Summary

Clarke is a doctor, her parents run a company that funds work in refugee camps around the world, one of the foundations they fund is run by Lexa. Abby cuts Lexa's funding and an angry Lexa turns up at a benefit dinner to find out why. Clarke decides to take matters into her own hands and comes to an agreement with Lexa which sees her going out to one of the refugee camps.

or

I seriously suck at summaries but I'm trying my best here. This might hurt, in a good way, give it a shot.

Notes

So this idea has been kicking around in my head for literally months and as I'm trying to work through some pretty bad writers block right now I decided to go with it. Let me know what you all think and whether I should continue it. Comments are always a good thing, even if they're negative.
Chapter 1

Clarke Griffin was lucky, she had lead a very privileged life, never wanting after anything. Her parents had always made sure she had the best of everything, most of it she hadn't asked for, but one thing that she was very thankful for was the education she had got. Private schools, the best colleges, everything. She always knew that she would follow in her mom’s footsteps and become a doctor, it wasn’t something that was ever forced on her, it’s what she wanted to do. Her parents were involved with an NGO, a charity that helped refugees the world over. She was always involved in the fundraising side of it, but had never seen where the money went or the people it helped. The charity held fundraising events every few months, it seemed like rich people could sleep better at night thinking they had done something to help the less fortunate.

As yet another of these parties was coming to an end, Clarke was talking to Raven and Octavia, two girls who worked for the charity, even though they came from very different backgrounds it hadn’t taken them long to become friends. Clarke never really felt like she belonged around her parents and their rich friends, with Raven and Octavia she could be herself, not the person she was expected to be. The three of them were sitting on the steps outside the hotel where the latest benefit party had been held when a taxi pulled up. Raven and Octavia were on their feet as soon as the taxi door closed and they could see who had got out.

“Oh this should be fun…” Raven said sarcastically.

As Clarke looked at the girl who had got out of the taxi, a girl who wasn’t much older than she was, she could see that she was angry about something. No, angry didn’t even cut it, she was livid.

“Lexa…” Octavia said as the girl made her way up the stairs, stopping Lexa in her tracks.

“Where is she?” Lexa asked, looking between Octavia and Raven,

“You’re not going to help yourself if you go in there all guns blazing.” Raven said, trying to calm the other girl down.

“She’s cut my funding,” Lexa replied, “you of all people know what that means.”

“You can’t just go rushing in there like this, Lexa,” Raven said, “call her office in the morning, make an appointment.”

“And how many people are going to die while I wait for her to fit me into her busy schedule?” Lexa asked, her hands balling into fists, “Do you know how many sick kids are relying on that money? How many families won’t eat because of this?”

“Lexa, I get it, trust me I get it,” Raven replied with a sigh, “but Abby and the board decided that the money would be better spent elsewhere… you know that it was only a 12-month thing and after that it would be reevaluated.”

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked, looking between the three of them.

“Clarke, this is Lexa Woods she runs the TriKru Foundation,” Octavia said, “Lexa, this is Clarke Griffin.”

“The TriKru Foundation,” Clarke said, “I’ve read about the work you do, you’re ex-forces right?”

“I am,” Lexa replied with a nod, “and your mother has just cut the funding that we had for three of
“Did she give a reason?” Clarke asked.

“It was a 12-month contract,” Raven said with a sigh, “your mom and the board re-evaluated last week and think that the money could be better spent in other areas…”

“That money paid for doctors, medical supplies,” Lexa said, “it allowed us to keep people fed, give them tents to live in. If she even bothered to take a step out of her privileged life and actually saw the good we do…”

“I think Abby is more concerned about the fact that you need armed personnel at your camps,” Octavia said, “something about angering the locals.”

“We stopped them raping a 6-year-old girl,” Lexa said as she looked at Octavia, “I’m all for angering the locals if it stops shit like that.”

“Maybe if you called my mom,” Clarke said, “try talking to her calmly, she might reconsider…”

Lexa took a small envelope out of her pocket and held it out to Clarke.

“Give that to your mother,” Lexa said, “it’s photographs of what we deal with on a daily basis. I would suggest that she doesn’t look at them while eating breakfast. I’ll call her office in the morning, I’m only in the city for two days then I need to get back.”

Raven, Octavia and Clarke stood and watched as Lexa walked back down the steps before the brunette turned and looked back at them.

“Shouldn’t you be in there enjoying the party?” Lexa asked, “from what I heard it’s like $5000 a head right, but how much of that money is going where it’s supposed to be going, and how much of it is going on keeping the champagne chilled?”

“Well…” Clarke said as Lexa walked away down the street, “she’s… interesting.”

“She’s passionate about what she does,” Octavia replied, “she’s seen the mess that war creates, she’s just trying to put that right…”

The three of them walked back into the hotel and into the ballroom where the party was still going on, it was nearly midnight, which meant that people would soon be leaving. Clarke walked over to the table where her parents were sitting, she dropped the small envelope on the table in front of her mother.

“What’s that?” Abby asked.

“Lexa Woods asked me to make sure you got it.” Clarke replied as her mother picked up the envelope and opened it.

The blonde brought her hand up to her mouth and swallowed hard as she saw the first of the pictures. A small child’s body which had been left beaten and bloody. The next picture was of a small wooden hut which looked to be doubling as a medical center, it was full of people with injuries and young children who were severely malnourished.

“What is she hoping this would achieve?” Abby asked, putting the pictures face down on the table.

