they haven't got a clue

by tempestaurora

Summary

From an Anon on tumblr: prompt- Younger Octavia having a crush on her brother’s best-friend-turned-girlfriend Clarke for like as long as Octavia can remember, until Clarke brings her art school friend, Lincoln, to visit.

TLDR; Octavia+bisexuality+Clarke

Notes

Title from Echosmith's 'Cool Kids'.

I really hope I did this prompt justice, when I first read it, it sounded a lot like Octavia needing a man to rid her of her thoughts about women, and I really hope that I DIDN’T bring that into fruition - so I added a scene in there about that sort of thing. For the vast majority of people BISEXUALITY IS NOT A PHASE. And I really hope I made that clear.

Enjoy.

In all of Octavia’s memories, Clarke was there. She was in the ocean; the tide drifting in and out, like her eyes, like the way Bellamy pushed her into the water. She was in the sun; beating heavily down
on long summer’s days, like her hair, like the way they formed shelter under trees in the park. And she was in Octavia’s home, her bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, sitting and laughing and pretending that she didn’t have to go home for as long as she could.

Octavia had loved Clarke. She expressed this to her brother every day they saw her, and sometimes after she dreamt about her. She was seven, when she had the first dream, and she pursed her lips before telling her brother.

“That’s cute, O,” he smiled, walking her to school. “Do you want me to tell her about it?” Octavia shook her head suddenly, embarrassed by the idea of Clarke knowing how much she thought about her. “No?” He squeezed her hand gently.

“I don’t want her to laugh at me,” she sighed. Bellamy smiled down at her.

“Clarke would never laugh at you. She loves you – you know that.” Octavia had smiled then, more to herself than anything. Because she loved Clarke, and Clarke loved Octavia.

Octavia had known Clarke since she was born – Bellamy and she met at school and although argued and got each other into trouble, came to be friends. He told her once that it was the solidarity of being able to band together and get other kids in trouble that had drawn him to her, and Clarke had rolled her eyes and laughed, touching his shoulder as Octavia watched on. (Octavia marked that affectionate touch down in her mind, and tried it a couple of days later on Clarke’s shoulder. She didn’t seem as affected as Bellamy did, which was a shame.)

Clarke and Bellamy were best friends, so she got to see Clarke as much as she wanted to. It was a shame that it hurt to sometimes – it was like she was keeping this massive secret from her that she wanted nothing more than to unload. And Clarke was a great secret keeper, she knew who really broke the blender, and why the television remote disappeared for a week, and that she saw Murphy stealing a chocolate bar from the corner shop. Octavia just wished she could tell her the secret. But she couldn’t because even though she loved Clarke and Clarke loved Octavia – it wasn’t in the way she wanted to be loved, she knew.

She knew this even more when Bellamy and Clarke started dating and their affectionate shoulder touches turned to kisses when Octavia was ten, and Bellamy was sixteen, and he’d push her out of the room so they could have some privacy. And although Clarke loved Octavia, she loved Bellamy more, and that hurt her for some reason.

When she was eleven, she learned that boys were supposed to like girls and girls were supposed to like boys. She’d heard it before, of course, but that was from kids in her class yelling it at two girls holding hands or when those two boys, Jasper and Monty, sat close to each other. But then her teacher said it in lesson, referring to Monroe kissing Harper as a ‘phase’ and Octavia wondered what she meant.

Because Octavia liked boys but she also liked girls, and Clarke was a beautiful one that she loved more than any others. And she’d loved her throughout her entire life, and that didn’t feel like a ‘phase’ to her, that felt real.

Only a few nights later, when this was on her mind, Bellamy went out to get some pizza from the corner shop, and Clarke relaxed into the sofa. Octavia sat next to her; close like she always did, because she liked feeling the warmth radiating off of her, and she loved Clarke.

“Clarke,” she started slowly. “Can I ask you a question?” Clarke nodded, muting the TV absentely.

“Course, O,” she smiled. Octavia nodded to herself, pulling her legs up to cross each other and then
“I was in class the other day, and my teacher said that boys liked girls and girls liked boys and anything else was a ‘phase’.” Clarke frowned and Octavia sighed.

“That’s not true, O,” Clarke replied. “Boys can like whoever they want to, and girls can too. It’s not a phase, at all.” Octavia watched her hopefully, and Clarke could probably sense that. She reached out, grabbing the younger girl’s hand and giving it a supportive squeeze.

“I thought so,” Octavia replied. “It didn’t feel like a ‘phase’.” Clarke raised her eyebrows.

“Yeah?” She nodded. “You like girls?”

“And boys,” she agreed.

“How long has this been happening for?” She shrugged.

“I can’t remember a time when it wasn’t.” Clarke smiled at her, slipping her hand away and wrapping her arm around Octavia’s shoulders. She pulled her in for a hug, so Octavia was leaning on the older girl, and both smiled.

“I like boys and girls, too,” Clarke replied with a nod. “It’s not a phase at all.”

