop!” Lexa growled, Anya lifted a brow and her brown eyes bore deep in her.

“What is going on with you? Don’t lie to me Lexa. I see the dilemma in your eyes. It has to do with Costia, doesn’t it?”
Lexa didn’t meet Anya’s eyes, she took a swig and finished the drink, hitting the table with the empty bottle.

“Fine, don’t tell me but I can see it’s eating you alive. I know you and Costia are none of my business, but you’re hurting her Lex. She can feel your distance, and so can I. What happened to you?”

“Anya I’m not ready to talk about it, okay?” The seriousness of Lexa’s face meant no more prodding for information; Anya knew that Lexa was going to open up eventually. But not before she was ready.

“This place is packed, took me a while to get into the restroom.” Costia sat again noticing the shift at the table.

“Let’s dance.” Lexa stood up and offered her hand to Costia who frowning looked at Anya asking what on earth happened with her eyes. Anya simply smiled. Costia followed Lexa downstairs to an open area where they danced, their bodies moving as one.

They had been dancing for some time now, Lexa kept Costia close to her, trying to feel in her bones why she pursued a relationship with her in the first place. Her hands anchored on the art teacher’s hips while Costia dropped kisses along her jaw and crook of her neck. Lexa tilted her head to the side giving more space to the woman dancing with her when she caught none other than Octavia Blake and Raven Reyes. By now, Lexa knew those girls never left without their third member, they were a trio, which meant Clarke Griffin was there.

Lexa pulled abruptly. “Restroom,” the brunette said, leaving Costia with a big question mark and chased the two students through the sweating bodies dancing across the dance floor.

Lexa reached for Octavia, who was closer to her grasp and clasping her arm she stopped the soccer player. “What the hell are you doing here?” Lexa’s voice was deep, angry even.

“Shit, er, hey Miss Woods.” Octavia was wide-eyed.

“You’re a minor Blake.” Then she faced Raven who came back to see where Octavia was. “And you!” Lexa pointed at Raven, “You know Blake is underage to be in this place, what were you thinking! And where’s Clarke?”

“Blondie is in the VIP restroom I think with…” Raven had to admit she was scared, surprised at the tone and anger that was seeping from their teacher.

“You will get the hell out of here, do you understand or I’ll call your brother Octavia.”

By the face Octavia made Lexa knew she hit the jackpot. “This is no place for you, if you want to get drunk with your friends so be it, but not here.” Lexa left and moved like she was on fire, her insides burning with a raw fury that she had no idea she possessed.

The area around the restroom was pretty dark, she glanced at her surroundings trying to spot the blonde mane. She pushed the door to the VIP washroom, as expected several girls were looking at themselves in the mirror, Lexa kept scanning the place when she heard her laughter. Lexa strolled to
the small lounge area that was in the back and in a corner pressed against a wall was Clarke, kissing that damn sorority girl.

“Clarke.” Lexa voice was low, yet threatening.

“Lex, er, Miss Woods.” Clarke pushed away from Luna and walked to meet the brunette.

“Stop this madness Clarke. You bring your friends to a club to kiss with this… girl?” Lexa had to bite her tongue to avoid saying something extremely insulting.

“Why do I have to keep seeing you? Why won’t you leave me alone?!” Clarke was so tired. Tired of fighting the pain, annoyed of dreaming about someone she couldn’t have, irritated that Lexa acted like she belonged to her when they were nothing.

“Clarke, is this woman bothering you again?” Luna approached the two girls pondering what was really going on between them.

“Shut up,” Lexa spat at Luna. “Clarke please, the pain won’t go away, not like this.”

“I need to feel something else Lexa. At least for a night.” Clarke extended her hand to Luna who took it right away. “Wanna go somewhere else?” Clarke asked Luna.

“Thought you’d never asked.” Luna grinned and led the way.

Lexa felt her whole world crumble inside of her, her usual composure gone. She returned to where Costia was and pulled her closer, kissed her deeply, the kiss was intense, desperate and different from her usual chaste ones. Her hands pressed the woman harder against her, her nails trailed her back with despair.

“I’m done with this club, let’s go to your place.” Lexa kissed Costia’s neck feverishly like she was suddenly in a heat of sorts. “I need you, please.” Lexa begged.

“What about Anya?”

Lexa started to walk with Costia out of the club. “I’ll text her in the car, come on!”

It took no more than a 30-minute drive to reach Costia’s apartment, Lexa parked horribly in the parking space and shut down the car.

“Lexa what is going on with you?” Costia questioned the desperate woman with clear concern.

“Nothing.” Lexa pressed against Costia, kissing her while they moved to the elevator. “I’m just going to miss you.”

As soon as Costia let them into her apartment Lexa had Costia pinned against the door, kissing her passionately, her hands moving everywhere they could, soaking in the warmth that the hot skin underneath offered.

Costia moaned while Lexa nibbled the tender skin of her neck. Her hands were already working on the woman’s shirt buttons releasing the offending material out of her way.
“Bed.” Costia mumbled against Lexa’s mouth. The two women moved bumping into the furniture along their way to Costia’s bedroom.

Lexa flopped Costia softly on the bed, ripped her shirt open and tossed it away, she climbed on top and devoured her with more angry kisses. She only paused to remove her shoes and pants as fast as she could while Costia did the same with her jeans and bra.

Lexa moved to the collarbone of her girlfriend, then lower where her lips met a hard nipple and sucked it. Her hands supporting half her weight on the mattress while she sucked the breast, eliciting a whimper.

“Oh god Lexa, that feels good,” Costia closed her eyes her hands digging into the tattooed back of the brunette, arching her back giving more access to the woman on top. Lexa cupped with one of her hands the free breast and trapped the bud between her thumb and index finger, her mouth moved to the taut stomach and kissed her more, leaving marks along her way until she reached the tender mound. Lexa stopped between Costia’s legs leaving kisses inside her thighs. Lexa thought about Clarke being devoured by that sorority bitch, and she got angrier, more desperate to erase the mental image she just had. She couldn’t focus properly and kissed Costia harder, leaving sore spots that were probably going to bruise later.

Lexa growled and with her tongue, flicked over the drenched underwear of the woman underneath her.

Costia moaned harder, at that Lexa hooked her fingers in the waistband of Costia’s undies and pulled them away. Costia lifted her hips to ease the removal of the cottony material away from her dripping core. Lexa pulled Costia’s knees on top of her shoulders and spread her legs wider; she buried herself in the wet center and flicked her tongue over the sensitive spot clamoring for attention. Costia clenched the brown curls in her hands pressing the woman harder into her cunt.

“Fuck, ah, Lex, please.” Costia trembled as soon as she felt a digit inside her tight channel.

Lexa kept working with her tongue moving it over the folds and her finger curling inside. Another finger added, pumping hard and asking herself if that was how Clarke liked it.

Wait what?

“Aah aah god yes Lex like that.”

Lexa shook her head and returned to eating Costia, her tongue over her clit and fingers thrusting faster. The alcohol in her system didn’t stop her from keeping her thoughts free of Clarke. Why couldn’t she concentrate on making proper love to this woman?

You know why.

She pumped harder and ravaged Costia until she screamed her name.

“Holy shit.” Costia was gasping for breath. “That was wow… that was pretty intense. Didn’t know you had this insatiable beast inside Lexa.” Costia was spent but she was content.

Lexa was quiet; she was disgusted when she saw the marks left on Costia’s body, she had never behaved like this, so uncontrolled. Lexa propped herself up and crawled beside Costia. Why would
she act like a complete savage with Costia who was the sweetest woman ever?

You know why.

“Now my turn.” Costia rolled Lexa on her back and got to work on her wet folds; Lexa closed her eyes, letting the anger seethe inside of her again. Fighting hard to push this conflicting feelings away.

“Aaah.” Lexa fisted the sheets in her hands, her muscles tightening bit by bit. However the moment she opened her eyes again there was no dark hair but blonde hair between her legs. “Fuck!” Lexa squeezed her eyes shut trying to make the image vanish. “Shit, oh shit!” Why was this happening to her?

You know why.

The orgasm ripped her apart faster than expected, just picturing blue eyes instead of brown did the job for her. Lexa bit her tongue scared that she was going to say something pretty stupid and collapsed on the mattress.

Costia was so damn tired that it didn’t take long for the woman to fall asleep, and Lexa was grateful. She was afraid to engage in a conversation with Costia, her mind was foggy with images of the wrong person, she couldn’t speak, not like this. She tried to erase her betraying thoughts, however, Lexa couldn’t sleep because she did know why.

She had always known why.

Because I’m in love with Clarke.

BUZZ! BUZZ!

Lexa was sitting on the bed, the blankets covering her nakedness, sleep came and went so Lexa gave up and sat in silence, the darkness that surrounded her was soothing because she wasn’t capable of looking at herself in the mirror, much less look at the woman at her side with whom she shared the bed. All this time Lexa knew that she cared for Clarke, way more than what was expected from a teacher, but falling in love with her? That was something that she had been fighting for quite some time and Lexa knew it.

She decided to ignore her phone, the watch on the night table read 2:16 am so if it was Anya calling she would have to wait later to speak with her.

BUZZ! BUZZ!

Lexa heard her cellphone vibrating again, she wanted to ignore the call, but at the insistence of the caller Lexa sighed assuming it was Anya calling urgently because she was uber drunk and needed a ride of sorts. Lexa extended her arm and when she looked at the caller ID she almost had a heart attack. Wanheda was blinking on the screen. She rolled off of the bed as slowly as she could to avoid waking Costia up and tiptoed her way to the bathroom.

“Hello? Clarke?” Lexa was pretty awake by now, her voice filled with concern thinking the worst. “What is it? Are you okay?”

“I need your help.”
Oh boy so much shit happened, RIP dear Jake you were a cool dad for sure.
Anyway, Lexa knows she loves her. Clarke lover her back, mmm, this sounds like a
recipe for disaster. Thanks for reading guys and see you next week :) 

BTW if you missed my short prep periscope of this chapter you can rewatch here -->
https://goo.gl/n8jSiV

Love,

Tana
Clarke left the club with Luna, Octavia and Raven. Clarke was pissed, angry at Lexa. How could she act like that, so detached when she knew Lexa felt something for her? Clarke only wanted to feel something other than pain and sorrow. Clarke only needed to forget all the horrible events of the past few months. She lost her father because of a stupid promise. The woman she loved was forbidden and taken. What hope did she have left?

“There’s a party at Monty’s. We should go there.” Raven suggested.

“Yeah, sounds good.”

The quartet arrived at the pool house of Monty Green, his parents were on a business trip and of course, that meant a weekend party to celebrate the holidays.

As soon as they crossed the threshold they were received by Jasper.

“Hello ladies, welcome to our holiday bash.” The boy was wearing some ridiculous goggles on top of his head, and with a sly grin he guided them to the kitchen.

“Hey girls. Wanna try our new recipe?” Monty was pouring a concoction into a questionable-looking old barrel.

“What is it?” Octavia asked, a little nervous about Monty’s ‘new’ drink.

“We called it Moonshine 2.0. Give it a shot.” Jasper offered plastic cups to all of them.

Raven was the first to take a sip. “Woah, this shit is strong. But I like the aftertaste.”

Clarke shrugged off her insecurities and gulped down the cup. “Let’s party!”

Raven and Octavia played beer pong while Clarke and Luna danced in the backyard, the music was sultry, sexy and their moves certainly matched the beat.

Luna leaned down to kiss Clarke’s neck while Clarke took another sip of the booze. Clarke closed her eyes letting the sensations replace her thoughts and pain. “I really like you Clarke.” Luna whispered in her ear while kissing her earlobe.

Clarke moaned and pressed Luna closer to her. “You do? You shouldn’t waste your time with me Luna, I can only bring you pain.”

Luna took the empty cup from Clarke’s hand. “I don’t mind Clarke. You’re pretty nice to hang out with.” Luna winked and went to refill both of their cups even though Clarke needed to stop drinking.
At that moment Finn arrived, he was already drunk by the looks of it. “You left me for that girl? It’s disgusting Clarke. Now you’re gay?”

“Finn what the fuck? What I do with her is none of your business, and I’m bisexual you dick.” Clarke tried to walk away, but Finn grabbed her arm in a not so friendly way. “All I have done is for you Clarke, why can’t you see that I love you? That girl can’t love you like I do.”

“Finn, you’re hurting me!” Clarke tried to shove away the drunken boy. “I didn’t ask you to do anything for me. Leave me alone!” Clarke was a bit dizzy herself and wondered why Finn thought he was entitled to her.

“Hey fuckboy!” As Finn turned around Raven punched him in the jaw. “Ouch!” Raven winced.

“What the fuck Raven?” Finn shoved Raven to the side, making her trip and fall. A scary and enraged Octavia ran and tackled Finn. “Get your hands off Raven you fucker!” She started to punch him but Finn fought back, and Clarke quickly intervened.

“Just leave us alone.” Clarke pulled Octavia away as far as he could from Finn. Fuck, she is strong, she thought to herself. “GO AWAY!”

Finn stood up when he could and wiping the blood from his nose on his shirt, looked at Clarke with a last pleading gaze and drunkenly stumbled away.

“You okay?” Luna offered another plastic cup to Clarke who gladly accepted it.

“Yeah, maybe we should go back inside the house.” Clarke suggested and Raven and Octavia followed.

“Seriously Clarke, good thing that you dumped that asshole.” Raven commented and stopped to check on Octavia. “You okay O?” Raven lifted the chin of her friend to see the bruise and busted lip. “I’ve had worse playing soccer Ray, don’t worry about me.”

Raven smiled and with her thumb she wiped the trickle of blood from her nose. “I’m always gonna worry about you dummy.”

The night moved smoothly after that slight disturbance, the four girls drank their booze, ate pizza and chips, played poker, and simply let go of any inhibitions. Raven and Octavia were wasted by now, the two girls danced on a table basically just grinding each other, while Clarke and Luna made out on the couch.

“Hmmm I think I can get used to this.” Clarke giggled sloppily while she straddled Luna looking for better access to her lips.

Luna smiled with confidence. “Yeah me too.” Clarke kissed her, but every time she closed her eyes she thought of Lexa, who was probably with her amazing girlfriend making out or dancing. Clarke hated this. Feelings - especially envy and jealousy - were eating her alive. She didn’t know how she was going to survive them.

“Gosh you’re so soft.” Luna’s hands traveled along the back of the student. “I can really, really get used to this Clarke.” Luna smiled while Clarke kissed her neck.
A strenuous noise made the girls split apart. When Clarke checked out the interruption, she saw Octavia laughing pretty loudly and Raven on the floor.

“Shit. Stop laughing you asshole and help me.” Octavia jumped off the table and tried to pull Raven up, but she was as drunk as the mechanic and the two fell.

“Okay you two need to go to bed.” Luna stood up and helped the girls. “I think there must be some empty room upstairs, come on.” Luna helped Octavia take Raven to an empty bedroom, leaving Clarke alone.

And this is what Clarke hated, if she remained by herself all her misery amplified, she didn’t have distractions from her overwhelming guilt. She was responsible for her father’s death by insisting that he keep his promise, and she fell in love with her teacher, Lexa, who was strictly off-limits. Her choices and her selfishness caused all of this pain and she couldn’t face it. She needed Luna to stop the thoughts for a little while.

Clarke noticed Murphy speaking with Miller and Atom.

“Murphy!” Clarke called.

“Oh hell no, I have not done anything to you.” Murphy backed off right away. At least he knew that it was not a good idea to mess with her after their past encounters.

“Murphy! Wait a sec. I know you have stuff, you know? The stuff that makes you forget?” Clarke’s heart was heavy; she needed to disappear, to erase herself, to be able to breathe again.

“Stuff huh? Yeah I got some.” Murphy eyed the blonde suspiciously.

“I need something that improves my night.”

“Alright.” Murphy opened his backpack and took several pills out of a small plastic bag. “Some E might do the trick for you Clarke. Consider this on the house and get the hell away from me.”

Clarke took the pill and with a glass of beer swallowed it. When she returned to the couch Luna was already waiting there for her to continue their hardcore partying.

It was crazy what that little pill could do. Luna and Clarke danced all night, and Clarke had never been so energetic. She felt lots of love and affection towards Luna, it was insane. They kissed and touched everywhere they could, Clarke felt unstoppable and believed she could go for hours. This intense rush of happiness was all worth it, she forgot about how painful losing her father was, the guilt, the hurt of seeing Lexa every single day and knowing that she couldn’t be hers. This might be the magical solution Clarke was waiting for.

Luna pushed Clarke up against a wall, the dancing session turned into an intense kissing session. Clarke unbuttoned Luna’s button up so she could grope her breasts while they kissed. Luna moaned,
but she gently pushed Clarke away. “Clarke, I’m not her.”

Clarke stopped what she was doing to look at Luna. She was right, she was not her. “I know.”

“Do you really want to do this?” Luna needed to know that Clarke was okay with them being together, at least for a night. Luna didn’t mind having some fun; Clarke was pretty and so damn nice. But Luna knew there was something else going on between that annoying bitch who watched Clarke like a hawk and her companion.

Clarke cupped Luna’s face gently. “Yeah, I want to do this. I really need to do this.”

“Okay then.” Luna took Clarke’s hand in hers and guided her to the upper rooms of Monty’s house, looking for an available bedroom.

The colors of the house were bright, intense, it made Clarke snicker, it looked beautiful and distorted at the same time. The two girls kissed here and there on their way to find an empty bedroom. Clarke pushed a door open with her hip, and she could have sworn that O and Raven were doing it. Clarke was not only high but she was drunk as fuck, so she giggled and shut the door again because that was not possible. It had to be her imagination.

The two eager girls kept kissing clumsily until they finally found an empty bed. Clarke shoved Luna on the mattress with desperation and removed her clothes quickly, tossing her flannel on top of a couch and jumping out of her jeans.

Clarke fell to the floor laughing since her jeans got stuck because she forgot to remove her shoes.

Luna was undressing more successfully, laughing at Clarke. “Come here lover girl.” Luna offered her hand to Clarke, who after throwing her boots away went and met Luna with a kiss.

Luna was pushed over the mattress while Clarke kissed her intensely, giggling randomly. The way Luna touched her bare hips gave her tickles. “Hmm you feel so damn good, shit and you’re fucking drenched.” Clarke’s fingers teased the wet entrance of the girl spread on the bed. “Oh God Lexa, I want you so much.”

Luna opened her eyes, the smirk on her face playful. “Really Clarke? That’s how this is gonna be?”

Clarke kept teasing with her thumb on the clit of the college student. “I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re not.” Luna laughed, dropping her head back enjoying the blonde’s teasing. “I mean I might be wasted, but I can clearly recognize that you never intended to say my name. Not that I am opposed to that kind of thing.”

“Maybe one day I can say yours instead?” Clarke kissed the slender curve of Luna’s neck while giving more pressure to the tiny erect organ.

“Don’t give me hope Clarke, that’s the worst thing you could do to me. I like you very much but if you give me hope that this might become something else, I’ll really fall for you. So if you need to put a paper bag on my head to fuck me, please do so.” Luna chuckled and pulled Clarke’s hair to kiss her mouth.

“No, I like you very much too Luna. I want to see your face when I make you come.” Clarke pulled a bit of skin with her teeth, and Luna whimpered in response. “Now enough talk, let’s get to work.”
Clarke opened her eyes, she felt awful, she might need to puke right now. She found herself entangled with Luna and, “Who the fuck are you?” Clarke was on the edge of the bed and when she moved to distance herself from the mystery naked girl she fell on her ass. “Shit!” Clarke grumbled. Immediately she started to panic. Clarke had no idea how she ended up here nor where she was.

Oh God oh God oh God oh God. What did I do?

Clarke crawled through the dark bedroom looking for her clothes, she was basically looking by blindly reaching to pick up different pieces of clothing until she found hers. Clarke was frantic and scared right now, her head was killing her, and she felt lost and sad. She pulled her cellphone from her jeans back pocket and called Raven, but she didn’t answer, she tried Octavia with the same luck. Clarke dressed as best as she could with the little visibility she had at the moment and tried to get the hell out of this room.

“Fuck!” The dizziness hit her, she couldn’t stand up so she crawled her way into the nearest restroom and vomited her life away. She was breathing heavily in the bathroom, tears streamed down her face, she had chills and her muscles were cramping. She was terrified of the stupid things she must have done, but she couldn’t remember anything for the life of God. It was unbearably early, but her stomach had protested and woken her up. There was still music resonating through the halls, it was past 3am. She took out her phone again and made the decision to call the only other person she really trusted.

“I need your help.” Her voice was a barely whisper, the chills wouldn’t stop. “I uh, I’m not sure. I can’t remember.”

Clarke stood up and supporting her weight in the lavatory she saw her reflection in the mirror. She looked like shit and smelled of sex and alcohol. She breathed in and out as Lexa instructed. “Yeah, okay. I think so.” Clarke put the phone back in her pocket and thankfully found Listerine to wash her dry and disgusting mouth. Then she took tentative steps, using the walls to hold her weight until her steps took her back into the hall. Clarke kept moving at a steady rate, she held the railing of the stairs tightly to avoid falling and killing herself idiotically and breathed a sigh of relief when she made it to the lower floor. There were kids smoking pot in a corner, and others were still having sex in the pool or so she thought. She left the house and saw the street sign. “You there? Yes, 3800 52nd Street Northwest. Okay.” Clarke concluded the call and sat on the grass curling herself into a ball, shivering, waiting, and praying that Lexa came for her soon.

Lexa didn’t have to be told twice, as soon as she finished the call she walked back into the bedroom and gave an apologetic look to her girlfriend who was deeply asleep after their love-making session. She dressed and snuck out of the room as silently as possible, not wanting to wake Costia up, not when she was going to the rescue of the girl who meant the whole world to her. She ran to her car and fumbling with the keys she unlocked the alarm and jumped into the driver's seat.

“I’m sorry Costia.” Lexa said before leaving her apartment.
She drove as fast as she could, trying to avoid any trouble with the law. She was utterly scared for that girl, Clarke’s voice was so broken, and she feared that Clarke did something really dangerous, so Lexa drove with all intent on finding Clarke.

After driving like a madwoman she finally reached the address given by Clarke, she rolled down her window and listened to the music echoing from a nearby house. She looked at the car’s clock. “4:10 am? Jesus fuck, these kids are insane.” Lexa slowed down on the street trying to spot the girl. When she took the curve she noticed the house with all of the lights on. “Jackpot!” Lexa stopped the engine and got out of the car. Walking towards the house she noticed Clarke lying on the grass, and her heart broke into millions of pieces when she saw her so vulnerable, lonely and hurt.

“Clarke!” Lexa ran and when she reached her, she kneeled beside her and hugged her. “You’re okay, I’m here.” Lexa patted her back in slow motions. “Come on Clarke, up we go.” Lexa held Clarke, cupping her face with her hands. “Look at me Clarke, are you okay?” Lexa asked.

Clarke was sweating, her face was all clammy, and her eyes were red and unfocused, her pupils completely blown. “Shit, you’re high. Come on, let’s take you somewhere safe.”

Lexa wrapped her arm around Clarke’s waist and placed her body under Clarke’s arm keeping most of the weight on her. She helped Clarke get settled in the passenger’s seat and buckled her up. Lexa took her seat fast and revved up the engine to drive back to her place.

Clarke remained quiet and trembled during the ride. Lexa’s mind raced imagining all of the bad things that could have happened to Clarke. What the hell happened to her? But she didn’t ask questions; it was better to take care of Clarke until she felt better enough to speak.

The drive back to her place had been fast, she aided Clarke again, keeping her secured against her body, she opened the door to her place and walked Clarke to her bedroom.

“You’re going to be fine Clarke. Let me get you something clean to sleep in and water.” Lexa said as she eased Clarke on her bed. Lexa turned on a small lamp on the night table, then she opened her drawer and took out an old deep red shirt and black shorts. “Here you go. I’m going to get water for you, so change and make yourself comfortable.” Clarke nodded and Lexa left her.

Running back to the kitchen she opened her fridge and poured water for the girl. When she returned to her bedroom, Clarke had already put on the shorts but she was struggling with the shirt, which was completely backwards. Lexa left the water on the night table. “Here, let me.” Lexa helped Clarke unbutton the few buttons that she managed to button up of the flannel she was wearing and noticed the marks on her torso and neck. Lexa clenched her jaw, anger threatening to spill from her soul at the view, but she kept her composure. “Okay, there we go. Put this on.” Lexa turned around to give privacy to the girl while she changed her shirt. “Um, drink lots of water and ah, the restroom is right there.” Lexa pointed to the wooden door to her left. “Anyway, it’s very late, and we both need to rest. Good night Clarke.” Lexa started to head for the exit, but the blonde stopped her with her pleading words.

“Please, don’t leave me. Stay.”
Lexa turned around slowly and the girl was in tears, sobbing silently in her bed. Lexa sighed and went to the bed, she sat, extending her legs and leaning on the headboard. “Come here.” Lexa opened her arms and Clarke scooted closer to her, the student leaned her head on Lexa’s chest, curling up as much as she could, and Lexa embraced her protectively, as if she were a small child. Slowly the teacher started to caress her back and massage her head, entangling her fingers in the long blonde curls.

After minutes of silence between them Clarke dared to speak. “I can’t remember, I uh, I don’t know what happened but,” Clarke sniffed, her sobs were soft, “I woke up and I felt awful.”

“What did you take Clarke? Drugs can lift your spirit for a while, but then it goes all the way down. You’re clearly at the bottom.”

“I uh, I’m not sure. I spoke with Murphy.” Clarke closed her eyes trying to think. “A pill, ehm, I think ecstasy. Just one.”

“Okay.” Lexa wasn’t going to condemn the girl for a very stupid mistake; nonetheless she had to let her know that was not the answer. “Did that make you feel better?”

“No.” Clarke kept crying, her muffled sobs were so heartbreaking to hear.

“You’ll be fine, we just have to wait until the effect goes away.” Lexa kept caressing softly, pouring all her love and care for this girl in her arms. Clarke was so fragile, so delicate at this moment, Lexa had to treat her carefully. She didn’t want to lose her to her despair, much less allow her to get lost in drugs.

“Why do the people I love leave me? First my dad, my mom won’t even look at me, and I don’t know where Raven and O are! I’m all alone!” Clarke broke down. Lexa pressed her face to Clarke’s head holding her closer and whispering she said, “I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere.”

Clarke lifted her head from Lexa’s comforting chest to look at her face, her blue eyes locked with green ones. Lexa cupped her cheek and with her thumb she caressed her face tenderly and smiled.

Clarke curved her lips slightly, “why?”

“You know why.” Lexa kept holding her closely, giving her warmth to stop the shivers of the girl.

Clarke sighed, “Yeah, cos you’re my teacher.”

Lexa affirmed.

Clarke rested her head again on Lexa’s chest and both remained silent. Clarke shivers were diminishing little by little. Her head was still fuzzy, but Lexa’s company was helping her to feel a bit better.

“I can hear your heartbeat.” Clarke broke the silence, “it’s beating fast. Just like mine.”

Lexa chuckled. “Go to sleep Clarke.”

Clarke’s eyes were slowly closing, she was drifting somewhere between consciousness and sleep, she smiled lazily. “Admit you feel something for me.” Her voice was soft, tone sleepy and so
“Clarke.” Lexa warned, but her tone wasn’t angry, it was actually warm.

“Just admit you like me so I can go to sleep.” Clarke whispered and that was the last thing she said. Her body was now completely relaxed, her head still resting on Lexa’s chest. Lexa kept massaging her scalp and back, enjoying the feeling of being with this girl, and the guilt hit her hard. Lexa knew what she had to do, Costia didn’t deserve this.

Lexa stayed like that for a couple more minutes, making sure that the girl felt protected and then, she slid carefully out of her grasp, easing Clarke in her bed. She covered her with a blanket and turned off the lamp.

She took another set of sleepwear and walked out of her bedroom and into her washroom; she splashed her face with water, removed her make-up and brushed her teeth. She changed into comfortable sleeping pants and a tank top. Finally, she walked to the couch in her living room.

She released the air slowly out of her lungs. “What a day. Who could have ever imagined that I was going to end up sleeping on my own couch because the girl I love is passed out?” Lexa pulled a pillow and tried to get as comfortable as she could, she chuckled. “The girl I love.” Lexa smiled, it sounded really good when she said it like that. “Clarke.”

Sleep came faster than expected, she was mentally drained and her body too.

The hours passed and Clarke slept, the sun came up and a brand new day began. The girl didn’t have nightmares, she only dreamt of Lexa. Dreamt of that sexy voice whispering soothing words, providing a safety net by holding her in her strong arms and in her unspoken words.

Words that Lexa couldn’t admit to her, but Clarke knew. She could feel it in her bones; Lexa loved her.

Clarke stirred in the soft bed, a bed that was unfamiliar, a bed that smelled of Lexa. Clarke snapped her eyes open, she remembered several of the events that escaped her the night before, she sat upright by the shock of the vivid memories, gasping for air.

“You’re safe.”

Clarke lifted her eyes and saw Lexa sitting in a chair to her left, her eyes seemed tired but she was watching over her.

Clarke sighed in relief. “Thank you for coming last night. I uhm, I fucked up Lexa. Big time.”

“You’re neither a child nor an adult yet, I get that you’re trapped in a sea of confusion and teen angst Clarke, but what you did was stupid and dangerous,” Lexa scolded her using a very serious tone, upset but also assertive, “but I’m glad you’re okay.”

“I am so sorry. I just wanted this to stop, you know? It hurts too much.”

“Yes, it does Clarke. Whenever you do things like that your friends hurt, your mother hurts… I hurt. I was scared Clarke. So I hope you stop being selfish and realize that you also hurt the people that love you back.”
Clarke’s eyes were wide, this was what she had hoped to hear during the first half of the school year, what she dreamt of almost every night. And that touched her heart, deeply. She started to cry in shame, Lexa was right. She was not only affecting her life but the people who surrounded her, she dragged Raven and Octavia down into this whirlpool of emotions, her mother, Finn, Luna and also Ms. Greene.

Lexa stood up walking to the bed, sat on the edge of the bed and embraced her.

“I’m so sorry.” Clarke cried on that strong shoulder.

“I know.”

“No you don’t know! I’m so so sorry Lexa, I know I’ve been making this hard on you. I know you have a relationship with Miss Greene, and I’ve been acting childish, pushing my own feelings because I didn’t like what you had. I swear I’ll respect it, I won’t interfere anymore.” Clarke thought about the conversation Lexa had with Costia, she felt so awful for doing this to the woman who taught her to love art the most.

Lexa sighed, “You’re a good kid Clarke. You never did anything that could compromise my relationship. Sadly being with Costia stopped working a long time ago, not because of you, this is on me, my responsibility. So whatever happens between her and me is not your fault.”

Clarke tears streamed down her face, this was unbelievably sad and it pained her, hearing that even when she knew she had some fault in Lexa’s attraction to her, the woman took all the blame on her shoulders. “What are we going to do?”

Lexa eyed Clarke with so much tenderness it hurt the blonde more. “Nothing. We’re doing nothing Clarke. I care about you and always will but I cannot pursue a relationship with you, not when I have to deal with my own mistakes. I just hope this goes away.”

Clarke chuckled. “Good luck then, cos I’ve been trying to get rid of these feelings without success.”

Lexa smiled, and her eyes said so many things. Clarke grinned and when she pulled away from Lexa she saw her painting on the wall.

“Oh gosh. That’s my first painting!” Clarke rolled off of the bed and padded to the wall to see her painting. “I thought…”

“I took it out from the trashcan. I couldn’t let you dispose of such amazing work. If you want it back you can take it.”

Clarke turned around. “No, not at all. It’s yours. I mean, this was for you in the first place. You keep it.” Clarke frowned looking at the painting then at Lexa.

The teacher read her mind just fine. “Costia has no idea I have it. I stopped inviting her to my place. I guess subconsciously I was already pushing her away.” Lexa sighed and closed her eyes, in deep thought. “I’m going to cook something, you must be starving. There are clean towels in the restroom, shampoo, soap, also a toothbrush and toothpaste. There are other clothes that might fit you in those drawers.” Lexa smiled once more before leaving the student alone to cook, and that’s when Clarke really grasped the fact that she spent the night in Lexa’s room, in her bed and she was wearing her clothes. “Holy cow.”

She quickly went to find her phone to text her friends.
Wanheda: Raven? I haven’t heard from you or Octavia in a while.

Clarke waited to get a reply but Raven didn’t send her response. Clarke sent another to Octavia.

Wanheda: O, u there?

Wanheda: u asleep? Raven isn’t answering.

Wanheda: Well since no one is replying I just wanted to let you know that I’m ok. Call me when u can. k?

Clarke had no idea where her friends were, last time she saw them was at the party, her thoughts were still foggy but there were glimpses of things she did. “Shit.” Clarke dialed Luna’s number. She had to put an end to this madness. “Hey Luna, it’s Clarke. Can we meet? I think we need to talk in person, yeah, sounds good.”

She wanted to at least help Lexa with food after the woman had done so much for her already, when she heard the teacher talking, probably with someone on the phone.

Clarke didn’t want to eavesdrop or anything but when she heard the name Costia she stopped in her tracks in the middle of the hall. She stood hidden behind a wall peeking a bit to see Lexa.

“I know it’s past noon, and I should have called earlier but I felt sick. I didn’t want to bother you at all so I left.” Lexa went to the kitchen and took out a teapot while holding the phone between shoulder and ear. “NO! Er I mean no, that’s not necessary Costia. You don’t need to come. You should be resting for your trip tomorrow. Yes I assure you I’m much better.” Lexa sighed, with the back of her hand she pressed her tired eyes and poured hot water in two cups. Immediately she started to prepare breakfast for her and Clarke. “Yes, I’ll call you later. I have to catch up with some work for the magazine. Bye.”

Clarke had heard enough, the woman was clearly distressed by all this mess, and the lies she had told were clearly painful for her to say. Clarke didn’t want to make things worse with her presence; Lexa needed space. She headed to the restroom and noticed that Lexa left all the things she needed to take a shower and get herself clean.

After taking a nice hot shower Clarke put on a t-shirt and shorts, the shorts were a little long and her hips were a bit wider than Lexa’s but it fit her pretty well. Clarke took a moment to feel the clothes, this was a dream come true. Wearing the clothes of the half of her OTP, because if someone in this house wanted them to be together, that was Clarke Griffin.

Lexa knocked on the door, peeking respectfully in case the girl was not decent and that made Clarke chuckle. “Breakfast is ready.” Clarke smiled and finished brushing her hair and headed to the kitchen.

When Clarke arrived, she found food at the table and inhaled deeply. Her stomach grumbled immediately asking for sustenance right away. “It smells delicious.”

“Sit Clarke. I know it’s pretty late but I’m better at making breakfast than lunch.” Lexa sat at the table. Clarke followed and took the chair next to the brunette.
“Hope it’s not that bad. I’m a terrible cook, according to Anya.” Lexa offered a cup of tea to Clarke and she took a sip from hers.

Clarke simply grinned and as she took the first bite, she closed her eyes and moaned. “This is not bad at all, let me tell you. Miss Forrest is so wrong.”

“It’s because you’re starving, Clarke. Trust me.”

Clarke giggled. “I like it, especially since you cooked it for me.” Clarke munched with enthusiasm. “Because you love me.”

Lexa’s cheeks turned a dark shade of red, and it was the cutest thing Clarke had ever seen. Lexa was embarrassed, and it was beautiful.

“You should finish your food Clarke so I can take you back home.” Lexa kept eating ignoring the teasing from the young adult.

“Can I stay a bit longer? I can’t go home yet. I need to pull myself together and if my mom sees me like this, she’s gonna ground me for life.” Clarke finished the sausage and her scrambled eggs and drank her tea before speaking again. “I got drunk and did drugs, I know that was incredibly dumb on my part. I know that won’t solve my issues and I’m ashamed. I did other stuff, I’m not sure exactly what happened but I rather keep that to myself. I can’t go home. My mom, she won’t get it. Please Lexa, let me stay at least until tomorrow.”

“Clarke, you shouldn’t stay here, if someone finds out—“

“No one will know. I swear no one knows that you brought me here, everybody was either having sex, or too drunk or too high to notice. Only until tomorrow please.”

Lexa nodded, “That was too much information Clarke, now finish your food. I have to do some work and I’ll be back later. You just try to rest, there is more food in the fridge if you get hungry, and whatever happens don’t open the door or answer the phone. There is a spare key in the back door if you have to leave, just be careful.”

“Yes, Commander.” Clarke smiled.

Lexa rolled her eyes, her lips curved in a small smile and she stood up from the table to wash the dishes before leaving Clarke. Lexa did need to accomplish something today.

Clarke spent the rest of the day relaxing as Lexa advised, she felt damn tired and her head was slightly spinning, but thankfully the food helped reinvigorate her. And she felt true bliss, Lexa loved her back, and that was all it mattered. Clarke understood that their situation was clearly not the most appropriate, and yet, she wanted to have something else with Lexa, to be able to touch her without fear, to hold her hand and walk proudly with her, to sleep with her and feel her warmth just like she did last night. Lexa was the most marvelous human being she had ever met and she loved her completely.