“I’m thinking that she’s hoping you’ll reconsider cutting the funding.” Clarke replied.
“And she didn’t think about calling like a normal person.” Abby said.

“She did call, Mrs Griffin,“ Maya said from her seat across the table, “12 times last week. She emailed as well, countless times, none of which you replied to.”

“I was very busy in meetings.” Abby replied.

“And you couldn’t take 5 minutes to reply to an email?” Clarke asked in disbelief, “she obviously found the time to call and email you while out in the ass-end of nowhere.”

“Clarke…” Abby started to say.

“I thought the whole point of this was to help people like her to save lives,” Clarke said, interrupting her mother, “isn’t that what this whole thing is about? Or is it so you can make yourself feel important?”

“Funds are not endless, Clarke,” Abby said, looking at her daughter, the look in her eyes was a pleading one, she was hoping that Clarke wouldn’t make a scene, “we have to look at each proposal and see where the money can be best spent.”

“Right, so you cut the funding for three of her camps, where is that money going instead?” Clarke asked, “who have you decided is more deserving?”

“We recently got a proposal from the Mount Weather Corporation…” Abby started to say.

“The Mount Weather Corporation which is run by Dante Wallace and his idiot of a son?” Clarke asked, “the same company who was recently investigated because they decided that most of the money that people donated to them was better spent on new air conditioned offices and expensive cars?”

“They do a lot of good, Clarke.” Abby replied.

“Yeah, for themselves.” Clarke said, shaking her head, “I cannot believe you are cutting the funding for someone who actually does what she says she will and giving it to idiots who would much rather line their own pockets.”

“Clarke…” Abby said.

“No,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “I’m done with this. Enjoy your overpriced champagne.”

Clarke left the ballroom with Raven and Octavia following her.

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Clarke was sitting in the study in an oversized t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants, her laptop open on the desk in front of her. Her mother still hadn’t come back from the benefit party. The door to the study opened and Jake, Clarke’s dad, walked in.

“I thought you’d be asleep by now.” He said walking over to the blonde.

“Too much running through my head,” Clarke replied with a small smile, as she rubbed her eyes a little, “do you know where mom has the TriKru Foundation file?”
“What’s going on, Clarke?” Jake asked, pulling up a chair and sitting next to his daughter.

“You know Lexa Woods?” Clarke asked, turning the chair a little and looking at her dad.

“Yes, I do,” Jake replied with a nod, “she’s extremely passionate, her foundation is doing great things in warzones.”

“Mom cut her funding,” Clarke said, “choosing the Mount Weather proposal instead.”

“That was a board decision.” Jake said.

“I was just looking through the proposal,” Clarke said, motioning to the laptop, “most of their focus is on medical equipment, they have a worked in percentage to give to local tribes people and governments, less than 3 cents out of every dollar is actually going to the people who need it…”

“There’s always a worked in percentage that goes to governments and locals,” Jake said with a sigh, “it’s the way charity works. We have to pay them to allow us to be there.”

“But that’s $35 million over three years,” Clarke said, “can you imagine what a foundation like Lexa’s could do with that kind of money…”

Jake stood up and walked over to the filing cabinet that was towards the back of the room, the cabinet that Clarke didn’t have the key for. He unlocked it and took out a file, before walking over and putting it down in front of his daughter.

“What’s this?” Clarke asked, looking from the file to her dad.

“The TriKru Foundation file.” He said with a small smile.

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The sun was coming in through the windows in the study when Clarke finally finished going through everything. Raven, who had been sleeping in one of the spare rooms walked in with two cups of coffee.

“What you up to?” she asked, putting a cup on the table in front of Clarke.

“Trying to save the world…” Clarke replied with a shake of her head, “I’ve worked it out, with the savings I have, and my trust fund, I could keep Lexa’s whole foundation running for two years.”

“She really made an impact on you huh.” Raven said with a small smile, sitting down next to Clarke.

“It’s more than that,” Clarke said with a sigh, picking up the coffee, “for as long as I can remember my mom has talked about the good that she does, with her benefits and everything else. But it’s people like Lexa who are actually out there doing the good, and people like my mom get to sit back and feel better about themselves.”

“The money that your mom donates to foundations like Lexa’s do help, Clarke.” Raven replied.

“Yeah, but my mom would much rather give her money to people like Dante Wallace,” Clarke said, “people who would rather sit in air conditioned offices rather than take a step outside into the real world…”
“Lexa isn’t going to take your money; you know that right.” Raven replied.

“She will if she thinks that it’s come from my mom’s company…” Clarke said.

“Your mom isn’t going to stand for that.” The other girl said with a sigh.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke was standing outside her mother’s office building, leaning against her car, when Lexa walked from the building.

“What are you doing here?” Lexa asked as Clarke pushed herself away from her car.

“Here.” Clarke replied, taking the cheque out of her pocket.

Lexa took the piece of paper and opened it, she looked from the numbers back to the blonde.

“I ran the figures last night,” Clarke said, “going on the numbers in the file my mom has, that should be enough to keep you going for another couple of years.”

“What?” Lexa asked.

“I’m trying to do the right thing…” Clarke replied.

“The right thing would be convincing your mother that she’s making a mistake,” Lexa said, holding the cheque out to Clarke, “not emptying your trust fund because you feel guilty about the life you have.”

“I just want to help.” The blonde said.

“You want to help?” Lexa asked, to which Clarke nodded, “have you ever been out to a refugee camp, Clarke?”