Octavia continued to grow, crushing on Clarke, and dating boys for weeks at a time to keep her mind from the completely unattainable woman, in love with her brother. It sucked, to be honest – because Octavia loved her brother more than anything, and that meant Clarke would forever be off limits, because of how much he cared for her. So she kissed boys in class and girls behind the PE block, and held hands with Monroe, walking down the road. Bellamy learned that she liked both and was therefore wary any time she brought anyone home – which was actually quite funny.

He refused to let anyone – boy or girl – into her bedroom, which she’d just roll her eyes at and get comfortable on the sofa, instead. When she was twelve Bellamy and Clarke left for university, and her mother was often out, working multiple jobs at a time, so Octavia could bring her friends back and take them into her room and show them her art that she drew, tacked onto the wall – even if it wasn’t very good.

When she was thirteen she kissed Atom in her bed because she knew none of her family would be back for hours, and she did the same when she was fourteen and fifteen, alike, just with different people, boy and girl, and everyone knew that she did. Octavia flirted with anyone she wanted to, and smiled at whoever, not caring that they’d then go and tell their friends that they might be her next conquest (because that’s what they were calling the people she liked; conquests, not victims, but people to be won and fought for).

She never did this during the holidays though, when her family was around more often. Her friends in school (mainly Jasper and Monty, seeing as she’d easily gotten quite close to the dynamic duo) assumed this was because Bellamy was around, but she knew that wasn’t the truth. It was Clarke. Octavia didn’t want Clarke to think that she liked other people if her heart was still yearning for her, albeit weaker, since she started kissing more people, and trying to like others instead.

It was when she was sixteen, though, that she met someone who changed everything. Clarke had come back to Ark, where they lived, to teach in schools for a while, and Bellamy transferred to Ark University to go to grad school, and be close to the people he loved at the same time. And that’s when she met Lincoln.

Octavia was going to meet Clarke after her lesson, a school only ten minutes away from her own.
She was teaching people a little older – say seventeen and eighteen – and Octavia leant on the door frame of the wide open door, watching Clarke teach. She smiled at Octavia when she spotted her, and Octavia was only a little thankful that it didn’t make as many butterflies flutter in her stomach as it used to.

Clarke’s hair was tied up, out of the way, and she had paint covering her apron. She was finishing up with the class, and Octavia took a peek and saw that they were all watching her, enraptured by her words. When the class was over, Octavia slowly started walking towards her friend as the students filed out. Clarke was talking to a couple of stragglers, though, and eventually it was the two of them and a boy – or, well, a man, it seemed. He was large; taller than Octavia by a long shot, with muscles and a shaven head. He had a tribal tattoo encircling his arm but a gentle smile as he spoke with Clarke.

Octavia watched him openly, her mouth a ‘O’ like her name, as his jaw moved with his words and his eyes flitted from Clarke’s face to his hands.

“Yeah, of course,” Clarke nodded. “I’m sure we can schedule that in.” She leant over her desk catching Octavia’s staring at Lincoln and cleared her throat. “O,” she smiled. Octavia forced her gaze to go to the blonde.

“Yeah, Clarke?”

“I’ll just be a minute, okay?” She filled something out on a piece of paper. “O, this is Lincoln – Lincoln, this is my boyfriend’s little sister, Octavia.” The younger of the two girls forgot about Clarke standing at the desk as Lincoln turned his smile to her, she smiled nervously back, wondering where her nerves of steel had gone to. She gritted her teeth, forcing herself to be normal.

“Hi,” she said.

“Hey,” he replied. There was a silence and she glanced around the room. “Do you do any art?” He asked. She shrugged.

“A little, but nowhere near this good,” she gestured her head to the walls, covered by paper and canvas of paintings and sketches. Each one was beautiful in its own right, but they created a masterpiece when up on the wall. Lincoln nodded.

“I felt like that a couple years ago, too,” he agreed. “What are you, seventeen?”

“Sixteen,” she corrected. He nodded.

“Yeah, I was like that. But, time and effort does the trick.” They smiled at each other.

“Are you going to be an artist?” She asked. He shrugged.

“Probably not in this economy,” he joked. She grinned. “Tattoo artist, hopefully.” Octavia nodded, looking at the one on his arm.

“Well maybe you can give me some ink one day,” she smiled, trying to push her flirting through it. Octavia knew she was off her game when it came to this man – and she couldn’t pinpoint why. He nodded, opening his mouth to say something but being cut off by Clarke.

“Don’t you let your brother hear you say that,” she said, a raised eyebrow. “You getting a tattoo is one of the thoughts that keeps him up at night.” Octavia snorted, immediately covering her face with a single hand as she did it. Lincoln kept on smiling though as Clarke handed him the paper back.
“I’ll see you next lesson?” She asked, and Octavia felt annoyed at Clarke for interrupting. She watched Lincoln nod and his hands fold up the paper.


“Bye,” she said quietly, waving a little as he passed her. Clarke waited until he was out of the room before raising an eyebrow at her.

“Oh Lincoln,” Clarke gushed in a higher voice, grinning. “Are you going to be an artist?”

“Shut up.” Octavia shoved Clarke, who burst into a fit of giggles. Octavia glanced back to the hallway, where Lincoln had gone, finding it empty. Maybe her crush on Clarke wasn’t completely faded, but it didn’t mean that she couldn’t have one on Lincoln, too.

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