Clarke paced in the bedroom looking at Lexa’s room, taking every detail into account. The simplicity of the room was so Lexa, things very well organized; on her desk she had a laptop and several notes in a notepad. Probably things about her work Clarke assumed. And what she loved the most was her painting, the only thing filling this bedroom with color.

The rest of the small apartment was as organized as the bedroom, several bookshelves with tons of
books, ranging from classics to fiction books. No wonder the woman had become a writer. You could breathe Lexa’s passion from every corner in this house.

The movie collection was also impressive; most of the movies were about Roman and Greek mythology. It created the impression that Lexa was into brave Spartan soldiers or badass gladiators, not in the context of attraction, obviously the woman admired their resilience and their fighting techniques. Lexa Woods was a badass warrior herself from Raven’s story of how she saved her from those thugs.

When the clock hit 6pm Clarke went out to meet with Luna. Clarke took a cab making sure to memorize the address to return later. The drive was not long since Lexa lived close to the coffee shop where they were going to meet. She paid and when she entered the coffee shop, she found Luna already waiting for her.

“Hey Luna.”

“Hi Clarke.” Luna replied with a kind smile.

Clark pulled out a chair and sat in front of the college student, trying to come up with the proper words.

“I uh, I’m sorry.” Clarke apologized with as much sincerity as she could, she was truly sorry. “You were right, I can’t do this when I have someone else in my head.”

Luna sipped her Frappuccino, measuring her words. “Yeah, I imagined. You were into it, but at the same time you were not into me. I knew that. Not that it doesn’t hurt to hear that but yeah, I already guessed what this was all about.”

“You’re pretty cool to hang out with and really attractive.”

“Yeah thanks, I guess sometimes that’s not enough huh?”

“No.” Clarke lowered her gaze and thought about her and Lexa. Sometimes love was not enough. They loved each other but that was simply not enough to be together, at least while they were trapped in the roles of teacher and student. She only had to wait less than 5 months to pursue this.

“I had fun while it lasted though. You are great company too Clarke. You do know how to party.” Luna chuckled, her eye glinting with mischief.

“Yeah, about last night, well, I’m not sure what else happened. I was hoping you could fill me in?” Clarke was clearly embarrassed by the request.

Luna propped her elbows over the table, rested her face in her hand, she looked at Clarke with glints of amusement. “We had sex and you passed out after you came.”

“Oh God. That sucks. Sorry.”

Luna chortled, “there is nothing to be ashamed of, neither of us was sober. I kind of ended up walking around the house naked asking for directions to the next available pussy. So yeah, I made a fool of myself too.”
“And that’s why there was someone else in bed when I woke up.”

“Yeah, I think so. I don’t remember much of it though.”

“Damn, that was crazy.”

“It was.”

The two girls kept talking about other topics, time flying by while they enjoyed their drinks and company. However, it was time to depart.

“I’m going back to L.A. after Christmas.” Luna took her now empty cup, disposed of it and waited for Clarke to stand as well. “It was really nice meeting you Clarke.”

Clarke smiled and hugged Luna. “Same.”

“I do hope things go well for you with that stuck up bitch.” Luna left a kiss on Clarke’s cheek. “And if they don’t you know you have a friend in L.A.”

Clarke snorted. “Very smooth Luna. Have a safe flight.”

They waved good-bye, and Clarke returned to Lexa’s place.

The girl made herself a sandwich and sat down to watch one of Lexa’s movies while she waited for the woman to return. But the clock kept ticking and there were no signs of Lexa. The movie ended two hours later and Clarke stifled a yawn, she was still tired after partying last night so she washed the dishes and went back to the bedroom. She showered, brushed her teeth and jumped into bed. She turned off the lamp and breathed in.

She could smell the shampoo Lexa used on the pillows, and Clarke hugged them closer to her body. She could picture now so easily, Lexa being right here with her, holding her and loving her. A smile slowly appeared on Clarke’s face, there was no way she could last 5 months without her touch, but she had to find a way and her best method so far was in the darkest places of her imagination. A hand slid down the waistband of her underwear as she imagined Lexa touching her.

Lexa spent all day at ‘Polis’ writing in the office instead of home since she clearly knew she wasn’t going to be able to focus on her work. She felt inspired today though. She was writing an article about loving in modern days and courtship. The small space she had to publish in the magazine didn’t allow her to express much of her thoughts, but at least she could express a little bit piece of her mind whenever she wrote.

“Woods.”

Lexa tensed, the only woman who could get on her nerves was her co-worker and closest competitor, Nia Quinn.

“Quinn.” Lexa turned around in her office chair to look at the blonde with eyes as cold as ice, not warm and soft like Clarke’s, oh no, Nia had a coldness and a way to manage her competitors that
made Lexa’s blood boil. She was going to beat this woman for the position at the magazine, no matter what.

“You still writing those sappy articles?” The blonde paced around Lexa’s desk with disdain. “I got the whole page to publish my article about political turmoil in the Middle East, what does that tells you Woods?”

“That you’re a blood thirsty bitch?” Lexa kept her cool, she was the only one in this office that didn’t give a shit about her.

She twisted her mouth in a mocking smile. “So sassy Woods, but that won’t help you when I kick you out of ‘Polis Mag’, not when your romantic articles are now being shoved into the smallest corner of the last page of the entertainment section.” The woman laughed again and left Lexa.

Lexa kept her hard stare on the back of the woman. If she could throw a knife and get rid of her she would, but sadly there were laws in this world. She turned around to face the computer and typed the last part of her article.

“Just because not everyone is into chocolate and flowers doesn’t mean courting is lost. A simple chat message can make anyone’s day, even a Skype call, and telling your crush that you missed them can make those special moments last and get you closer to them.” She typed her name L. Woods and sent the article to the editor-in-chief.

Lexa checked her watch and realized that she had been writing for several hours and Clarke was left alone, besides she was exhausted. She took out her phone and made the call she knew she had to make.

“Hey Costia, I won’t be able to go with you to the airport tomorrow. I know, and I’m sorry. Yes, we need to talk, and we will when you get back from the holidays.” Lexa felt so awful about this, she knew she had to speak with Costia but not now, she didn’t want to ruin her holidays by breaking up with her much less on the phone, she was going to wait until she returned next year and speak with her face to face. “Yes, I know. That’s why I need to talk with you when you return. I’m sorry again, but I’ll call Anya so she can be with you. Mhmm, sure, you have fun. Take care.” She texted Anya quickly giving Costia’s flight info and shoved her phone back in her pocket. She made up her mind, she had to end things with Costia, not to be with Clarke, simply because she didn’t love her, not the kind of love that she deserved anyways and returned back home.

And for the first time Lexa had someone to get back to. Even though she couldn’t act upon her feelings for the girl, not when she was her teacher, she still loved the idea of going back home to Clarke Griffin. It was pretty dumb and silly, but it made her feel butterflies in the pit of her stomach. She felt 18 again and it made her feel content. She naturally had to wait until the end of the school year.

“Piece of cake.” Lexa said confidently.

When Lexa arrived home she found the lights off, she wondered if Clarke was still around so she opened the door to the living room and noticed the little things out of place, and that made her feel
giddy. She was accustomed to her organized way of living, and suddenly having the whirlwind that was Clarke in her house disorganizing her things made her happy.

“Clarke?” Lexa left her duffel bag on her small table and walked back to her bedroom to check to see if Clarke was asleep.

However, on her way she heard Clarke whimper and that made her worry, it was like Clarke was in a pain of sorts, so she hurried her steps and turned the knob to her bedroom without knocking. What she saw was not someone in pain, not the kind that hurt in a bad way.

“Aaaah!”

Lexa was wide-eyed, her mouth slightly opened and her hand held the knob for dear life. Her green eyes followed Clarke’s movements and noticed that her arm disappeared behind the sheets, the strokes rhythmically. Clarke was clearly pleasuring herself.

_Move!

Her mind commanded her to leave, but all her senses were glued to the gorgeous half-asleep girl in her bed.

“Mmmmm Lexa please.” Clarke panted.

The throb between her legs was getting stronger, her inner muscles pulsating wanting those fingers inside of her.

_Move Lexa for fuck’s sake, get out of here._

“Aah aah aah!”

Lexa blinked and realized that her free hand was already over her own crotch teasingly, that snapped her back to reality, her hand holding the knob was hurting by the pressure she exerted, her white knuckles evidence of her strain. She closed the door as fast as she could without alerting the girl that she had been watching.

Lexa leaned on the door breathing heavily, gasping for air. “Who am I kidding? I’m not going to last 5 months. I need a cold shower right now.”

Yes, Lexa was in deep trouble. Even when the cold water washed her arousal, her dreams did the rest for her. She came whispering Clarke’s name.

Chapter End Notes

All right guys, here we are, the point of no return. From here on things will change and radically. As usual, thanks so much for your excitement, you make Friday’s the best.

Enjoy,

Tana
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The holiday season was upon them. Christmas was usually a chance to spend quality time with the family and loved ones in celebration of the season, however, for a literature teacher in search for her dream to become a writer and her high school student who was still in the process of discovering the wonders of the world, it was a time to deal with their mutual feelings, a time to find answers in such a complicated setting.

Lexa suffered many restless nights since Clarke stayed with her that weekend. The young adult had become part of her daily dreams in inappropriate ways, especially considering that Clarke was her student. She could control her desires when awake, she always kept her mantra of head over heart during those times, nonetheless at night her subconscious took control and did whatever the hell it wanted with her. How much underwear had Lexa damaged already? Her body, heart and soul were in complete chaos. That would be bad enough, but her relationship with Costia was a disaster. Lexa had been basically cheating in thought, and the fact that she hadn’t broken up just yet made her feel much worse, her sin was becoming a burden on her conscience.

Lexa woke up on the 25th very early. As it had been happening ever since she admitted her feelings for Clarke, she dreamt of her, spread in her bed at her mercy panting and screaming her name. Lexa needed a shower but of holy water at this rate.

The woman showered and put on sweatpants and a T-shirt since no one was around to see her. Then she made herself a cup of coffee instead of her usual tea, she was going to need something stronger to make it through the day. Lexa grabbed her cellphone from the counter and took a deep breath, even after all this time Lexa still became nervous when calling her parents. She pressed the keys, held her breath, and waited for someone to answer.

“Good morning, mother. Merry Christmas.” Lexa moved to the coffee machine to fill it with the dark grains and pressed the ON button. “Yes, I’m doing very well. I have a small column in a very important magazine. Yes ‘Polis.’” Lexa moved to the fridge and took out some eggs and ham. She cracked open two eggs and whisked them in a bowl. Then she added pieces of ham to the egg batter and poured the mixture into a pan to cook for a few minutes. “I uh, yes Costia, that’s her name and no, things aren’t that well with her. Thanks for asking, mom. Yes, say hi to dad for me. Bye.” She put the phone back on the counter and exhaled in relief. Done with the parents call, it was time to deal with her more painful issues.

She served her breakfast on a plate and sat at her table, ate in the silence of her home thinking about how different it had felt with Clarke around. All of the mess, items scattered around the house, her laughter and above all those things, her presence. It was like having sunshine permanently and now that she was back to her normal routine it felt dull, like she was in a world of black and white. It was like for one moment Lexa saw the full spectrum of colors of the light and then it vanished along with Clarke. Her phone bleeped, and she tapped the screen to check the message. A smile drew on her face.

Wanheda: Merry Xmas Lexa :)}
Lexa: Merry Christmas Clarke.

Wanheda: I bought u smth. Hope u don’t mind.

Lexa: Not at all. Thank you. I might have a little something for you as well.

Wanheda: ;D Can I drop by later just to leave the present? I swear I won’t interrupt your celebration.

Lexa: Yes, there’s no celebration. Text me before you come to make sure it’s a good time.

Wanheda: Will do. C ya!

Lexa took a look at the wrapped present under her small Christmas tree. Lexa bought Clarke some of her favorite poetry books such as ‘Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics’ by Bliss Carman and art materials. It was pretty dumb to be this excited to give a present to someone, but Lexa’s heart tingled every time she thought of Clarke’s expression while opening the gift. Lexa finished her breakfast and washed her dishes and got ready to work.

Her latest article published in ‘Polis Magazine’ had garnered a bit of attention, and her boss wanted her to write a half page article for the next monthly issue, which of course, didn’t sit well with her competitor Nia Quinn.

Lexa sat at her desk and opened the lid of her laptop; she went to her saved file and started to write.

“I can’t stop thinking about some comments I received from you dear readers, some of you have it tough. And I get it because I am in turmoil as well. This brings me to a quote from Louisa May Alcott found in ‘Little Women.’” Lexa typed thinking that if she wanted to make a real connection with the people who read her column, she had to give a little of herself. “It goes like this: ‘Love Jo all your days, if you choose, but don’t let it spoil you, for it’s wicked to throw away so many good gifts because you can’t have the one you want.’ And this fits my case perfectly. So you’re not alone, I know what it feels to yearn for the stars and never be able to touch them...”

By the time Lexa finished the first draft it was already late, she had to be at Anya’s apartment in 20 minutes. Lexa saved her document, changed into a comfortable pair of jeans and a hunter green sweater since it was Christmas after all and headed to Anya’s.

“About time you showed your face.” Anya smiled and stepped aside to let Lexa in.

The apartment was warm and the decorations were clearly much prettier than in her place. Anya took her Christmas party very seriously. The small apartment felt cozy, decorated with red and gold ribbons, and the Christmas tree had some candy canes hanging from its branches.

“Yes sorry, got distracted with work.” Lexa removed her coat and hung it behind the door, following Anya to the table to leave the wine she bought for the occasion.

“That’s what you’ve been saying a lot lately, isn’t it?” Anya brought to the table a tray filled with mixed vegetables and then went back to the kitchen to grab the main dish.
Lexa followed her around the apartment. “I know. Things are going really well at work, and I hope that this is what makes me breakthrough the lines of young aspiring writers.” Once they returned to the table with the main dish, Lexa took her seat and waited for Anya to be seated before eating.

“You’ll do fine, Lex. Your writing is still very cold but I liked your latest article. It wasn’t as detached as the others. You are turning into a sap.” Anya finally brought out the last tray with dessert and sat.

“Geez, thanks for your honesty Anya, you could be a better critic than my own boss.” Lexa smiled, filling her plate with a bit of everything and took her first bite. “Mmm this is really good.”

“Of course it is. I wouldn’t dare poison us during the holidays.”

Lexa laughed heartily which surprised Anya. Lexa was never this relaxed. She was normally so closed and uptight that Anya was clearly in disbelief. “Okay, who are you and where is Lexa?”

Lexa gulped down her meat and drank wine before speaking. “What? Can’t I laugh now?”

“You don’t cackle in laughter Lexa. You have changed a bit. You seem more open and at ease. I mean, I like what I’m seeing, it’s just um, unexpected.” Anya raised her glass in toast and took a sip. Lexa imitated the movement and drank.

Lexa hadn’t stopped to think about what Anya said until now, when she grasped that indeed she had changed. She felt more relaxed, like a weight lifted from her shoulders. Her soul was lighter now that she had acknowledged her feelings for Clarke. “Oh. I see.”

Anya creased her brows paying close attention to her longtime friend. “We need to talk.”

Lexa didn’t meet her stare and kept eating. “I know.”

The two returned to normal day-to-day conversation, about work at school and meeting Gustus and Indra for drinks the weekend before the holiday vacation was over. Basically chatting about general life stuff.

Lexa sat comfortably on a loveseat in the middle of Anya’s living room eating another mini-cinnamon roll, the writer was watching one of those cheesy Hallmark Christmas movies. Anya was on the other side of the couch observing the movie while drinking more wine.

Lexa’s phone vibrated and she pulled it out from her pocket. She took a deep breath before answering. “Hey, Merry Christmas Cos.” That caught Anya’s attention. “I um, yes I’m with her, sure I’ll tell Anya. Yes, we’re having a good time.”

Anya shifted her weight on the couch to get a better look at Lexa, the older woman could perceive the change in her friend’s demeanor. “Ah no, that wasn’t necessary. Thank you. All right, you take care.” Lexa put the phone back in her pocket.

“Okay, that was painful to watch, are you going to spill the beans or am I’m gonna to have to kick your ass, Lex?” Anya left her cup of wine on the side table, she sat straighter crossing her legs and clasping her hands over her lap, brown eyes boring into Lexa.

Lexa slumped on the couch pinching the bridge of her nose, closing her eyes. “Costia says hi and wishes you happy holidays.” The green-eyed girl said.
“Yes, thank you. Now you look at me and tell me what the hell is going on.”

Lexa held her head in her hands, while supporting her elbows on her thighs.

“Jesus, Lexa how bad is it that you won’t even look at me?”

“…”

“Lex, I am your friend, hell we’re practically sisters. Please tell me what’s wrong so I can help.”

“I am in love with someone else.” Lexa finally dared to say, eyes still fixed on the ground.

Anya arched her brows, clearly not expecting this revelation. “Okay, does Costia know?”

“No, I’ll break up with her when she returns from her trip. Didn’t want to ruin her holiday.” Finally Lexa lifted her chin and eyed Anya, expecting a harsh look but found a neutral expression on her friend’s face. “I didn’t mean for this to happen, you know?” It just did, but I feel terrible about this Anya.”

“I seriously thought that you and Costia were going to get hitched next year. I’ve to admit that I’m a bit stunned. You two seemed like a perfect match.” Anya leaned back on the sofa, stroking her chin while she was in deep thought. “Have you been cheating on her?” The inflection of her voice was a tone higher. Anya could understand that Lexa’s feelings for her girlfriend could have changed, but cheating was a big no no in her book, and if Lexa did she was going to beat the shit out of her almost family.

“NO! I haven’t touched her. I don’t plan to… because well, it’s um, ehm, forbidden.”

“What!” Anya stood up from the sofa pacing from one side to the other. “Oh God Lexa. A married woman? Are you out of your mind!”

Lexa sighed, at least Anya’s conclusion was far more logical than her real situation. Her situation was way worse in this case, the possibility of engaging in a relationship with one of her students. A student that they both taught in school.

Anya took her seat again, trying to gather her thoughts. “You have to stay away from that woman Lex. What if her spouse is a jealous psycho? You could be in danger. Just stay away from her.”

Lexa chuckled, if only Anya knew how hard that was going to be, when she still had slightly less than 5 months before the end of the school year. She was going to see her every single day. “I am trying Anya, but no one has ever made me feel like this. It’s like she has become my sun, and I orbit around her. Her gravity pulls me so strongly to her, and I can try to fight it. I am fighting it. But you can’t beat gravity.”

Anya smirked. “Woah, you got it bad, you have turned into a complete and hopeless sap.”

Lexa smiled, it was true. Clarke caused her to get in touch with her feelings - simply because Clarke Griffin was the kind of person who chose heart over head.

After spending most of the day with Anya celebrating Christmas, Lexa finally returned back home,
she texted Clarke that the coast was clear and she could stop by anytime. The woman left her coat over her couch and walked to the fridge, she poured some water in a tall glass and sat down to drink the cold beverage. She needed to be awake and in full control of all of her senses. She didn’t drink too much wine at Anya’s, nonetheless, better be alert and ready to bolt than be drowsy and filled with dangerous and forbidden thoughts about her student.

The doorbell rang at the silent house, Lexa finished her water and went to the entrance to welcome her visitor. She peeked through the curtains to make sure it was her expected visitor. As soon as she saw the blonde hair, her heart did a jump in total bliss. Like a dog welcoming its master wiggling its tail.

Lexa opened the wooden door and as soon as she saw her she melted on the inside. “Merry Christmas Clarke. Please come in.” Lexa moved to the side allowing the young girl access to her home.

“Please.” Lexa offered to take her coat, Clarke turned around and Lexa helped take it off. She hung it behind the door and walked to the living room.

“Merry Christmas Lexa.” Clarke offered a small package with a golden ribbon and the gift wrap was covered with snowmen.

Lexa accepted the tiny gift and went to her tree to pick up Clarke’s gift. “This is for you.” Lexa gave in return.

Clarke grinned, her white teeth showing to their full extent, her cheeks were slightly pink, probably because of the cold of the early night.

“So are you going to open it?” Lexa took a seat on her couch inviting Clarke to take the space beside her. Clarke followed and filled the empty spot, “I was waiting for you to open it first. Maybe we should do it at the same time?”

Lexa nodded. “Sounds fair.”

Clarke ripped the wrapping paper with excitement, the way her blue eyes glistened with delight made Lexa feel so many things inside. Things that she was experiencing for the first time in her 25 years of life. Lexa couldn’t understand what it was that Clarke possessed that made her feel total bliss, but her company was enough to make her feel at peace and when the girl smiled a myriad of beautiful feelings invaded her insides.

“Aren’t you opening yours?”

“Yes, of course.” Lexa opened her gift-wrap with more composure, opening it with care. “Rip the paper Lexa, that’s no way to open a Christmas present!”

“It takes as long as it takes.”

Clarke rolled her eyes and opened the new supplies to check each of the colors.

“This is very nice.” Lexa took out a small bracelet weaved with an intricate design, the red and black colors intertwined and in grey the word *Heda* was knitted. Lexa creased her brows. “What does it mean?”
Clarke took the bracelet and pulling the wrist of the woman tenderly she started to tie the bracelet. “That’s the name I came up for you in my contact list on my phone in case someone took it. It sounds a bit as if it were pronounced ‘Head’ and you’re always lecturing me about head over heart so it made sense to me.” Clarke finished tying the knot and smiled when she saw how nice it fit her arm.

“Thank you, it’s pretty.” *Not as pretty as you.* Lexa kept that comment to herself.

“So, poetry?”

“Yes, that is one of my favorite poem collection. Sappho was a lyrist who spent most of her time in the island of Lesbos. She composed her own music and the lyric meter she refined is still used today.”

“Sounds pretty badass.” Clarke opened the book and took a peek at some poems.

“Her style was sensual, melodic and her target of her love poems where women who went to the island to study art.” Lexa commented while inspecting her left wrist. The bracelet was really nice and fit perfectly.

“How to say I love you:

What, if I but live it,
Were the use in that love?
Small indeed…”

Clarke read a passage of one of the poems, yet Lexa filled the rest.

“Only, every moment
Of this waking lifetime
Let me be your lover
And your friend!” Lexa cleared her throat. “Anyway, that’s part of the LXXX poem. Very beautiful.”

Clarke was so stunned by how Lexa recited, it was sensual, her voice damn hot, Clarke had to break eye contact or else she was going to do something stupid and she had done her share of dumb stuff already.

“How are things with your mother?” Lexa changed the topic noticing the shift in demeanor and evident tension in Clarke.

Clarke scratched her head, and then changed her position moving one leg up on the couch while she sat on top of the other leg. “We’re talking more. Today was hard, first holiday without dad. Still, we had a good time.”

“I’m glad. You two need to support each other. You’re very strong Clarke.”

Clarke smiled hiding her face. “Thanks. And uh, what about your folks?”
Lexa didn’t feel the usual unease when someone wanted to pry into her life; she was an open book with Clarke. “I talked with my mother, she’s opening a bit more I guess. Someday I will have to face them though.”

“Yeah, I know you will because you have taught me to be strong Lexa.”

Lexa smiled and took Clarke’s hand in hers. “No, you were already strong when I met you, Clarke. But thank you. Now you should drive back home since it’s late to be wandering around alone on Christmas night. I don’t want you to cross paths with some drunken driver.” Lexa let go of her hand, her body protested the lack of warm skin but she couldn’t risk it.

Lexa escorted Clarke back to the threshold to see her go; she helped Clarke put her coat back on, holding it so that the blonde just had to fit her arms inside. Clarke put in her left arm first, then she turned around with her back to Lexa to put inside her right arm. Lexa pulled up the coat adjusting the top of the shoulders, closing the distance between them. Clarke felt the presence of the woman, leaned back on Lexa, she nestled her head in the crook of Lexa’s neck while her butt pressed into her front. Lexa moved her hands to rest them on Clarke’s hips and closing her eyes let herself feel the warmth of the girl’s body for a short moment.

“This isn’t going to be easy, huh?” Clarke relaxed into Lexa’s body.

Lexa leaned in, resting her cheek on top of Clarke’s head. “No.” Lexa chuckled, “And you’re not helping Clarke.”

“Sorry, not sorry.” Clarke giggled sending tickles to Lexa’s stomach. “Is it so bad that I want to kiss you?”

Lexa thought for a second, what should she really say? Yes it is bad but I want to kiss you too but I can’t cos I’m still in a relationship with a woman I don’t love like I love you? Lexa sighed and closed her eyes, “No. But I don’t want you to burden yourself with those thoughts Clarke. If something were to happen between us I want to take the first step, I don’t want you to carry the responsibility of a decision like that. Okay?”

“Okay.” Clarke finally pulled away from Lexa and faced her. “I’ll be waiting not so patiently, Miss Woods.” Clarke moved in and kissed her cheek softly and hugged her. Lexa let her go reluctantly and put her hands inside her jean pockets afraid that she was going to try to stop her. She watched Clarke walk away until the girl was in her car.

Lexa went back inside. After removing the bracelet and stashing it somewhere safe, she took a hot shower. Her body was demanding attention. The type of attention that clearly couldn’t be fulfilled by the person she wanted, instead she did what she had to in order to shut down the agony of her heart. Sleep was never better.

And as planned, Lexa agreed to meet Costia after the New Year celebration, right on the weekend before school resumed. She rather deal with this before things got more complicated. They agreed to meet at Costia’s place, Lexa had no idea how she was going to react, but it was better to keep their conversation away from prying eyes. So Lexa went to Costia’s apartment with a heavy heart. She
really hoped they could stay friends, however, after one year of being together she knew that wasn’t going to be possible, not if she wanted her to heal and let go. She was going to give Costia all the space that she needed.

It was such a pretty day, the sun was out and the blue sky expanded through the horizon, snow covered the streets and the leafless trees, but it wasn’t quite as cold today. Lexa walked to the lift and pushed the button that took her to Costia’s apartment.

Lexa took a deep breath before pushing the doorbell. Before she was really ready to see her, Costia opened the door and with the biggest smile she threw herself at Lexa to hug her.

“Oh my it’s been so long, I missed you so much.”

Lexa tensed up, she felt awful but it was for the best, she didn’t say anything to Costia and cut to the chase right away. “We need to talk Cos.”

Costia took a step back, frowning but she let go of Lexa and invited her inside. Lexa walked to the living room but she didn’t take a seat. Looking out the window she thought about how to do this without being a total asshole, but Lexa realized that there was no other way than to rip the band-aid quickly.

“Costia. I have been thinking about us. I am aware of my lack of commitment to you, of how you’re the one holding this together.” Lexa began; she turned around to look Costia in the eye. “I can’t keep doing this to you so it is best to let you go.”

Costia shook her head. Confusion spread on her face, her brown deep eyes scanning Lexa’s green to find what was going on. “You’re breaking up with me?”

“I am.”

“Why?”

The only fair way to do this was to be completely honest, Costia had always being upfront with her so the least she could do was give the same courtesy back. “I don’t love you the way you love me Costia. I have come to realize that I don’t feel the same way about you, and I can’t keep hurting you like this.”

Costia’s lips trembled, and Lexa hated herself for causing pain to someone who was so good to her. “Lexa, whatever this is, we can fix it.” The woman tried to reach her but Lexa pulled away. “Costia please don’t make this harder. I can’t be with you when I only care for you as a friend, not as the woman I want to share my life with.”

Costia sobbed, she sat on the couch and hid her face in her hands. “I knew I was losing you, months ago you started to drift away from me, I thought maybe you needed to focus on your career more, and that’s fine with me. Lexa, I promise I’ll slow down, I can give you all the space you need to focus on your career. Just tell me. What is it that you need, baby?”

“Costia you need someone who can make you their priority, someone who you can give your heart to completely and—“

“But I gave you mine!” Costia cried, the tears streamed down her face. “I gave you mine Lexa. Why
are you doing this? Just tell my why I have to lose you.”

Lexa walked slowly near Costia, she couldn’t face her, and if she spoke the real motive she was going to truly hurt her. “Costia please let’s just end this amicably. I want to be there for you as a friend if possible.”

Costia stood up and pointing at Lexa she demanded answers. “Then tell me! Why now, why are you throwing away all that we built together!?”

“Because my heart belongs to someone else!” Lexa defeatedly answered, leaving Costia mute for a minute.

“Someone else?” Costia clenched her jaw. “You’re leaving me for another woman?”

“No Costia you’ve got it all—"

SLAP!

The sting of the hit burned her cheek, Lexa didn’t move or react in any way. She let Costia discharge her pain, the woman pushed her on the shoulders, her hits filled with anger.

“You’re an asshole! Another woman? Since when? I am such a fool!” Costia paced angrily in the living room, fists clenched, eyes red from crying. “Oh gosh, that’s why you didn’t want to come with me to New York, you were with your lover!”

“Costia no, it’s not like that! I am deeply sorry. I never meant to hurt you like this. I’m not starting a relationship with anyone Costia.”

“How? When did you meet this woman huh? If you developed feelings for her you had to see her regularly.” Costia held her chin thinking on all the possibilities. “Oh my God, at work! No wonder you spent so much time at the office now huh?” Costia spat in ire.

“Costia please, just ... let’s stop this! I am not with anyone! I feel this is for the best, for both of us. You deserve to be loved Costia by someone who can see you as their sun. I can’t be that person, and I really hope you can forgive me.” Lexa moved to the front door, “Take care, Costia,” and made her way out of the apartment before things escalated. Once outside Lexa leaned on the door, stroking her cheek and hoping that they could be friends one of these days.

_________

And the first week of school had just began. The kids were moving through the crowded halls getting their books out from their lockers and rushing to their next class. Clarke came jogging to her locker evading students left and right, she opened her lock and started to shove books and notebooks inside her backpack. It was in her best interest to be on time for English class. Clarke slung her backpack over her shoulder and grabbed what she needed before she shut the locker and headed to the end of the hall at a fast pace. She was checking her father's watch to make sure she was not going to be late when she literally bumped into Raven.

“Shit, sorry. Hey Raven.” Clarke joined her friend while they both walked to the classroom. “What’s up with you? Not happy to see me after the break you traitor?”
Raven looked at her friend. “Of course I’m happy to see you dumbass, but I told you that I was very busy at the workshop so it was hard for me to meet you.”

“Yeah yeah, that’s what you have been saying. Whatever.” The girls started to climb the stairs when they met Octavia on the way.

“Hey O, we were just talking—” Octavia stopped in her tracks but then walked away, not even waiting for them before entering the classroom. Clarke furrowed her brows, “What the fuck?” Clarke looked at Raven and noticed the small change in her humor. The dark-haired girl sighed and moved on. Clarke caught up with her, and Clarke smiled as soon as she saw Lexa at the desk reviewing some documents, she hurried to her usual spot in the back of the classroom near the window and took her seat. However, she saw that Raven didn’t follow her and took one of the front row seats instead.

Clarke was clearly baffled by the behavior of her long time friends. Since the holiday break started they have been acting weird, when Clarke invited them to hang out with her, only one would come. Octavia would come over and Raven would tell her that she was too busy at the carshop to come. Other times it was Raven who appeared and Octavia would say something along the lines of being busy with her brother Bellamy.

The class started, and Clarke shut out all other thoughts in order to focus only on the woman who had her heart completely, Lexa Woods. Today’s topic was a bit boring, Clarke had to admit, she really hated composition classes but at least she could enjoy the view of Lexa’s butt when the woman turned to write on the whiteboard. Clarke was so smitten that it was impossible not to be lost in the woman’s presence

Clarke didn’t actively participate, she had to keep a low profile and not being obvious about her interest in the teacher. So she slumped in her chair and chatted with Octavia instead. “So what the hell is going on, O?” Clarke leaned closer to her friend so they could talk without being obnoxious.

“You and Raven are acting like so strange man. Is something wrong?”

Octavia rolled her baby blue eyes as if Clarke was talking nonsense. “Of course not, nothing is wrong Clarke. Where did you get that idea?” Octavia kept taking notes in her notebook as if it Clarke’s questions were no big deal.

“O, that is some uber bullshit right there. Did you have a fight during the holidays?” Clarke kept pushing the clearly sore subject, she was going to find out the truth, no matter how long it took her.

“Miss Griffin!” Lexa called.

Clarke sat straighter in her seat, completely lost on what was being said in the class. “Um, yes Miss Woods?” Clarke smiled innocently.

Lexa moved closer to the busted girl. “Since you were so busy with Miss Blake I assume you can share with the rest of the class where in the paragraph the author uses jargon and sexist language.”

Clarke gulped down the lump in her throat, this is not what she needed, being the attention of the whole class when Lexa was about to kick her ass. “Sure, err, the paragraph?”

“Yes Miss Griffin.” Lexa arched her brow, eyes stuck on her like lasers about to be shot in her direction.
“Hell, um, I don’t know.”

“Of course you don’t. Maybe you can bring the proper explanation to my question tomorrow, Clarke.” Lexa narrowed her eyes and then continued her class.

Clarke face-palmed, she heard Murphy laughing at her, “Shut up Murphy!”

“Anything else, Miss Griffin?” Lexa turned around from the whiteboard eyeing Clarke with dead serious eyes, if felt like Lexa had suddenly developed super hearing or maybe the woman was so attuned to her voice that she could hear her mumbling from afar. “No Miss Woods.” Clarke slumped in her chair for the rest of the class.

The bell finally announced the end of English, and the students started to leave the classroom. “Meet me at our spot during break O!” Clarke said to Octavia before she left for her next class. Raven didn’t even wait for her. Clarke took her time picking up her stuff, and when all of her classmates left she approached the desk where the teacher was focused preparing her next class. “Really? Extra homework?”

Lexa didn't even look at her. “You were distracted Clarke.”

Clarke leaned on the desk crossing her arms, pouting in disagreement. “Oh come on it was no big deal. Give me a chance, please?” Clarke’s childish tone was used on purpose to obtain what she wanted. Lexa finally looked at her and Clarke batted her eyelashes seductively.

“Tomorrow I expect your work on my desk Clarke.” Lexa returned her focus to her current activity.

Clarke laughed in denial. “Is this how this is gonna be? You’ll punish me if I’m bad in class?” Clarke dared to sit on the desk, stunning Lexa in the process. Lexa sat straight in her chair trying to put some distance between her and the blonde. “Clarke, don't be childish. You were given what any other student disrupting the class would have earned.”

“Maybe.” Clarke noticed how green eyes ran over the tights resting on the desk, Clarke smirked at the small victory. “No special treatment for the teacher’s pet I guess.”

Lexa took a deep shaky breath, her pursed lips a thin line showing her cool demeanor, however, her eyes, how those green depths betrayed the woman. “You have class, Miss Griffin.” Voice deep and Clarke felt her belly summersault in anticipation.

“Yes I do. But you see Miss Woods.” Clarke traced her fingertips over Lexa’s arm, the contact sending sparks to her skin, and when Clarke noticed that Lexa was wearing the bracelet she gifted her, her heart skipped a beat. “I might be very distracted by my English teacher. How can I possibly pay attention when I want to do some very naughty things with her?”

“Clarke.” Lexa cautioned. “You’re playing with fire.”

Clarke leaned closer to the woman so she could whisper to her ear. “Don’t you see I want to get burned?” Her voice deep, husky and filled with so much desire. Lexa pushed abruptly away from the desk, almost falling in the process.

“Clarke, Jesus fuck! Don’t do that!” Lexa was flustered and Clarke loved every second of it. If she kept this up, Lexa was definitely not going to last 5 months.

_or what Lexa? Are you going to kiss me senseless?_ Clarke thought but didn’t voice her thoughts, she
didn’t want to act like a complete brat, she could tease the woman a bit every day though, which sounded perfect in her head.

“See you later Miss Woods.” Clarke grinned and slid off of the desk and with one last glance at the brunette she ran to her History class.

The rest of the day had been extremely boring, no class could compare to Literature with Lexa. Even when assigned extra homework for being an ass, she couldn’t wait until tomorrow to show Lexa her quality work. During break she headed to her usual spot in the school backyard, to the open space filled with trees near the gym where she hung out every single day with her two best friends. Octavia was already at the bench, and Clarke went over to her. On her way to their meeting place, she noticed Ms. Greene walking with some materials to the art classroom near the administration building, she felt a pang of jealousy again, which was unjustified and silly, but what called her attention more was that the woman’s usual smile was not in place, her upbeat personality was shut down. Clarke had to push her curiosity away for later and finally reached her friend.

“I’m so hungry, I brought this dull sandwich, but we might as well stop at the coffee shop when we finish our day. Whatcha say?” Clarke opened her lunch pack and bit into her sandwich right away.

“Sounds good.” Octavia took some chips in her hands and a sip from her juice pouch.

“Hey there’s Raven!” Clarke waved until Raven spotted them. Raven was walking with her backpack on her shoulder heading in their direction when she stopped, hesitating to come closer.

“What the hell Ray, come here already, I brought you your fave chips.” Clarke pulled the chips out from her backpack showing them to Raven.

“I uh, I forgot I’ve to do some research for Chemistry class, you know how Indra is.” Raven started to backtrack and head to the library, but Clarke jumped from her spot and grabbed Raven’s arm. “Indra can wait.” Clarke started to pull a very reluctant Raven to join them on their bench. “Sit down you nerd, and don’t give me more lame excuses.” Clarke took the spot between Raven and Octavia. Eyeing her two friends who were clearly avoiding eye contact with each other. “I clearly have no clue what the fuck is going on between you two guys. But you better cut that shit, okay? You two are my best friends, and if there is something that I need to know talk to me.” Clarke waited until one of the two girls gave her a response.