“No…” Clarke replied.

“Didn’t think so,” Lexa said, “you’re a doctor, right?”

“Yes,” Clarke said with a nod.

“I’ll make a deal with you,” Lexa said, “you come out to one of my camps, work for two weeks, if you last that two weeks, I’ll take your money.”

“You don’t think I’ll be able to do it?” Clarke asked.

“I think you have no idea what you’re getting yourself into,” Lexa replied, “seeing photographs and reading about numbers and figures is one thing, being out there and actually seeing it is something totally different.”

Clarke took the cheque back from Lexa.

“Okay,” the blonde said with a nod, “I’ll do it.”

Lexa nodded a little.
“Oh,” Lexa said, as she turned and started to walk away, “bring Raven with you, the water pump broke last week.”

A week passed and Lexa was sitting in the admin tent in the middle of the desert. They were quickly running out of everything as the summer sun made just existing difficult. The last of the money they had from the Griffin fund was almost gone.

“How long?” Lexa asked as she looked at Anya.

“Two weeks, tops,” Anya replied, shaking her head, “Lincoln and Gustus fixed the water pump three days ago and already its broken again. The water tanker is nearly empty. We’ve had to cut down the food rations, again…”

Anya was interrupted when Lincoln came running into the tent.

“We’ve got incoming.” He said.

Lexa stood up from where she was sitting and made her way out of the tent. She looked up the long dusty road, where people were still making their way to the camp, she saw a line of trucks in the distance.

“What the fuck…” she said, shielding her eyes from the sun.

Lexa, Lincoln and Anya walked over to the gates to the camp and waited as the trucks pulled closer. The passenger door of the first truck opened and Clarke jumped out.

“What is this?” Lexa asked her, motioning to the trucks.

“You said you wouldn’t take my money,” Clarke replied, folding her arms across her chest, “you said nothing about me bringing stuff with me.”

“Get these trucks unloaded.” Lexa said, looking back at Gustus and Lincoln.

They both nodded and directed the trucks through to an area where they could be unloaded. Raven, Octavia, and Bellamy walked over to where Clarke was standing with Lexa.

“You said something about the water pump being broken.” Raven said to Lexa.

“Go with Anya,” Lexa said with a small nod, “I trust you won’t try and kill each other this time.”

“No promises.” Ravens said with a smirk as she followed Anya.

“Octavia,” Lexa said, “go and find Indra, she should be on rotation near the far fence.”

“Sure thing.” Octavia said to Lexa before she looked at Clarke, “see you later.”

Clarke nodded a little as her friend walked away.

“And you are?” Lexa asked, looking at Bellamy.
“Bellamy Blake,” he said, “Octavia’s older brother. When Clarke said she was coming out here, I figured I might be able to help with something.”

“I guess we’ll see about that.” Lexa said, before looking back at the blonde, “ready to get to work, doctor?”

The sun had long since set on Clarke’s first day in the camp, while the people in the tents around them slept, with full stomachs for the first time in days, Lexa, Lincoln, Anya, Raven, Octavia, Gustus and Bellamy sat around a small fire. Everyone was exhausted.

“So with the supplies that Clarke brought with her, we’ll be good for at least a month.” Anya said, looking across the fire to where Lexa was sitting.

Lexa nodded a little.

“Where is Clarke?” Bellamy asked, looking around the fire.

“Still with Nyko in medical.” Lincoln replied, “she hasn’t left all day. We had a little boy arrive with his mother this morning, his chances aren’t good.”

“Nyko said he’d be dead by sundown,” Anya said, “his mother has been walking for a week to get here…”

Lexa stood up and walked away, nobody said anything, they all just watched her leave.

“She didn’t think Clarke was going to come, did she.” Raven said looking to Anya.

“The whole world is full of people with good intentions,” Anya replied, “Lexa doesn’t tend to believe anyone will do anything until they actually do it.”

Lexa stood in the doorway of the medical hut, the only light was the small electric lantern that sat by a small battered cot. The room was quiet apart from the small whispers she could hear coming from the blonde who was sitting next to the cot.

“Come on little guy…” Clarke said, “you’ve got to eat…”

Nyko walked over to where Lexa was standing.

“How is everything?” she asked him quietly, not wanting to disturb Clarke or the others who were sleeping in the room.

“3 dead.” he said with a small nod.

“How many was it yesterday?” Lexa asked.
“7…” he replied, “the supplies that Clarke brought with her are helping. We have high protein supplements, which will help with the malnourishment. IV drips and saline to help with dehydration…”

Lexa nodded a little.

“The others are around the fire, go get something to eat.” She said, not taking her eyes off Clarke.

Nyko nodded and left the hut. Lexa watched as Clarke dipped her finger into a cup which was on her lap, before reaching her hand over the side of the cot towards the small boy who had arrived earlier that day. Lexa slowly made her way over to where Clarke was sitting, the blonde looked up at her as she heard Lexa approach.

“How is he?” Lexa asked motioning to the boy.

“He’d be better if he’d eat something,” Clarke said with a sigh, “I can’t get any fluids into him because his veins just collapse…”

A small smile played on Lexa’s lips as the small boy took Clarke’s finger into his mouth and sucked the protein paste from it.

“Finally…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“Patience.” Lexa replied.

“His mom died…” Clarke said, glancing up at Lexa, “she had internal bleeding, Nyko thinks she was raped with something on her way here… I couldn’t help her.”

“You’re helping her, by helping him.” Lexa said, resting her hand on Clarke’s shoulder lightly.

Clarke nodded a little before letting out a long breath.

“We can’t save everybody…” Lexa said, “it’s an unfortunate part of life out here. We do what we can and sometimes that’s not enough.”

“I don’t know if I can live like that…” Clarke said quietly.

Lexa didn’t say anything; she didn’t know what to say. She’d thought the same thing when she and Anya first set up the foundation, they had wanted to save everyone, it didn’t take her long to realise that it just wasn’t possible.

“Does your mom know you’re out here?” she asked, deciding the best thing was to change the subject.

“No,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “she thinks I’m in Europe… my dad knows though.”

“Your dad was the first person from the company that I spoke to,” Lexa said, smiling a little as she remembered that initial conversation, “he told me that he thought I was crazy.”

Clarke laughed a little.

“Sounds like my dad.” She said.

“He’s a good man.” Lexa said.

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod, “he is.”
“Try to get some sleep, Clarke,” Lexa said as she looked back at the blonde again, “tomorrow is going to be a long day.”

Clarke nodded a little as Lexa quietly walked away.
Chapter Notes

The general feeling seemed to be that people wanted me to continue this. As someone asked in the comments on the last part, yes this is very loosely based on the Beyond Borders movie, notice I said very loosely. Please drop a comment on the end of here if you have a minute once you've read it, it would be great to see if people like this part.

The sun was just starting to rise over the camp, it used to be Lexa’s favorite time of the day, now it was a time she hated. It was the only time of the day that was cool enough for them to bury the dead. She stood quietly with Nyko and Anya as they watched over the families who were burying their loved ones. The bodies had to be buried outside the fence of the camp, they had realized pretty quickly that they would have to extend the camp to at least twice its current size if they were to bury them within the fencing. In the 12 months that the camp had been open they had lost at least as many people as were currently calling the camp home.

After the first two weeks they had been there, there hadn’t been a morning that had passed without a funeral having to take place. The workers at the camp had offered to bury those who had been lose, but it became clear pretty early on that the families wanted to do it themselves, the staff burying those who left no one behind.

Clarke was standing outside the small tent that had been set up for her, near where the admin tent and other staff tents were set up, watching silently as the dead were buried.

“How did you sleep?” Raven asked, walking up next to her, holding out a bottle of water for the blonde.

“I didn’t.” Clarke replied, glancing over at her friend and smiling a little as she took the water, “it was so quiet.”

“That’s actually a good thing,” Raven said, “you’ll get used to it.”

“Do I need to ask what’s going on out there?” Clarke asked, motioning to where Lexa and the others were.

“Burying the dead.” Raven replied with a sigh, “it’s almost a daily occurrence here. When people finally make it here sometimes they are too far gone to be helped, but with what we brought with us the numbers of dead should drop. Nyko mentioned that they were pretty much running out of everything before we arrived.”

“Did you get the water pump working again?” the blonde asked, turning her attention back to Raven as Lexa and the others made their way back through the small side gate.

“Need a new drive shaft,” Raven said, shaking her head, “not sure where I’m going to get one from though.”

“Take one off the truck.” Clarke replied.
“And how do you expect us to get back to the airport in two weeks?” Raven asked.

“Lexa has a jeep, we’ll use that.” Clarke said with a shrug, “Just take it off the truck.”

“It’s a rental…” Raven replied.

“And…” Clarke asked, “I’ll cover the cost, it’s not a problem.”

“I’d love to see how you’re going to explain that to your mom.” Raven said with a laugh.

“Right now fresh water is more important than what my mom thinks.” Clarke said.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke was in the medical area when she heard a commotion coming from beyond the walls of the hut. Glancing at Nyko she could see something was wrong, some people around her were looking between her, Nyko and the door.

“Safe,” Nyko said, looking around the hut, “safe.”

Clarke walked over to him.

“What’s going on?” she asked quietly.

“Local tribesmen,” he replied, “they come here a few times a week in their jeeps with their guns.”

“For what?” Clarke asked.

“At first they thought they could come here and take the food and medical supplies,” he said, “and some women… then they saw the guns that we have. Now they come to trade.”

Lexa walked into the hut and looked directly at Clarke. She threw a shawl at her.

“You’re blonde, Clarke,” Lexa said, “they see that, we’re in trouble.”

“How many?” Nyko asked Lexa.

“Just one jeep. I need you by the gates.” She said to him, he nodded in reply before leaving the hut.

“You trade with them?” Clarke asked as she put the shawl over her head.

“It’s the lesser of two evils,” Lexa replied, stepping forward a little and softly bringing the shawl around to cover all of Clarke’s hair, “we trade or they take things by force and people get hurt. They have things we don’t.”

Clarke nodded a little, understanding what Lexa meant. The two of them walked from the medical hut, Lexa closing the door behind her, knowing that no one would leave the hut until the door was open again and they were told it was safe to do so. As Clarke followed Lexa towards the main gates the brunette looked back at her.
“Stay behind me,” Lexa said, turning her head a little as she spoke to the blonde, “if any of them talk to you, do not break eye contact, they will take that as a sign of fear.”

Clarke nodded a little as she watched as the open backed jeep pulled up just outside the main gates. She counted four in the back and two in the front, all had guns, to her untrained eye they looked like automatic weapons. She couldn’t help but wonder where they got them, but she figured that if you wanted something badly enough you could get it anywhere.