Octavia shuffled in her place. “Everything is fine Clarke. We’re good, right Raven?”

Raven rolled her eyes and took her things outraged. “Fuck you Octavia!” The girl stood up and stomped away to the gym area.

Octavia sighed and went after the girl. Clarke had no clue what happened so she picked her stuff spread on the ground to follow her friends. Despite her efforts Clarke lost sight of them, so she wandered around trying to locate them. She was walking to the gym when Wells stopped her.

“Clarke! Are you ready for next weekend?” The tall boy joined Clarke while she walked.
“Next weekend?” Clarke frowned looking at Wells completely confused at his remark.

Wells rolled his eyes. “Don’t tell me your forgot? It’s the ball!”

“Oh! Right yeah of course.” Clarke had forgotten about the Winter Formal and also that she had agreed to be Wells’ partner for the evening.

Wells smiled “I’ll pick you up at 6. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, sounds good.” Clarke smiled trying to get rid of Wells so she could return her attention to locating her best friends. Thankfully she was saved by the bell, and she found an excuse to say bye to Wells. “See you later.” And Clarke waved while she walked away. She couldn’t avoid catching Finn’s look at her from afar.

Clarke took the longest way to return to the school building trying to find Octavia and Raven, she turned around the corner of the gym to use the back door of the school building when she heard them bickering about something. Clarke approached them hurrying her steps.

“No O, you can go to hell! You fucking ruined it with the ‘No, I'm not gay.’ Like yeah, fuck off.”

“Raven I’ve been trying to apologize and you won’t let me. I swear I want things to be normal again.”

“That’s the thing Octavia, they will never be normal! You blew it!”

“I am fucking sorry! I was scared Raven I had no idea what the hell happened and you were there and we, and we, well, you know.”

“You can’t even say it O. You’re so repulsed by what happened that you don’t even acknowledge it for what it was.”

“I can’t Raven, I just. I can’t do this.”

“Guys!” Clarke cut the conversation looking left to right at the two girls standing in front of her with so much hurt and pain in their eyes.

“I can’t do this.” Octavia said before leaving Raven and Clarke alone.

Raven made a long-suffering sigh, shrugging off Octavia’s comment. “Whatever.”

Clarke didn’t say anything, she noticed that Raven wanted to be left alone, and so the two started their return to their classroom, but not before being stopped by Ms. Greene.

“Griffin and Reyes. The bell rang minutes ago, skipping classes in the first week is disappointing.”

“Wait no Miss Greene we were just uh, discussing some issues and it got late. We’re heading to classes right now ma’am.” Clarke offered apologetically but the woman was not clearly in any mood to be compassionate. “Detention might serve you well, you two. See you there.”

“What the…” Clarke shook her head, deciding that today was definitely not a good day as she ran her hands through her hair. She simply said, “Yes Miss Greene” before going to class.
If detention served one purpose it was that at least she had time to sit down and do the extra homework given by her lovely Lexa. After the revelation that the woman had feelings for her she wanted more than anything to taste her lips, however, she had assured Lexa that she was not going to make a move on her. It was the woman who told her that if and only if something were to happen, she was the one who was taking the fall. And Clarke couldn’t wait for it, she would give anything for a kiss.

Raven was in her chair reading in silence, and that is what bothered Clarke. They were friends, why couldn’t she trust her with whatever was going on? Mr. Gustus was the one in charge of detention today, and the man was cool as long as no one bothered him, so Clarke dragged her chair across the aisle and sat next to Raven.

“Ray, what is going on? Why will neither of you talk to me? We are best friends for fuck’s sake, and we’re supposed to be honest with each other and trust in each other.” Clarke pulled closer to her friend so only Raven could hear her.

Raven shut the book and put it inside her bag. Then she turned in her chair to look at Clarke. “I can’t tell Clarke, so forget about it.”

Clarke took Raven’s hand and sandwiched it between hers. “Raven do you trust me?”

Raven nodded. “Of course I do.”

“Then talk to me! If no one tells me anything, how I’m supposed to help?” Clarke insisted, offering support and care to her friend.

Raven took a deep breath, trying to come up with the words, but her face was showing so much confusion and hurt that Clarke was really starting to worry about what really happened between Octavia and Raven. “It’s pretty crappy Clarke, forget it, yeah?” Raven couldn’t even look at her, she was bowing her head, her dark eyes fixed on the ground with slumped shoulders. Clarke knew that whatever this was, it had affected Raven deeply.

“Raven trust me, it can’t be that bad.” Clarke pushed a dark strand of hair away from Raven’s face.

“Maybe but it is still bad Clarke. It has ruined everything.”

Clarke chuckled. “Trust me Raven, I won’t tell anyone and maybe we can exchange secrets to make it even. If you’re ready to carry that burden with me that is.”

That caught the curiosity of the mechanic, Raven eyed Clarke with sudden interest. “What are you talking about?”

“You spill first.”

Raven nodded, she ran her hand through her hair while she gathered the courage to say what had to be said. “Remember that night when we were at Monty’s?”

Clarke narrowed her eyes. “Yeah?”
“I uh, I woke up with Octavia in bed.” Raven simply said. “Naked.”

Clarke frowned and then she remembered. “Oh. OH! Shit. It did happen.”

“Wait what? You knew?”

“I was with Luna and I swore I saw you two doing it, but I thought it was my drunken imagination.” Clarke covered her eyes with one hand trying to get what this meant for her friends. “Holy shit you two did the do.”

“Yeah we did and everything went downhill from there.”

“Wow, that’s weird, but what happened?”

“Not here.”

Clarke eyed Mr. Gustus. The bearded man was distracted and bored as he made notes in a notebook and was not paying much attention to them, however, there were a couple more kids in detention.

“Okay, so what’s your burden Princess that surpasses mine?”

Clarke lips curved in a dreamy smile. “I’m in love with someone whom I’m not supposed to love, but I love her all the same.”

Raven rolled her eyes. “Don’t we all? Oh wait, her? I thought you were talking about Finn or any other moron. Shit, don’t tell me is Luna.”

“Nah not Luna.”

“Time’s up kids, go home!” Gustus ordered and the students packed their things to go back home.

Clarke and Raven stuffed their backpacks with their materials and walked back to the parking lot.

“I love her Raven like I have never loved anyone in my life and she loves me back, but it can’t be.”

“Well if you two are in love then what’s the problem? I mean how bad is it?” walking a couple of steps behind Clarke.

“Pretty bad.”

Clarke opened her car and took the driver’s seat, Raven took the passenger’s side and shut her door.

“So are you gonna tell me who’s your forbidden love?” Raven asked.

Clarke sighed and with a longing smile she simply said “Lexa Woods.”

Chapter End Notes

Well the Pandora box is open, things are ready for our fave pair of ladies to fight their feelings or fall prey to them. Decisions, decisions. What is going to happen now? Can they really last til school is over? Make your bets ppl, glorious times are ahead before
the darkness engulfs us.

Thanks for reading and spreading so much love for this story. I am very humbled by your response and my commitment to you is always post every single week without fail as a thank you for being so loyal and wonderful. Drop your comments below and until next week,

Tana
“No.” Raven paced in Clarke’s room from one side to the other while Clarke simply watched her friend with amusement while leaning on the headboard of her bed.

“Yes.”

Raven stopped walking to look once again at Clarke, she shook her head and put her hands inside the pockets of her red jacket. “No way Clarke. Are you serious?”

Clarke smiled. “Never been more serious in my life Raven. I am in love with our English teacher.”

Raven made her way back to the bed and sat on the edge. Hands running through her dark locks tamed in a ponytail. “Fuck!”

“Yup, exactly.” Clarke affirmed, she pulled her bag off the floor and took out her laptop to start writing a draft of the homework she owed Lexa tomorrow.

“Oh fucking hell, that explains your weird moods over the last few months. Your crazy escapades with Finn, holy shit, you were more than crushing on Commander Hot Stuff, you fell in love with her!” Raven was in disbelief, but now it all made sense. She grabbed a bag of chips from the side table and opened it, she popped some chips in her mouth and munched them. “Woah Clarke that is some serious shit indeed.” Raven popped more chips.

“I know Raven and you can’t tell anyone about this. Do you understand the implications if someone else knew?” Clarke looked at her friend straight in the eye. Raven held her stare. “Loud and clear Wanheda.”

Clarke opened her notes and started to copy the document on her laptop, pressing the keys with dexterity. Filling the document with all the information about jargon she could use for the class discussion. Raven interrupted her concentration with more questions.

“And she loves you back?”

“I know she cares for me, but nothing has happened Raven. She has kept her distance and let me tell you, it sucks.” Clarke giggled.

Raven grinned. “Clarke you sneaky horny Princess you have been keeping this shit all along?”

Clarke nodded. “This isn’t something I can share with the world you know dumbass!” Raven scooted closer to Clarke still holding the bag of chips. “I won’t say anything Clarke, just be careful. I trust Lexa, I mean, she saved my life, still, she’s way older than you and she has a girlfriend.”

“I know that Raven.” Clarke stopped typing and removed the laptop from her lap to set it on the mattress. “That doesn’t change the fact that I love her like I’ve never loved anyone before Raven. Lexa has been there for me when I felt alone, when I was weak and she took care of me, guided me and supported me. I love her and this is killing me Raven, I’m agonizing here in love and she won’t touch me or act upon her feelings.”
Raven leaned on Clarke’s shoulder. “You’re 18 Clarke, maybe you’ll meet someone later who you’ll love. This might be something temporary.”

“I don’t know Ray, I’m not sure I can ever forget her if that’s the case.”

“I kind of get you though, moving on is not so easy.”

“Octavia?”

“Mhmm. Octavia.” Raven finished the chips not leaving one single one for Clarke, which earned her a slap on the arm. Clarke went to the kitchen to get ice cream. This kind of topic was going to take some time to discuss, and ice cream was the answer for all their problems at this moment.

“Lexa took me to her place that night, I had no idea where you were and I did really idiotic things that I will regret forever Raven. But you were with her.” Clarke had selected cookies and cream, and Raven had taken the chocolate with marshmallows ice cream. Clarke turned on the TV and put a random movie on Netflix while they spoke about their love life, or lack of it.

“Yeah. I was so drunk Clarke. But I was with O so it was all good. We always had each other’s back. Next thing I remember is that I woke up completely naked and so wet, my body ached in all the right places and when I turned around there she was and I felt happy it was her. She stirred and when she woke up, saw me and noticed that she was butt naked as well; she panicked.”

“What the hell?” Octavia pulled the covers up to her chest covering her flushed body with the sheets.

“I think we had sex.” Raven sat crossed leg not bothering with modesty, she rubbed her eyes trying to clear her foggy head.

“No, it can’t be!” Octavia slid off the bed pulling the covers with her while she looked for her scattered clothes.

“Geez, thanks O. I didn’t know you were going to be so repulsed by fucking with me.” Raven eyed her friend with sadness.

“Raven you’re my friend! We don’t... well this is different.” Octavia put on her black lace panties and a black top with her back to Raven.

“We have cuddled together for years, we have shared drunken kisses before, but you get all crazy because we had sex?” Raven was shaking her head and padded on the cold tiles to pick up her clothes. “We have masturbated side to side O, don’t be a hypocrite now.”

“This is different! This changes it all. It was all a game Raven, it wasn’t supposed to end like this!” Octavia sat on a chair and started to dress, sliding her legs inside the torn jeans she wore last night.

Raven followed, sliding on her t-shirt and went to meet her friend, maybe the closeness could clear Octavia’s panicked state. She kneeled in front of the chair and took Octavia’s hands in hers. “O look at me. It’s still me, Raven. Just because we kissed and had sex doesn’t change the fact that I still care for you. I love you O.”

Octavia wouldn’t meet Raven’s inquisitive gaze, the girl was hiding her face from the one who was
her support, the one she could always count on to save her when they did stupid shit. “I’m not gay.”

That statement caught Raven cold. She let go of Octavia’s hands and stood up, backing away from the girl she has loved since elementary school, but was content to be her friend nonetheless. “That’s what you have to say? That you’re not gay?” Raven spat hurt, she clenched her jaw and fisted her hands. “I fucking tell you that I love you O, that I care for you more than a fucking friend and you tell me you’re not gay. FUCK OFF!”

“And since then we have been avoiding each other Clarke. That’s what happened and I don’t know what to do, cos I miss her. I can deal with her not loving me the same way, but she was more worried about her soccer team thinking she was gay than telling me what she really felt.” Raven finished the story and licked a big chunk of ice cream from a large spoon to cover the pain. Clarke entangled her fingers with Raven. “She loves you too Raven, We’ve been together for so long and maybe she finds it weird that she might have feelings for her best friend.”

Raven sighed playing with Clarke’s hand. The ice cream was numbing a bit of the pain but still she needed her friend back. “Maybe, maybe not. She’s ashamed of me. People were already talking shit about me cos of my mom, now sleeping with me might have ruined it for her.”

Clarke licked her spoon empty of ice cream looking at the screen absentmindedly. “We are fucked then. Well you are.” Clarke laughed with more force and enthusiasm than intended.

Raven joined her in the laughter. “Yeah Griffin, I banged the girl, but yours won’t even give you the time of day.”

Once Clarke calmed down laughing, she grinned. “For now Raven, but Lexa won’t stand a chance to the Wanheda. I will show her that I can play this game.”

“Jesus Clarke, what are you planning to do?”

“You’ll see Ray, soon, you’ll see.”

And as promised Clarke went to school dressed to kill a man or in this case a certain teacher who was trying to act like a badass, but Clarke was going to melt that ice layer and get what she wanted - Lexa Woods.

The bell rang and Clarke hurried to the classroom, she met Octavia at the lockers while on her way to class. “Hey O!”

“Hey Clarke.” Octavia didn’t smile, her normal chipper personality was completely down. “Raven misses you O. You two have to stop this nonsense.” Clarke walked side by side with the brunette who was carrying a portfolio in her hands, probably for another class after English. “I miss her too Clarke, but I can’t deal with this. We were friends Clarke!”

The girls turned around in the next corner and moved upstairs to reach the English classroom. “You’re still friends Octavia! Just because you got close and personal doesn’t mean things have to change. Raven knows that and she’s not going to blame you if you don’t want anything to do with her.”
Octavia sighed and stopped in the middle of the steps. “I know that, Raven is amazing and the best friend I could ever have.” Octavia laced her fingers through her long brown locks and shrugged. “I don’t know how I feel about this.” The tardy bell rang and Clarke knew she was screwed.

“We’ll talk more during lunch O. Okay?” Clarke patted her shoulder and went to the classroom knowing that Lexa was going to lecture her on being late, and she couldn’t wait to face her to show her how much game she had.

“Reviewing the work of…” Lexa was cut off when the door opened and Octavia followed by Clarke entered the classroom. “Blake and Griffin, class began 8 minutes ago.” Lexa kept her eyes on the novel she had in her hand.

“Sorry Miss Woods, I got distracted.” Octavia apologized and went back to her chair noting that Raven was back in her usual spot. However, Clarke took her time waiting for Lexa to look at her.

“Any problem Miss Griffin.” Lexa finally lifted her gaze and green met blue.

Clarke grinned. “I think the heating might be damaged, it’s pretty hot in here Miss Woods.” Clarke unbuttoned the buttons of her blouse, exposing a blue top underneath the white button up revealing a nice cleavage to the teacher. Lexa gulped at the sheer shock of seeing Clarke opening each button torturously slow, her eyes trailed her fingers’ movements and every time she unbuttoned Lexa felt a tremor in her stomach. When Clarke stopped, Lexa held her breath and her eyes stopped right where Clarke wanted - on her visible cleavage. Then those green eyes scanned her legs that were covered in skinny jeans that hugged her curves in the right places and her butt looked very nice in them. Clarke was proud of this outfit. Lexa’s breaths quickened. “Uh, right, yes, very hot err please take your seat Miss Griffin and please share your homework with the class. Thank you.” Lexa returned to her position behind her desk and took a sip from her water bottle.

“Sure thing Miss Woods.” Clarke smiled and returned to her chair in the back of the classroom. She wiggled her eyebrows to Raven who rolled her eyes with a conspiratorial smirk and did as told.

“You were right Clarke.” Raven whispered while she filled out the worksheet of today’s English activity.

Clarke tilted her head frowning. “About what?”

“The commander looks at you when you’re not looking, and it’s the grossest thing I have ever seen.”

Clarke smiled. “Does she?”

“Yep, heart eyes motherfucker. I would have never noticed cos she is subtle as fuck, I give her that. But if you know what you’re looking for you can see it.”

“Less talking and more work Reyes!” Lexa snapped while she supervised the activity around the classroom.

“Yes ma’am!” Raven lowered her head. “Still a badass bitch though.”

Clarke giggled. “True.”
“Hey, come to break Raven. O seems to be in the right frame of mind to talk. Please?” Clarke nudged her friend with her arm, trying to give her the courage to sit down and talk once and for all with Octavia, Clarke was bummed that her two friends were in a fight. She could have never imagined that one of them was going to develop romantic feelings for the other but shit happens, just like she developed feelings for Lexa.

“Griffin! What is so interesting that you won’t stop talking with Reyes?” Lexa crossed her arms, ready for another brawl, but Lexa had no idea that Clarke had come more than ready to face her in class.

“I was discussing poetry Miss Woods.”

Lexa’s left eyebrow perked, and Raven was eyeing her like she just went crazy, the sudden curiosity showing in her eyes. Octavia turned around from her group with Monroe to watch what her friend had come up with this time.

“Poetry? Would you please share with us such interesting conversation, if you don’t mind, Clarke?” Lexa clicked the k just like Clarke liked it, hearing her name was the biggest turn on ever. Lexa inspected Clarke with sudden curiosity and caution. “Please you may begin.” Lexa’s tone was daring, pushing Clarke to keep going on with her stupid game, and Clarke obviously wasn’t going to say no to a challenge. She stood up and cleared her throat. She smiled widely and began.

“I crave your mouth, your voice, your hair.

Silent and starving, I prowl through the streets.

Bread does not nourish me, dawn disrupts me, all day

I hunt for the liquid measure of your steps.”

Clarke voice was velvet silk; she held Lexa’s gaze while she recited the poem, the woman was paralyzed her mouth slightly opened and Clarke was damn pleased, she spent the whole night learning this poem. She could hear some giggles coming from her classmates, but they could have never suspected that Clarke had selected that poem with one person in mind - Lexa Woods - the object of her forbidden affection.

“I hunger for your sleek laugh,

your hands—“

“Thank you Clarke.” Lexa said immediately after recovering from the surprise. “Pablo Neruda?” Lexa chuckled nervously. “That was a very interesting choice.”

Clarke returned to her seat. “I was inspired Miss Woods.” Some classmates whistled and cheered as if Clarke was probably crushing on some kid in school.

Lexa smiled, more composed she strolled with confidence in the classroom and then she recited one as well.

“I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,

or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,

In secret, between the shadow and the soul…"

Clarke melted hearing her sexy deep voice saying what her heart already knew, the young student lost round 1 of seduce your English teacher plan A. She will have to come up with a better battle plan next time.

“Pablo Neruda is indeed a great choice Miss Griffin.” Before Lexa could lecture Clarke on Pablo Neruda the bell rang for next period. The students grabbed their materials and started to empty the room little by little. Raven waited for Clarke but she nodded to her friend and Raven shrugged leaving the girl alone in the classroom, communication without words was their specialty.

Lexa was facing away from Clarke while she stashed some documents in her duffel bag. Clarke approached the desk silently, stood beside the woman and invaded her personal space. “So you love me that much huh? In the dark?” Clarke teased, their arms were brushing and the contact felt so good.

Lexa sighed and faced the young girl. “You learned Pablo Neruda just to spite me, didn’t you?”

Clarke curved her lips, showing off her white teeth and her blue eyes were shining with mischief. “You’re so cute when you’re flustered Lexa. Did you know that? I think it was worth it.” Clarke’s hand was on the desk, she slid it so it could be in close contact with the pinky finger of the woman beside her. Their fingers touching ever so slightly, the small touches sending sparks through their already heated skin. Lexa’s eyes diverted to Clarke’s lips then back up.

“Clarke, you’re driving me crazy.” Lexa closed her bag leaving it on her desk and turned her entire body to face Clarke. Lexa stepped forward and cupped her face, her hands felt so warm and Clarke felt soft thumbs caressing her cheeks. “You wore that shirt on purpose too. And those jeans look so good on you. You really want to kill me here, Clarke.”

Clarke laughed resting her hands boldly on Lexa’s waist; it felt so natural to be like this, not like a big sin. This was how it was supposed to be, Clarke thought. They were made for each other, the way their bodies pressed together as if it was the most normal thing in the world, the way Lexa caressed her without reservations with so much love and care, as if she was made of glass.

“I love you Lexa. Why is that so bad?” Clarke was lost in the green of her eyes, she could see the universe in them, and her whole world was in Lexa’s eyes.

“It’s not the time. Not because it’s wrong Clarke.” Lexa closed her eyes and touched her forehead with Clarke’s, their faces inches apart and noses bumping slightly. “You make me weak Clarke.” Lexa whispered and her voice was so husky, Clarke’s insides were buzzing, the dampness between her legs a signal of her extreme arousal. “But I have to do this right for you and for me.” Lexa pulled back, her eyes were so big and dark, like a hungry wolf on the verge of attacking its prey. “You’re making this a living hell for me.”

Clarke bowed her head and nodded. “Sorry. It’s just that I want to taste you, to kiss you. I’m in pain here Lexa. And graduation is so far away, I guess I’m afraid to lose you, that you’ll find that I’m a boring teenager, and you’ll stop caring about me.”

Lexa chuckled as if Clarke was being ridiculous. “You have no idea how much restraint I am using
right now. Resisting an almost uncontrollable desire to kiss you, to touch you in ways that are inappropriate, to push you on top of this desk and make you mine. Trust me, I won’t ever stop caring about you Clarke, but we can’t.”

Lexa leaned in and kissed Clarke’s forehead, the lingering of her lips setting Clarke on fire. “Please behave.” Lexa begged.

“I’ll try.” Clarke rested her hand on top of Lexa’s briefly before pulling away from her touch. “See you around Miss Woods.”

“See you, Clarke.” Lexa put her hands inside her pockets and watched the girl leave with a smile on her face.

Clarke had been waiting for Octavia and Raven to talk during lunchtime, but the two girls were incredibly stubborn and were basically in a staring contest not saying a word. “Guys seriously you can’t keep doing this crap forever! Raven, you tell O how you feel and O you tell Raven, it’s that fucking simple!” Clarke wanted to rip her hair out of desperation, for the past several days she had been trying to get Octavia and Raven to talk to one another without success. The only progress they had made is that at least they ate together during lunch, and they did their usual work during World History class and English. It was almost as before everything went to hell at Monty’s infamous holiday party.

At least on her part she had been behaving as much a possible with Lexa. She wore less sultry clothes to school, but Clarke always made sure to stay a bit longer to ‘help’ Miss Woods with the worksheets completed in class. Clarke had no idea how to survive until graduation, her nights were restless and desire filled her dreams, she whispered her name when she came under the covers and prayed to feel her long hands soon because she wasn’t going to hold on any longer, she was thirsty as fuck.

Lexa had an iron will though, Clarke had no clue how the woman could remain so unfazed, acting as if this wasn’t bothering her. She assured Lexa that she wasn’t going to make a move, but God knew how desperate she was to steal a kiss from the woman. And yet, she behaved in class, waiting for the day that Lexa’s reluctance to engage in a relationship with her dissolved into a puddle of lust and desire.

Clarke finished her juice pouch and stood up from her spot at the table looking sternly at her friends. “I’ll go dispose of this trash, please talk while I’m gone, okay? I beg you.”

The blonde student strolled through the backyard of the school, most of the kids were inside the building to keep warm, but Clarke would rather be on the outside breathing the fresh air than trapped inside the four walls. Also she wanted to avoid bumping into Lexa or Ms. Greene out of class.

When Clarke returned she found the rest of the group talking with the girls. Jasper was on Octavia’s right side while Monty sat on the other side of the bench beside Raven.

“Hey Clarke we were discussing plans for the Winter Formal this weekend. You are coming with us?” Monty looked at the blonde; he scooted to the side to open a space for Clarke so she could take
“Wells is picking me up but I’ll meet you in the gym.”

“With Wells?” Jasper leaned on the table propping his elbow over the table, tilting his head. “I thought you two weren’t a thing.”

Clarke face-palmed. “Seriously why do you have to turn everything between a boy and a girl into something romantic? Wells is my friend and he invited me as friends!” Clarke defended, annoyed at Jasper.

“Woooah, easy there Clarkey, no need to get all pissed.” Jasper pulled the beanie he was wearing down to protect his ears from the cold breeze. “Anyway we might be thinking about an after party and—”

“Hell no!” Raven interjected very quickly. “I’m not drinking that shit you gave us last time.”

“The Moonshine 2.0?” Monty frowned.

“Right, never again.” Octavia finally looked at Raven in the eye. “I rather stay sober with my friends.”

At that Raven gave Octavia a small smile, which was good that finally they were going to start approaching each other again.

The bell rang breaking the group’s conversation, and they all waved goodbye to go to their respective classes. At least the atmosphere seemed less tense now. Clarke was happy about that.

Clarke strapped her backpack on her shoulders; she tied the laces of her Converse shoes and headed to the art classroom building to continue working on her sculpture. Clarke had finished her homework about the different civilizations and the legacy of their sculptures today. Sculpting was not Clarke’s forte, but she still wanted to share some facts with Ms. Greene and discuss some questions Clarke had regarding the topic. She ran up the stairs and when she turned into the next hall she heard familiar voices coming from Costia’s classroom.

“You broke my heart Lexa! How am I supposed to act? Happy? When I know you left me for another woman.”

Clarke stopped frozen in place, she gasped and covered her mouth quickly hoping no one heard her, she didn’t want to enter the classroom just yet, not when Lexa was in a heated discussion with Ms. Greene.

“Costia, this can’t go on like this. I am not your enemy. We’re colleagues, at least let’s keep it professional. You don’t have to leave the teacher’s lounge because I’m there. You don’t want to talk to me that’s fine, but let’s keep it civil. It’s awkward enough already for Anya having to choose sides between the two of us.”

“Anya…” Costia sighed. “You’re right, we can’t do this to her we better—”

At that moment Clarke’s phone bleeped. Shit! Clarke had other choice but to enter the classroom. “Good morning Miss Greene. Miss Woods.” Clarke greeted politely. “Um here is my report Miss
“Ah yes thank you Clarke.” The woman offered a sad smile and Clarke felt bad because directly or indirectly she was one of the reasons that Lexa wasn’t with Costia anymore. Lexa nodded politely to Clarke, then she faced Costia. “You and I will finish this conversation later.” Lexa announced and left. The other students started to fill the classroom to begin their lesson. Clarke went to her workstation and while she prepared her material she couldn’t help glancing at Ms. Greene and noticing her big sad eyes. She felt awful and responsible for Costia’s pain.

During class Clarke kept working on her sculpture, but her focus was on Ms. Greene. She wished she could say or do anything to cheer the woman up. Clarke could see how much the woman missed Lexa, and how much it pained her to lose her. But what could the girl do? She was a simple student who happened to be in love with the ex-girlfriend of her art teacher since she laid eyes on her. Clarke molded with as much detail as possible when the teacher approached her.

“You need to apply more pressure on this side Clarke.” The woman advised looking at her work.

“Yes, thanks. Um Miss Greene, are you okay? You seem a bit… off.” Clarke thought this could be a good way to approach the woman without raising suspicion.

Costia smiled faintly at the young student. “Nothing that should worry you Clarke. Sometimes life gives us lemons, and we have to learn what to do with them. Keep it up.” The woman moved on to check the work of her classmates. Clarke sighed and focused on her work until the bell rang to announce the end of the class.

Clarke felt a heaviness in her heart, the rest of the day she couldn’t concentrate in any of her classes because she was filled with guilt and despair. She wished she could have a normal relationship like any other girl with the person she loved, she hoped for a day where she could hold Lexa’s hand without feeling this uneasiness and be able to touch her without the world pointing fingers at them. And the guilt of knowing that she was a factor in another person’s suffering made her feel like the worst person alive. She needed to clear her mind so she returned to the workshop after classes now that the rest of the students had gone home.

Clarke sat on a stool facing the window, she was watching the snow fall slowly to the ground, the day wasn’t cold, but for some reason Clarke felt the cold in her bones.

“I knew you were going to be here, Clarke.”

Clarke closed her eyes feeding on that voice that made her dizzy. The English teacher approached and stood besides her facing the window as well, her hands were inside her jacket pockets.

“You broke up with Costia.”

“I did a couple of weeks ago.”

“I feel bad about it.” Clarke finally removed her gaze from the window to look at the profile of the brunette. Lexa faced her too, and Clarke never failed to be mesmerized by the green pool of her eyes.

“You had nothing to do with that Clarke. I know that you feel guilty, but don’t.”
“Still, I can’t help it.” Clarke quipped bowing her head.

Lexa tilted her chin up with care, the hand warming her cold insides and directing her lovely eyes to her as she spoke. “This is all on me, Clarke. If you want to blame someone for Costia’s unhappiness blame me. You’re kind and you care for everyone, even Costia. But you have no fault in any of this.”

“Easier said than done.” Clarke chuckled and took one of Lexa’s hands in hers.

“You’re cold.”

“It’s nothing.” Clarke got off the stool and took Lexa’s other hand. “You keep me warm.”

Lexa smiled holding the hands of this caring girl, knowing that this was enough, for now.

“So, Miss Woods, you’re going to be at the Winter Formal, right?” Clarke asked with a glint in her eyes.

“Yes, I have to be to make sure you kids act with decorum.”

“I’m behaving, and you got to admit it.” Clarke played with Lexa’s hands. Clarke was obsessed with them, enthralled by their softness and how good it would feel having them over her skin.

“True, you have been making it on time to class and producing a great amount of work. I’m proud of you.”

“Yeah, the things one does for love.” Clarke let go of Lexa’s hands reluctantly and picked up her backpack ready to go home.

Lexa shook her head. “You’re impossible.” The woman shoved her hands in her pockets again as if she had no clue what to do with them if she wasn’t holding Clarke.

“Yeah, and you love me just like that. I’ll see you at the ball Miss Woods.”

The girl ran chirpily out of the workshop, feeling so much better after she spoke with Lexa. Lexa could be strong in school, where she had everything under control, but not during the ball. Clarke was going to make sure to dress only for her. Lexa Woods was going to break once she saw her in her dress and make-up, and she was going to finally surrender to Clarke Griffin. It was time for Plan B.

“It’s on Lexa!”

___________________

Lexa had been working all Saturday morning on her next article for ‘Polis Magazine’ since her boss wanted her to expand her column, for some reason people had liked it and now she had to write half page in order to comply with what the magazine wanted. Lexa hoped that this was her breakthrough moment, she had put in many years of hard work trying to find a way to enter the world of writing and journalism. Even when her column was relegated to a small space in the entertainment section, she always gave it her best.

She was in her small cubicle, typing non-stop on her laptop when she was interrupted by her nemesis.
“Guess who’s going to Europe for special coverage of the latest information in nuclear warfare?”

Lexa closed her eyes and counted to ten to avoid stabbing that annoying witch. “Quinn, please tell me you’re not coming back.”

Nia laughed, “you wish, Woods. This is how one becomes a real journalist, not by writing silly heartbreaking stories for a renowned magazine.”

“Are you done?”

Nia leaned closer to Lexa growling in her ear. “Not even close. I have just begun Woods. When I get the top spot I will kick your sorry ass out of Polis.”

Lexa clenched her jaw, and met the cold blue eyes of her colleague. “We’ll see about that.”

Nia twisted her lips into an almost creepy smile and moved on. Lexa exhaled slowly trying to focus and not let Nia affect her work. This was all a mental game and she had to keep her mind sharp to defend against her. However, she couldn’t avoid feeling a bit of envy, she was still stuck in this cubicle writing a column that wasn’t as important as other sections in the magazine. Lexa wanted to be the one who went out in the world and discovered interesting news to bring, and yet, her only opportunity was to write about love.

Lexa shook her head, “You got this. Don’t let her get to you.” The woman gave herself a pep talk in order to keep her spirits high and continue writing.

“Being in love is a fantastic feeling, it’s like being high 24/7, the world seems colorful and everything seems lighter. I am in love, but my love is tainted by sin. It’s like when you want a chocolate bar so badly but you know it’s going to kill you. You want a taste and you take a bite, but then you want more, how do you stop? Can you stop? I still have to find these answers; maybe you can help me find them. Being in love is painful too, not going to lie, I want nothing more than to hold them in my arms and tell them that everything is going to be fine, when I know it isn’t true. Can you live like that?” Lexa found writing about her personal experiences a bit cathartic, it’s like she could pour all her feelings into this article without fear and maybe the readers could identify with it. After all, human emotion was the only weapon Lexa had left to connect with the readers and peak their interest. Lexa signed the article as L. Woods and clicked send to her editor. She checked the clock on the computer screen and noticed that she had to be at the Winter Formal at the school gym in an hour and she wasn’t near ready. Today was going to be a long day.

At 8pm the kids started to fill the gym, couples danced with excitement and several group of students scattered around the basketball court to meet with their friends. The school gym was the place where Principal Kane celebrated the balls of TonDC High and any other important event such as the championship of ‘The Grounders’ last year. Today was a day to have fun and a really good time with classmates and for the teachers to bond with the student body while making sure that they kept it together.

Lexa was with Anya near the buffet table, she had decided to wear a simple ensemble. A black suit tailored to fit her to perfection. Underneath the black vest she wore a white button up and a green tie that matched the color of her eyes. Anya was also in a business suit, but instead of trousers she wore
a skirt. They looked like quite the pair.

“Maybe we can go and get our dose of alcohol after this party.” Anya suggested boringly.

“Yes, that sounds like a good idea. Maybe we should invite Gustus and Indra. They are at the table near the stage.” Lexa kept looking around trying to see if Clarke had arrived. It was pretty stupid but all she thought about was Clarke. How Lexa wished she was 18 and could invite Clarke to the ball and to the prom. She really wasn’t in these kind of things when she was at school, she had no motive to go to them, but now, oh how she wished to be the one to hold Clarke by the arm proudly as her partner. Now all she could do was simply make sure that Clarke was not going to do anything risky with her friends.

“Are you and Costia ever going to talk again?” Anya took from a tray a piece of brownie and popped it into her mouth.

“I don’t know. She ignores me and when I try to talk to her she gets pissed.”

“She still loves you Lex. You have to understand her position. Are you sure you want to end things forever with her?” Anya hesitated in her question but she spoke her mind anyways, however, right at that moment Clarke Griffin entered the gym escorted by a tall dark skinned boy who was pretty handsome. The blonde had her hair loose and her dress was a chiffon two toned navy blue knee length dress with straps, the cleavage wasn’t deep but allowed Lexa to see enough and her exquisite calves were over gorgeous high heeled shoes. The dress flowed as freely as her hair and when she turned around the ‘v’ shape of the back of the dress sent chills through Lexa. She was out of breath, Clarke was incredibly stunning and her heart was beating so damn hard that she thought that it was going to rip out of her chest. The blue of her eyes contrasted with the thick eyeliner around her eyes giving them a smoky appearance, her red lips were kissable and the blush of her cheeks spread accordingly.

Lexa nodded and answered several minutes later after being completely hypnotized by the blonde girl. “Yes, I am sure Anya.” She kept Clarke in full view and when the blonde finally met her eyes, she smiled in that way that made Lexa weak.

“Okay then. I can only hope you don’t regret it.” Anya took a couple more brownies. “Let’s make some rounds, shall we?”

“Sure, you go ahead I um, I will check the restroom first.” Lexa didn’t take her eyes off Clarke, and she moved stealthily through the crowd of students in the middle of the gym until she reached the blonde. Up and close was so much better; she took a tentative step forward to meet the kids.

“Good evening.”

Clarke turned around and grinned. “Miss Woods, how good to see you.” Clarke eyed her from head to toe and Lexa did the same, absorbing every inch of her legs until her eyes reached the fabric covering her knees and moving up until she met a very sexy cleavage and finally two blue orbs staring back at her.

“Hope you all have a good time tonight.” Lexa offered a small smile. “Make sure not to add anything to the punch will you?” Lexa looked at Jasper and Monty menacingly. The Commander was being clear, no one messes up tonight.
Jasper gulped down the lump in his throat and Clarke swore he almost pissed his pants.

“Don’t worry Miss Woods, we got this under control.” Raven smiled and winked at Lexa who frowned wondering what that was all about. She turned around but not without giving a Clarke another glance as if to memorize her gorgeous body and then walked away before she did something she might regret later.

After some rounds and making sure that some kids didn’t end up having sex in the gym’s locker room, Lexa sat down again, drinking a cup of punch. “I’m going to need something stronger than this if I want to make it out alive.” She gulped down the whole cup of the cold beverage and left it on the table empty.