A man jumped down from the back of the jeep and walked towards the gates. The gates were open so they could easily have driven the jeep into the camp, Clarke looked around her and realized that this was obviously part of whatever agreement Lexa’s people had with the tribesmen. The man looked back at the others in the back of the jeep and nodded a little, two more got down and carried a large crate between them. Lexa stepped forward a little, her automatic rifle in her hand and a knife strapped to her thigh, she didn’t have them with her the previous day when Clarke had arrived at the camp.

No words were exchanged as Lexa looked into the crate, she looked back at Lincoln who stepped forward and looked into the crate before looking at Lexa. The brunette nodded a little, not taking her eyes off the tribesman who Clarke figured was the leader of his group. Lincoln said something to him in a language that Clarke didn’t understand.

“3 sacks of food.” Lincoln said, looking at Lexa who shook her head a little.

Lincoln said something else to the tribesman who replied with what Clarke could only figure was anger, his eyes seemed to flash as he gripped his gun a little tighter.

“He said there’s ammunition in the bottom of the crate.” Lincoln said, looking to Lexa.

“2 sacks.” Lexa said to the tribesman.

“3.” He replied, obviously understanding English more than he appeared to.

“2,” Lexa repeated, “or you can take that with you and be on your way.”

“2.” The man said with a nod.

Lexa looked at Nyko and another man that Clarke hadn’t met yet and nodded a little. The two men walked away to another of the tents. The tribesman looked around the group, his eyes coming to rest on Clarke. The blonde swallowed hard as she saw his lips curl up a little. He took a couple of steps closer to Clarke, which had Lexa backing up towards the blonde, her eyes never leaving the man. As the man’s eyes traveled the length of Clarke’s body, Lexa put her arm out behind her, finding Clarke and moving the blonde behind her. The brunette shook her head a little at the man, causing him to laugh a little and say something to the men in the jeep.

“She is yours?” the tribesman asked as he looked back at Lexa.

“She’s a doctor.” Lexa replied.

“But she is yours?” he asked again.

Nyko and the other guy walked back from the tent they were in, each carrying a sack of food, the two men who had been standing by the crate took the food and put it in the back of the jeep while Lincoln and Bellamy picked up the crate. Clarke stayed where she was behind Lexa, the brunette’s hand still resting on her waist, as the men got back in the jeep and drove away, firing their guns in the air.
As the jeep disappeared down the long dust road Clarke could see the tension leave Lexa’s body as her shoulders relaxed a little. She stepped away from the blonde and looked at Bellamy.

“Get that in the tent.” She said, motioning to the crate before she turned and walked towards the admin tent.

“Do I want to know what he said?” Clarke asked looking around the remaining group.

“He said you would produce pretty children.” Lincoln replied as he picked up the handle on one side of the crate as Bellamy took the other, “and I refuse to repeat the rest of it.”

Clarke stood where she was for a few moments, Raven walked up behind her.

“Last chance to think of somewhere else to get a driveshaft.” Raven said.

“Just take it from the truck.” Clarke replied.

“That’s going to take away your emergency way out of here,” Octavia said, walking up to the two girls, “I mean, I thought the whole point of us keeping that truck here was so we could get you to the airport quickly if you wanted out.”

Clarke glanced back towards the admin tent.

“I’m not going anywhere.” She said.

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Clarke stood in the doorway of the admin tent, Bellamy, Lincoln, Anya and Lexa were in there.

“So what did we just trade 2 sacks of food for?” Bellamy asked.

“2 sacks of food that will only remain edible for the next week at the most.” Lincoln said, causing Lexa to laugh a little before high-fiving him.

“Okay, let’s take a look.” Anya said, “there’s got to be something in here that caught Lexa’s eye… she usually won’t go above one sack of food.”

“There’s ammunition in there,” Bellamy said with a shrug, “that’s got to be worth something right.”

“Check that cupboard over there.” Anya said, motioning to the battered old cupboard towards the back of the tent.

Bellamy walked over to it and opened it, inside it were weapons and about twenty boxes of ammunition.

“Where…” he started to say.

“Ex-forces,” Lexa replied with a shrug, “we have our ways.”

Someone cleared their throat from behind Clarke, causing her to jump a little and everyone else to look at the doorway.
“Ryder,” Lexa said as Clarke stepped aside letting the big man from earlier inside the tent, “this is Clarke.”

“The rich kid?” he asked, looking between Lexa and Clarke.

“The doctor.” Clarke replied, causing Lexa’s lips to curl into a small smile, Ryder’s size usually intimidated people too much for them to talk back to him.

“You just going to stand in the doorway?” Anya asked looking at Clarke.

Clarke shook her head a little and walked into the tent.

“So…” Lincoln said, “what’s in the box that caught Lexa’s eye?”

“Right,” Anya said, reaching into the box, “we’ve got two cartons of cigarettes…”

She put the two long boxes down on the table, Ryder opened one of the boxes and took a packet of cigarettes out before handing one to Lexa, leaving the rest of them on the table.

“We’ve got…” Anya said, picking something else out of the crate, “two six packs of beer, where do they get this stuff?”

She put the beer down on the table, Lincoln walked over and picked them up, taking them to a small generator powered fridge that was towards the back of the tent.

“Porn…” Anya said, taking some magazines out of the box and holding them over her head, no one stepped forward, “oh come on now, now is not the time to be shy.”