Her eyes locked her eyes on Clarke, on how her body moved, on the way her hips swayed with the beat and her laughter, what a gracious laughter. Lexa was completely taken over by Clarke Griffin, and there was nothing she could do to erase these feelings. She was madly in love with the girl. Like she told Anya, Clarke was her sun and she was desperate to burn within her. Now more than ever.

Lexa was having an internal battle of head versus heart. Her heart was craving love, to release all these bottled up emotions and share them with Clarke. However, her mind was insistent that if she took that step there was no going back, that she was being weak for letting her emotions control her. Clarke was her kryptonite, she made her weak and for that Lexa was in constant turmoil.

Lexa couldn’t remain seated for too long, she rose from the chair and headed to the dance floor where she could watch the girl who held her heart closer.

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Clarke danced with Wells on some upbeat songs. They chatted and talked but her eyes were mostly trying to pinpoint Lexa’s location. Her desire had grown exponentially when she saw the look Lexa was giving her. She felt attractive and sexy and oh so happy that Lexa had clearly liked what she was wearing. Clarke wanted to be extra hot for the teacher and she made sure to select a dress that was going to help her do exactly that.

When the slow songs started playing, she simply made up an excuse to sit down since she really wanted to avoid dancing slow songs with Wells. Clarke returned to the table that her friends had selected.

“It’s not so dull, I thought I was going to be bored.” Clarke pulled a chair and sat crossing her legs and containing the huge tingling between her legs.

“Even when the teachers are all around, the ball is not so lifeless.” Octavia said with not much emotion. She was still confused regarding Raven and the duo was still at an impasse

“Not so bad? Are you serious, the Commander knows about our moonshine! We are so fucked!” Jasper had been in panic since Lexa greeted them earlier, and the boy had remained in place trying to stay away from the teacher and trouble.

Raven cackled in laughter. “You should have seen your face, genius! You were so pale. I thought you were going to faint when ‘Commander Hot Stuff’ looked at you.”
“She can be scary.” Monty picked more fruit from his platter to eat.

“Lena is not bad guys, she’s actually making sure we stay out of trouble.” Clarke defended the
woman, after knowing how big of a softie Lena was on the inside she couldn’t let anyone stain her
name.

“Not so bad, Princess?” Raven nudged her with her elbow and with a wicked smile in place she
wiggled her eyebrows.

Clarke rolled her eyes. “You know what? We better go dance losers. Stop being such whiny bitches
and let’s have some fun!” Clarke pulled Raven and Octavia from the table and lead them to the
dance floor.

Wells was going to follow but Clarke smiled politely. “Maybe you should get us something to drink
Wells.” And at that she turned around and immersed herself between the multitudes.

Clarke found a place in the corner of the gym where the neon lights were not as bright and it wasn’t
as packed with students.

“Come on you two, don’t be morons and have fun.” Clarke shouted so she could be heard over the
music. “Can we all forget reality for one night? Please?”

“Fine fine. Let’s dance.” Raven raised her hands in defeat.

“What the Princess said.” Octavia agreed with Clarke and the three girls jumped and danced letting
go of their reality, of their issues and conflicts and simply enjoyed each other’s company.

The music was a mix of rhythms from hip-hop to pop and electronic. All three girls were sweating
with the dancing moves and having the time of their lives. Arms in the air and singing hard the lyrics
of the songs that they knew, from Nicki Minaj to Taylor Swift.

During ‘Where R U Now’ by Diplo and Skrillex, Clarke finally spotted Lena who was on the other
side of the gym leaning casually on the wall, but she could feel her stare. With the bass resonating
through the speakers Clarke let the music overflow her senses and all her attention was on the
woman. Clarke held her stare not losing the sight of the gorgeous teacher, moving apart from her two
friends while those two tried to fix their friendship, allowing the music to control her movements.
Her hips moving left and right, left and right, her arms running over her body feeling the heat of
Lena’s gaze, Clarke bit her lower lip while she moved with the beat, desire spilling from her veins, a
river so strong that there was no stopping her now.

Lena stood up straighter, she balled her hands holding in the urge to run and capture the girl’s body
between her arms, her eyes never left Clarke’s who was dancing for her, dancing with her. Clarke
was hers tonight.

Clarke closed her eyes when ‘Lofticries’ by Purity Ring played and leaned her head back still
moving her feet rhythmically letting the keys of the song dictate each of her movements, her hands
moved into the air flowing like the waves of the ocean up and down her body completely relaxed.
When Clarke opened her eyes and noted that she had lost the woman from her sight, it seems Clarke got a bit excited with the music and missed Lexa, when suddenly she felt breath over her neck and a whisper over the shell of her ear with wet lips “I’m right here.” Lexa’s hands were resting over her waist, her body pressed against her body. Moving along with her as if they were one. Thankfully the gym was pretty dark and the neon lights didn’t light them as much as the rest of the dancing crowd in the center of the gym. Lexa’s hands dared to move below her waist, and Clarke moaned as a hand reached the edge of her dress and fingertips brushed her leg. She was going to fucking orgasm if they kept going like this, a simple undercover dance with Lexa, and Clarke was pretty worked up already. She couldn’t even picture what would happen if she ever had sex with her. Still the blonde was enjoying it very much, breathing the same air as the teacher, sharing the same space and feeling her body contort along with hers, it was the perfect night. And out of nowhere the music and the lights were off.

Voices started to rise when Principal Kane shouted from the stage. “Calm down everybody, the back-up generator will be up in a minute. So stay where you are and if you need assistance a teacher nearby will be there in a second!”

Only a minute in total darkness. Who could need assistance in a minute? Probably Clarke Griffin.

0:59

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0:57

Lexa turned Clarke around so they could be chest to chest. There was no need for light for they knew where they were. And their bodies were connected, communicating through touch.

Clarke was breathing heavily as well as Lexa, both their bodies were radiating heat from their dance; sweat draped their bodies. Lexa’s hands ran over her bare back and Clarke trembled.

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Clarke hands moved over strong arms until she could anchor herself on firm shoulders and locked her fingers behind Lexa’s neck. Lexa’s hands rested on her lower back pulling her closer and then one soft hand rested on her cheek. “In the dark.” Lexa said and her warm breath tickled Clarke’s face realizing how close they were.

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And that was it, the end of the world for Clarke Griffin because Lexa Woods was kissing her. Soft lips moved over Clarke’s tenderly and awaited permission, Clarke didn’t hesitate and opened her lips welcoming the kiss, and kissing her back. Lips tasting of Chap Stick and punch, and it was sweet.

0:15
Lexa changed the angle of the kiss deepening it, controlling the pace, filled with passion, and Clarke wanted to kiss her forever. This was surreal, nothing could have ever compare to being kissed by Lexa.

The generators were back on in full force; the lights blinded everyone for a second, but not Clarke who opened her eyes to meet the prettiest green eyes she had ever seen. Lexa took a step back pulling away from her.

“Clarke I…”

BANG BANG!

And then chaos erupted.

Chapter End Notes

(°‿°)

So you still think they can last 5 months without getting touchy?

Leave your comments below buddies,

Tana

That’s all Clarke could see, all she could feel. Darkness be damned, she couldn’t care less if she were swallowed by it. Clarke Griffin was content to remain in the dark as long as she was with Lexa Woods. Her warm body was fused with hers, Clarke dared to move her hands over the strong arms, and she anchored herself behind the nape of Lexa’s neck pulling her close as if she needed to heal her lonely heart. This couldn’t possibly be a sin. How was loving this woman wrong according to the laws of men? It couldn’t be, not when she felt her heart burst in excitement over a kiss.

Her lips were nothing like her fantasies; they were soft, full of secrets and desires. A tongue slid over her bottom lip, and Clarke welcomed it, sucking it. Lexa’s slender arms pressed her lower back, gliding fingers moving torturously slow over her warm skin.

And then the back-up generators turned the lights back on, effectively breaking the spell. Like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve, and the fairy godmother’s spell expired bringing the magical evening to an abrupt end, that was Clarke’s feeling - as if the magical moment was over forever. When she opened her eyes, however, she met green with freckles of gold.


Clarke was never going to love another color as much as green.

Lexa took a deep breath trying to gather her thoughts, Clarke noticed that the teacher instantly started to build her walls again, her reasoning and logic making their not so welcome return.

“Clarke I…”

BANG! BANG!

Clarke was startled by the sound, and Lexa tensed up immediately.

“What was that?” Clarke looked around frantically.

BANG!

“Fuck! That’s a gun, come on!” Lexa took Clarke by the arm and started trying to move past the total mayhem that erupted as people realized that the sounds were not part of the music. Lexa pulled Clarke close to her dragging her toward safety. Someone pulled the alarm and the loud ringing added to the chaos. The teacher scanned the exits and as soon as she spotted the closest one, she changed direction and headed straight towards it with the blonde.

There were students running everywhere, people had no idea what the hell was going on or why someone was shooting at them. Confusion reigned in the school gym.

“What is going on?” Clarke was looking for her friends while Lexa kept opening a path amongst the
crowds.

“I don’t know. Stay close!”

“Holy fuck!” Octavia came pushing people out of her way. “You okay?”

“Yeah where’s Raven?” Clarke looked behind Octavia trying to spot her friend.

“She was right behind me!”

“I’ll get her. You two keep moving to the exit.” Lexa encouraged the blonde. Clarke was worried for Lexa. The woman always was so upfront and brave, Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hands and the brunette gave her a reassuring smile and left.

“Come on!” Octavia pulled Clarke by her forearm to keep making their escape.

The two girls were moving steady but slowly when another shot was heard, people screamed and then Clarke froze in place.

“Clarke! WHERE IS SHE!?”

Clarke thought she heard her name. She turned around trying to look past the stampede of students rushing the exit.

“I know you have her!!! CLARKE!”

“Finn? What the…?”

“Clarke where the hell are you going?” Octavia followed her friend who was returning to the gym stage which appeared to be the source of the outburst.

The seconds felt like minutes. But as she went deeper into the gym and the crowd thinned, she saw the horrifying reality of the current situation.

“Oh my God!” Clarke gasped bringing both her hands to her mouth in horror; Wells was on the floor in a pool of blood while Finn held him by his shirt and pointed the gun at his head.

“Where the hell is she!?” Finn demanded.

“Dude, put that thing down man.” Murphy was on his side pulling Finn by his shirt, but the boy was completely gone. His eyes focused on his victim. Murphy was pretty freaked out as well, knowing that some people were already dead but he really wanted to stop this massacre.

“FINN!!!!” Clarke shouted to grab the student’s attention.

At that, Finn raised his sight and saw Clarke and he smiled. “You’re here.” He released his grip on Wells letting his body fall limp. Murphy moved to aid Wells now that the boy had been released.

Clarke was truly shocked, looking at the boy with brown eyes with disgust, not recognizing him. This was not the boy she knew. “What did you do? We need an ambulance!” Clarke noticed several students’ bodies lying on the ground, blood staining their clothes and seeping onto the hardwood floor. In the bleachers area a couple of meters away from them, Anya was motionless, lying on the
floor with a crying Costia by her side. Indra and Gustus were helping other students by herding as many as possible to a secure area. Others weren’t moving at all, dead on the floor.

“No one moves!” Finn pointed the gun at Principal Kane who was trying to aid Sterling, a boy from Chemistry class if Clarke was not mistaken, that was crying in pain near the area where Finn was standing.

“They need help Collins, lower your weapon please, we are unarmed.” Marcus begged, his hands in the air trying not to anger the young boy.

“Clarke, come with me.” Finn extended his hand offering it to Clarke. Clarke was horrified and she was scared that if she didn’t comply Finn was going to keep shooting at the students remaining in the gym. “Princess, I came for you. I can’t believe you decided to come with Wells after all we’ve been through. I love you Clarke, don’t you see? I did this for you.”

“Finn you need help.” Clarke took a hesitant step forward, Finn pointed the gun at her and Clarke gulped down the terror she was feeling, her breaths sharp and skin covered in sweat, but she advanced slowly her hands in the air. “Finn please, stop this.”

Finn smiled. “We belong together. I’m not going to let anyone take you away from me, much less a lowlife like Wells.”

“Put. The gun. Down.” The voice was commanding, on the edge of fury about to tear that boy into pieces for pointing that handgun at the person she cared about the most. Lexa came walking towards them while pulling her green tie from her neck and interrupting their conversation, her white shirt was stained with blood, her jade eyes were cold, dangerous and angry, completely set on Finn. Lexa’s hand on each side of her body fisted, ready to sprint into action and Clarke was now in total panic mode. Lexa probably found Anya who was like a sister to her, and of course she was going to react accordingly.

Shit was going down.

“Finn, I’m going with you! Just let them go, please.” Clarke tried to keep the boy distracted and make him focus his attention on her and not on Lexa who was approaching with murderous intent. Out of the corner of her eye, Clarke saw Octavia approaching Finn from behind.

The sirens of the ambulance and cops echoing in the distance alerted Finn to the huge mess he created, and he became more nervous and out of control. The sudden movement of Octavia made him snap and he turned his gun in her direction.

“O!” Clarke screamed.

BANG!

Everything happened in slow motion for Clarke. Finn shot at Octavia but out of nowhere Raven
appeared and pushed the girl out of harm's way while shielding her with her body. At the same time Lexa jumped and tried to take control of the gun. Finn struggled with Lexa, adrenaline pumping to the max levels.

**BANG BANG!**

The firearm had been shot, the bullets flew into the air ripping through the lamps on the ceiling and glass fell as if it was rain while the two fought for control. Lexa pulled the gun hard while Finn kept opposing the strong woman. Finn elbowed Lexa, splitting her lips and nose but Lexa reacted angrier and head-butted Finn, the boy lowered his hands and Lexa took this opportunity to try to seize the gun from his hands.

**BANG!**

Lexa and Finn were paralyzed; Lexa’s eyes were wide. Finn clenched his jaw and Clarke screamed. Taking a hesitant step back stumbling, Lexa pressed her hand into her left shoulder, red liquid quickly stained her button up. Lexa was breathing heavily looking down at her trembling hand drenched with her own blood. Finn steadily pointed the gun at Lexa. Lexa pulled air into her lungs, her hand was out of the game and she was hurting, the throbbing pain was making her feel dizzy and she was so tired, this might as well be the last time she breathed. Lexa looked at Clarke. If she was going to die the last thing she wanted to see was the heavenly blue of Clarke’s eyes. Lexa was serene as if the gun pointed at her face meant nothing.

Clarke’s heart was about to rip out of her chest, if she lost Lexa she had no idea how she was going to keep on living. Clarke knew that Lexa was more than a simple crush of youth, Lexa couldn’t be just a name in a list of lovers, Lexa was the one. Clarke didn’t want to watch an execution, she lowered her gaze and noticed something shiny.

“Finn. I love you!” Clarke interjected, the girl walked towards Finn. Finn looked at Clarke and frowned. “Clarke?”

“You were right, we are soulmates Finn. We should be together.”

Finn smiled still pointing the gun at Lexa, Clarke walked to him and kissed him making him lower his gun to hold her, then she hugged him hard.

“Princess. Why?”

Clarke was sobbing uncontrollably, she took several steps back and Finn’s body fell to the floor, his abdomen bleeding profusely and then Clarke let a sharp object from the broken overhead lamp fall to the floor. All she could do was sob and stare at the blood on her hand - her blood and Finn’s.

Clarke broke down, and Lexa ran to Clarke pulling the girl in a tight embrace with her good arm.

“Oh my God.” Clarke cried burying her face in Lexa’s neck.


Clarke let herself be consoled by the older woman, her smell, her warmth, it gave Clarke peace. Lexa was the shelter Clarke needed. Lexa was security and strength, Lexa was home.
“Oh no, you’re hurt.” Clarke cupped Lexa’s face not giving a damn who saw, people were too busy to mind them right now. “I’ll survive.” Lexa was clearly in need of some medical attention, her skin was cold and clammy, her nose was bleeding and her shirt was soaking in blood. “The bullet is out, I’ll be fine Clarke.”

“No no no no wake up!” Clarke heard Octavia, and when she turned around she noticed Raven laying in her lap looking pale. Octavia’s tears fell on her friend’s face. Clarke checked on Lexa once more.

“Go.” The woman reinforced and Clarke nodded, she split from Lexa and ran to see her friend. “I’m… okay O. Just… don’t cry.” Raven breathed.

Clarke lifted her gaze to check on Lexa again, but the woman had already moved to see Anya. Minutes later the police arrived and all the injured of the TonDC High School shooting were taken to the hospital.

Clarke kept washing her hands several times a day, it was like she still could feel the blood of Finn on her hands, the metallic smell stuck in her throat and the gooeyness of the red liquid running over her skin. Clarke looked at her reflection in the mirror, she had dark circles under her eyes. She had some trouble sleeping after the TonDC shooting where Finn Collins killed 18 students - Wells Jaha, Glenn Dickinson, Trina, Pascal, Atom, Dax, John Mbege, Deek, Charlotte, Jones, Diggs, Roma, Derek, Connor, Myles, Fox, Del and Bree, plus all the injured.

All the news reported the incident as something tragic and devastating for the community. People mourned the deaths of all the kids and tried to move on with their lives, classes were still suspended until next week to allow some time to recover from the horrible events.

She dried her hands and walked out of the restroom to go back to Raven’s room. Her mother had informed her that the bullet had found its way into Raven’s spine, and she lost the sensation in one of her legs which was going to impede her ability to walk again. Raven had been in the hospital since the shooting and was finally going to be released today. Also, Anya had been recovering slowly after being shot in the back, but luckily for the teacher the bullet missed her heart by an inch. It was expected that she was also going to be returning to her home very soon.

Clarke moved through the halls of the hospital and when she turned around in the corner to go into the patient’s area she bumped into Lexa.

“How are you?”

“I’m okay. As far as a murderer can be.”
Lexa sighed. “You saved us Clarke. You did what you had to do to protect your friends. Blood must have blood Clarke, and Finn paid with his for the 18 lives he took. So please stop feeling guilty, justice was served.” Lexa covered her eyes with her good arm trying to dissipate her overwhelming desire to held Clarke right now.

“He did it for me, Lexa. He came and shot everyone for me. He killed Wells because I chose him, imagine if he knew about you...”

“That was his choice Clarke, not yours. I won’t allow you to take the blame for something you had nothing to do with. I wish I could have stopped him, not you.” Lexa lifted Clarke’s chin to make her look at her, and cupped her cheek tenderly, with her thumb she started to trace Clarke’s lips unconsciously. “You won’t take the fall for his crimes. Promise?”

“I’ll try.”

“Okay. That’s good enough.” Lexa smiled. “I have to go check on Anya so um I guess I’ll see you back at school next week.”

Lexa began her walk to Anya’s room when Clarke called her. “Wait!”

After the ball and all the events that occurred that night, teacher and student had kept apart. Visiting their loved ones and healing from their mental and physical scars, however, neither had dared to touch the subject of the most important thing that happened that night before the shooting. The absolutely amazing kiss they shared enveloped in the darkness of the gym.

“Aren’t we going to...” Clarke hesitated, instead of starting this conversation in the hospital she changed her mind and said something else instead of her original words, “I miss you.” Was all Clarke could say. Clarke stood there waiting for a reply from Lexa, hoping she was going to say that she missed her too.

“Clarke...” Lexa was thinking about her words carefully, she already made a mistake, she let her heart take control and as glorious and perfect as that kiss had been, she had to keep a cool head. However after the shooting Lexa knew things had changed, she was able to see her mortality and looking at Clarke that night, getting lost in the ocean of her eyes thinking that it was the last thing she was going to ever see, Lexa knew what she had to do. Lexa was now face to face with Clarke, in what moment had they gotten so close? She had no idea, but Lexa cupped Clarke’s face and started to lean in “I thought that—”

“Lexa!”

Lexa quickly let go of Clarke and took a step back hoping that no one had noticed what was really going on.

Costia came into the hall carrying a big bouquet, maybe that’s why she couldn’t see precisely how close Lexa was to her pupil.

“Hi Clarke.”
The art teacher had been visiting Anya almost everyday and so had Lexa. Of course that meant that Costia and Lexa were spending a lot of time together - not that Clarke felt any kind of jealousy - not at all. Still she couldn’t avoid feeling a bit resentful.

“Hey Miss Greene.” Clarke smiled faintly acting as chill as she could.

“How is your friend?” Costia asked with a kind smile on her face.

Clarke shrugged. “She’s tough she’ll overcome this.” Clarke smiled politely.

“Let me help you with that.” Lexa took the bouquet from Costia’s hand. “Take care, Griffin.” Lexa nodded and moved on to Anya’s room.

“Yes, you take care Clarke.” Costia rested her hand on Clarke’s shoulder and followed Lexa to Anya’s room.

“Yeah, later.” Clarke waved goodbye with a sadness in her heart, she was going to speak with Lexa later and made her way back to Raven’s room.

She opened the door softly in case Raven was asleep, instead she heard Octavia speaking with Raven so Clarke decided to wait before going into the room with her friends.

“Raven, please let me help! You don’t have to do this on your own!”

“I don’t need your pity Octavia! I can take care of myself! I’ve always done it so now that I’m a cripple you wanna help?” Raven shouted and threw whatever she could reach from the bed across the room in anger.

Octavia stood up from her chair and crossed her arms looking at the wrathful patient. “You know it has nothing to do with pity. You’re my best friend Raven. How can I not be here when you need me the most?”

Raven laughed. “You’re here cos you feel you owe me. I saved your life and now I can’t even walk thanks to this stupid leg!” She hit her leg hard several times frustrated that she couldn’t feel a thing, and Octavia had to intervene to stop her from hurting herself.

“Fuck Raven! Stop this shit already! Yes Raven you saved me but not at the Winter Formal. Remember when I was the new kid in school back in elementary?” Octavia noticing that Raven had calmed down stepped back to give Raven the space the mechanic needed right now. “I was alone, no one wanted to be friends with me. I was the smallest girl in the class, and people bullied me all the time. I hid in the bathroom to cry every day until you came out of nowhere with your stupid red jacket and punched Quint on his face.”

Clarke smiled, she did remembered that story, she met Octavia and Raven soon after that. And since then the three have been inseparable.

Octavia walked to the tray of food on the side table and pushed it closer to the healing girl as encouragement for the mechanic to eat. “You saved me that day Ray, so this has nothing to do with your disability. I’m not going anywhere, if you want to stay alone in your apartment that’s fine, but I’m going to be checking on you everyday and calling to make sure you’re eating. I’m not doing this out of pity Raven, I do this because I love you.”

Raven was fidgeting with her hands, she bit her lip and then she eyed Octavia. “I know, Clarke has
reminded me of that every stupid day since we banged. We’re good O.” Raven chuckled, “I know I’ve been a terrible friend.”

“I’ve been acting weird too, I’m sorry for what I said Raven, I uh, I was scared how that was going to change what we have.”

“Nothing has to change O, we can still be friends if you want to. So friends?” Raven extended her hand and Octavia grinned and took Raven’s hand. “Friends.”

Clarke took this less awkward opportunity to knock on the door. “Hey nerds. You ready to roll Reyes?”

“And the princess makes her big entrance.” Raven quips taking the cup of jello from the tray. “Yeah I can’t wait to get the hell out of this place.”

“We should totally have a welcome party with Netflix and nachos.” Octavia proposed for old time's sake and to try to bring a little bit of normalcy to their lives after the tragedy at school.

“That sounds like a plan.” Clarke pulled a chair and straddled it leaning her arms on the backrest. “My mom should have your release form ready soon. Then I’ll drive you home and we can buy some stuff to celebrate your return.”

“I want tacos tonight.” Octavia suggested. “And of course vodka to induce Raven into a drunken coma.”

Raven smiled widely. “And why would you want to get me drunk O? Think you can seduce me if I’m out like a light?” Raven smirked looking at the subtle blush spreading on her cheeks.

Octavia laughed. “Actually the one I want to seduce is Clarke.” Octavia joked back, and Clarke cackled in laughter along with Raven.

“I don’t think you have the heart eyes level to do that O, and sadly for you Clarke is into another kind of brunette.”

Clarke smacked Raven in the shoulder. “Shut up Ray!”

Octavia chuckled, “Okay now I want to get Griffin drunk cos I feel someone is hiding a secret.”

“Seriously I’m too hot for you Clarke, I’m tired of rejecting you and you still don’t get it.” Raven winked at Octavia who bent over laughing.

“Ha! You wish Raven.” Clarke giggled.

Things were little by little returning back to normal between them, so things could only get better from here, at least that’s what Clarke hoped.

Back at school things seemed to go as normal as possible, kids weren’t as noisy today, but still it felt that going back to the routine was going to help the people from TonDC High.

Raven was using a brace to help her walk, Octavia and Clarke let Raven deal with her things. They
were always there in case her friend needed them, but Raven was independent and could manage by herself.

Today they were solving a chart in World History class with Ms. Forrest. Anya had recovered pretty well and was being a total bitch as usual. Not that anyone minded, it was the sense of normalcy everyone needed.

“I really don’t get this buddhism thing.” Octavia looked at her copy with confusion.

“Who cares about that, just fill out the handout before Anya asks for them.” Raven shook her head and kept writing on her sheet.

“No, but this is kind of interesting, you know?” Clarke commented while she read her part making sure there were no mistakes. “No but listen to this.” Clarke grabbed her textbook and read.

“The four truths of the Buddha: 1. Life is suffering. 2. Suffering comes from wanting what you do not have. 3. People can stop suffering by ridding themselves of desire. 4. People can stop desire by following the Eightfold Path. The Buddha taught how to reach Nirvana and stop the cycle of reincarnation.”

Raven smiled looking at Clarke. “Well I see someone is already walking that pathway.”

“Bite me Raven!” Clarke threw her eraser at her classmate and friend, but she had to admit that it made sense. The big question was how Clarke was going to get rid of desire when all she wanted was Lexa, therefore, she was going to keep on suffering.

“Griffin!” Anya called after observing the disturbance in the usual group of friends.

“Apologies Miss Forrest.” Octavia said on behalf of her friends who were kicking each other under their desks.

“The Grounder Princess looks so damn hot when she does that though.” Raven whispered to her friends.

“Oh my god, are you kidding me? Grounder Princess?” Clarke eyed Raven amazed. “Where do these names keep coming from?”

Octavia leaned in to avoid being heard by the rest of the class. “Anya ran as soon as the shots began and pulled several students to safety before she got shot or so I’ve heard. We couldn’t call her commander cos we already have one, so grounder princess is what people came up with.”

Clarke giggled. “Well I guess it suits her.”

“Are you kidding me?” Anya approached the group. “Why won’t you keep quiet and do your work like the rest of the class Griffin and company? I’ll deduct 10 points.” Anya arched her brow, lips in a hard line.

Raven stood up as she always did in this class to make her case, she walked slowly, limping quite a bit until she was close to Anya. “Miss Forrest, you and I know that our work surpasses the quality of the rest of your class.” Raven smirked putting all her good charms to use. “A little discussion never bothered anyone so I assure you that we’ll deliver it on time. No need to deduct points from our flawless work.” Raven smiled as if she just delivered a winning speech.

Anya remained impassive, her eyes burning into Raven as if they were two lasers and tilted her head slightly.
Raven scratched the nape of her neck. “Um, well uh, maybe I should sit down.” Raven chuckled nervously. “Ten points sounds perfectly fine Miss Forrest.” Raven turned around and returned to her desk.

“Wise decision Miss Reyes.” Anya curved her lips slightly, amused at the interaction with the smart ass girl. “Now focus and finish your flawless work if you please.”

“You got it Miss Forrest.” Raven winked at the teacher making Anya roll her eyes.

Octavia burst with laughter, and Clarke smacked her on the head. “Shut up O, we are already in enough shit thanks to this genius here.” Clarke pointed at Raven.

“So smoooooth Raven, but you have zero game when it’s about making Anya pity us, she hates us enough already.” Octavia raised her eyebrows and curved her lips in a smug smile.

“Don’t worry, I’m going to make her soften one of these days, we have time O.”

Clarke shook her head and went back to work before they lost more points.

Calculus class had not been the same without Wells. He was always the one who let Clarke borrow his notes when she was doodling Lexa in her notebook. There was no one to rely on now and so Clarke had no time for doodling anymore. With a heavy sigh she took out her notebook and calculator and looked at the empty seat close to her one more time. “I miss you buddy.” Clarke shifted her attention to what Mr. Gustus was writing on the board and focused on class.

By the time the bell for next class rang Clarke had already forgotten about calculus and ended up doodling anyway. She missed Lexa so much. It was as if she had a hole in her heart. She hadn’t seen the teacher in days, and she couldn’t have been more eager to go to her class. She packed her things and ran to the locker room to take out her English notebook and textbook.

Raven and Octavia came at a slower pace due to the brace Raven wore, but Clarke was happy to see those two get back to their normal bickering and friendly flirting. Raven was mostly comfortable around Octavia, less guarded with her and Clarke was really happy for them.

“I am so tired already. I wanna go home and sleep for all eternity.” Raven quipped while she opened her locker and exchanged her books.

“Oh come on Raven, chemistry was really cool today.” Octavia helped Raven by holding her bag, it was interesting to see how easy it was for Octavia to adapt to Raven’s rhythm now.

“That’s because you kiss Indra’s ass.” Raven shook her head, looking inside her locker for her novel and stashing it inside the bag.

“You envious smart ass!” Octavia returned the backpack to Raven now that she was done and then she opened her locker to take out her English notebook and textbook.

“For fuck’s sake Raven could you stop doing that. I mean the last thing I need is for you to spell in big letters that I’m in love with Lexa!” Clarke growled frustrated and shut her locker door hard, she turned around and caught Octavia’s and Raven’s shocked looks then Raven smacked her palm to her
“Oh my god I said it out loud, didn’t I?” Clarke smashed her head into the locker. “I’m an idiot. Please tell me no one else heard Ray.”

“You are what?” Octavia covered her mouth with her hand and then looked at Raven. “And you knew?” Octavia hit Raven playfully in the arm. “Spill Griffin!”

“I’m not drunk enough for this O. We’ll talk later.” Clarke slumped and walked to English class.

During English class Clarke tried to contain her massive feelings for the teacher and to avoid being so obvious around Octavia who was watching her like a hawk. But it didn’t matter how hard she tried, every time that Lexa looked at her she screamed internally because the woman was damn hot, and with that sling on her arm Clarke had a huge desire to take care of her.

Octavia chuckled and Raven low-fived her friend discreetly since they were really having fun watching Clarke go from soft pink to deep crimson red in seconds.

“Blake!”

“Yes Miss Woods.” Octavia had to hide her face in embarrassment before the teacher noticed.

“Would you mind reading the next passage please.” Lexa instructed.

“Right away.” Octavia stood up and started to read the corresponding paragraph.

Clarke faced Lexa and smiled, she mouthed ‘thanks’ to the teacher, and Lexa gave Clarke a slight nod and her lips curved ever so slightly.

Raven was quick to catch the exchange between teacher and student, and she passed Clarke a small post it with a note.

“GROOOSSSS <3”

Clarke eyed Raven. “Look who’s talking. You can say you’re friends all you want, I know you want things to move with O you dumbass.”

Raven smile wasn’t as big as before. “Yeah, but I don’t wanna push this, it’s not her fault she doesn’t like me like I want and with this leg like this...” Raven sighed. “I’m just a bother for her now.”

Clarke reached for Raven holding her hand. “You know that’s not true. Octavia cares for you as much as I do.”

“Reyes!” Lexa called. “Please continue.”

“Of course Miss Woods.” Raven grinned at Clarke. ‘So gross’ Raven mouthed before standing up to read next.

The bell rang and everybody started to empty the classroom, Clarke as usual delayed leaving by putting everything in its place slowly.
“Come on O.” Raven stood up and slung her bag on her shoulder.

“Aren’t we waiting for slowpoke?”

“Nope.” Raven pulled Octavia from her t-shirt.

Octavia frowned narrowing her eyes. “OH! I see. Okay, you got it Princess.” Octavia smiled conspiratorially with Raven and abandoned her friend in the now empty classroom.

Clarke picked up her backpack and walked to the desk of the teacher. Lexa was leaning on the table, good arm over her hip looking at the blonde approaching, checking her out unabashedly.

“So Miss Woods, I had some questions about the class.” Clarke dropped her backpack on the nearest bench and took the remaining steps to invade the personal space of the teacher.

“Really Miss Griffin? If you paid more attention to class you could have understood what had been explained.” Lexa straighten herself up and stepped into Clarke’s space as well.

Clarke felt bold today and circled with her arms around the lean waist of the brunette. “And how can I do that when my teacher is so damn hot?”

Lexa blushed and made Clarke giggle. “What do you suggest I should do to help you in this situation, Miss Griffin?” Lexa tugged a blonde hair behind Clarke’s ear.

“I have some ideas, Miss Woods. I’m not sure this is the place to put them to the test.” Clarke started to lean in.

“Jesus Christ Lexa I was—”

Clarke entered in cardiac arrest, that was Anya standing at the door looking the extreme close proximity of her best friend and a student, so Clarke did the first thing that came to mind and sobbed. “Thank you Miss Woods.” Clarke pulled away and acted as if she was wiping some tears.

“Oh, sure Miss Griffin. Everything is going to be fine. We have school counselors who can help you with that.” Lexa offered the bag to the student who nodded, still sobbing.

“We’ll talk tomorrow. Workshop.” Lexa whispered while handing the backpack to Clarke and she nodded. Then the blonde made her way to the exit.

“Griffin has it hard, doesn’t she.” Anya commented while going inside Lexa’s classroom and Clarke sighed in relief.

“Yes, she did something very brave, but she’s just a girl Anya. No wonder she is emotional.” Lexa said nonchalantly.

Shit, that was fucking close. Clarke thanked God and Jesus for letting her get away with this today and headed to the library to meet her friends.
“Woooooah, holy fuck.” Octavia gulped down her shot of vodka and bit her taco.

“Yeah, and you better keep your mouth shut Octavia. Raven is not reliable as I thought.”

“I didn’t say a thing Griff. You alone dug your own grave,” Raven drank her booze as well.

Clarke played with her guacamole, and sighed. “Yeah I know. I trust you two.”

“So have you two done it?” Octavia asked suddenly.

Raven laughed. “Nah, she wishes though. Commander Hot Stuff is clearly not interested in taking things to the next level.”

“Besides it’s very illegal.” Octavia added.

Clarke rested her forehead on her arm, using the table as support. “I know. I get how risky it is, how dangerous it could be for Lexa, but I love her O. I think she’s the one guys.”

Raven burst in laughter. “Okay Clarkey, you drank too much.”

“How can you possibly know that Clarke?” Octavia refilled the glasses with more vodka.

“I feel it. I don’t think I have ever been so deep O. Lexa is in my thoughts every single day. In my dreams, in my fantasies. She has become my everything. When I’m with her I feel safe, protected, she smells like home to me.” Clarke grabbed her shot glass and downed it in a second. “I miss her every day that I’m not with her and she pushes me to be better, to be strong and brave. I love her so much. I don’t know what to do with these overwhelming emotions.”

“Well, whatever this is Clarke, be careful. Your secret’s safe.” Octavia put her hand over her chest. “I swear.”

“Thanks O. I might just go to sleep. I don’t feel like watching movies now.” Clarke cleaned her trash and went to the couch where she usually slept when she stayed at Raven’s.

“Yeah, I’m tired too. Sleep well.” Octavia said. Raven followed and turned the lights off.

Clarke woke up in the middle of the night to pee. She stumbled in the hall of the small apartment while she made her way to the bathroom. On her way she heard voices coming from Raven’s bedroom.

“What is it?” Octavia mumbled.

“I can’t sleep.”

“Wanna cuddle?”

“No. I don't feel anything O. Nothing below my knee and it’s so frustrating.”

“You don’t feel this?”

“No.”

“And this?”

“Nope. O, stop that. Don’t waste your time.”
“Here?”

“Shit Octavia stop that!”

“And here?”

“...”

“I thought so.”

“Oc-Octa-jesus fuck-Octavia!” Raven’s breaths were now faster. “Are you drunk? Cos I really don’t want to repeat what happened last time.”

“I am sober enough Ray. I want to do this.”

“Ah shit! Octavia oh god!”

“Let me take good care of you Raven.”

“You said you wanted to be friends.”

“I know. But what if I want to be something more than friends?”

“Are you sure?”

“Very sure.”

And that was the cue for Clarke to keep moving to the bathroom. Her friends were going to get laid while she had only her fingers to ease the throbbing pain between her legs. Hopefully next time she saw Lexa good things were going to happen. She really deserved a bit of happiness too, didn’t she?

Lexa finished writing the article for the next edition of the magazine. She shut down her laptop and stood to leave her cubicle. Right when she was heading to the parking lot she met her number one enemy, Nia Quinn, while waiting for the lift.

“I am so sad about what happened at TonDC Woods.” Nia tucked her chin and smiled.

“Of course you are. I can totally see the remorse in your face.” Lexa pushed the button of the lift again as if that was going to speed it up.

Nia chuckled. “Too bad about your arm though.”

Lexa clenched her jaw, and fisted her hand. “I bet you wish it had been my heart instead of my arm.”

Nia laughed sarcastically. “Oh Woods, how you know me. Yes, too bad that kid had bad aim. If it were me, I wouldn’t have failed. One single shot to the head.”

Lexa eyed Nia. “We’ll see whose head falls first, Ice Queen.”

DING!

The elevator opened and Lexa got in leaving Nia who was still sporting a smug smile. The challenge clearly accepted.
Lexa had been thinking deeply for the past days about what was going on with Clarke. She clearly loved the girl. Clarke had become her motivation to keep working hard, the reason to smile at silly things. Her walls crumbled when Clarke was around.

But no matter what, this was a felony. Lexa knew what was at stake and her head was telling her to back off, to stay away from the girl. Her heart on the other hand was screaming Lexa yes!

It was a simple decision, really, thinking coldly about it, she just had to tell Clarke tomorrow that nothing was going to happen between them, and that what happened at the ball had been a mistake. Break the heart of the girl and forget that anything occurred. That was all she had to do.

If only things were simple with Clarke Griffin.

Lexa drove back to her home and hoped that sleep provided the answers she needed before meeting the girl tomorrow.

“Head over heart.” Lexa reinforced the idea hoping that it was going to stick into her subconscious while she slept.

However, when Lexa came that night screaming Clarke’s name she knew that was not going to happen.

Lexa started to go up the stairs, heading to the art workshop. Everybody had left the school as soon as classes were over. Most workers left school early after the shooting so it was only Clarke and Lexa in the school premises today.

She pushed the classroom door open and heard the faint music coming from the radio. Lexa smiled and walked deeper into the classroom. Once she opened the door leading to the workshop she met the girl with the golden hair and eyes as blue as the sky.

“Hi Clarke.”

Clarke turned around from the easel and grinned at the brunette. She moved to turn off the radio and spoke to the woman. “Hey Lexa.”

Lexa walked towards the window gathering courage to do what she had to do.

“So um, are we finally going to talk about the kiss?” Clarke sat on a nearby stool, paying attention.

Lexa nodded. “Clarke. I shouldn’t have done that.”

Clarke deflated right away, that was not what she wanted to hear.

“But I did so anyway.” Lexa faced Clarke. “I’ve been thinking about us Clarke.”

“Me too. You know how I feel about you Lexa, about us.” Clarke stated, hopeful.

Lexa smiled. “Yes, you have been very vocal about it Clarke.” She sat on the stool next to Clarke and then tenderly took Clarke’s hand in hers. “This is wrong Clarke. I am your teacher and you’re my student.”

Clarke met Lexa’s eyes and bit her lip. “Tell me something I don’t know Lexa.”
Lexa chuckled and kissed Clarke’s hand. “Hell, I wish this was easier.” Lexa continued, “this is forbidden, and if anyone found about this my career would be over. Ruined.”

Clarke sighed and lowered her gaze, better to be mature about this and give the woman a break. “I get it. I really do Lexa. I know what’s at stake. You wanna wait? We wait.”

After a minute of lingering silence Lexa spoke again.

“I almost lost you Clarke.”

That made Clarke meet Lexa’s gaze again, she frowned not quite understanding what the teacher was getting at.

“I thought I was going to die too. I thought I was ready, but when I saw your eyes thinking that was going to be the last thing I saw, I was filled with regret. Regret for not fighting for us, for never getting to know the feeling of your skin, scared to never taste your lips on mine again.” Lexa stood up from the stool, passed her fingers through her chestnut locks and added. “Tomorrow is not guaranteed for us, life is too short for playing it safe. We might not even have 5 months, so today I choose my heart. I’ll love you in the dark Clarke, if you let me. I’ll love you and cherish you because all the light I need is you.”

Clarke rose from her stool. A huge smile was drawn on her face. “I love you Lexa Woods, in the dark or in the light. I love you.”

Lexa closed the small gap between them and crushed her lips with Clarke. Clarke kissed her back pouring all her love into that kiss. The two finally let their feelings roam free.

A kiss that was full of hope.

A kiss that could be the light that both needed in their life right now.

A kiss that had to be kept between the sheets.

Chapter End Notes

YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSS, okay guys, not a single word about what happened between Lexa and Clarke. You cannot say anything. One word and it's over so keep it quiet guys. Sssshhhhhhh!!!! Hope the burden of this secret doesn't weight too much buddies ;)

Only three more chapters to go awesome readers, so brace yourself cos the end is coming and faster than you could have ever imagined.

Leave your comments below or in my askbox.

- XO

Tana
A wonderful day has begun, the sun was rising on the horizon and it was magnificent to her eyes. The alarm clock hasn’t even gone off yet, and Clarke was already awake and anxious to go to school. Nothing could ruin her day, not after officially beginning a not so legal relationship with her english teacher, Lexa Woods.

Clarke stirred on the mattress, extending her hands above her head, and rolled off the bed to shower so she could make breakfast quickly. She sang in the shower with as much enthusiasm and happiness she could muster under the hot spray of water. After washing herself she dressed in comfortable jeans and a shirt that she knew was going to look good on her. After all, she wanted to look amazing for the woman who held her heart.

Once dressed, Clarke checked herself out in the mirror and fixed her hair in a half up fishtail braid, next she complemented her outfit with black long boots and headed into the kitchen.

With the same excitement Clarke started to prepare some pancakes humming another song blasting from her phone.

“Oh my, I can’t believe what I’m seeing.” Abby came down the stairs, she was still wearing her robe and her long chestnut hair was held in a high ponytail.

“Good morning, mom.” Clarke flipped the pancake and quickly met her mom for a hug and a kiss on her cheek.

“This has to be the apocalypse. Since when are you up so early Clarke?” Her mom went to the coffee pot and poured the black hot liquid into a small mug. “This is the first time since you started school that I didn’t have to wake you up.” Abby was pretty baffled. Clarke was a sleepy head and since she was a small child Abby came into her room to wake her up every single day without fail. That is until today.

Clarke smiled. “Well I realized that school is important and I’m a senior mom. I have to be responsible.”

Abby chuckled scratching her head and took a seat in the small kitchen table. “Well, better late than never Clarke. Whatever is going on with you I’m glad that you have this optimistic attitude. Especially after everything you have gone through…” Abby said with a bit of sadness. “I’m happy for you Clarke.”

Clarke turned off the stove and served the pancakes on two plates, one for her mom and one for her. Then, in a tall glass she poured herself orange juice and took one of the empty chairs at the table.

“I want to be someone dad would be proud of mom. I’ve learned to be strong and brave so I have to show it.” Clarke took a bite of her pancake, adding more syrup in the process.

Abby smiled genuinely. “He is proud, honey, we are. He always knew the kind of daughter he had and loved you with all his heart.” Abby entangled her fingers with Clarke’s giving her a reassuring squeeze. “I love you, baby.”
“I love you too mom.” Clarke smiled and finished her breakfast. She wouldn’t want to be late to school.

While picking up her books in her locker Clarke met her two friends who came chatting with such an easy vibe and closeness. Things were clearly going well between them. Octavia always kept an eye on Raven, watching over her while they walked making sure no one stepped on her friend’s pathway.

“Hey Clarke, did you finish the world history report? I have my part here.” Raven opened the metal door to take out her textbook and report pages while Octavia held her backpack.

“Yup.” Clarke showed them her folder with her part. “It took me some time to finish it but it is pretty good.” Clarke shut her locker and stuffed her bag with the materials for the next few classes while putting together their group work.

The bell rang and Raven finished packing her notebooks and Octavia returned the backpack so they could get to the classroom before Anya scolded them for being late.

On their way to the world history classroom through the convoluted halls filled with students walking up and down, Clarke caught Lexa walking with Monroe discussing some homework and the blonde simply stared with a smile plastered on her face knowing that the woman moving upstairs was hers. And as if Lexa had a sixth sense she turned around and met Clarke’s eyes and time stood still for one second.


Her favorite color in the world.

Lexa gave her a faint smile and Clarke got lost in it.

“Earth calling Griffin.” Octavia snapped Clarke back to reality. Clarke blinked and moved on.

“You are so disgusting Clarke.” Raven laughed. “Your thirsty face says it all.”

“Oh look who’s talking. Don’t think I haven’t noticed you two holding hands like two losers in love.”

Octavia’s cheeks flushed instantly and Raven smirked, she pulled Octavia to her and kissed her lightly on the lips. “At least I get to do this.” Raven winked at Clarke.

However, instead of insulting her friend, Clarke’s smile grew bigger, white teeth showing. “And who says I don’t…” Clarke pushed the door to the classroom leaving a stunned Octavia. Raven followed as fast as her brace allowed. “Oh my god Clarke, you don’t say that and leave without explanation. Did you do the do?”

Clarke sat smugly at her desk while taking out her folder with her homework “We’ll talk later Ray. For now I’m happy you two are dating or whatever the hell it is you’re doing.”

“Yeah, me too Clarke.” Raven smiled widely at Octavia who returned the smile.
Clarke had to admit that she was a bit envious of Octavia and Raven’s relationship. To show affection freely to each other at any time of day was a blessing people took for granted. How she wished she could have what they had by snatching kisses and making a public display of her love for Lexa. To let the world that the woman was hers alone, because right now Clarke Griffin felt possessive as fuck.

“Very good Harper. Griffin!”

Clarke was clearly far away in her head, lost in her thoughts of Lexa. Raven had to hit her in the arm to bring back her friend.

“Ow what the fuck, Raven?”

Raven cleared her throat and signaled with her eyes at the woman awaiting with her arms crossed leaning in her desk.

“Shit.” Clarke mumbled and finally faced Ms. Forrest. “Yes ma’am?”

Anya only arched her brow to the roof. “Your group analysis?”

“Oh yes right, as I pointed out in our report Miss Forrest, there are many misconceptions regarding reincarnation that exist today, mostly with the transmigration of the soul…” Clarke explained for several minutes what her group spent the whole weekend working on until Anya left her alone to move on to the other distracted soul in her class.

“Uff! Nice Clarke, you did pretty well.” Octavia turned in her chair to face her classmate and high-fived her.

“Yeah, I told you I spent some time reading to finish our work.”

“That’s BS. I bet you were thinking about some hot brunette, eh Clarke? So tell me, are you two getting it on or what?” Raven leaned in to bother her friend giggling like a 5 year old.

“Raven, I swear to god that—“

“Are you serious!? Reyes and company!” Anya was pretty pissed. “When will there be a day that I don’t have to call your attention?”

Raven smiled ready to come up with another smartass retort. Octavia was pleading with her eyes to not do anything rash, but as usual Raven was being Raven and had to sass Anya in her class. “Look Miss Forrest.” Raven began, with her usual charming smile in place.

Clarke simply buried her face on her desk knowing that they were going to be in trouble. “We know all there is to know about this topic proven by our amazing research and discussion, don’t you agree Miss Forrest?” Raven grinned at the serious woman who was unfazed.

“Raven shut up!” Octavia growled.

Clarke apologized. “Raven didn’t mean that. We are truly sorry about interrupting your class, we were just passionate about the discussion.” Clarke smiled trying to convince the teacher.

“Really? Because as far as I can tell you got deducted 20% of your discussion grade Miss Reyes,
which I think is far from amazing.”


“Don’t agree Miss Reyes?” Anya narrowed her eyes.

“That’s more than fair.” Octavia covered Raven’s mouth and smiled at the teacher.

And the bell rang just in time before they got detention or worst, a suspension.

Clarke sighed, “I am going to strangle you Ray.” Clarke quickly picked up her stuff and walked out of the classroom before Anya deducted more points from them. That’s not how Clarke intended to start her week, particularly if she wanted to show to Lexa that she was going to improve all her grades.

“What? I can’t help it. Our work was fucking perfect but Anya is angry at life and that’s why she’s like that.” Raven smiled entangling her hand with Octavia’s. “Maybe she needs to get laid.”

“Shut up Raven. Just what we needed today.” Octavia rolled her eyes keeping her pace near Raven’s.

“Oh don’t get mad at me.” Raven peppered kisses on Octavia’s face making the girl blush profusely.

“Oh okay don’t rub it in my face. I get it, you two are dating.” Clarke covered her eyes trying to ignore her friends getting all cute. “Hurry up or we’ll be late for English.”

Raven burst in laughter. “Someone is very eager for English class.”

“Yes, now shut it before you blow more shit up.”

During English class Clarke was observing Lexa with predatory eyes, following wherever the woman moved. Those black slacks looked good on the woman and her button up sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, her amazing warrior hair, as the kids in school called it, was braided and flowed freely. She was too distracted to pay attention to what Murphy was reading for the class, or what Echo was saying regarding the activity in their workbook.

All Clarke wanted was to be alone with Lexa. After the woman agreed to pursue a relationship, Clarke had been counting down the hours to this class.

Lexa discussed writing today and Monroe simply wouldn’t shut up. Clarke was already bored listening to the girl, since she was only interested in listening to the melodic voice coming from Lexa’s vocal cords.

“Clarke for fuck’s sake hide your lady boner.” Octavia whispered to Clarke giggling at how her friend’s cheeks turned a shade of pink.

Raven low-fived Octavia. “Good one O.”

“Shut it you two!” Clarke sank in her chair trying to keep a low profile before Lexa saw how uber embarrassed she was at the moment.
Thankfully the bell rang after a couple more minutes and the classroom emptied quickly. Clarke packed her stuff and waved goodbye to her friends who were giving her winks and thumbs up before leaving the classroom, so she could finally approach Lexa who was at her desk arranging the homework turned in today.

“You were pretty distracted today Clarke.” Lexa commented still focused on stashing all the documents in her messenger bag.

“Maybe because I have been thinking about kissing you since the weekend began,” Clarke circled her arms around the teacher’s torso from the back, startling her for a second but then Lexa relaxed under her touch. Clarke leaned in and closed her eyes breathing in the scent of her hair, of her skin. The musky earthy tones that made her feel a warmth in the pit of her stomach.

Lexa smiled and turned around to meet the young student. “Clarke, don’t do that!”

“I can’t help it, I still think this is all a dream. You have no idea how many nights I dreamt of you Lexa, wishing to be this close. To be able to hold you, to kiss you.” The girl nestled her head in the space between the neck and shoulder of the teacher, holding her close to her body as if to reassure herself that indeed they were here together.

Lexa tipped her chin up to look at the gorgeous blue of the blonde’s eyes. “I promise you, this is not a dream.”

Clarke smiled. “Prove it Miss Woods.”

Lexa chuckled softly and angling her face she leaned in and kissed Clarke. A tender kiss that sent Clarke into overdrive. They pulled apart catching their breaths after such an amazing but brief kiss.

“Not a dream.” Clarke conceded.

Lexa caressed the face of the girl, the more time she spent looking at the girl, the more dilated her pupils became. “We have to be careful Clarke. No one can know about us.” Lexa kissed the girl’s forehead resting her chin on top of the crown of Clarke’s head holding her in her arms.

“Us? Hmmm I like the sound of it.” Clarke was leaning in for another kiss.

“Miss Woods? I would like to discuss some—”

Clarke almost jumped out of panic and coughed hard while Lexa patted her on the back.

“Oh hi Monroe. One second.” Lexa quickly took a bottle of water from her desk to offer it to Clarke.

“Are you okay Clarke?” Monroe tilted her head in concern while approaching the desk.

Clarke nodded after taking a sip from the water offered by the teacher. “Yeah thanks to Miss Woods.” Clarke cleared her throat. “I feel much better. Um, see you tomorrow Miss Woods.” Clarke grabbed her backpack from the floor and walked to the door. She glanced once more at Lexa and winked before leaving the teacher with Monroe.

“Fuck, that was close.” Clarke muttered before going to her next class.
After helping Monroe with some doubts the girl had about the work performed in class, Lexa went to the teacher’s lounge to finish grading before heading back home for the rest of the day.

As soon as she opened the door of the small room she heard Anya’s laughter. Lexa smiled and pulled a chair to sit and get to work.

“Really, does anyone else has to deal with Reyes smarty pants attitude or is that only in my class?” Anya served herself more coffee. Without coffee no one in this school could work efficiently.

Indra scoffed. “Reyes? If it wasn’t for Blake that girl would be failing my class. Octavia is much more disciplined but I wonder if Reyes is being a total distractor to Blake.”

Anya sipped her coffee nodding.

“A distractor? I think that actually it’s the other way around.” Lincoln commented while eating some donuts in a box left at the center of the coffee table. “Octavia played her best when Reyes and Griffin were around.”

“Griffin is another weird behavioral case. How is she doing Lex?” Anya eyed Lexa. Lexa would have preferred to stay out of this conversation, but now that she had been addressed directly she stopped what she was doing to look at Anya. “Clarke is doing pretty well for what she had to do.”

“Right. Stabbing that kid had to be awful.” Costia pulled a chair and sat down.

“Hmm I guess, but she’s recovering pretty well. She was all laughs today with Reyes and Blake. I can conclude that those two hooked up by the way.” Anya finished her beverage and went to her locker to pick up her materials.

“Clarke is a strong girl.” Lexa commented absentmindedly, her lips curved automatically feeling so proud of how far the student had come. Lexa realized that Costia was staring at her, so she returned her attention to the papers in her hand.

“Hey Lexa, you wanna come tonight to watch the playoffs?” Lincoln picked his gym bag and grabbed his keys.

“Oh sorry Linc. I have to finish this today so I’ll be here late.”

“Just don’t burn yourself out Lex. Kids can ruin you if you let them.” Anya rested her hand on her shoulder and left the administration building.

Little by little the teacher’s lounge emptied as the time passed. The clock kept ticking on the wall and the sun started its descent in the horizon.

Lexa shook her head. Now she made up lame excuses to remain in school. She could perfectly do this tomorrow, but she needed an excuse to remain here, because she knew Clarke was waiting for her. Lexa was an adult but she was acting like a teenager all over again, how ridiculous this was, and yet, being with Clarke made her feel more alive than she had ever felt in her life.

“Good night Lexa.” Costia spoke with her sweet voice. Lexa always felt a pang of guilt whenever her ex was around. Costia had been such a sweet gentle lover, and Lexa sometimes wished she could have loved her as the woman deserved.

“Take care Costia.”
The art teacher was the last to leave the building. After several minutes Lexa packed her things and walked to the parking lot, she stored all her things inside the trunk of the car and noticed the small light coming from the art workshop. Her heart started to beat stronger as if feeling the presence of the girl upstairs.

The music could be heard faintly through the halls as the woman made her ascent to the classroom at the top of the building. Once Lexa pushed the art classroom door she could hear with more clarity the voice of the girl singing with total joy. Lexa walked as silently as possible to avoid disturbing Clarke’s concentration. Lexa leaned against the doorframe and drank in the view.

Clarke had her back to her while she painted a canvas with lots of colors, predominantly green. Clarke moved her hips with the rhythm of the music humming the song being played at the moment.

Lexa’s heart was about to rip out of her chest. Her body was so in tune with Clarke that it instantly reacted whenever she saw her. Her eyes scanned her body and Lexa felt a warmth develop in the lower part of her belly. She was acting like a horny teenager and all because of Clarke Griffin. She wanted to touch her, to feel her eyes on hers, to kiss her lips and every freckle on her face and back.

Clarke turned around to get more paint and the girl jumped.

“FUCK!” Clarke almost had a stroke. “Gosh you’re going to kill me one of these days Lexa. How long have you been here?”

“A couple of minutes. I didn’t want to interrupt your work.” Lexa approached the startled girl and shoved her hands in her pockets. Lexa never knew what to do with her hands around Clarke.

Clarke smiled widely. “You could never interrupt me.” Clarke walked towards the teacher and kissed her cheek making Lexa hide her face in embarrassment. Clarke giggled taking Lexa’s hands in hers. “Have I told you how cute you are when you’re flustered?”

“Many times.” Lexa felt a little bold and snaked her arms around the waist of the girl.

Clarke cupped the nape of Lexa’s neck and pulled her close to her lips, kissing her slowly. Lexa fell into the kiss right away, biting the lower lip of the girl and making her moan. Her hands started to travel the expanse of Clarke’s lower back, pressing them closer, chest to chest while Lexa devoured Clarke with her lips.

Clarke was the first to pull apart trying to catch her breath. “Wow.”

Lessa smiled feeling giddy about kissing Clarke. “Same.”

The girl walked to a stool and sat. Lexa joined her and held her hand kissing the inside of the palm filled with paint. “What is it?” Lexa noticed the small change in the girl, a bit of tension returned.

Clarke sighed. “It’s just that hiding sucks. Raven and O are girlfriends now, and I hate that they can go out to the movies and do silly things together. I have to stay here away from prying eyes.” Lexa started to play with Clarke’s hair. How she had wanted for so long to entangle her fingers and feel the softness of this magnificent hair. “I understand. But this has to remain between the two of us Clarke.”
“Well speaking of that…”

“What?!” Lexa stood up abruptly, her hands went to her head. “Clarke you told them?”

Clarke stood up as well to calm down the woman who was pacing around the classroom about to turn into a furious storm ready to destroy everything in its path. “I did. But I trust them Lexa.”

“But I don’t. Clarke what if they say something?”

“They won’t Lexa. Do you trust me?” Clarke captured Lexa’s hands holding them making the teacher stop her unnerving pacing back and forth.

Lexa looked at Clarke, buried herself into the depths of blue and nodded. “I do trust you Clarke.”

“Then trust me on this. Raven and O won’t say anything.”

Lexa sighed. “Okay.” She cupped Clarke’s face. “It’s getting late, your mother must be waiting for you so go home.”

“Fine.” Clarke kissed Lexa again. Her lips brushing softly the delicate skin before letting go.

Lexa was smiling and her tiny ears were pretty red. “I guess this will become our meeting spot, huh?”

“Yeah, but I hope this is only temporary. I want to walk with you and have a normal date, you know?”

“A date?” Lexa thought she could do something about that. “I’ll think of something, okay?”

Lexa hugged Clarke. Better memorize this feeling and the way the blonde’s body fit against hers before going back to her empty bed. This could help her survive the absence of the woman she loved. Lexa dropped a kiss on the crown of Clarke’s head and let her go reluctantly.

Work had become intense today, the feud between her and the infamous Nia Quinn was escalating and the tension could be felt in the office, particularly after Lexa spoke with her boss about developing some ideas for her column since he commented that the response was getting bigger and bigger with each edition of the magazine versus the decline in Nia’s section.

“Maybe developing a platform where you could interact more with the readers of the column would be a good starting point.” Ryder suggested.

Lexa nodded. “Like social media for example?”

“Yes, I think that could be a good idea and see the response. If it doesn’t work out I’ll think of something else.”

“Very well. Prepare the accounts we’re going to use and I’ll make the proposal to the boss.” Lexa shut her notepad to get ready to leave the office. “Thanks Ryder.” The man left Lexa’s cubicle and she started to pack the rest of her working materials.
“Look at the pathetic little Lexa.”

Lena tensed as soon as she heard that cold annoying voice. “Nia. Why are you still around here? I thought you were on the other side of the world.” She lifted her bag and slung it over her shoulder.

Nia smiled, her blue eyes drilling holes into Lexa’s skull. “You wish. I’ll be working in DC for some time.”

“Sad.” Lexa smirked.

Nia tilted her head, narrowing her eyes. “I heard that some changes are coming to Polis. Better be ready cos heads are going to roll. I’m hoping to see yours in a box.”

“It’s not my head that will end up in a bag, Quinn.” Lexa pushed the taller woman with her shoulder to shove her aside and move to the lift of the building.

Nia cackled in laughter. “We shall see.”

Thankfully the next day school went by in the blink of an eye. Usually any confrontation with Nia meant that the school day would seem unbearably long. Lexa waited patiently until everybody left the school premises before heading to the art classroom.

Today Lexa had prepared something special for Clarke, she brought food to enjoy in the workshop as a small date. They have been meeting almost every day in the art workshop. The place had become their secret meeting room where they talked about silly things, and got to know each other more deeply. The relationship had been moving forward in a way that made Lexa vibrate with incredible happiness and above all, hope.

Lexa heard the faint music and carried the bags with the food to prepare the table for them in the classroom.

“Hey Clarke.” Lexa smiled and at that the blonde turned around from her canvas to greet the teacher.

“Hey Commander.” Clarke left her painting materials on a nearby table and met Lexa with a peck on the lips.

“I uh, I brought you this.” Lexa pulled out a single red rose behind her back and offered it to Clarke.

Clarke smile grew and took the rose smelling it right away. “Mmm this smells amazing and it’s so pretty.”

Lexa grinned and started to arrange the small table for them to eat. Once done she pulled a stool and sat watching the girl brim with happiness. “I know that if you arrived home with a bouquet your mom would probably ask more questions so this is as discreet as it can get.”

“Thank you.” Clarke kissed her cheek. “You are the sappiest girlfriend ever.”

Lexa held Clarke’s free hand and kissed it, dropping kisses over her knuckles softly. “I wish I could
Clarke left the rose on a table and sat in Lexa’s lap circling her shoulders with her arms, nuzzling her nose in Lexa’s neck while she nipped and kissed the tender skin. “You are doing enough Lex. I am the luckiest girl in the world, I mean you arranged this date for us. Knowing that this tender and sweet side of yours is only for me, that the badass cold ruthless commander is weak for me is all I need.”

Lexa closed her eyes and let Clarke continue with her shows of affection. Allowing the girl to kiss her all she wanted while she traced her hands over the girl’s thighs and full hips.

Things started to heat up, they always got hot since Clarke was a healthy girl in the prime of her youth. Clarke’s hands moved over a breast and Lexa growled while Clarke squeezed it in her soft hand. The chair was getting uncomfortable and Lexa lifted Clarke as if she weighed nothing and sat her on the edge of a work table. Immediately she captured her mouth in hers standing between Clarke’s parted legs.

They kissed as if they needed the skin of the other, tongues sliding in and out of wet mouths, thirsty for more contact. Hands roamed around carelessly over skin. Clarke moaned in Lexa’s mouth increasing the ecstasy the woman was feeling. Clarke’s hands snuck past her shirt, the heat of her touch made Lexa’s skin feel like it was on fire and she was getting more and more aroused.

If Lexa didn’t pull back there was no stopping and so the teacher heaving, took a step back.

“Shit.” Lexa breathed in and out. “Fuck!” Lexa went to the window and opened it to breath in the fresh air since she felt too hot and bothered.

Clarke dropped down off the table and walked to meet the brunette. “Why do you have to always stop? I want this, Lex. I’m a consenting adult. I want to have sex with my girlfriend.”

Lexa curved her lips. “Clarke I want that as much as you do. But I won’t have sex with you in this place. Like you were a piece of meat. When I make love to you, it will be done properly. For now we wait.” Lexa faced Clarke cupping her flustered cheek and kissed her forehead.

Clarke leaned into the woman. “Gooosh! I just want to graduate already to stop this stupid hiding and kiss you everywhere whenever we want!”

Lexa chuckled. “You are so impatient Clarke. Graduation is only 4 months away.”

“Too long.” Clarke quipped. “Really Lexa, do you have any idea how many panties I have ruined because of you? How many nights I have spent touching myself thinking of you?”

The brunette peppered more kisses on the neck and cheeks of the young student. “You’re not alone Clarke. But now we eat, dinner is getting cold.”

Clarke dimmed the lights to prepare a romantic setting, or at least as much as an art workshop allowed, then she joined Lexa at the table that the brunette set. Soft music played from her phone and they ate comfortably in the presence of one another.
They chatted and laughed and it felt damn good to be like this, holding hands while they ate, sharing day to day things. This was the natural order of the universe, there was no way in hell that this wasn’t meant to be. That the two of them found each other in this world had to mean something. Clarke had become the center of the universe for the aspiring writer. Clarke was her sun and her moon. She felt her when the wind caressed her skin or the birds sang in the morning. Clarke Griffin was the motor that kept her heart beating every single day.

“I uh, jesus fuck Clarke.” Lexa almost spits her drink, she took a napkin to wipe the table, it was better to avoid leaving evidence of the uses of the art workshop. Clarke laughed and that voice stirred so many feelings inside of Lexa, it was hard to resist to join in.

Clarke was playing footsie and the way her foot traced her leg was like an electrical current running through hot wires. “Clarke.” Lexa warned.

The girl shrugged innocently with one shoulder and kept eating her noodles as if nothing was happening.

“You really want to drive me insane.”

“I’m trying to be good.”

Lexa laughed heartily, surprising Clarke. “Of course you are.”

Clarke had been coming up with the worst excuses for her late arrivals at home. Clarke used a non-existent art project but after a couple of weeks that wasn’t going to work anymore. After that, she started to make up fake study sessions with Raven and Octavia to appease her mother when Clarke came home late. Clarke had to think of something else soon because her mom was starting ask too many questions already. Not that Clarke wasn’t grateful that Abby paid more attention to her after Jake’s death. Abby tried to spend more time with Clarke and bond with the girl again, trying to catch up on the time they lost because of her work and obligations. Clarke really appreciated the effort.

After 10 weeks of dating Lexa, hiding in the darkest corners of the school to steal a kiss was starting to get too dangerous. They had almost been caught by Anya twice, once in Lexa’s classroom and again in the gym, and being interrupted constantly by students caused unending worry. Clarke only wanted to spend a whole day without hiding and being interrupted. And so Clarke researched the perfect place to have a normal date with Lexa.

Since they began their illicit relationship over two months ago, Lexa had kept things between them PG-13, and Clarke was horny as fuck. She wasn’t going to last until her graduation which was 3 months away without self-combusting from her constant level of arousal.

The texts they sent each other were also pretty tame, just exchanging short messages filled with so much longing and love it made her heart clench in need of the woman.

Clarke was beyond ready to take this relationship to the next level, and Lexa needed just a tiny push. Clarke was relieved that her mother had to remain at the hospital later than normal tonight so she started a Skype vidcall with Lexa.
“Hey babe.” Clarke smiled as soon as Lexa answered the call. She was wearing reading glasses, which meant the teacher was probably working on her magazine thingy. Lexa had her wild curls tamed in a bun allowing Clarke to enjoy the full view of the curve of her neck, her fingers itched to trace it and bite right where Lexa liked it. So far Lexa had been careful not to leave marks of their make out sessions, but after things got steamy between them yesterday Clarke was happy to sport the small bruise the woman left between her collarbone and neck. Lexa noticed the bruise through her cam and sighed. “Shit I’m so sorry Clarke. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Clarke laughed. “Lex, you’re a silly bean. It’s okay, promise.”

Lexa blushed and nodded.

“I found a place where we could go on a secret date, to at least stop using the workshop as often. It’s not far from here, just a 40 minute drive away from prying eyes.”

Lexa arched her brow. “Are you sure about this Clarke?”

Clarke grinned confidently. “I am. I’ll tell my mom I’m having a sleepover with O and Raven this Saturday so we can go. You pick me up at Raven’s and we go from there.”

Lexa focused her eyes somewhere else on the screen for an instant, Clarke could hear the click of the keyboard from her speakers then she added. “Very well. Text me the info so we can go Clarke.”

“Okay then, it’s a date.”

Lexa smiled and the way her green eyes lit up made Clarke’s heart skip a beat. She couldn’t love more this woman if she wanted to. This had nothing to do with their age difference or how Lexa was a professional and she was still a high school student. Lexa seeped into her heart stealthily, slowly, but surely. Lexa was now as much of a part of Clarke as her heart. Lexa was now as much of a part of Clarke as her heart. “I’ll let you work in your article.”

Clarke narrowed her eyes and smiled wickedly. Lexa smiled and shook her head in return to continue working. Clarke gathered her calculus notebook and textbook and started to do her homework while Lexa kept writing.

That’s more or less what they kept doing while they skyped. Lexa always made sure that Clarke did her homework while she worked or graded papers. The two sometimes interrupted each other to discuss an interesting topic or when Clarke had questions about homework and needed some pointers from Lexa.

After some time doing homework and studying Clarke lifted her gaze to see the woman on the other side of her screen. Lexa was concentrating by the deep frown between her eyes that Clarke felt the need to tease the stoic woman. She loved teasing Lexa. All. The. Time.

She finished her last homework stashing her notebook inside her backpack, next she texted Raven to remind her friend to bring tomorrow to school her worksheets and then she focused on the woman on the other side of the screen.

Blue eyes staring at the contour of her jaw, the way her green eyes seemed to glow, how she licked her lips or bit her lower lip when she thought deeply while she worked. It was amazing how those little things that she didn’t know before made her feel more connected with Lexa. They started to uncover their habits, the things that were good and not so good. For example, one day Clarke pissed Lexa off so much that she got to know the angry side of the commander. It was a frigid silent rage that it sent shivers down her spine, it took some effort to ask for her forgiveness, but once Lexa did
forgive her she witnessed the vulnerability of the woman, how she guarded herself around other people and only opened up with her. The way Lexa melted in her arms and changed her cold eyes into the warmest green she had ever seen made everything worth it. They had disagreements like any other couple, they both had strong personalities and sometimes they clashed, but it gave them such a sense of normalcy in their not so normal relationship.

Clarke’s hands started to move by themselves all over her body why she absorbed through the screen all that it was Lexa Woods, reaching under the waist of her shorts and then she moaned when she felt the pool of hot liquid drenching her panties. Lexa had that strong of an effect on her.

Lexa was paralyzed, she stopped writing, and Clarke noticed how the woman tensed up immediately. Not daring to look at the camera, Lexa gulped down. “Clarke, what are you doing?”

Clarke laughed softly, while she kept touching the throbbing organ under her underwear, her fingers playing in the wetness of her folds. “Aaah!”

Lexa finally dared to look at the chat screen and her green eyes were wide, her mouth slightly opened.

“Mmm yesss!” Clarke kept her rhythm smiling at how Lexa was looking thirstier, her pupils dilating widely engulfing the green and gold freckles of her eyes.

“Clarke…” Lexa clenched her jaw and couldn’t move a muscle, her eyes glued to the screen observing the blonde girl coming undone in front of her eyes.

“Lexa, I uh… Umm Lex aaah aaah.”

“Shit!” Lexa was extremely flustered with her cheeks deep red. By the way she licked her lips, Clarke guessed she had to be wet for her. “I have to fuck err, crap, I better to go.”

“Lex, please don’t! I need this. Don’t go.” Clarke begged, panting, heaving for air while her movements became harder, faster. One of Clarke’s hands was underneath her t-shirt fondling her breasts, the perked nipples could be seen under the fabric of her shirt while between her legs Clarke kept rubbing with the heel of her palm against her clit, drenched in her pool of desire. Luckily for Lexa the camera was simply pointing at Clarke's sweaty face, which was the most erotic thing Lexa had ever seen nonetheless. She didn’t need to look at Clarke naked, just seeing her expression of total pleasure was enough to make her wet and hungry.

The heart of the brunette was beating as if it was in a racing competition, her hands itched to touch herself, to match the rhythm of the girl on the other side of the screen. Her senses were telling her no, but her body was screaming fucking yes. Lexa had been extremely careful to keep her distance from Clarke. Lexa knew that getting into a relationship with Clarke was going to be a whirlwind of excitement and emotions. Clarke was a furnace that never stopped burning, the girl had the stamina of an army, and the woman understood that Clarke was going to be eager.

However she was the adult here, the responsible one in all of this madness. The reason why she had kept her hands to herself during the times they have been together. The added responsibility involved in giving herself physically to Clarke was too much to handle. For Lexa this wasn’t simply a matter of having sex with her student, this was crossing the line to the ultimate point of no return, and Lexa felt burdened by the guilt already. The inner conflict of head versus heart was driving her mad, yet
she loved the girl. Her feelings for her were pure, almost naive, and she wanted to do right by her. To love Clarke like she deserved, in a place of safety and unconditional love. But the time was not right. Maybe it was never going to be right.

Lexa had never felt like this, with Costia she had taken some steps but still it wasn’t enough. Clarke had showed her that she was capable of loving fully, capable of opening herself and expressing feelings. That love was not weakness. However, she had to be smart and logical and with Clarke all control seemed to go down the drain.

So Lexa fisted her hands keeping as much control as she could, letting the girl finish since she wasn’t going to ruin the moment for Clarke. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on her article while the panting of the girl made her feel hot. Another good pair of underwear ruined by Clarke. She was going to have to work on her needs after ending the call and fast.

“Lexa!” Clarke voice was strained, fighting for release, her eyes begging to witness the desire from the woman, proof that she wanted her as much as she did.

Lexa sighed surrendering, she was not going to be able to write shit at the moment. Lexa fixed all her attention on the girl who was glowing, like the most precious star in the sky. “Let go Clarke.”

And the blonde did.

Clarke took a deep breath, gathering her thoughts. To her side was Raven trying to calm the nerves of her friend.

“Clarke come on. It's not a big deal, it's a simple walk in the woods with your bae.” Raven pulled Clarke to her, trying to give her courage.

“I know. Yes, it's a dumb date but I can’t help the nerves. It's the first time we are actually going out, and it's making me dizzy with anxiety.” Clarke took the bottle of water offered by Octavia who then sat on the armrest massaging Clarke’s back.

“Calm down princess. The commander will take care of you. She loves you, right?” Octavia smiled trying to infuse confidence into the wrecking ball of nerves that was Clarke.

The doorbell rang and Clarke panicked. “Oh God, she’s here.”

Raven smiled and stood up to open the door, she walked slowly and peeked through the door, once she noticed that indeed it was the person Clarke was waiting for Raven unlocked the door.

“Miss Woods, what a pleasure.” Raven eyed the woman, who was wearing jeans and a leather jacket on top of a white muscle shirt. Looking at the teacher dressed casually was a first for Raven, she was used to her usual suits and ties.