Bellamy shrugged and walked over to her, taking the magazines which caused Clarke to laugh a little as she shook her head.

“Ah…” Anya said, looking back into the box, “I see what caught Lexa’s eye…”

She pulled out two six packs of coke.

“Seriously?” Bellamy asked.

“When you’ve been out in that sun all day, trust me, this shit cold is better than sex.” Lexa said, looking back at him.

“Maybe you just need to have better sex.” Ryder said as he looked at Lexa.

“Any sex…” Anya said, “it’s been a while, right Lex?”

“Let’s not go there.” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little.

Anya took out some books and toys and put them on the table.

“That needs to go over to the school building.” Lexa said.

“You have a school building?” Clarke asked.

“Remind me to give you the tour.” Lexa said with a small smile, seeing how Clarke’s eyes lit up at the idea of a school building.

“Chocolate.” Anya said, pulling out a few bars of chocolate from the crate, “mine.”
“Rude.” Lexa said, taking two bars off her and offering one to Clarke.

“I’m good, thanks.” Clarke replied with a smile.

“I’ll put it in the fridge for you,” Lexa said, walking over and putting the bars in the fridge after writing something on them, “you’ll want it later.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

A little later in the day Lexa was showing Clarke around the camp.

“That side of the camp is mainly where everyone lives,” Lexa said, motioning over to the small sea of tents, “we’ve got about 1500 people here right now, too many people not enough tents, some tents have two families sharing, a couple have more than that.”

Clarke nodded a little as she looked towards the tents and saw a few kids running in and out of the rows, obviously playing games, it brought a smile to her face.

“The medical area you have been in since you got here is where we put the severe cases,” Lexa continued, “there’s a few more tents set up over there where we move people when they don’t need immediate care. We’ve got a few doctors from MSF that come here for a couple of weeks every few months, the UNHCR send people in every now and again… a few of my team were medics in the army, they are the only permanent doctors we have here…”

“How big is your team?” Clarke asked as they walked.

“We tend to rotate, so people can go home and spend time with their families,” Lexa said, “right now there’s 20 of us. In total there’s 50, most of my unit from when we were active.”

Clarke nodded a little.

“I know you want to ask…” Lexa said, glancing over at Clarke.

“What made you decide to do this?” Clarke asked.

“And there it is,” Lexa said with a small laugh, “being sent out to warzones, to protect our interests at home… you see things. Our armed forces are quick to be sent in when the government decides it’s the right thing, we go in, we fight, we go home. Wars cause more casualties than you see on TV or in the press. There’s the civilians who are left in desperate situations because of it… I’ve caused my share of damage, this is my way of trying to repair some of that, I guess.”

“What would it take to end this?” Clarke asked, looking around her as they continued to walk through the camp.

“Politicians getting their heads out of their asses and realizing that not all the world problems can be solved with the nasty end of a gun…” Lexa replied with a shrug, “we go into places like Iraq and Afghanistan to solve problems that we actually caused 20 years ago. We kill a few people, pack up and leave. That leaves more problems than were there to start with.”

“So you think that we shouldn’t have gone into Iraq and Afghanistan?” the blonde asked.

“I think that governments should be honest about the real reason they send people out to places like
that,” Lexa said, “they send people to die and lie about their reasons for it.”

“Fair enough.” Clarke said with a nod.

“Over here we have the mosque that was set up,” Lexa said, motioning to another hut, “and over there is the church…”

“Doesn’t that cause problems?” Clarke asked.

“Not really,” Lexa said shaking her head, “we have one rule here, no weapons. The only weapons in this camp belong to my people. Sure there are tensions around here every now and again, but they are mostly solved by talking about it, we actually have a meeting once a week with certain groups here to find out what’s going on. It works out pretty well.”

Lexa stopped them outside another hut, this one was larger than most she had seen in the camp so far.

“This is the school building,” she said, “we have three different age groups that use it at three separate times of the day. The youngest in the morning, then kids aged 8-11, then the older kids come in the evening, right now it should be empty.”

Lexa opened the door and walked into the building, Clarke followed on behind her. There was a woman sitting behind the desk at the front of the large room, a battered old chalk board on the wall behind her. On the walls there were paintings and other pieces of art work that had obviously been done by the kids. The woman behind the desk smiled and stood up as Lexa walked in.

“Clarke, this is Niylah, she’s one of the teachers here.” Lexa said, as she put the books and toys she was carrying down on the table, “Niylah, this is Clarke, she’s a doctor who is spending a couple of weeks with us.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” Clarke said with a smile as she shook Niylah’s hand.

“Likewise,” Niylah replied with a smile of her own, “okay, where did this come from?”

“We traded with one of the tribes earlier,” Lexa said, “this was in the box.”

“Great.” Niylah replied with a smile, “oh, did you get the message I sent about needing more basic supplies?”

“I did,” Lexa said with a nod, “and I’m working on it, it’s just taking a little longer than I hoped.”

“What kind of stuff do you need?” Clarke asked.

“I’ll leave you two to it,” Lexa said with a small smile, “I should get back and make sure everything is going okay at the admin tent.”

Lexa left Clarke and Niylah talking and headed back to the admin area of the camp, hoping that Clarke remembered the way back.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Once again as the sun set, Clarke was nowhere to be seen. As the group sat around the fire they
heard shouting coming from where Raven was still trying to fix the water pump. They all stood up and saw Raven standing on top of the water tanker, arms held up in the air as water gushed up from the ground.