“Hi Raven.” Lexa greeted, her lips were pursed eyeing the mechanic with certain apprehension so it was impossible to tell if she was nervous or not.
“Hey Lexa. I’m gonna pick my handbag before we go.” Clarke told her before heading deeper into the apartment to look for her stuff.

Raven checked and made sure that Clarke couldn’t hear her and in a low voice she told Lexa. “Listen to me Miss Woods. Clarke is frigging deep in this shit so don’t you dare fuck her up or I swear to God I will make you go boom!”

Lexa arched her brows and smirked, she took a step forward to look Raven in the eye. Green eyes locking with dark brown. Raven didn’t back off, but the mechanic couldn’t deny that she was about to crap her pants just looking at the intense gaze she got in return.

“I am rea-dy. Um, everything okay?” Clarke looked from Lexa to Raven.

“Yeah, swell.” Raven backed off right away stumbling into Octavia. “Have fun!” Raven gave a last glance at Lexa who nodded slightly at her and shut her door after waving goodbye to her friend.

Lexa drove in silence for the rest of the way, just listening to the music that Clarke selected on the radio. Sometimes the blonde rested her hand over Lexa’s who had it on top of the gear shift while she followed the directions of the GPS.

They reached a mountainous area covered with deep forest, the car was maneuvered down an unpaved road on the rocky soil. When they found a clear area to park near a hiking trail, Lexa stopped the car. Luckily there were only two other cars parked there. Hopefully it meant there were few other hikers on the trail.

Clarke followed the signs leading hikers to the trails. Lexa shoved her hands in her jacket and joined Clarke while they followed the path.

Clarke laced her fingers with Lexa and the smile she got in return made her feel butterflies inside her tummy. It was the first time they could hold hands in the open like this without fear of being caught.

They walked side by side in silence simply enjoying this moment. Just the two of them in the immense forest under the stars.

The forbidden lovers found a place to rest after walking for some time, and Clarke sat on a rock looking at the sky. The darkness contrasted with the stars that shone above them, no clouds on the horizon to obscure the beauty above them.

Lexa sat beside her and slung her arm around Clarke’s shoulder to shield her from the cold breeze. “It’s so pretty, isn’t it?” Clarke looked at the sky marveling at the stars shining on top of them. Lexa didn’t care about the sky though, she stared at Clarke instead. “Yes, it is beautiful.”

Clarke leaned on Lexa’s shoulder still looking at the sky while Lexa massaged her scalp, relaxing into the tight embrace.

“You came into my life like a shooting star Clarke. You fell from the sky and burned so bright that it was hard not to see you.”

Clarke sat up straighter and met Lexa’s stare. Losing herself in the softness of that look that was only
meant for her.

Lexa tucked a loose blonde strand behind her ear. Tracing with her long fingers Clarke’s jaw and dropped a kiss on the tip of her nose.

“I love you Commander.” Clarke squeezed Lexa’s waist and returned to the comfort of her shoulder.

“And I love you too, Clarke. As long as the night keeps our secret we’re good. Now let’s move on before it gets too late.”

“Oh God I am so tired.” Clarke leaned against a tree trunk catching her breath.

Lexa chuckled walking behind her. “You need to exercise more, Clarke.”

“Nah, I’ll pass. This is more fun though.” Clarke started to climb the tree as if she was a small kid, hoping to get a better view of the area.

Lexa rolled her eyes and approached the climbing girl. “Clarke it’s dark, get down before you—”

CRACK!

“OUCH!” Clarke landed on her ass.

Lexa couldn’t help it but laugh at the blonde who was wiping her ass covered with mud and twigs.

“I told you Clarke.” Lexa bent over laughing as she extended her arm so Clarke could pull herself up easily, it was a laughter so magical that it was a blessing to hear it.

“Yeah yeah.” Clarke crossed her arms pouting. “Shit!”

“What is it?” Lexa approached Clarke as soon as she noticed the girl wince in pain.

“I think I fucked up my ankle. It hurts a bit.”

Lexa kneeled and checked the ankle, the ankle was clearly inflamed by the size of it and it felt warm to the touch. “Yes. You kind of twisted it when you fell. Don’t worry. Hop on.”

Lexa turned her back to Clarke and leaned a bit offering the girl a piggy ride.

Clarke chuckled and slung her arms around the shoulders of the strong woman while Lexa hooked her arms under Clarke’s knees and pulled the girl up from the ground. Clarke leaned into the crook of Lexa’s neck to smell her shampoo. Clarke was addicted to that smell. “A dream come true. A piggy ride on your back.”

Lexa laughed and walked back to the car carrying Clarke carefully around the thick forest. “You wouldn’t survive if you got lost here Clarke.” Lexa joked.

“Asshole!” Clarke slapped the shoulder of the brunette who was still laughing.

After carrying the girl for some time, Lexa opened the door of her car and helped Clarke in. Then she buckled her up and hopped into the driver’s seat.

“Let’s take good care of you now before your friends try to blow me up.” Lexa smiled and turned on the engine.
Lexa drove back to her home, she parked in the garage and helped Clarke again, this time she carried her not on her back but in her arms as if she was light as a feather. She passed the threshold and fumbling with the keys opened the door. With her hip Lexa closed the wooden door again and left Clarke on the large couch in the middle of the living room.

“I’ll get some ice.”

Clarke sat as comfortably as she could since her ankle was hurting like a bitch. She took a look around remembering the last time Lexa brought her here. The infamous holiday party at Monty’s. The place was still the same, a simplistic place with some furniture and not much decoration. A place that was all Lexa.

Lexa removed the sneaker from Clarke’s foot and accommodated her leg over a pillow and put a bag filled with ice over the ankle. “Here you go - some anti-inflammatory that will help with the pain.” Clarke popped the pill and downed it with a glass of water.

“You hungry?” Lexa stood up and made sure to help Clarke get comfortable with more pillows. Clarke shrugged, “nah, I’m good.”

Lexa grinned. “I bet you are in too much pain to even notice Clarke.”

Lexa went straight to the kitchen and cooked what she found available in the fridge. As Lexa had told Clarke once she wasn’t a great cook but the fact that Lexa was cooking for her made everything taste better.

Lexa came back with a tray with a small salad and chicken breast and left it near Clarke. She took a seat on the sofa next to her and sat to eat as well.

They ate in silence and as soon as Clarke finished Lexa stood up and cleaned the area. She returned to Clarke’s side to check on her ankle entangling her hand with the girl. “How are you feeling?”

Clarke kissed the tender hands of the woman slowly, kissing finger by finger, and then she sucked one in her mouth. Lexa gasped but she didn’t retrieve her hand. “I want to taste you,” Clarke’s voice was gruff and husky, it was a clear message to the woman in front of her.

Lexa licked her lips, her throat dry as a desert and swallowed hard. She wanted to taste Clarke and drink every single drop of Clarke’s pussy. Nothing was going to quench this thirst, only Clarke. Lexa couldn’t fight this attraction anymore, she was on edge.

“Are you sure?”

“Please.” Clarke whispered begging Lexa to take her, to satisfy the need that was threatening to drive her crazy.

Lexa cupped the nape of the girl’s neck and kissed her, her tongue flicking over her lips demanding entrance. Her hands treading in the blonde locks cascading over Clarke’s shoulders to pull her closer, Lexa tilted her head and changed the angle of the kiss, feeling the tongue moving as soft silk inside, making Clarke purr.
And Clarke kissed harder, fiercer, meeting the same intensity of the kiss until they split.

Lixa was out of breath. Same as Clarke.

“I want this Lixa.”

“Clarke, you sure?”

Clarke rolled her eyes in exasperation. “Hell Lixa, just kiss me already!” And that was all the prompting Lixa needed because she was kissing Clarke with such strength and passion. There was no stopping her. Lixa was on Clarke moving with such mastery and confidence and Clarke was sucking Lixa, demanding with the same force and need. Lixa barely had time to mumble “bedroom,” and lifted Clarke from the couch, heading through the narrow hall of the house and into her bedroom. Lixa shut the door with her foot and laid Clarke over her bed.

Quickly Lixa started to undress Clarke fumbling with the buttons of her jeans while Clarke did the same for the brunette, releasing the jeans button by button to the best of her capabilities. Clarke raised her hands so Lixa could pull away her t-shirt and threw it on the floor. Pieces of clothing followed one after the other until the only thing left was the underwear. Lixa took a step back to really gaze at the blonde in her bed.

Clarke saw how the dark of her pupils took over the green, her flushed skin and harsh breaths were more evidence of how aroused she was, and Clarke was pleased that Lixa looked at her as if she was the sexiest woman alive.

“Wanna help?” Clarke smiled removing one strap of her pink bra. Lixa chuckled and was unclipping the clasp of the bra in a second and removing the material. Lixa’s eyes stared at the perky breasts, and her hand cupped one and her fingertips touched a rosy nipple, Clarke moaned leaning her head back and arching her back giving more access to the woman.

Clarke moved Lixa’s hands to her waist and pulled the brunette on top of her gently. Lixa supported her weight with one arm beside Clarke’s head and the other still on the other breast, circling the nipple with her thumb.

“So beautiful.” Lixa mumbled and went to suck one nipple. Clarke squeezed the sheets with one hand while she laced the other in Lixa’s dark locks pushing the woman right where she needed her, between her legs.

“Lexa, please.”

Lixa lifted her gaze and met black eyes with a speck of blue begging her to take her. She hooked her fingers in the waist of the purple panties and pulled them away sliding them over sexy legs and threw them away. Lixa positioned herself as comfortably as she could between the thighs of the girl and breathed in making Clarke giggle.

“Just do it!” Clarke said imitating Shia LaBeouf making Lixa burst in laughter.
“It takes as long as it takes.” Lexa smiled wickedly and lapped her tongue over the drenched folds and she moaned, tasting heaven in her mouth. She kept a slow motion over the clit and tight ring muscles of the blonde. Lexa gripped her hips to keep Clarke from bucking them and kept the slow rhythm she wanted to impose. Lexa was going to take her time with Clarke Griffin. She sucked and scratched with her teeth carefully driving Clarke insane and then her tongue was inside. Clarke trembled at the very welcome intrusion pushing as deep as she could get. Clarke cursed and Lexa dug her nails in the ass of the girl as she felt the muscles ripple around her tongue.

“Fuck!”

Lexa crawled on top of Clarke again and kissed her. Clarke tasted herself in the mouth of the brunette and she growled in ecstasy. This was so damn erotic, so far away from all the nights she spent fantasizing about this moment. Bodies flushed together while Lexa filled Clarke with kisses in her jawline and neck. But Clarke was very impatient and pushed Lexa beneath her.

“My turn, Miss Woods.”

Clarke’s fingers moved over tight abs and strong arms, tracing the tattoo on the right arm of the teacher, marveling at the design. She wanted to get to know Lexa intimately so she kissed every single corner of her tanned skin, every scar, every freckle, until she stopped at the mound of the woman. Lexa was so wet for Clarke and it made her eager to eat her alive.

Once she got rid of the black panties Clarke traced the clit with her fingertips, Lexa closed her eyes and whimpered under her touch. Lexa was so sensitive after giving Clarke pleasure that she was ready to come. Clarke pushed two fingers inside slowly waiting until the muscles around her relaxed and then she pumped in a feverish rhythm met by the brunette who circled the back of the blonde with her legs pushing her deeper.

“Clarke…” Lexa bit her lower lip, holding for dear life to survive the onslaught of the younger woman. “Shit Clarke. I’m about to—”

“Cum for me Lex.”

Clarke felt the hard tightening of the ring of muscles surrounding her fingers. How the muscles of her abs contracted as well with the waves of her orgasm. Clarke pumped slower, letting Lexa ride her orgasm bringing her down. Once she felt her still Clarke removed her fingers and moved between her legs and licked the cum. “Mmm, so fucking good.”

Lexa hummed in response still catching her breath. “Are you okay?”

Clarke crawled back up to cuddle with Lexa, who opened her arms to let the blonde lean on her. “Best sex ever.”

Lexa laughed while she traced the sweaty back of Clarke with her fingertips. “I can do so much better Clarke. But I meant your ankle.”

Clarke snickered kissing the collarbone of the brunette. "Oh!” Clarke laugh louder. “Very confident aren’t you?”

“Very.” Lexa kissed the tip of her nose.

“Ankle is good.”
Good. And now, dessert.” Lexa kissed her forehead and snuggled closer to Clarke before diving deep into the most wonderful place in the whole universe. Clarke’s pussy.

Clarke fell limp on the mattress with a sleepy grin on her face. Lexa followed and spooned the girl who was completely spent.

“I can’t move.” Clarke complained with a smile on her face. Lexa had been true to her word. She had done so much better. Clarke was amazed at how talented Lexa’s hands and mouth were. Her fantasies had nothing on the real Lexa fucking Woods.

“It’s okay. You’re safe here.” Lexa pressed her body to Clarke’s back, circling her waist and cupping one breast, touching it playfully. “Sleep Clarke.”

Clarke started to drift slowly, feeling Lexa’s breath on the nape of her neck relaxed her. She was home.

“This really happened.”

“It did.”

“Are you going to regret it in the morning?” Clarke needed to know, she held her breath waiting for the answer.

Lexa kept silent for a minute, she did cross the line and there was no going back, but how it was worth it, every second of it. Lexa had made sure that Clarke enjoyed it, particularly because Lexa wanted to be number one on the list of Clarke’s lovers. Actually, Lexa knew she wouldn’t accept being on top of the list, Lexa wanted to be the last as well. Yes, she was acting childish and possessive, but no way in hell was Luna going to be a better lover than her, or whomever else Clarke dated in the past. Lexa imprinted herself in Clarke’s memory forever.


Clarke smiled in content, her heartbeat increased hearing those words that meant everything to her and closed her eyes because she was sure now that this was home. “Good night Lexa.”

“Good night Clarke.”

Lexa closed her eyes with the biggest smile on her face with the certainty that nothing was going to take her away from this girl.

Chapter End Notes

Now go take a cold holy water shower (°_3°)
Only two more to go so fasten your seatbelts cos this train is not stopping until the end.
Special thanks to the MVP of this fic, my awesome beta cos-geek-monkey who has to read over +15 pages every week to have it ready on time.

Until next time,

Tana
It felt warm, even for a cold morning which was weird. It was a lazy Sunday morning, but Clarke felt exhausted. She really didn’t want to wake up and everything was quiet. Where was her mother? Why isn’t she calling her for breakfast? Clarke breathed in deeply, her body was wrapped in the delicious after-sex scent.

Wait, what?

Clarke forced her eyes open, she had to cover them with her forearm to protect them from the sunlight filtering through dark curtains. She blinked trying to adjust to the light in the minimalistic bedroom, and then she remembered the amazing night before in all its glorious detail. Clarke realized Lexa was holding her body protectively, she could feel her even breaths on the nape of her neck and she smiled. Her legs were entangled with Lexa’s limbs and it felt wonderful to wake up like this, if only she could have this every single day.

Clarke tried to move away from the deeply asleep woman without waking her up. She scooted to the edge of the bed and sat up straight as slowly as possible, she tested her ankle on the carpet to see if it could hold her weight, but once she tried to stand, she felt the pain. Clarke reached for the edge of the night table to support her weight and limped her way to pick up her discarded shirt off the floor. Clarke tossed it on, sat in the nearest chair and watched Lexa sleep.

The brunette breathed softly, her ribs expanding and contracting with an even rhythm, and she looked peaceful, her features were soft, she even looked younger like this. Almost childlike.

Lexa stirred in bed, her arms trying to anchor themselves somewhere, however, feeling the empty side of the bed the woman turned around facing the other wall looking for comfort. Clarke gasped when she noticed the huge tattoo on her back. Clarke hadn’t seen it before for obvious reasons, she only remembered the one on her right arm and the ones adorning her hip bones she saw after Lexa saved Raven, the night she almost stole a kiss from the teacher. Clarke smiled smugly at the memory,
it was several months ago, but she remembered it like it was yesterday.

The tattoo was all black ink with an intricate design running down her spine. Clarke couldn’t let this opportunity pass, she limped to Lexa’s desk and opened and closed drawers until she found a blank piece of paper and a pencil in the lower drawer. She immediately began to sketch the tattoo.

The design was gorgeous, starting at the nape of her neck with an infinity symbol and over the length of her spine there were some circles of different sizes which made Clarke curious, and her fingers itched to trace each pattern over the smooth skin. The circles on her spine and the weird lines looked as if something was falling on the ground. Clarke gave the finishing touches to the work of art, because that was what it was, art.

Lexa turned again, she faced the ceiling and extended her arms over her head holding the pillow that encased her long chestnut curls. The blankets fell from her body as she turned, leaving in the open her perfect small breasts, and the cool air grazed her nipples, making them pebble under the cold. Clarke was still impressed at the beauty of the woman before her.

RING RING!

“Shit!”

The familiar ringtone broke the perfect sanctuary of the silent bedroom. Clarke had to crawl on the floor to pick up her discarded jeans and grabbed her phone out of the pocket.

Lexa mumbled something that Clarke couldn’t quite distinguish and pressed the green button to answer the call.

“Hey mom! Good morning. Yeah I had a wonderful day. You know Raven and O, those two can be very exhausting.” Clarke stood up and met Lexa’s hot gaze running over her bare legs and clearly exposed ass. Clarke gave a silent thanks to God that she took the time yesterday to groom herself and shaved every bit of body hair before Lexa picked her up.

Lexa rubbed her eyes trying to wake herself up. Next she moved to the edge of the mattress and went to her drawers to take out a clean shirt and shorts to cover her nakedness.

“NO! I mean, no mom no need to pick me up. I already ate something with the girls.” Lexa shook her head with a tiny smile escaping her lips, she walked to where Clarke was sitting and kissed the top of her head and left the bedroom.

“Sure mom, we can have lunch together though. Yeah, I love you too.” Clarke concluded the call and sighed in relief.

Minutes later Lexa entered the room carrying a tray with what smelled like bacon and pancakes. Clarke’s stomach growled.

“Everything okay with your mother?” Lexa left the tray on the night table and went inside the bathroom.

“Yeah, she wanted to have breakfast with me, but obviously I’m very busy.”
Lexa returned to the bedroom with a glass of water and handed a pill to Clarke.

“Um I don’t think I need the morning after pill, Miss Woods.” Clarke joked as she popped the white pill in her mouth and chugged it down with the offered water.

Lexa curved her lips widely. “Your ankle looks pretty inflamed Clarke, in case you haven’t noticed.” Lexa picked up the tray and put it closer to the girl. “We should have been more careful with it Clarke.” Lexa kneeled and grabbed the foot with care, “more ice before I take you back to Raven’s.”

“Yes ma’am!” Clarke saluted grinning.

“Mockery is not the product of a strong mind, Clarke.” Lexa kissed her knee before standing up. She pulled up a chair and joined Clarke for breakfast.

“I’ll be careful Lex. Okay?”

Clarke had tried, she really did try to take care of her ankle, but as soon as Lexa hit the shower she couldn’t say no to sex in the shower first thing in the morning. Clarke was the thirstiest motherfucker, and it was impossible to pass up this opportunity.

She wrapped herself around the wet body of the taller woman, feeling how her muscles contracted under her hands. When she traced her back tattoo with her fingers while kissing her way to her neck, Clarke was already soaked.

The white tiles were cold to the touch when Lexa pressed her back against them, however, the hot spray of water diminished the coldness making her feel more comfortable. And Lexa was always gentle with her, she lifted her injured leg and held her weight with her strong arms while she kissed Clarke passionately. She pulled her lower lip softly and nipped the tender skin of her neck. “Hold on to me.” Lexa commanded in her ear, her voice gruff with desire, it was so intoxicating that she was drowning in lust. Clarke dug her nails into the scalp of the woman while Lexa kneeled to take the throbbing organ between her legs into her mouth. Lexa rested the injured leg over her shoulder as she held the wide hips firmly.

Clarke squirmed underneath while Lexa lapped her tongue over the drenched folds, moving at a leisurely pace, killing Clarke softly.

“Oh god yes!” Clarke squeezed her eyes shut as the pressure started to build up.

“What do you want, Clarke?”

“I uuh, I want you Lex.” Clarke moaned biting her lower lip. “Please, I need you.”

Lexa chuckled. “You’re never patient Clarke.” But Lexa did as instructed, she’d do anything the girl wanted her to do. As soon as slender fingers were met by tight muscle Clarke groaned in ecstasy. Lexa kept pumping her fingers at a steady pace, licking the clit with strength while she touched herself.

“Shit, oh fucking hell!” Clarke pulled the wet dark locks in her hands to avoid falling. Lexa hissed a bit, but she didn’t stop her ministrations.

“God, oh fuck yeah Lex. Yeeessss!” She was so close, on edge, just a bit more.
“Leexaaaa!” Clarke shouted her name and her leg supporting her half of her weight trembled. Lexa quickly stood up to hold her completely and keep her safe from a nasty fall. “I got you.” Lexa was breathing heavily, green eyes never leaving the blue ones until she was sure the girl was steady.

“Oh Lexa I’m sorry I ruined your orgasm.”

Lexa kissed Clarke’s jaw as she removed a sticky strand of blonde hair from her face. “Safety first Clarke. My own pleasure is not as important as your safety.”

“You’re my hero, Commander.” Clarke laced her hands around Lexa’s shoulders, kissing her plum lips that were a bit bruised by last night’s intense make out session. “Maybe I should start calling you Commander.” She burst in laughter at her own comment, Lexa simply rolled her eyes, but she was smiling and her cheeks were pink. “Now let me clean you Clarke, better take you back before your friends think I killed you.”

“Oh you did kill me Lex. Every time you made me cum I died and returned to life.” Clarke sat on the tub while Lexa covered her body with soap, paying extra attention to the ankle. Once she managed to wash Clarke and shampoo her hair, Clarke insisted on paying back the teacher by making her orgasm appropriately before washing her.

Sadly, the return home came rather fast, and Clarke missed Lexa already. She felt incredibly empty in the absence of the woman. Lexa had already made her way into her heart, like vines entangled on a fence, attached so tight that it was going to hurt if they were ripped apart. Clarke knew that she was at her mercy. She had given her heart to Lexa completely, and there was no getting it back.

“Oh MY GOD. You totally did it!!!” Octavia jumped on the bench during break, hands covering the grin in her mouth.

The school was filled with life after the most amazing weekend Clarke could have ever experienced. Students laughed and played in the backyard while teachers walked around with other colleagues engaged in deep conversation.

“What?” Clarke shrugged trying to hide the blush creeping across her face. She took a bite of her sandwich ignoring her friend’s inquisitive gaze.

“Holy fuck! Yes you did!” Raven pointed out excitedly with a huge smile on her face. She wiggled her eyebrows and high-fived Octavia who took her seat on Raven’s lap.

“I did nothing.” Clarke defended, she took her notebook from her backpack and dropped it on the table. “We have homework so can we please not talk about my sex life and focus on this instead?”

Raven nudge Clarke with her arm. “You just kind of admitted it Clarkey. So, was it good?”

Clarke huffed. “I’m ignoring you Raven.”

“Yup, it was pretty good.” Octavia kissed Raven briefly on the lips before she moved to sit on the bench and pulled out her notebook and copies as well. “She is left speechless.”

Clarke rolled her eyes shaking her head, she knew her friends were never going to let up. She tried to
focus on the world history homework, but her friends had a point. It was beyond good, on the sex pleasure scale from okay-ish to mind-blowing sex Lexa Woods was well beyond mind-blowing, completely off the scale.

The trio worked during lunch trying to move forward with their pending works before the bell rang again announcing the end of the short break.

They chatted for some time and while Octavia and Raven got sucked into their love bubble kissing each other, Clarke took out her sketchbook and started to draw the lines of the beautiful tattoos Lexa had on her body. She had memorized them, carved them in her mind and by closing her eyes she could reach them, she could almost feel the memory of her fingertips running across the black ink.

Clarke’s lips curved slightly as she started to trace lines and shade where required. She became so immersed in her work that she didn’t hear Raven asking her a question and that brought the attention of the two brunettes. Clarke was lost in the drawing, the pencil moving, automatically following the pattern imprinted in her mind.

“That’s really cool. What is it?” Octavia peeked over the shoulder of her friend, and Clarke covered the incomplete drawing embarrassed.

“What the hell?”

“Oh don’t tell me that’s another tattoo of Commander Hot Stuff?” Raven extended her neck trying to catch a better view of the black and white drawing. As Clarke got distracted Octavia quickly stole the sketchbook.

“Argh leave me alone you two! I’m not asking you questions about your romance. Get lost!” Clarke tore the sketchbook from Octavia and some loose pages scattered on the table. Her friends laughed in unison as the bell rang.

“You are doomed Clarke. I have never seen you in so deep my friend.” Raven stood up slowly while Octavia returned the book to her embarrassed friend.

“Look who’s talking. You’re less sassy now that Octavia is holding your reins - like a good puppy.” Clarke started to stash her notebook and other papers as fast as she could.

“Hey! I’m no puppy Griffin!” Raven pouted and gave a small smile to Octavia who returned her bag.

“Griffin, bell rang minutes ago!” Costia stood with her arms crossed just a couple of feet away from the students.

“Yeah we’re leaving right away Miss Greene.” Clarke hurried to finish stashing her stuff inside her backpack that she didn’t realize that one loose page from her sketchbook fell on the floor. “Let’s go you morons!” Clarke slung her bag over her shoulder and walked back to the school building.

“Hey Cla—“ Costia picked up the page that the girl left behind planning to return it, but the blonde was already gone. Costia sighed and took a look at the picture. She frowned at the familiarity of the design she was seeing in the page. It was an incomplete drawing of what looked like a tribal design, a design like… “Lexa?” Costia shook her head because that
didn’t make sense, Lexa never sported her tattoos freely around school, it was impossible for Clarke to know the exact patterns of the tattoos she enjoyed during her time with her ex-girlfriend. And all tribal designs have basic shapes in common so it had to be in her imagination. Maybe it reminded her of all the good times she spent with Lexa, and she was projecting her loss onto the drawing of the talented artist. She still hurt over the loss of Lexa. Where she did wrong with the woman?

Classes went by pretty slow, or at least, that’s how it felt to Clarke who couldn’t be less interested in Calculus or Biology. She always looked forward to her English class with pleasure.

Once the bell announced the end of class, Clarke ran to her locker to get her English notebook and headed at the speed of light to the upper classroom. She tried her best to beat the rest of her classmates so she could steal a few minutes alone with the amazing teacher. She pushed the wooden door open and saw the slim back of the teacher. She was wearing a grey vest on top of a white button up. Grey slacks covered her nice ass, and Clarke tiptoed her way to surprise her. But for some reason Lexa knew she was already there when she greeted her.

“Hello Clarke.”

Clarke laughed and closed the gap quickly holding Lexa and dropping a kiss between her shoulder blades.

“How did you know it was me?”

“You make too much noise. If you want to surprise me, try to be more subtle about it.” Lexa turned around, and Clarke was met with a half-grin, butterflies erupted in her stomach as a smile crossed her face.

“Now I think you should sit down Miss Griffin, class is about to begin.” The teacher took some markers from the whiteboard and started to write.

“Are you going to give me some extra lessons today Miss Woods?” Clarke strolled back to her usual desk in the back of the classroom. Lexa kept writing the tasks for today’s class on the whiteboard.

“I always have time to give my students a hand.” Lexa turned around smiling discreetly at the blonde.

“Oh that would be very helpful, as long as those hands stay only on me.” Her voice was raspy, eyes burning already thinking about those hands inside of her.

Little by little the classroom started to be filled with students. Octavia and Raven arrived and took their respective seats near Clarke in the back of the classroom.

“All right class, time to work. Please open your books to page 367.” Lexa instructed and the class began.

The next days had been boring as hell for the high school student. She dreaded each school day, too many teachers talking about topics that weren’t of any interest to the blonde. She could only stare at
the watch on her wrist hoping that the clock hands moved faster. Counting the seconds waiting for the school day to be over is all Clarke wanted. All she needed.

The only class that made everything worth her boredom was English class. Who could have imagined that after hating the subject for so long she was going to run to be on time to that class?

Things can change quickly and without notice.

For some reason, what resonated with Clarke that day happened in Ms. Forrest class. It was the quote Ms. Forrest shared from Winston Churchill during one group discussion. “A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to get its pants on.”

*You just have to hide or run faster* was what Clarke thought at that moment.

The last bell rang and every kid picked up their materials and started to leave the school.

Clarke always took her time arranging her materials. The girl picked up her books and strolled to her locker, meeting her friends along the way.

> “Hey Clarke, you wanna join us today for pizza night?” Monty came over with Jasper.

> “We’re going to the market to buy some cooking ingredients first, and then we are heading to Jasper’s.” Octavia offered.

The girls started to put all their things inside their respective lockers.

> “Um, nah, I’ll pass I uh, I have some research to do.”

Raven started to laugh, Octavia elbowed her in the ribs. “I think we need to buy a gallon of water for Clarke.”

> “Ha ha so funny.” Clarke shut her locker door. “Maybe we can do something next weekend.”

> “You have fun Clarke.” Octavia winked and pulled Raven away with the rest of the group as the mechanic did scissoring gestures with her hands.

Clarke cackled in laughter shaking her head at the kind of friends she had and went to the gym bleachers to waste time before going up to the workshop.

After checking her watch for the 11th time, Clarke finally noted that it was time to meet Lexa. She jumped in excitement and made her way to the workshop pretty fast. Once she made sure that there weren’t unwanted people around, she squeezed into the building and went upstairs.

She headed into the workshop and turned on the music on her phone, she took out her sketchbook to continue the tattoo drawing she had left incomplete a couple of weeks ago when she noticed the page was gone.

> “Oh maaan, really?”

Clarke slumped in the chair, knowing that she had to start all over again.
Minutes later Lexa opened the door and smiling, offered Clarke a small colorful box. “I bought you this.”

Clarke opened the box with a huge smile and gasped. “You’re the best Lexa!” Clarke took a cupcake and took a bite right away. Munching with gusto. “Mmm this is so good.”

“I knew you’d be hungry Clarke. I don’t want you to skip meals or go without eating for too long.” Lexa pulled a chair close to Clarke, sat and kissed her cheek.

Clarke finished eating the dessert licking her tongue over her lips. “Thanks Lex. I liked that it had a heart shape. You are the sappiest girlfriend and I love it.”

Lexa couldn’t hide her smile. “You missed a spot.”

Clarke wiped her hand on her right cheek. “Now?”

Lexa shook her head, and instead of removing the crumb and icing with a napkin the woman leaned in and licked the corner of her left lip, closing her lips and sucking the warm skin. “Much better,” the woman smirked.

“Thanks,” Clarke quipped with red cheeks.

Lexa sighed deeply. Even when her poker face remained in place, Clarke could almost read Lexa’s mood based on sighs alone. She learned that Lexa had a different type of sigh for every emotion.

Clarke laced her fingers in the brown curls of hair, “What is it? Something is on your mind.”

Lexa took Clarke’s free hand and started to play with her fingers, rubbing her thumb over the tender skin. “Work problems.”

“Talk to me.”

“I don’t want to burden you with those things, Clarke.” Lexa traced the lines on the palm of Clarke’s hand with her thumb.

“It’s not a burden. I wanna help if I can or at least you can vent to me. You don’t have to shield me from the real world Lex. I can take it.”

“I know.” Lexa leaned over and drop a feathery kiss on the hand of the blonde. “I’m a bit worried about work, the boss is making some cuts and I’m not sure my column will survive the onslaught of the financial crisis.”

“You’re a great writer, you’ll do fine.”

Lexa chuckled pulling Clarke onto her lap and held her there between her arms, feeding from the optimism and positive energy that was all Clarke. “How do you know? You have never read any of my articles for the magazine.”

“True. I should start buying the magazine then. It is ‘Polis,’ right?”

Lexa gave one single nod.

“I will read every article you write. Promise.” Clarke leaned in and claimed the lips of the brunette.
“Don’t feel forced to do that, there are other things that might be of more interest to you than reading a boring magazine, Clarke.” Lexa curved her lips slightly, circled her arms around the waist of the girl and kissed the exposed collarbone thanks to the v-neck Clarke was wearing today.

“I’ll do it with pleasure. You’re passionate about what you do Lex. I know that whatever you write is amazing, and if your boss can’t see that it’s their loss.” Clarke cupped the neck of the brunette and snaked her other arm around Lexa’s shoulders as she closed the gap between them and kissed her softly. Taking her time she savor Lexa’s lip gloss when her phone interrupted the session.

Clarke stood up to grab the phone, she checked the screen and saw it was her mom. She pressed the answer button.

“Hey mom. ‘Sup?”

Clarke made her way back to Lexa.

“Oh for dinner? You buy whatever you want mom, I’m good with your choice. Mhmm.” Clarke started to play with a braid from Lexa’s long mane while she listened to her mother. “Not yet, I’m with Raven and O, reviewing some um, classwork for Monday. We’ll be done shortly.” Clarke smiled and kissed the jaw of the brunette.

“Mom?” Clarke wondered why her mom remained silent for a moment. “Sure, see you tonight.”

Clarke shoved her phone into her backpack and continued kissing Lexa.

Little did Clarke know that her mother saw Raven and Octavia buying some groceries with Jasper and Monty during her call.

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During the next couple of weeks, the lovers met in the workshop whenever Lexa could since things at the office were kind of getting stressful for the aspiring writer. Whenever Lexa couldn’t meet her secret lover on the weekdays, the lovebirds went for a walk in the thick forest that they have claimed as their own during the weekends.

Tonight was one of those nights where they had to come to the woods to enjoy some quality time in the darkness that enveloped them. The night that fell over them like a veil shielded them from the scrutiny of the world and the laws. They embraced the darkness in order to love each other freely.

To love each other in the dark.

Time seemed to pass differently for Lexa whenever she was with Clarke, the time she spent with her was precious and valuable. It made her feel alive whenever they touched. It was magical, it was surreal, everything seemed to be brighter when Lexa was in the company of the blue-eyed beauty.

The moon and the stars, the chirping of birds, the way the wind blew softly on her skin, the sunlight beamed brighter, everything was so much better when Clarke was around. How Clarke spoke with such maturity and excitement, her intelligence and how she was passionate about every topic they discussed were a few of the many reasons Lexa fell in love with her. Lexa was no child, she was a mature young woman with her goals already set, with big dreams and aspirations and Clarke was just beginning her path. Lexa felt like it was her responsibility to keep Clarke focused on her own goals.
So she brought the girl to the woods to spend some time together and talk.

The two women were on the hood of Lexa’s car, leaning on blankets, watching the gorgeous sky above them simply holding hands. Clarke found comfort on Lexa’s lap while the brunette played with golden hair, enjoying the scenery in silence. The woods were a bit colder today, you could see the puffs of breath of each woman, but the night sky was so damn pretty it was worth it to be out in the open.

“You’re going to graduate in 52 days, Clarke.” Lexa began.

“Yup, fucking finally! I can’t wait to get out of school to be with you.”

“You have to think about what you’re going to do with your life. Your future matters Clarke.”

Clarke sat up straighter so she could look at Lexa. “You’re part of my future Lexa.”

“Clarke, I need you to focus on your studies. You have to choose a college that suits your needs, forget about me.”

“You wanna break up? Is that what you’re saying?” Clarke frowned, discomfort clear in her features.

Lexa pulled Clarke to her, resting her head on her chest. “No, I want you to choose a college without considering me. I don’t want you to stay in DC if you have the opportunity to study somewhere else. New York has incredible places for artists like you Clarke.”

“I’ve been discussing the options with my mom. I know she hopes I will choose med school. She has been a little intense lately too, asking me many questions, it’s weird.”

“This is about you Clarke. I want you to go with what makes you happy. Please, consider all options and go with the best.”

Clarke sighed. “But you make me happy.”

Lexa smiled and dropped a kiss over her forehead. “Clarke, I know it might be overwhelming to make this important decision at such a young age, but I need you to understand that it’s okay to be wrong too. I began law school trying to mend my relationship with my parents, trying to become someone who could earn their respect back, but I wasn’t happy, so I said fuck this, this is my life, and so I changed careers. Don’t let your mother affect your decision either, much less me. Promise me Clarke.”

Clarke chuckled and straddled Lexa with one swift movement. “Well, I could promise with one condition.”

Lexa rested her hands over the supple hips, and eyed Clarke with curiosity. “And that would be?”

Clarke leaned on top of the teacher unzipping her jacket as she rolled her hips. “Make love to me under the stars.”

The smile that appeared on Lexa’s face was genuine, Clarke was the only one who could come up with something like this and get away with it. “Very well,” Lexa extended her hand and Clarke shook it happily. “We’ve got a deal.”

Lexa thought she got the best part of the deal when Clarke moaned and screamed her name
Lexa was writing the last part of her article for the next edition of the magazine. The magazine had been pretty crazy with all of the new changes. No wonder Nia got stuck here. The magazine cut the budget for the international coverage of political news to focus on the re-launch of the magazine next month.

“Woods, could you please come to the office.” Dante Wallace, the man himself, had been discussing the changes he wanted with his publisher and editor-in-chief. Lexa could respect a man who personally oversaw all the things related to his business.

Lexa nodded at the old man whose hair was already white and the wrinkles around his eyes were a signal of his age and of his many years of business experience.

The woman took a deep breath, she was fearing the worst after all the changes going on so she tried to be cool, Lexa smoothed her clothes and strolled to the office holding her chin high. But she couldn’t avoid noticing the smirk Nia had on her face when she passed in front of her cubicle, probably thinking the same thing. She was going to be fired.

Lexa knocked on the door and waited for the response to go inside the big office.

“Please seat down Woods.” The man had her sit in the chair in front of his mahogany desk.

Lexa did as instructed and waited.

“As you know the magazine is going through a transformation. Since my son Cage came out with his own product to compete against me, we had to make some changes to separate us from his magazine line.”

Lexa nodded. “Yes sir, I understand that it is necessary to evolve in order to make progress. Your son Cage might be younger, but he lacks the experience and the knowledge Mister Wallace.”

Dante nodded. “Exactly and this is where you come in. You’re a visionary, and I can definitely work with people like you.”

“Me? I don’t follow sir.” Lexa was now intrigued.

“Do you see this stack of papers?” The man pointed. “All of them are mail from readers asking for advice from you along with requests to cover certain topics. You see Woods, you have become the secret weapon of the magazine in these past months. Your column has been getting more attention than all the other news combined. I need you to keep writing it for us.”

“Yes, sir. As long as you give me a space to write, I shall do it.” Lexa frowned still not understanding what was the man saying.

Dante chuckled and stood up from his leather chair shoving his hands inside his grey slacks, he looked at the city through his floor-to-ceiling window. “I want to offer you a permanent position at
the magazine, Woods. No more freelancing for other competitors or us.” The man turned around to face Lexa. “I want you to write a full spread and a blog on the magazine website so you can interact directly with the readers. I want you to connect with them more, I already spoke with Ryder, and he will follow your instructions as soon as you have fresh ideas.”

“Oh um, I uh, thank you sir. Of course.”

“I need to launch your column as its own section so come up with a name for it before next month’s issue goes live. I want you to be more active on the blog by answering questions, and keep using the social media as you and Ryder have been doing so far.”

“You have a big future at ‘Polis’ Lexa. I’ve seen your effort and dedication, and I can assure you that if you remain with us you will become bigger. I can see that you have the discipline and effort to even become executive director one day, and who knows, even editor-in-chief.”

Lexa stood up trying to contain all of her excitement as emotions bubbled up threatening to break her usual cool facade. “I will sir, thank you Mr. Wallace. I won’t disappoint.” Lexa bowed slightly to the man in gratefulness and returned to her cubicle still trying to keep her emotions under control, better not alert Nia that she was kicking her ass.

As soon as Lexa got home her first instinct was not to call the woman who was basically a sister to her, oh no, she called the woman who was her whole world, her heart and soul, Clarke.

“Hello Clarke.” Lexa removed her jacket and dropped it on her couch. She walked to the kitchen to start cooking dinner and left the phone on speaker on the kitchen counter. “I uh, I just wanted to hear your voice. I’m sorry to call at this time. Were you doing homework?”

“No, I just had dinner…” The voice on the line said with a certain apprehension which Lexa caught quickly.

“What is it Clarke? Are you okay?”

“My mom asked me if I was doing drugs, she kind of checked my pupils before I realized what she was doing. She knows I’ve been lying to her Lex.”

Lexa removed the pan from the stove before she fucked up her dinner. She closed her eyes bringing her fingers to massage her temple. “Clarke, I am so sorry about this. You shouldn’t be lying to your mom. I’m sorry I have done this to you. I swear I will make it up to you, I’ll find a way to make things right I…” Lexa sighed, there was no way to make things right, things were completely messed up. “I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t be. I made this choice, not you Lex. I’ll try to deal with my mom, but I guess we’ll have to stop seeing each other for some time so she will stop being so paranoid.”

“Okay, but before that can I see you tomorrow? I’d like to share some news with you.”

“Sure. We can talk tomorrow then.”

“Now go rest Clarke, sleep well.”

“You too.”

Lexa smiled and closed the call, she couldn’t wait to tell Clarke that she had been right, she trusted
her skill and now Lexa had a full-time job, no more freelancing to earn a paycheck.

Her future was about to change.

Lexa spent most of her day in the teacher’s lounge completing some of her work and thinking of ideas for the blog and her column. She couldn’t hide her emotions and how happy she was right now, after fulfilling her dream to be a writer. Now she had her own space to write whatever she felt in the moment. She read several of the responses on the social media accounts and a number of her readers were clearly girls who connected with her stories. She reached them and that made her feel good, knowing that she was expressing with her writing things that attracted the interest of a lot of readers.

“You look so happy.”

Lexa raised her sight to meet the familiar brown of Costia’s eyes, her dark curls tamed in a ponytail looking at her with so much love.

“I am.” Lexa stated. Costia was someone who was special to Lexa, she’d always remember the first time she met her and how her smile was quick to come whenever they talked. Costia was an incredible woman, a sweet kind woman who deserved only the best. Sadly Lexa knew she couldn’t be the woman that Costia needed.

Costia smiled genuinely and took Lexa’s hand in hers. “I wish…” Costia closed her eyes and opened them a heartbeat later. “I miss you…”

“Costia please no.” Lexa pulled her hand away from the brown-skinned woman.

Costia nodded, her eyes were filled with tears that threatened to run freely, and Lexa felt bad about it. “I want us to be friends Costia, like in the beginning. I miss being your friend.”

“I’m not sure I’m ready to settle for being friends Lexa.” Costia turned to pick up her things quickly. “I don’t think I can.” Costia grabbed the rest of her materials in a hurry not realizing that she left her planning notebook on the coffee table.

Lexa propped her head up with her hands, elbows holding her weight. She ruined any chance to be friends with Costia, there was no way the woman was going to befriend her when all she did was hurt her. Lexa hated herself for hurting someone who was innocent.

“Give her time.” The soothing voice of Anya reached her softly, her hand rubbed her back. “I know you didn’t mean for this to happen. You are an idiot though. I do hope your crush on this other woman ends quickly Lexa. Married women can be a pain in the ass.”

Lexa lifted her head to look at her friend and number one confidante. “It’s not a crush Anya.”

“Hell no Lexa, why’d you risk everything for a woman who can’t be with you?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Voice commanding, indicating that this was not up for discussion, and Anya knew it.
“Fine! But when it bites you in the ass don’t come to me for help.” Anya stared stone cold at Lexa, picked up her things and left the building, leaving Lexa alone with her guilt.

Lexa waited in the workshop, she looked out through the window and the clouds covering the sky made the day seem dull. Grey spread over the horizon and it was a bit cold today as well. The sunlight was covered by the clouds, and you could barely see its rays of light.

She felt troubled, Anya was right, her best friend was always right. Anya had taken her under her wing, and she never said anything without a reason or with real backup information to sustain her claims. Anya was her guide, her friend and her last words had hurt her deeply.

“Hey.”

The familiar voice broke her train of thought, Lexa turned around and her heart immediately and stupidly jumped. Hearing Clarke’s voice was soothing, calming and relaxing.

“Hello Clarke.”

Clarke walked inside the workshop, dropped her backpack over one of the work stations and went to hug Lexa. “You look like you need it,” Clarke whispered in her ear.

Lexa curved her lips and leaned into the hug. “We are hurting so many people Clarke.” Lexa pulled away from the embrace, she took a couple of steps back and sat looking defeated. The sight of a defeated Lexa broke Clarke’s heart. The blonde sat in front of the brunette and took her hands in hers.

“You can’t keep lying to your mom. I’m lying to the woman who’s a sister. This is causing so much damage to the people around us, it's not okay.”

Clarke brought Lexa’s hands to her lips and kissed them gently, trying to ease the thoughts that haunted Lexa. “Then let’s tell them.”

Lexa remained silent, thinking deeply about pros and cons. This situation was bad for her but Clarke was right, all these lies have brought sadness to those who surrounded them. “That’s risky. Your mother might take this the wrong way.”

“Then what? We break up?”

“We wait until your graduation, let’s keep it quiet for now. Once you’re not officially my student, I will speak with your mother. I promise I will make this right Clarke. But no more lies.”

Clarke stood up and smiled faintly. “Okay. Not my favorite option but I get it.”

Lexa smiled in gratefulness and stood up, she snaked her arms around Clarke and kissed her forehead gingerly.

“Anyway, is that what you wanted to tell me?”

“No, actually it’s something else.” Lexa beamed now as she was about to tell Clarke the amazing news. “You were right Clarke. I got the full-time job at the magazine. They chose me.”
Clarke grinned and jumped into the arms of the brunette. “Oh my god, that’s amazing Lex!” Clarke peppered Lexa with kisses, she was ecstatic for the brunette and it showed in her squeals of total bliss. “I knew it!” Clarke cupped Lexa’s cheeks. “I’m so proud of you Lexa.” And the blonde pressed her lips over Lexa’s kissing her with all her love and care, transferring all her happy energy to the woman and providing the light that Lexa needed.

THUMP!

The sound broke the two women apart. When Lexa turned to see what had fallen, her smile morphed into shock.

“Costia!”

Clarke was wide eyed, her mouth fell to the floor, she was speechless.

“Oh my God!” Costia covered her mouth in horror.

“Costia?” Lexa took a hesitant step forward to reach the art teacher, Lexa extended her arm, but Costia yanked her arm away.

“Don’t touch me! You’re disgusting!” Tears streamed down the dark skin of the woman who had been her lover. “You dumped me for Clarke?”

“Costia please, I can explain.” Lexa tried to remain calm, keeping Clarke behind her back.

“Since when… Oh my God. I just returned to get my planning notebook I left accidentally in the teacher’s lounge, and I thought that I forgot to turn off the lights of the workshop. I thought that…” Costia sniffed, backing away from the brunette. “I thought that was weird so I came, I heard voices, your voice and then you two…” Costia gasped for air, she was overwhelmed. The woman had no idea how to react, whether she wanted to scream or cry.

“Costia, listen to me.” Lexa took another step towards the brunette. “I know how this looks like, but if you let me explain…”

SLAP!

“Stay away from me! You monster!” Costia turned around and ran away.

Clarke came to Lexa quickly to check on her. Lexa’s slapped cheek was red from the burn of the hit, she was immobile, stuck in place.

“Lexa?” Clarke was seriously worried since the woman face was emotionless, nothing registered in her face.

“Go home Clarke. I’ll deal with this.”

“Lexa, let me help.”

“GO. HOME.” Lexa growled, the woman clenched her jaw. Her green eyes were hard, almost impossible to read.

Clarke nodded still unsure of what to do next, but she picked up her bag and walked back to the
parking lot giving Lexa the space she needed.

Lexa had no idea where to go, the spiteful words hit her hard. The woman felt completely lost, for the first time realizing the huge implications of her weakness.

She sought refuge in ‘The Dropship’ since the coffee shop had fewer students and more business people. Lexa bought tea trying to calm her nerves until it was closing time and then noticed that she had barely took a bite of the few pastries she bought.

The drive home had been long and tiresome, she drove through the crazy traffic until she finally reached home.

Lexa shut the car door and walked to the porch dragging her feet, as if they weighed thousands of pounds to open the door. The brunette didn’t notice the blonde woman watching her every move in front of her home on the sidewalk.

Nia had been instructed to work under Lexa’s command at the magazine, which obviously didn’t sit well with the journalist. A child was not going to order her around. Nia was ready to face Lexa when out of nowhere another blonde came into the picture.

“What the actual fuck were you thinking!!!”

Lexa turned around and barely saw the fist suddenly in her face. Lexa fell on her ass at the impact of Anya’s fist. Her nose was bleeding as well as her lip but she remained where she landed.

“What THE HELL LEXA!!!” Anya pulled Lexa from the collar of her shirt, fist her in both of her hands, making the brunette stand up and face her in the eye. “ARE YOU FUCKING OUT OF YOUR MIND!? Do you even understand what the fuck you did?” Anya pushed Lexa against the door, squeezing her shirt so tight that Lexa was barely standing on her toes.

“I should fucking punch you until I beat the stupidity from your head!” Anya growled but eased her grip and let go of Lexa, the brunette stumbled and slid her back on the door until she was again sitting on the floor.

“Lexa, what the fuck?” Anya was pacing on the porch, shaking her head not daring to believe Costia’s words. “When Costia came crying her heart out telling me what she saw, I was like, no way, Lexa wouldn’t ever do that.” Anya stopped pacing and stopped in front of Lexa clenching her hands into fists. “But I guess your silence is enough confirmation. FUCKING CLARKE GRIFFIN!”

Lexa lowered her head, she couldn’t meet the hazel eyes judging her, pointing out her huge mistake.

“Please tell me Griffin is not underage, the last thing you need is a charge for sexual assault Lexa. You could spend up to 20 years in prison for what you did. Don’t you get it?” Anya squatted in front of Lexa and took her cold hand in hers.

“She’s not underage Anya.” Lexa said coolly, the cheek was swollen, and it had a gash probably made by one of Anya’s rings, blood dripped from her nose and lip to her chin.
“You’re a good woman Lexa, but this is a huge mess. You have to resign tomorrow and stay the fuck away from that girl, do you understand?”

Lexa nodded once with a swift movement of her head.

“Come on, let me clean you up.” Anya helped Lexa stand up and took her inside the house. Nia couldn’t hear much of the fuss except the name Clarke Griffin, she was a good journalist and this meant a weakness she could exploit. Nia was back in the game.

Lexa sat on the couch while Anya cleaned up the gash she left on her cheek and wiped the blood from her nose and lip.

“Fuck! I warned you Lex. Griffin could only bring you trouble and she did. You left Costia for that brat?” Anya shook her head while keeping pressure on the wound.

“You love Costia, don’t you?”

Anya ignored Lexa’s comment, she kept her focus on cleaning the blood. “That’s not the point.”

“Fine, don’t tell me. Is she going to press charges?”

“She still cares about you,” Anya sighed with a painful expression. “So no, I don’t think so. But it’s not fair for you to make her keep such a secret. You have to vanish Lexa.”

“I’m not running away Anya. I’ll face the consequences of my actions.”

Anya clasped Lexa’s face. “Hell no. I’m not letting you rot in prison for Griffin. I’m not gonna let you ruin your career. Pack your bags and you’ll come to my place and stay there, keep a low profile and we’ll see what to do.”

Lexa chuckled at the irony of her situation. “I got the full job at the magazine. I was telling Clarke the news when Costia came into the workshop. I won’t run away Anya.”

Anya shook her head and resumed cleaning the gash on Lexa’s cheek. “You told that princess before me, your best friend?” Anya chuckled trying to keep her good humor. “Whatever, but you’re staying with me. I’m serious.”

Lexa nodded again.

“Sorry I hit you.” Anya added more disinfectant making Lexa wince a bit in pain. “Well I’m not sorry, you had it coming for being an idiot Lex. All this mess for what? Nice and tight young pussy? Cos if Griffin is like the stories that circulate around school I doubt that.” Anya said with some humor trying to lighten the mood.

“Shut up, Anya.” Lexa smiled sadly. “I love her.”

Anya stopped what she was doing to look again at her friend. She had never heard such emotion from Lexa before, but her eyes conveyed so much and Anya was shocked. Anya only then got how deep her almost sister was in this situation. “You have to let her go Lex. For your own good and hers.”
Everything was going on as usual, the classroom filled with students chatting and catching up on their weekend but for Clarke this was different. The girl looked around having this weird feeling of uneasiness. Clarke looked at Raven who winked at her, then she faced Octavia who was distracted finishing the last homework assignment given by Lexa.

Lexa turned around from the whiteboard. “Please open up your textbooks to page 307.”

Everybody did as instructed, so Clarke took a deep breath trying to ignore the discomfort in her stomach.

The clock was too noisy, the tic-tac tic-tac of the clock was driving Clarke mad, she stood up from her chair. Lexa eyed her with certain concern but kept going with her class.

Clarke felt like she was going to faint. “I uh…” Her throat was so dry. She cleared her raspy throat and when she was going to open her mouth the door opened.

“Excuse us, Miss Woods.” Principal Kane stood at the door, stern face eyeing the teacher. “Please come with us.”

Lexa eyed the man for one instant and nodded, she left her book on the desk and walked towards the man. Clarke stared at her and Lexa shook her head discreetly.

“What the hell?” Clarke mumbled, but she sat back down.

Minutes later Murphy shouted. “Oh fuck, the commander is being taken into a police car!”

Clarke snapped out of her daze and stood up. “WHAT?” The blonde ran to the window as well as the other students and checked that in fact Lexa was handcuffed and being taken into custody.

“NO!” Clarke shouted and ran to the door.

“Clarke wait!” Raven called and Octavia followed the blonde who was running through the halls.

Her heart was pumping hard, she ran and ran and ran. The stairs were never-ending and when she finally reached the lower floor, she went as fast as she could to the parking lot.

“NOOOOOO! Leave her alone!” Clarke shouted. The officer opened the back door of the car.

“LEXAAAAA!”

The brunette turned around and gazed into her soul. The cop pushed her head to ease the entrance to the car and the woman got inside.

“LEXA!” Clarke screamed to the top of her lungs. Octavia caught up with her and held her in her arms while Clarke thrashed around trying to follow the car.

“LEXAAAAAAA!”

GASP!

Clarke opened her eyes and sat up in her bed, she turned on the lamp in her bedside table and breathed slowly trying to get her nerves back in control.
“It was a dream, Clarke. Just a dream.”

She pulled her knees up to her chest and wiped the sweat on her forehead, she glanced at her alarm clock with its red lights, it read 4:52 am. Clarke exhaled and closed her eyes. Clarke extended her arm to reach her phone and check for messages. There were none.

Lexa has been mute since she left her at school, she hasn’t been answering the texts or calls she sent and she was worried.

There was nothing else she could do but wait and go back to school to find out about her whereabouts.

Clarke arrived as early as she could. To her disappointment Lexa was nowhere to be found. Not even her car was in the parking lot.

The bell rang and Clarke went to classes hoping to see her back in the English classroom.

“Hey what’s up with you?” Raven asked while they were heading to world history class.

“I can’t talk right now.” Clarke pushed open the door to the classroom and took her usual desk.

Octavia got closer to Clarke as she sat at her respective desk. “Anything we can help you with?”

Clarke shook her head and smiled at her friend trying to avoid worrying them. “No guys, thanks.”

The classroom was filled with students and Ms. Forrest made her entrance, the first thing that she did was set her eyes on Clarke, and she saw the hate in them.

“Oh shit. She knows.”

Clarke held her gaze nonetheless, better be bold than show fear.

The class went as normally as any class would go, however, Clarke could feel the tension oozing from the teacher. Anya was clearly angry, and Clarke had to be ready for whatever was going to happen.

The bell rang after the excruciating class period, that hour felt like an eternity. Clarke had nowhere to hide, she felt almost naked, and by the death glares that Anya threw at her, Clarke assumed she was probably getting her ass kicked in a couple of minutes. The students started to empty their chairs little by little until the classroom returned to its normal quiet place.

“Griffin. Stay.” Anya ordered, her voice like a sharp knife ready to gut her.

Octavia and Raven stared at Clarke, they were clearly confused about what was going on and their curious stares at Clarke and Anya were filled with concern.

“Go ahead.” Clarke picked up her bag and walked to the desk.
Anya waited until the two girls abandoned her classroom and then the beast was unleashed.

“How DARE YOU! Lexa is a great woman and you fucking ruined her!”

“Miss Forrest I never meant to cause harm to anyone, but I care for Lexa.”

Anya moved into her personal space using her height to be more intimidating, however, Clarke didn’t back off.

“Shut up, you have no idea what this little game of yours can cost her! Her career is in jeopardy thanks to you. You destroyed a healthy relationship because you’re a selfish brat!” If Anya could tear her face apart she would have done so awhile ago, but Clarke was her student as well and she had to manage this carefully.

“I only want her to be safe, I don’t want to cause any damage to her! I know you know where she is, please, I need to talk to her, Lexa won’t answer me!”

“No.” Anya clenched her jaw. “You won’t talk to her, much less get close to her again. You stay the fuck away from Lexa!”

Clarke fisted her hands. “I swear I’ll keep my distance, but I need to know where she is!”

“Get lost Griffin. If you try to reach her or do anything to put her in jail, I swear that you’ll pay with blood. Do you understand? She’s gone!” Anya warned her before returning to her desk.

Clarke wasn’t going to waste her time there, she had to go on and try to find Lexa since Anya wasn’t going to help.

Clarke wasn’t going to give up on Lexa.

During English class Principal Kane announced the departure of Lexa Woods, which Clarke already suspected. According to Marcus it was for professional reasons and for the remaining of this semester a substitute was going to cover for her.

Clarke’s heart deflated, and she knew that this was for the best, and yet she couldn’t give up on the woman she loved. Lexa needed her now more than ever.

Clarke headed in silence to the parking lot, Octavia and Raven caught up with her with serious concern now that they knew about the departure of Ms. Woods.

“Clarke. What happened?” Raven crossed her arms awaiting for any response.

“Costia found us. Now Anya knows and Lexa’s gone. I have to talk to her, but Anya won’t tell me where she is.”

“Oh, that sounds bad.” Octavia added. “If you need us you know we’ve got your back.”

Clarke smiled thankful for her friends. She wouldn’t rest until she found Lexa. “I’m going to look for her, I have to do this.”

“Okay Clarkey, you go.” Raven offered a confident smile and hugged her friend. “Be careful.”
Clarke waved to her friends and headed to her car, however mid-way she met Costia Greene.

Clarke slowed her run and made a full stop. She saw the tension of her art teacher right away, but Clarke had to speak with her. The blonde approached the brunette with caution and as much respect as she could muster.

“Miss Greene...”

Costia shook her head. “I can’t believe this Clarke. I cannot believe you’re the other woman Lexa fell in love with. You of all people. And in MY workshop.”

“She never meant to hurt you Miss Greene, this is my fault. Not hers.”

“Unbelievable. Knowing that she chose you instead of me, it hurts a lot, it’s almost humiliating. Since when Clarke?”

“Miss Greene, while you two were together nothing happened, I swear. Lexa respected and cared for you deeply. I’m the one who kept hoping to have something with her. I am truly sorry.”

Costia laughed, the sarcasm was loud and clear nonetheless. The black curls bounced with the movements of her laughter, yet tears escaped her brown eyes.

“Please forgive us. Miss Greene, I respect you so much and I owe you for all the guidance you have given me, I never wanted to hurt you.” Clarke took a step back.

“Clarke, I lost the woman I love and what Lexa did is wrong. But it’s not up to me to give you absolution, you have to find it in your conscience Clarke. Good bye.”

The girl nodded and went back to the parking lot.

After stopping at Lexa’s house without any clue as to her whereabouts, Clarke thought about going to the magazine, however, ‘Polis’ was huge. Clarke had no idea what department Lexa worked in so instead of wasting time there, she returned home.

As soon as she crossed the threshold, she found her mother waiting in the living room, which was strange because it was early for her shift to end at the hospital.

“Mom?”

Her mother had a very serious expression, she stood up from the couch, arms crossed and her brown eyes were following her every move.

“Clarke, did you have an affair with Lexa Woods?”

Clarke never expected to hear that question. She felt a cold tremor run over her body, but Clarke tried to act cool.

“No!” Clarke shook her head feigning some disgust and making it look like it was really a ridiculous question. “I don’t know who told you that but it’s not funny mom!”
“Clarke. Don’t lie to me!” Abby pushed harder.

“Nope. Nothing happened mom!” Clarke was now seriously scared, Abby was pretty sure about it.

“Clarke you have been lying over and over again. If that woman touched you, I swear she’s going to rot in jail!”

“NO You’re not doing anything mom. Leave her out of this!” Clarke shouted in desperation, she had to protect Lexa as much as she could. “She did nothing wrong!”

“Really? Then why is she gone, huh? She resigned at school when I called this morning. That sick woman will have to face justice Clarke.”

“What the hell are you talking about mom!? Justice? When all she did was take care of me when you weren’t here for me or dad? When I was so sad and alone without anyone to support me, she was there! Lexa had done nothing but care for me and you’re not taking her away!”

“She took advantage of you, Clarke. That’s what predators do. She took advantage of your dad’s death. She has to pay for what she has done.”

Clarke couldn’t listen to anymore of her mother’s lies. She ran to her bedroom and shut the door and quickly started to stash clothes in a bag as fast as she could. There was no time, so she threw everything that could fit in a couple of bags she could carry.

“Clarke, open the door!” Abby banged on the wooden door.

Clarke zipped her bags and opened the window. Luckily there were some bushes that could hold her weight and without thinking twice, she jumped. Clarke ran to her car and hopped into the driver’s seat leaving her bags on the passenger’s side. She wrote a message for Lexa before driving away.

Wanheda: Meet me in our forest 2 days from now. I left home. Mom wants to take you away and I won’t let her. Pls Lexa run away with me.

She turned on the engine and drove away.

Chapter End Notes

And after 3 months of posting every Friday we are 1 week away from the finale of this story, congratulations for making it up this far and basically with this chapter we conclude the flashbacks and return back to the Mountain, (in case you forgot already please go back to chapter 1) which is the present time. I do hope you are enjoying this story and I really wish you stick til the end, no matter what happens. Thank you for giving me a chance to entertain you friends.

See you at the Mountain.

Tana
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

After 15 weeks of nonstop updates this story comes to an end. I do hope that you take the time to absorb every single word and enjoy the conclusion of this amazing story. Thank you for choosing this fic to entertain you every Friday and for pouring so much excitement into your comments. Without further words, here it is, the finale.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A night as dark as her worst nightmares enveloped her, between the sheets she felt lonely, as lonely as every single star in the sky. She wanted Clarke as much as a desert flower begged for water. But life was being a bitch again, life was saying no to her.

Lexa rolled in the sheets again, and her skin was covered in a thin layer of sweat. She sat up on Anya’s small couch and wiped the drop of perspiration running over her temple.

Lexa turned on the small lamp on the side table and began pacing in Anya’s apartment. The writer had been staying here with her best friend in case Clarke decided to look for her which they wanted to avoid at all costs. Anya was set on keeping them as far apart as possible as long as the threat of Lexa going to prison remained.

However, Lexa felt like a caged animal as she stayed within these four walls. She felt the need to protect Clarke, to go and take her back to the safety of her arms, but she was already in enough shit and could not afford to make things worse. Lexa kept thinking of ways she could help the girl. She was no coward and she was going to face the consequences of her actions if it came to that. Lexa had assured Clarke that if someone was going to take the fall for the improper relationship, it would be her, not Clarke.

“For fuck’s sake Lexa, go back to sleep! I can hear your pacing all over the damn apartment.” Anya rolled her eyes from the hall where she leaned on the wall with her arms crossed over her chest, her hazel eyes set on the brunette.

“I can’t Anya, she left her home!” Lexa sighed and closed her eyes, trying to breathe and avoid panicking. “Clarke is impulsive, she reacts before thinking, and she always put others before her own well-being. She’s like that Anya. And she did this for me, this is all my fault!” Lexa was angry with herself. She was the one responsible for this mess in the first place and now, the girl she loved was god knows where. Lexa growled in frustration and punched the pillar in the middle of the living room over and over again. Her impotence to do anything useful had reached the boiling point.

“FUCK! Stop that Lexa!” Anya ran to pull the desperate woman away from the pillar before she ended up breaking her fists. Anya caged Lexa’s arms and brought her to the improvised bed forcefully. “Cut that crap Lexa! You’re hurting yourself, you idiot! Griffin is good friends with Reyes and Blake. She probably is with them right now, so calm the fuck down!”
Lexa was breathing through gritted teeth, her hands still balled into fists, and her fingers were numbed by the pressure she was exerting on them.

“Breathe, dumbass!” Anya released Lexa who did as told; she tried to ease the tension that had her muscles cramping.

Lexa held her head between her arms and rested her elbows above her thighs. “Someone told her mother, Anya.” A voice so soft that Anya could barely hear her.

Anya pulled Lexa to her, holding her just like she used to do whenever Lexa felt sad and broken. She cradled her head over her chest. “She’s going to be fine Lexa. Please, just let her go. Once she realizes that you stood her up, Griffin won’t have anywhere else to go but back home to her mother.”

“I know.” Lexa sobbed, “Still…”

“Shhh, you need to sleep Lex. Tomorrow you have to go to work and finish your writing. Time is running out and your boss wants results.” Anya kissed the crown of her head. “But first let’s clean those knuckles, shall we?”

Lexa had been sitting in her cubicle trying to work on her unfulfilled responsibilities to finish writing next month’s column for the re-launch of the magazine, but no matter how hard she tried to concentrate, the words simply wouldn’t come. Lexa had been stuck on the same line for hours already. The cursor blinked on and off waiting for the writer to start typing something else, to add anything to the almost empty word document she had on her screen. Her inspiration was nowhere to be found, her muse was gone. Her heart was empty and without a heart, she couldn’t write.

During the afternoon hours, Lexa met with Ryder to discuss how she was going to set up the blog platform. The ideas that Ryder offered were interesting or at least that’s what Lexa thought when she paid attention. Lexa was there but her mind was far away. The woman simply nodded to whatever Ryder suggested. There was no way this was going to end well if she didn’t get her priorities straight.

“I uh, I guess commenters should be able to post using their twitter account so it reflects in the blog as well. We don’t want to read hundreds of letters Ryder.” Lexa finally said.

“Alright, I’ll set that up right away. Anything else boss?”

“Why are you not in jail?” The cold voice that made her blood boil interrupted the meeting.

Lexa tensed up and clenched her hands into fists. She eyed Nia with a stern expression, green eyes steady, then she looked at her colleague. “Ryder, leave us.” And Lexa stood up from her chair. Her anger was simmering now, just one more push from Nia Quinn and blood would be shed in ‘Polis.’

Lexa was not sure how Nia ended up involved in this. She was thinking it had been Costia who had told Clarke’s mother. She kept her suspicions to herself because Anya would beat her to a pulp since the woman was head over heels with her ex, and Lexa didn’t want to get into another fight with her friend. Nonetheless, this kind of question came with all the intention to reel her into a trap, Lexa
knew Nia’s ways. Her ruthlessness in the business made her dangerous, lethal.

Lexa couldn’t show Nia that she was on track. Instead Lexa resolved to keep calm, collected and strong in front of her enemy.

Lexa unbuttoned the top buttons of her collar shirt to let the air refresh her and eyed Nia who sported a disgusting smirk.

“You interrupt a meeting for what Nia? Stop playing silly games and tell me what you want.”

Nia walked in front the desk across from Lexa while sliding her fingertips over the oak table, taking her time, preparing her attack.

“Clarke Griffin.” Nia smiled at the slight clench of Lexa’s jaw. “That is a very interesting story, Lexa. Your student, or former student if I must say. I wonder why, hmmm?”

“You told Dr. Griffin some unfounded information. Of course it had to be you.” Lexa growled, she took a step forward, walking around the desk to be face to face with Nia. It didn’t matter that the woman was taller than her. In that moment Lexa was bigger than the entire universe and ready to cut the tongue out of such a nasty viper.

“It was so easy Lexa, after witnessing the little quarrel where you earned that bruise...” Nia pointed to the purple-blackish mark on Lexa’s left cheek. Next, Nia slid her hand over the face of the brunette and pressed her thumb on the healing gash and made it bleed again. Lexa swatted her hand away with a silent fury.

“I knew I had something in my hands.” Nia smiled, “as soon as I heard the name Clarke Griffin I—”

“You stay the hell away from her Nia. If something happens to Clarke because of your lies, I swear I will forget my self-control and will wipe the floor with your blood.” Lexa narrowed her green eyes. Her voice a low growl as if she was about to jump and rip Nia to pieces.

Nia chuckled shaking her head. “Oh Lexa you have it bad for the girl, I might not have real evidence here, but you know that I know. It would be a real shame if something did happen to Clarke.” Nia kept laughing.

Lexa took another step forward, and she showed her teeth as if she were a beast. “Nia, careful.” Lexa fist Nia’s blouse jerking her forward until they were inches apart, so close that Nia could feel her breath washing over her face. “Attack her and you attack me.”

“Oh so scary, Commander? Or should I say a child molester?”

Lexa huffed and with a slight push let Nia go, she was not going to give into her provocations. If she did, that would only prove her right.

It was evident in the office that some journalists were staring at them and the death glares that they were throwing at each other were calling the attention of other people surrounding the cubicle. It was better to keep this between them.

Nia grinned. Confident that she had won. She crossed her arms behind her back, keeping her icy eyes on the forestry green of Lexa’s. “Shame Dr. Griffin didn’t have the balls to put you in jail, it
Lexa simply stood more composed observing the blonde. “You can’t prove anything Nia, you are grasping at straws. Whatever you can come up with is nothing more than gossip.”

“Maybe, but after the mother’s reaction? I can smell contrived stories. As soon as I saw your colleague punch you and saw the doctor’s reaction, something told me that I hit the jackpot. I mean, why else did you quit, huh? Probably you’ll avoid trial since the girl seems attached to you, but oh the scandal. Maybe I should question, um, is it Costia? What is the real reason you two broke-up?”

Nia started to laugh with pleasure, her shoulders shaking with her laughter. “The scandal will be enough to destroy your career and the girl’s future.”

“Get out of my face.” Lexa commanded, her voice loud and clear for everyone to hear. She stepped back, distancing herself from the woman, “we won’t require your services anymore.” Lexa moved behind Nia and closer to her ear so she could hear her perfectly “Or should I mention to Mr. Dante that you’ve been talking with his son behind his back? You’re a traitor.” Lexa whispered.

Nia replied with a tight lip smile, her attitude careless. “Don’t worry Commander, I’m out of ‘Polis,’ but we will meet again, Lexa. And when we do I promise it will be fun.”

“For your sake I hope we don’t.”

After Nia left the office for good, Lexa felt awful. She knew that even though Nia couldn’t prove anything the damage she could cause could destroy Clarke forever, a girl who was just beginning her life, who was starting to carve her own future.

In that moment Lexa knew what she had to do for certain. But it was going to hurt and a lot, the pain she was feeling was so overwhelming that she was unsure if she could really do it. To pull this off meant Clarke’s safety, meant her happiness. There was no other way to repair the damage she has caused.

Lexa sat back at her desk and tried to get some work before going back to Anya’s.

Instead, visions of Clarke invaded her thoughts. There may be many more lovers in her life, warm bodies to keep her company at night, but no one was going to fill the emptiness in her soul. No one could ever replace Clarke in her heart. Lexa was aware that there was never going to be another woman for her.

And as many poets have done, used their pain to create marvelous works, Lexa felt inspired to turn her pain into her words. The young writer finally knew what she had to write about.

“...Love can be wondrous dear reader, but oh if you piss off life love will become the most agonizing pain you can ever feel. My heart yearns for you. We have been apart for days and I already feel your absence. I want to be selfish and hope that you don’t forget about me, that you remember me with every breath you take. Whenever another body warms your bed I want you to think of me. When someone else holds your hand I want you to feel my warmth instead. I think about you every second of every day. My mind spins with ideas and the result is always you. As Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer wrote:

‘Your eyes are blue, and if in their depths
An idea radiates like a point of light,

I think of the evening sky

And a lost star!

Yes, I think about the stars all the time because I still believe you fell from them, like a gift from heaven. Yes, I’m selfish because I’m weak for you, and I wish that I could love you in the light...

Lexa felt the tears threatening to escape so she removed her reading glasses and wiped the traitorous tears before anyone noticed that she was on the verge of crying. She finished the column and started to sign her name. Lexa thought for a second though, she couldn’t be Lexa to the world, she had to separate this woman from her or else the connection was going to be more than obvious to Nia or anyone else. She had to create an alter-ego, the writer who was in love with her audience, the woman who could love Clarke.

“You can love her in the light, not me.” Lexa signed the pen name and shut down her laptop.

The way back to Anya’s apartment had been filled with memories of many amazing moments she had spent in the company of the most brave and caring girl in the world. And that’s why Lexa knew she was doing the right thing whether Clarke understood it or not. Clarke was better off without her.

Lexa barely ate her dinner. She’d take a couple of bites when she remembered she was supposed to eat and Anya of course, showed some concern for her. Her heart was shattered, but her mind was telling her this was what she had to do. To let her go meant Clarke was going to be okay - away from the danger of being trapped in this disastrous hidden relationship.

“Lexa, you need to eat something. This is not going to solve anything for you.”

“You’re right.” Lexa finally said as she left her spoon on the table. “You always are, Anya.”

Anya gulped down what she was eating and wiped her mouth with a napkin. “What is it Lexa?”

“I saw myself in her.” Lexa began. She stood up from the table and walked to the living room of the tiny apartment, her temporary home. She glanced at the wall where Clarke’s painting hung. “The first time I met Clarke I thought how ballsy she was, how tough she appeared to be but I saw underneath it all, Anya. She was like me, hiding the loneliness she felt.” Lexa traced the canvas with her fingertips and closed her eyes. “Clarke needed someone to be there for her. I had you, but Clarke was alone. Reyes and Blake were as lost as she was, she was drifting away.”

Anya nodded in understanding. “And you took her under your wing.”