“Who’s the best?” Raven called, “oh that’s right, me.”

Lexa laughed a little, shaking her head.

“She’s going to be insufferable now,” Anya said, looking over at her, “you know that right?”

“She’s been working on that all day,” Lexa replied, “let her enjoy it.”

“Where’s Clarke?” Octavia asked, “she’s missing the food again.”

“She’s probably still in medical.” Lincoln replied, “I saw her going in there earlier with Niylah.”

“Niylah?” Bellamy asked.

“She works for MSF, she’s a teacher, helps the kids with their English and does this art therapy thing to help them deal with what they’ve seen.” Lincoln replied, “how long is she here for Lex?”

Lexa wasn’t really listening to the conversation; her eyes were locked on the fire.

“Lexa.” Anya said, causing the girl to look up at her, “how long is Niylah here for? Isn’t she rotating out soon?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “she’s leaving in two days.”

“Clarke did art at college, along with all her sciences she needed for med-school.” Octavia said, “they probably have a lot in common.”

“Excuse me…” Lexa said, standing up and walking away from the fire.

“Something I said?” Octavia asked, looking at Anya.

“We think Lexa has a soft spot for the pretty doctor lady.” Anya said with a shrug.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa walked towards the medical area, seeing Nyko on his way out.

“Twice in two nights,” Nyko said with a small smile, “something I should know about?”

“Just checking in.” Lexa replied with a small shrug of her shoulders, “everything okay?”

“Yes,” he said with a nod, “we lost one person today.”

“That’s still one too many.” Lexa said.

“Tomorrow will be a better day.” He replied, putting his hand on her shoulder and giving it a gentle squeeze.

“How’s the young boy?” Lexa asked.
“Why don’t you go find out for yourself,” Nyko said with a laugh, “I know you’re not coming down here to see my pretty face.”

Lexa rolled her eyes a little.

“She’s in there.” He said, motioning to the hut.

“Niylah still here?” Lexa asked.

Nyko shook his head a little and walked off in the direction of the fire. Lexa took a deep breath before walking into the medical area. Clarke was sitting by the same cot that she had been sat near the night before, the brunette walked quietly over to her.

“He looks to be doing better…” She said when she saw the young boy propped up a little in the cot, eating from a spoon rather than Clarke’s finger.

“We’re getting there.” Clarke replied with a small smile and a nod, “still a long way to go yet though. He’s nowhere near strong enough to sit up on his own, which he should be able to do at his age.”

“You’ll get him there,” Lexa said, putting a bottle of coke down on the small table near Clarke.

“Thank you…” Clarke said, looking up at Lexa with a smile.

“No problem.” The brunette replied.

“Oh, before I forget, I emailed my dad about getting the supplies that Niylah was talking about,” Clarke said, “he said it shouldn’t be a problem, but we’d have to go to the airport and collect them, he couldn’t find anyone willing to drive them out here.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem,” Lexa said, “I need to make a trip into the city soon anyway, so I could do it while I’m there. Most people don’t like driving out here, it’s too dangerous and usually costs more to pay for that, than it does to actually ship things here.”

“He’s going to email me about it tomorrow,” the blonde replied, “I’m hoping he doesn’t talk to my mom about it though, not sure how I’d explain that one as she thinks I’m in Europe.”

“You’re an adult, Clarke,” Lexa said with a small laugh, “it shouldn’t matter what your mother thinks.”

“Yet it does.” Clarke said with a laugh of her own, “would it be okay if I come into the city with you?”

“Sure.” Lexa replied with a nod, “just let me know what your dad says, and we’ll work the trip around that.”

“Okay.” Clarke said with another smile.

“I’m going to call it a night,” Lexa said, turning to walk away, before she stopped and turned back, “you should do that more often by the way…”

“Do what?” Clarke asked, turning to look at her.

“Smile,” Lexa replied, “it suits you.”

Clarke sat and watched as Lexa left the hut, she really couldn’t figure the brunette out. In the couple of days that she had been at the camp Lexa seemed like two different people. During the day, when
they were out in the camp she was seemingly cold, yet when they were alone she was starting to gradually open up. The blonde wasn’t sure why Lexa opening up to her was so important, but the girl really did fascinate her.
A couple of days had passed and Clarke was working her way to the admin tent to meet Lexa for the trip into the city. Niylah had left the night before and they’d had a little sending off thing for her, Clarke had spent most of the night chatting and laughing with Niylah, gaining herself a little cold shoulder treatment from Lexa, which confused her no end. As she made her way to the tent she saw Lincoln leaving, he didn’t look too happy.

“I’d wait a while before going in there if I were you.” He said to the blonde.

“Something wrong?” Clarke asked.

“Not really,” he replied, shaking his head a little, “Lex and Anya are having issues, it must be Tuesday.”

Clarke laughed a little as the man walked away. She did as he had said though and waited outside, she could hear Lexa and Anya talking.

“And you’re sure it’s a good idea the two of you going to the city together,” Anya said, “alone?”

“Anya, drop it, please.” Lexa replied.

“You know your city trips usually lead to an overnight stay,” Anya said, obviously having no intention of dropping whatever it was any time soon, “and you think you can deal with that?”

“I have to meet one guy,” Lexa said with a sigh, “then we have to go to the airport, Clarke has to sign for the stuff her dad has sent over, then we can come back. There’s no need for an overnight stay.”