Lexa opened her eyes and headed to the couch and sat cross-legged, she nodded once. “I noticed how much time she spent in the art workshop. She hid there to escape her pain, and so I joined her. I talked to her, and we started to get to know each other. I told her things that not even Costia knew about me.”
“You trusted that girl completely, didn’t you?” Anya sat on the sofa located in front of the coffee table near Lexa. Anya was trying to give Lexa space as she bared her soul and not overwhelm her with her presence.

“I did. I told her everything, from the problems with my parents to my crushes in high school. Clarke had become someone I could trust completely, and she trusted me as well. It was mutual respect.” Lexa took a deep breath. “What I didn’t know was that she developed feelings for me.” Lexa raked her hands through her wild curls, sighing long and slow. “I wanted to be just a friend for her. I was with Costia and I… I thought I was happy.”

“You never trusted Costia with such details, you were as closed off with her as you were with the rest of the world. But Clarke, that girl changed everything.” Anya reflected, now seeing how things really happened.

“I always told myself that I cared for her because I was her teacher. I was fooling myself Anya. I was filled with jealousy whenever Clarke spent time with that boy, Finn. Or that other girl, Luna. I was in pain because deep down I knew I loved Costia no more. I tried, Anya. I wanted to be good for Costia, but my heart was no longer hers.”

Lexa sank further into the furniture, sharing helped her to release all this weight she had been carrying for so long. “That night when we went to the club during the beginning of the holiday break, I realized I was in love with Clarke.”

“That’s why you’ve been acting so distant from Costia since then. Of course it all makes sense now. Why you rejected her invitation to travel with her to New York for the holidays, why you were so coy about talking to me. Jesus Lex, all of this shit has been happening under my nose for so long and I had no idea that you were going through this?” This time Anya lifted up from the sofa and sat next to Lexa, taking her hands and holding them firmly in her lap.

“It just happened Anya. Nothing you could have done or said would have changed anything. I fought against these feelings, I knew how weak it made me, but I chose my heart for once and it made me happy. I had never been so at ease with someone and so comfortable even in silence. I felt at home with Clarke.”

“And now everything went to hell. I’m sorry Lexa. I really am, I mean who am I to judge when I had feelings for my best friend’s girlfriend.” Anya’s lips formed a faint curve, she traced Lexa’s back in soothing movements trying to ease the tightness of her muscles. “It wasn’t the right time, not for you nor for me. You risked so much already, and I don’t want you to end up in that dark place that threatened to consume you when you were a teen, I can see how much that girl changed you. If something good can come from this, don’t let anything rob you from what Clarke did for you. But in the end you have to let her go.”

“I know.”

DING DONG!

The doorbell interrupted their heart to heart conversation. Lexa stood up thinking suddenly that Clarke had found her. Anya went to the door quickly to see who was coming to her place at this time of night. When Anya opened the door, she was met by a very familiar face.
“Hi Anya.” Costia smiled at Anya, then she eyed Lexa. “Hey Lexa, can I speak with you?” Costia asked.

Anya turned to face Lexa. The brunette nodded and sat down again with some disappointment. Anya gave a brief smile to Costia and moved aside to let her in. “I uh, I will leave you two to talk in private. I’m going to buy some booze, I’m gonna need it after tonight. See you later Cos.” Anya grabbed a jacket from the hanger beside the door, put it on, looked at Lexa to give her reassurance and waved goodbye before leaving the two women alone in her apartment.

Costia’s dark brown eyes remained glued to Lexa even though she was avoiding her gaze. Then Costia walked into the living room and noticed the canvas on the wall. She approached it to look closer at the details. There was no way she wasn’t going to recognize the work of her number one student. “Clarke has always been very talented. That girl was born to bring color into your life.” Costia dragged a chair close to Lexa and sat down. She tied her dark curls in a bun, holding them in place with a couple of bobby pins before straightening up in the chair.

“I am sorry, Lexa.”

Lexa lifted her gaze to look at Costia, the deep frown between her eyebrows was evident. If someone should be sorry, it was her, not her ex.

“I said things that I know aren’t true. I was hurt, sad and I only thought about making you pay for it.”

“That doesn’t mean you weren’t right.”

Costia shook her head, brown eyes filled with compassion fixed on the stoic face of the former English teacher. “You’re no monster Lexa. I had a relationship with you for almost a year. I know the kind of woman you are. Lexa Woods might be serious, with no sense of humor, even a stuck up bitch sometimes, but never a monster. You were a woman in love, Lexa.” Costia’s full lips curved slightly.

That’s what Lexa always loved about Costia, her huge capacity for love and forgiveness. Costia Greene was incredible and only deserved good things in her life.

“My intention was to avoid causing you pain. But in the end I hurt you, I hurt Anya and Clarke. What kind of woman am I when the people I care about end up hurting?” Lexa hid her face from Costia. She felt shame. There was no point in denying what she truly was.

“Lexa, you’re human. You make mistakes, it’s part of life. I fell in love with you because I saw how amazing you are. I guess that I couldn’t provide what you really needed...” Costia hesitated, but she continued, “…Clarke did.”

Lexa exhaled softly, letting out her worries. “Yes, but I can’t drag her deeper into this mess. Costia, it’s unfair to her.” Lexa bit her lower lip, unsure if she could trust Costia with this, she looked into her deep brown eyes and Lexa made her decision. “Can you do me a huge favor?”

Costia tilted her head, blinking a bit surprised by the pleading tone. She nodded with certainty, “Sure, whatever you need Lexa.”

Lexa chuckled, “You have such a big heart, Cos. I do hope that same heart can show you how incredible Anya is.”
“Anya? I know how wonderful she is.”

Lexa chuckled. “Yes, wonderful as a friend can be. There is another side you have to meet.”

Costia smiled in return, a sincere smile which could mean the beginning of a friendship, a true friendship between the ex-lovers. “Okay. What is it?”

“Take care of Clarke.” Lexa rested her hand on top of Costia’s. She squeezed her hand pouring all her trust in her. “Be there for her, make sure that she finishes school and graduates. I cannot be there for her anymore but you can.”

Costia’s mouth was slightly opened, a bit dumbfounded by the request.

“Please, Costia. I can only trust her with you.”

Costia cupped Lexa’s cheek, looking into the deep green of her eyes. “I promise Lexa, I won’t say a word.” Costia pulled a piece of paper from her handbag and handed it to Lexa. She immediately smiled as she realized it was a sketch of one of her tattoos.

“Clarke.”

“Yes, the way she sees you is beyond beautiful. After she graduates you can be with her. That girl really loves you and I see you love her too, so why this request?”

“Because I’ll break her heart.”

Since Clarke escaped home, she had crashed at Raven’s. It was the big day, her reunion with Lexa. Clarke was still ignoring her mother’s calls, and she had not received a single text from Lexa. But Clarke had to believe in her, to believe in her love.

Her nerves during this moment were driving her crazy. This was a turning point in her life. She chose Lexa, period.

Clarke couldn’t care less about what others thought about the age gap between them or how different their backgrounds were from each other. Clarke got to know that woman, to understand her fears and dreams, to see her as an equal and earned her respect.

Lexa Woods was her moon and the ocean when its waves pushed to the shore stray objects. Lexa was the forest and the thick shadows that protected the animals and plants underneath the canopy. She was like the thunder, all rage and fury, and also like the rain, cold and steady but refreshing and soothing; Lexa moved like a river, secure but relentless, Lexa Woods was all of that to her. More importantly, Lexa Woods was her heart.

“Clarke, this is crazy. You can’t just vanish.” Raven was trying to come up with a way to stop her friend, to make her see how insane she was acting.

Octavia joined her girlfriend with a cup of coffee and passed Clarke another hot cup who took it thankfully. She looked at Raven, then at Clarke. “Clarke, you might be making a rash decision. Maybe if you speak with your mom she’ll understand.”

Clarke shook her head, her hands were fidgeting with the coffee between her hands, the girl was
scared and worried about what the night might bring to her. “She says Lexa took advantage of me, that she basically abused her power to lure me in. Those are lies but I don’t know, someone said things to her and now she is paranoid and pissed, did either of you talk to my mom?”

“Hell no, Clarke. We told you we had your back and we meant it.” Raven jumped immediately to clear things up.

“We haven’t talked with her. Do you think it was Miss Greene?” Octavia wondered.

“I don’t know, but who cares? It’s too late now. I gotta go.” Clarke stood up.

Octavia did the same. Raven followed.

“Clarke just be safe, okay?” Raven hugged Clarke giving her support and love. Octavia joined the embrace. “Please call us as soon as you can.”

Clarke nodded holding her two best friends in the world.

It was time to face her destiny.

The wind blew softly on the hill, it was dark, yet the moonlight shone over the sky. Clarke was sitting on top of the hood of her car, waiting. She inhaled and pulled her legs up to her chest, her arms resting on her knees. Her blue eyes fixed on the stars above her, watching as they twinkled, the beauty and the mystery behind each one of them called to her. Space is infinite, so many planets, stars, and galaxies, and yet, of all the things that could have happened, of all the probabilities that ruled this world, she had met her.

Clarke Griffin wasn’t a bad person. She was a good student. She respected her peers and teachers, and she obeyed her mother. One mistake. That was all it took to be the bad guy of the story. One look and she lost herself in a sea of green with tints of gold. One kiss and she burned the moment into her memory forever.

Where was her happy ending? God already took her father away from her. Now she had lost her too.

Clarke looked at her watch. It was late already, She wasn’t going to come, but she was a fool, and her heart told her never to give up hope. But who was she kidding? Clarke knew that this kind of story never ended well.

Her mistake.

She fell in love with her teacher.

Her sin.

She crossed the line.

Clarke sighed again. She leaned on the windshield with her hands behind her head, legs extended and crossed on the hood of the car. Her eyes fixed again on the sky. This was her reality.

Closing her eyes she saw clearly how it all began, the first time she crossed the door to class and she was sitting regally in her chair. How could she forget? The moments spent with her were the most amazing of her short 18 years of life. People didn’t believe at love at first sight, she didn’t either. However, what do you call it when your heart literally stops for a second, you run out of breath, and
you don’t know if you’re alive or dead anymore? What does it mean when your stomach feels fuzzy and warmth spreads through your body like a spark running through your nervous system igniting the synapses with millions of neurotransmitters to provide a simple response that in return is so complex that you have no idea what the hell is going on with you anymore?

Because that is what happened to Clarke.

“I guess this is how it ends.” Clarke mumbled to the stars, “but could you at least hear me out? Let me share with you how it all began…” Clarke chuckled, it was ridiculous if she really thought about it. She was talking to no one, but if she shared it, somehow it would make it more real and maybe, just maybe, she could finally accept that this was the end.

“So, let’s go back almost a year ago. Another boring day in class…” Clarke began, and as the hours passed and the breeze became colder Clarke reached the end of her story.

“... and so I came here to our forest where we loved each other on this mountain that witnessed our love, right under the night sky with the twinkling stars.” Clarke sat up straight and scooted to the edge of the hood to get down, she shoved her hands inside her jacket. “But I ended up waiting like a fool.” Clarke kicked a rock on the dirty ground, and checked her father’s watch again. “Shit!”

“Clarke…”

Clarke tensed. She was scared to turn around and see that her mind was playing games with her. She had heard that voice a million of times in class, the way Lexa said her name was so special, it was something she had burned into her memory, playing over and over again on an endless loop. She dropped her arms to the sides of her body and gulped down before taking a step back to see the origin of the voice.

Clarke grinned as soon as she saw her favorite color in the whole world.


Clarke ran to her and hugged her so damn tight she thought she was going to asphyxiate the woman, but Lexa was here and nothing else mattered in the world.

“I thought that… I thought that you—”

“Clarke.”

The blonde breathed her in, her nostrils gathering her musky scent and then pulled a bit back to see her cheek. “Fuck, what happened?” Clarke traced her fingertips over the dark bruise. “If my mom did something—”

“Clarke!” Lexa took Clarke’s hand and took it away from her face with respect.

That’s when Clarke noticed something was wrong. Lexa hadn’t held her back, and she was looking at her with her badass stern face. The girl took several steps back. She was confused not understanding why Lexa’s body language was so tense and that’s when she spotted her mom.

“Mom?” Clarke asked, her jaw dropped to the floor, her eyes went right away to Lexa. “What is this?” Clarke was shaking her head. Her body was trembling and a cold sweat ran over her spine.
“Honey, let’s go home.” Abby said.

“What did you do?” Clarke asked Lexa.

“Sweetie, it’s over. Come back home.” Abby insisted, her tone was of concern, still Clarke couldn’t believe this was happening.

“No! Lexa, please let’s go. We can be together. We won’t have to hide anymore.”

“Clarke, this was a mistake. There is nowhere to go.”

Clarke shook her head, her breaths were harsh, her voice cracking, the girl was desperate because hope was slipping through her fingers. “Lexa… this cannot be wrong! Loving you can’t be wrong.”

And then it hit her, she gasped, and her expression was of surprise and heartache. “You made a deal.” The student said in disappointment.

Lexa kept silent for one moment that felt like aeons. She clenched her jaw keeping her cold facade.

“I can’t risk it Clarke. My dreams, my life? Sacrifice it for what? Love?” Lexa had to steel her resolve. Clarke was breaking her heart even when it was her who was supposed to destroy the girl, to keep her safe.

“For me!” Clarke cried. “But you don’t care about that, do you?

“I do care Clarke, but I made this choice with my head and not my heart.” Lexa kept her stoic face in place and yet she wanted so badly to hold her when she saw the girl crumble in front of her.

Clarke shook her head and took a step forward, “please, don’t do this.”

“I’m sorry Clarke.”

Clarke’s eyes were filled with tears. She couldn’t believe that Lexa was betraying her love, her trust.

“May we meet again.”

Lexa looked at Clarke. She knew that those sad eyes were going to haunt her, that this decision was going to cost her everything, but it was the only choice to keep the girl safe, away from the nastiness of this messed up relationship. Lexa knew that loving her in the dark was never going to be enough. Not to her. And yet, she had to let her go.

Lexa spun around, nodded at Abby and disappeared in the dark of the woods.

Clarke had been buried in her bed for the past couple of days. Mornings were dreadful. She hated the sunlight. She wanted to remain in the darkness as much as she could. Escaping the hole that had been made by the traitor, the woman who selfishly left her to save herself.

Clarke had shut off her phone ignoring the rest of the world and had remained in her pj’s for the past three days without even taking a shower. She smelled disgusting by now. Her oily blonde locks stuck to her face, her bedroom floor was filled with empty packages of chips and ice cream buckets thrown near the trashcan.
Her mother asked permission from the hospital to stay with her daughter. The daughter who basically locked herself in her room and only came out to pee and grab whatever junk food was available from the kitchen. The daughter that wouldn’t speak to or even look at her.

Abby knocked on the door again. It was lunch time but of course Clarke couldn’t care less. Still, Abby always left a tray of food outside to make sure her kid had at least something decent to eat. However, today her friends had come with the resolution not to leave until they spoke with their friend.

“Clarke, sweetie open up.”

“Go away!”

“Clarke!” Abby insisted, “your friends are here. I just, I’ll leave food outside, okay?” Abby left the tray and went downstairs to let Octavia and Raven deal with Clarke.

“Open the door Griffin or I’m gonna blow it up.” Raven banged on the door, her voice with determination.

“Fuck off Raven!”

“Come on, Clarke. Don’t be like this. You wanna cry? Fine, but we cry together, princess!” Octavia added.

“We’re staying all weekend if we have to, no one is moving us from this spot!” Raven dragged a chair from the guest bedroom and put it in front of Clarke’s bedroom and sat.

“I don’t care!”

And so the girls stayed outside Clarke’s room as they promised. Instead of pushing the blonde to let them in, they basically camped outside the room in the middle of the hall. It was already night. Abby was kind enough to buy them pizza so the girls could have dinner. Next, they made a pillow bed and the two of them laid down to sleep.

“Fuck Raven, get off me you’re heavy!” Octavia mumbled.

“Heavy? Who’s the one who ate the whole dessert?”

Octavia giggled. “Okay okay, true. It’s all your fault though. I’m supposed to start getting back in shape not out of it. I got some offers to play at college level.”

Raven smirked, “Oh you should have told me that O, if what you wanted to do was exercise I have some methods that might make you sweat.”

“Really? Something that involves this?” Octavia pulled Raven closer and kissed her neck. Raven giggled. “Maybe a bit lower works best.”

“Hmmm.”

“You TWO ARE DISGUSTING!” Clarke opened the door suddenly startling the two girls outside
her room. “You were really going to do it right here?”

Raven smiled and pushed her body up from the pillows. She dragged her bad leg so she could sit against the wall. “Well, you didn’t give us a choice Clarke, if you don’t wanna talk to us then the next best thing we can do is fuck outside your room.”

Octavia laughed. “But you’re here now so we might as well chat.” Octavia picked up their stuff and threw it inside Clarke’s room. Raven put on her brace and stood up. She met Clarke’s reddened eyes and hugged her. “Clarke I love you but if you don’t take a bath right fucking now I will scrub you myself.”

That made the girl laugh a bit. Her throat was raw after crying her heart out. She stunk and her friends were right here. They wouldn’t leave her, not like she did.

The three girls remained in bed with Clarke for the weekend. They made sure that she ate properly and bathed. They talked and tried to raise her spirits. Clarke was grateful for having them as friends. She wouldn’t trade them for anything in the world.

“I’m done crying guys.” Clarke popped a nacho with sauce in her mouth. “She doesn’t deserve my tears, not anymore.”

Octavia pulled Clarke closer and leaned her head on her shoulder. “It’s okay Clarke. We get it. You take your time. There is no expiration date for heartbreak.”

“Look, school is almost over. Think about the future Clarkey. You have a big one coming for you.” Raven took a sip of her Coke, and added. “O got a scholarship to keep playing soccer. I bet those unopened letters on your desk are offers for you too.”

Clarke sighed, “Yeah, probably. But I don’t know what I wanna do Ray.”

“Why don’t we take one step at a time?” Octavia suggested, she took more nachos and dipped them in the sauce. “Let’s first go back to school, okay?”

Clarke nodded. “Yeah, whatever.”

School had been hard for Clarke, not just because she was behind several assignments in Calculus without Wells there to help her so she could complete projects in other subjects. School was hard and sucked badly because it made her hurt everywhere.

Lexa was everywhere and nowhere. As soon as Clarke arrived in the English classroom, she immediately noted her absence at the desk. The classroom was all Lexa. English had lost its appeal and she hated it as much as she did before Lexa. She could not care less about the authors they were discussing or the poems that the sub teacher assigned. Memories of that stoic face, and green eyes observing her every move made the wound that she had in her heart bleed profusely.

But she had to finish school so she could get away from this place. TonDC High had become a nightmare, and she wanted out.
Weeks started to seem like days, and each day like a blur. The young student could barely remember one day or how it passed into the next. It was as if Clarke was a living corpse. She did things for inertia. She studied with her friends, but her motivation was down the drain. Her grades weren’t the best either, but Octavia and Raven made sure that at least she was going to get a passing grade. They pushed Clarke to keep moving day after day.

She was in the classroom, but her mind wandered far away, always drifting back to the same problem; the name that she didn’t dare to pronounce anymore, a name that burned her tongue if she went back to that time when she had dared to have a taste. The traitor who abandoned her, who chose her own dreams instead of taking a leap of faith. Faith in their love.

*Love is weakness.*

She might as well have learned that lesson from *her.*

Finals were around the corner, important decisions had to be made. Clarke had gotten several letters welcoming her to college life. All she had to do was make a choice. But the only thing that Clarke wanted was to disappear and go as far away as she could. She couldn’t face this place anymore. Not after all the things she did. Not after she was abandoned like the world’s biggest fool.

Costia Greene had been paying close attention to the girl. Even when Clarke simply shut down in the workshop by the evidence of the many canvases filled with angry streaks and colors Costia found the next day, she was watching, paying attention just like she promised to her ex-lover.

It was time to sit down and have a talk with the girl. Costia concluded after hearing some complaints from teachers worried about the sudden change in the student. Some teachers thought that it was the ghosts of the TonDC shooting that still haunted Clarke.

Costia knew better.

Today in World History with Ms. Forrest they were taking the final quiz before the finals. The girls spent all weekend studying, and Raven and O were as ready as they could get. Clarke didn’t make comments, but she read the material like her friends. All of them felt confident.

Anya’s eyes always remained on Clarke a wee bit longer than the rest of kids, watching her, blaming her and of course, hating her, or so Clarke assumed.

“Moving on with the oral questions. As we already discussed, Julius Caesar landed in Dyrrhachium where he was defeated by Pompey. What happens in Pharsalus, Miss Blake?”

Anya asked continuing with the quizzing.

Octavia frowned trying to remember what she and her friends studied. ‘Yeah, um the Battle of Pharsalus, ehm Caesar defeats Pompey and he flees to Egypt. Later Julius Caesar is named consul.’

“Good.” Anya nodded in satisfaction, “After that, Miss Griffin?”

“I don’t know.” Clarke simply shrugged sinking in her desk.

Raven punched her friend’s shoulder from behind. “Clarke come on, we studied that shit yesterday.” The mechanic whispered.
“I don’t know.” The girl said.

“Is that your answer, Miss Griffin?”

Clarke nodded not even meeting Anya’s questioning gaze.

“I can fill you in, Miss Forrest.” Raven tried to be smooth and grab the attention of the teacher, trying to keep the eyes of her classmates away from Clarke. And since it was her job to sass Anya, she might as well do it today for her friend.

Anya arched her brow and leaned in her desk. “I don't think you meet the requirements to fill me in, Miss Reyes.”

Octavia cackled in laughter, and she had to cover her mouth to avoid getting in trouble.

Raven tilted her head and her smile grew, “your loss Miss Forrest.”

At that, the bell rang and class was dismissed. Clarke slung her backpack in her shoulder and walked to the school yard for break.

Clarke slumped on her side of the table eating her chips with a sour expression.

“Clarke what the hell? We studied for that quiz.” Octavia leaned her elbows over the table looking at her friend with some concern.

“No big deal O.” Clarke shrugged and focused her attention back to her bag of chips.

“Well, at least I don't think that’s gonna affect your overall grade since we have tons of group activities.” Raven took an M&M bag from Octavia’s lunch pack and opened the candy.

“Ray, when are you gonna learn that you can’t beat Anya? The Grounder Princess is a friggin’ ice wall, well, not as thick as the Commander’s but-- Ow!”

Raven smacked Octavia and fulminated her with her brown eyes. Octavia face-palmed catching her slip.

Clarke sighed deeply and leaned her head the wood table. Octavia reached for her friend resting her palm over her forearm. “Sorry Clarke.”

The rest of the classes were as if Clarke had a dark cloud over her head.

Clarke made her way to the workshop as she always did, she waved goodbye to Raven and Octavia and ran up the stairs. She dropped her backpack on one of the work stations and took out her materials to start working. She blasted her playlist from her phone and started to paint.

“I hate you!” The girl traced with her brush several lines along the canvas, painting angry slashes as if it were cut into pieces. “I fucking hate you!” Clarke added more red to the canvas, splashing paint as angry waves. A tornado of colors from left to right. At the center she painted with black and grey a deserted forest, so void of life. The angry red horizon seemed as if it were bleeding.
“And even though you hate, your painting says otherwise.”

Clarke jumped and twisted to meet none other than Ms. Greene.

“Miss Greene, why are you here?” Clarke returned her attention to her painting letting the teacher do as she pleased.

Costia pulled a chair and sat closer to Clarke, but not close enough to invade her personal space. “I want you to fulfill your potential Clarke. There are several universities awaiting your call back, but you haven’t done anything as I’ve heard. You spend your days painting your anger which I don’t condemn, but you have to take action.”

“What does it matter? Anywhere away from this hellhole is what I need.” Clarke kept painting adding more details to the forest to make it look more gloomy.

“That’s not clever, Clarke. You just want distance; you’re not paying attention to the wonderful programs that could benefit you.”

Clarke shrugged.

Costia smiled. “I went to New York to work on a project with my family during Christmas.”

Of course Clarke knew about it because Lexa had told her that once Costia returned she was going to end things with her.

“Cool.” She answered dryly.

“A full scholarship to fund the career of a talented prospect. You fit the criteria Clarke.”

Clarke stopped and left her brushes and color palette on the table to look at Costia.

“Yes, Clarke. I want you in this program. It’s a joint program with Ark University, a place where ‘The Grounders’ were offered a sports scholarship as well. Your friend Octavia is considering going there. You wouldn’t be alone, and the place is not so far away. If what you want is escape, at least for some time, the program is perfect.”

Clarke remained thoughtful. So far she had gotten some half scholarships offered by art schools in New York and some in Los Angeles but ‘Ark U’ was known for their technology and incredible development in all areas of knowledge, even art school.

“This is a one-time offer though.” Costia lifted from the chair and dropped an envelope over Clarke’s backpack. “Fill out the form before the deadline and you’re in. This is your chance to get away and be the incredible artist I know you are, Clarke.”

Costia started to leave the workshop when Clarke called the art teacher.

‘Wait! Why are you doing this?’ Clarke took the envelope in her hands.

“I don’t want you to drown in hate Clarke and waste your talent away. I know you’re hurting, trust me Clarke. I know about heartbreak, but that hasn’t stopped me, and I know it won’t stop you either.”
Clarke nodded and took a deep breath. The girl sat again in front of her canvas to return to her work in progress.

Costia gave a last glance at Clarke. “What happened after Caesar was named consul?”


Costia smiled looking at Anya who had been listening in the art classroom outside the workshop, sitting on Costia’s desk while her friend did what she came to do before taking her home later. Anya rolled her eyes and offered Costia a tight-lip smile.

“Miss Greene?” Clarke looked over her shoulder at the teacher before painting again.

“Yes, Clarke?”

“Tell Lexa to go float herself.”

Costia chuckled and Anya grinned. The teachers left the student with her canvas alone in the workshop to continue her work.

And after stumbling and fighting and crying and standing up again, the day finally arrived. This date was supposed to mean more than just completing high school. Today was the day when she was going to be able to love Lexa freely, to love her in the light, in front of the whole world. Instead, Clarke had been filled with resentment, hate and anger for the woman for months.

That’s the force that actually drove Clarke to keep focused in her studies. Clarke applied to several universities. She was going to pursue a fine arts degree and was awaiting for the possible acceptance letters in the upcoming weeks.

The young blonde artist regained her footing and managed to stay afloat regarding her school performance after Costia took the role of watching over her, giving a little talk here and there during break or some brief talks in the workshop. Who on earth was going to believe that the two bonded over the loss of the same woman?

The graduation ceremony was pretty simple. It was held in the gym of the school. All of the seniors wore their robes with happiness and were seated on the basketball court while the guests sat on the bleachers to the sides. The decorations included balloons and banners with the symbol of ‘The Grounders.’ It was a minimalist sober decoration.

Principal Kane started the ceremony with a memorial act to remember the students who lost their lives in the TonDC shooting, and the tears of the audience of course, ran free.

Clarke could barely listen to what Kane said, the guilt was again starting to shove its claws in her memory. Yet for some reason she remembered Lexa’s words that soothed her, words that had allowed her to sleep at night without nightmares. And that’s exactly what Clarke always tried to avoid, remembering how much Lexa did for her. All of the things she learned from the woman were part of the reason why she was brave and strong.
Marcus called each student in alphabetical order to present their diplomas, first Octavia went to the stage smiling like a dork and right when Marcus gave her the diploma Octavia pointed to Raven and Clarke, just like when she scored in the soccer games.

“Hell yeah, that’s my girl!” Raven shouted back.

Marcus kept providing diplomas to one kid after another when he finally called Clarke. The blonde went up the stage. She walked ceremoniously to pick up her diploma and accepted it gratefully. She looked at the audience and offered a small smile when she could have sworn she saw someone in the back of the gym.

The lights in that area were practically nonexistent, but she could distinguish a small silhouette, covered by a hoodie which made it hard to see. Clarke ignored the weird feeling in the pit of her stomach and returned to her seat.

The ceremony continued until Marcus Kane congratulated the class of that year.

The three girls didn’t celebrate at all, they stayed at Clarke’s place talking about their plans.

Octavia had been accepted into Ark University as well as many members of ‘The Grounders’ soccer team and was leaving town after summer. Of course, that meant that she was going to be apart from Raven who was staying in the city to go to community college to study engineering technology. Raven had no one to provide for her after her drunken mother almost got her killed and community college was her only option. Nonetheless they promised to make their relationship work.

Octavia stole a bite of Raven’s cake with a grin on her face. Raven chuckled and pecked her on the lips.

“I’m gonna miss you.” Raven nuzzled her head in the crook of Octavia’s neck.

“Me too Raven but ‘The Ark’ is not so far away. I can come back on the weekends.”

Raven lit up when she heard the news. “I’ll try to visit too.” Raven kissed Octavia’s cheek and kept eating her cake.

“What about you Clarkey?” Raven asked the blonde.

Clarke finished her cake before speaking. “I’m still waiting for a response back. I applied to a scholarship program sponsored by the Greene Foundation so I don’t know.”

“Who could have imagine that Miss Greene was stocked with money?” Octavia commented while she changed the movie with the remote.

“I don’t doubt you’re going to get it Clarke.” Raven winked at her friend before focusing on the movie Octavia was putting on the TV.

After the girls fell asleep, Clarke decided to go down to the kitchen to drink water. She felt hot and extremely thirsty. She walked as silently as possible to avoid bothering her friends and reached the
lower floor to find her mother sitting in the kitchen with a coffee in her hands.

“Mom? It’s kinda late, you should go to sleep.” Clarke pulled the water pitcher from the fridge and poured it in a tall glass. She took the chair next to her mother.

“Yes, but I was thinking. Your dad would be damn proud of you, honey.” Abby smiled tugging a blonde her behind the ear of her daughter.

“I miss him so much mom.”

“Yes baby, I know. But he’s watching over you, and he’ll be guiding you every step of the way.”

Clarke smiled knowing that was true. “Mom?”

“Yes, Clarke?”

“How can I forget her?”

Abby took a sip of her coffee, taking her time before saying anything that might ruin this rare moment between the two. “I don’t know Clarke. Time will tell.”

“It was me, you know? The one who pursued her tirelessly. Lexa was there for me and I just, I couldn’t stop falling in love with her. She taught me so much, she brought colors into my life after Finn… Lexa was there and she loved me.” Clarke sighed, “I loved her mom, I really did, still do, and it hurts that she betrayed our love. She sold me out!”

Abby cupped Clarke’s cheek and caressed her softly removing the tears spilling from her blue eyes. “I failed you, baby. If I had been there maybe none of this mess would have happened. But there’s no point crying over spilled milk. We all made mistakes - you, me, Lexa. Maybe it wasn’t the right time for you two, Clarke.”

Clarke took her mother’s hand in hers, trying to gather that warmth and love. “I hate her because I can’t stop caring for her. I hate her, mom.”

Abby pulled her daughter to her and kissed her head tenderly. “Shhh, it’s going to be okay baby, you’ll see. Once you go to college things around will be very quiet.”

Clarke giggled. “I’m gonna miss you mom.”

“Me too sweetie.”

“Can you keep an eye on Raven for me?” Clarke pulled back softly from her mother to look at her.

“Of course. Now go to bed, honey. You enjoy this summer in DC to the max.”

Clarke smiled and headed to bed to dream of a future where her heart didn’t hurt as much.

♫

Bring, bring the thunder
And the loud, loud rain
Lead our woes asunder, ’Neath the proud, proud veins
Of traits that bleed the gunmen
Of our pumping earthly hearts

Ween our joys in plunder ♪

“Shit!” Clarke looked around with her hand trying to find her phone to shut off the alarm that was blasting to the sound of ‘Lofticries’, but then she remembered that the damn phone was as far away from her precisely to avoid pressing the snooze button.

“Argh!” Clarke stood up from her bed and shut off the alarm. She went to the shower to get ready; it was time to leave for college.

Clarke jumped into the shower and washed as fast as she could. She dressed in jeans and a blue t-shirt and applied her makeup carefully. Luckily Clarke had packed all her bags the day before and only had to put them in the trunk of her car. She was ready to go pick up Octavia so the two could head to their dorm at ‘Ark U.’

She went down to greet her mom and at the same time say goodbye.

Abby hugged her tightly kissing her before letting go of her only daughter so she could begin this new experience.

“Make sure to call me as soon as you and Octavia get all set up, okay?” Abby instructed, and pressed more kisses over the head of the blonde. “You’re not taking your green jacket?” Abby noted the jacket hanging on the couch.

Clarke giggled, “nah, I hate green.”

Clarke loaded her luggage inside the trunk of her car and jumped in the driver’s seat to pick up Octavia and say goodbye to Raven. They have agreed to meet at ‘The Dropship’ so Clarke headed to the coffee shop straight away.

The coffee shop was pretty packed with kids enjoying the end of the summer. Clarke had taken a seat while Octavia waited in line to buy beverages and food to eat on the road.

“Make sure that she eats, Clarke.” Raven spoke first.

Clarke giggled and nodded. “I know, she gets picky when soccer season begins but don’t worry. I’ll always have a pack of nachos in the room.”

“Damn right Griff! You gotta help my bae. Be right back.” Raven stood up from the table to help Octavia with all the items she bought.

Clarke was checking her directions again to make sure she didn’t get lost on the way to the campus when she accidentally heard the conversation from two girls chatting at the next table.

“I am so in love, it’s surreal that someone like her exists.” The redhead with glasses commented, she was holding a magazine. Clarke squinted her eyes when she finally read the name.

“I tweeted last week and she replied, I almost died. I fangirled like an idiot for like an hour!” The brunette next to the redhead squealed.
“It’s amazing how much love she must have for this person, though it always looks like it could be any of us.” Redhead spoke dreamily.

Clarke frowned in wonder. She had stayed away from that magazine since she knew Lexa was a writer for them. She never gathered the courage to read her column.

Clarke checked other tables and noticed other girls reading the same magazine. That definitely made her very curious.

“Here you go.” Raven passed Clarke her cup.

Clarke accepted the Frappuccino and waited until Raven was comfortably seated again. “Do you know what’s the deal with that mag?” Clarke pointed at the redhead girl reading the magazine.

“Oh, there’s a popular monthly publication that has gotten quite the attention in the past few months, it’s pretty deep and touching. I read it last month while I waited for my P.T. appointment. Guess the new one is out.” Raven commented, she turned around a bit. “Hey kid, can I borrow your magazine for a sec? My friend here hasn’t read it yet, and she’s desperate.”

Clarke eyed Raven clearly with a question mark on her face. “I never said such a thing Ray.”

Raven laughed, she got the magazine and passed it to Clarke. “Enjoy.” Raven winked.

Clarke rolled her eyes.

Clarke was skimming through the pages of the magazine when she found a big spread in the entertainment section.

“Between the Sheets?”

Clarke laughed at the odd name. She read next a few of the questions that the author answered from readers from the previous edition and then she reached the author’s article for the topic of the month: Forgiveness.

Clarke was reading with a careless attitude wondering what was the big deal about Between the Sheets but then, word after word started to slap her in the face. Her smile was erased and with serious concentration, Clarke centered her attention in the final words of the writer.

“...I just can’t stop thinking about you, I know that it’s been some time and yet, here I am. Missing you. I can’t forget about you, about your eyes tearing me into pieces. Is this my punishment? I guess, but in the end it was all for you.

Do I deserve to be forgiven? I don’t want your forgiveness, I don’t need it, I can live with that. What I cannot live with is if you erase me from your heart. Do you remember the first time we touched? The first time we kissed? The first time we joined our bodies as one?

I’ll never forget, I have you ingrained in my memory, forever. And as always, keep this between the sheets.”

“What the… who wrote this, this crap?” Clarke was touched by every single word, it was as if it was aimed right at her, and it made her feel weird, overwhelmed with sudden feelings that she had buried
months ago. “This is bullshit!”

Raven laughed. “Those articles always hit hard, don’t they? I guess that’s why they are so loved. I think they’re pretty honest, authentic, and that’s pretty cool.” Raven sipped her coffee slowly not noticing how Clarke was affected by it.

Clarke didn’t think it was cool. It was scary how much she identified with what was written. She checked the magazine looking for the person responsible for managing to destabilize her emotions like that.

“Who the fuck is Alexandria?” Clarke mumbled.

“What?” Raven asked.

“No, nothing.”

“Alright! Let’s go Clarkey.” Octavia finally came with a huge bag of food for the road.

Clarke returned the magazine before going back to the parking lot.

Octavia tangled her fingers with Raven until they reached Clarke’s car. There, they kissed goodbye and shared words of love towards one another.

Clarke hugged Raven and then with Octavia the two headed to Ark University to begin this brand adventure together.

Clarke took a look in her rearview mirror as she drove away to see once more the place where she fell in love for the first time, and probably for the last time.

The place where a high school student met the most amazing teacher and fell in love with her. A love forbidden by the laws of men, yet their hearts found each other against every rule, against every opposition and hardship that life threw at them and found their home within one another.

There was something special about them, and Clarke thought that it was never going to end. But it was over.

(Or was it?)


Her favorite color in the world.

That was never going to change.

Chapter End Notes

I just can't stop thinking 'bout you
Rewind the time before I lost my mind
There was something special 'bout us
Remember when we thought it'd never end
First Time - Icona Pop https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wVOz_vhhdgg

Things will never be the same, and that's OK!!!

If you have any question or comment leave them below, it was an honor sharing this story with you all.

Until next time,

Tana

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