“The last time you said that we didn’t see you for two days.” Anya said.
“And the camp didn’t burn down and you all managed fine without me.” the other girl said.

“It’s not us managing without you that I’m worried about,” Anya replied, “it’s you being without us. I’ve seen the way you are around her, Lexa, you know this has no hope in hell of ending well.”

“Just drop it.” Lexa said, “I’m not going to ask again.”

“What are you going to do, Commander,” Anya said, resorting to the nickname Lexa had picked up during her time with the armed forces, “Shoot me?”

“Don’t tempt me.” Lexa replied.

Clarke figured now was as good a time as any to make her presence known so she cleared her throat a little as she walked into the tent.

“You ready to go?” Lexa asked as she looked at the blonde.

“Yeah.” Clarke replied with a small nod, “I don’t need to bring anything with me right?”

“No,” Lexa said shaking her head, picking up her backpack which was sitting on the table, “other than your ID or whatever you need to get the stuff your dad sent. It should be a simple trip, drive out there, meet the guy I have to meet, go to the airport then come back.”

“Okay.” The blonde said, noticing the daggers Anya was throwing her way, “morning Anya.”

Anya huffed a little, looked over at Lexa once more and then walked past Clarke and out of the tent.

“Someone get out of the wrong side of the bed this morning?” Clarke asked Lexa as she watched Anya leave.

“She’s not really a morning person,” Lexa replied, “plus she thinks she’s going to miss out on something because I’m leaving her here. I’ll pick her up some chocolate or something, she’ll be fine when we get back.”

x-x-x-x-x-x

The drive to the city took a couple of hours, Clarke had kept her attention fixed on the world passing by the window and Lexa had kept her eyes on the road, neither feeling the need to fill the silence between them. They passed through a few small villages and towns before they made it to the city. Lexa pulled the jeep up outside what looked like a bar.

“ Weird place to be having a meeting.” Clarke said as they got out of the jeep.

“It’s air conditioned and serves cold beer,” Lexa replied with a small laugh, “the guy I’m meeting doesn’t really like the heat… or the locals.”

Clarke shrugged a little as she followed Lexa into the bar, she watched as the brunette looked around a little, obviously looking for the guy she was meeting. She looked back at Clarke.

“You can wait at the bar if you want,” she said, “this shouldn’t take long.”

“Okay.” Clarke said with a little nod, walking over to the bar and sitting down as Lexa walked over
to a small booth towards the back of the bar, the barman came over to Clarke.

“Drink?” he asked.

“Can I get a coke?” Clarke asked.

He nodded a little and went about getting Clarke’s drink as the blonde’s eyes once again found Lexa. She saw the brunette leaning closer to the guy she was sitting with, looking down at something that was on the table between them, nodding a little at something the guy was saying to her.

“The American,” the barman said as he put Clarke’s drink down on the bar in front of her, “is a bad man. Your friend should be careful.”

“I’m sure she knows what she’s doing.” Clarke said with a small smile as she handed him some money, “keep the change.”

He smiled at her a little, a knowing look in his eye.

“What?” Clarke asked, “is that not enough?”

“This is more than I get paid in a month.” He replied, “you want the change.”

“Keep it.” Clarke said, thinking about the fact that she had just handed over the equivalent of $20, she hated to think how little this guy got paid in a month.

His smile grew as he nodded a little.

As he walked away again Clarke looked back at Lexa. The brunette nodding again as she put something into her bag, from where Clarke was sitting it looked like a map. The man that Lexa was sitting with put a metal box on the table and Lexa sat back a little, Clarke catching the look on her face, the brunette obviously didn’t like the look of the box. She watched as the man handed over a wad of notes, American dollars from what Clarke could see. Lexa sighed as she took the cash and put the box into her bag with a little bit more care than she had put the map in.

Clarke watched as the man stood up and walked away from the table, heading towards the door, he looked over at Clarke as he was leaving. The blonde suddenly felt very uncomfortable under the man’s gaze, so she quickly looked back at her drink.

“Bad man.” The barman said as he started cleaning the bar near where Clarke was sitting.

Clarke smiled a little her attention caught by Lexa who made her way over to where the blonde was sitting.

“What was that all about?” Clarke asked.

“Nothing.” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “can I get a coke please?”

The barman nodded and got Lexa her drink, shaking his head as the brunette went to pay for the drink.

“My money not good here?” Lexa asked a little surprised at his actions.

“Your friend pay.” He replied before walking away.

“Apparently I paid him a month’s wages for a bottle of coke.” Clarke said with a small nod.
“Ah,” Lexa said with a laugh, “that makes more sense.”

“Who was that guy?” Clarke asked, sure that Lexa was going to say it wasn’t important.

Lexa sighed and considered lying to the blonde, before deciding to tell her the truth, or at least part of it.

“He used to be part of my unit,” Lexa replied, “while the rest of us went into the line of work we did, he chose to work for a private security firm instead.”

“Private security firm?” Clarke asked as she looked over at Lexa.

“The money’s good,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “as long as you don’t mind checking in your morals when you sign the contract… they offered me a job, which I turned down.”

“The barman said he’s a bad man, more than once, might I add.” Clarke said, arching her eyebrow a little.

“He’s not a bad man,” Lexa said, “he’s just… made bad choices.”

“And you still deal with him?” Clarke asked.

“When I have to,” Lexa said with a nod, “I’m currently running a camp with no funding, Clarke, what do you expect me to do?”

“Maybe rethink what I offered you a couple of weeks ago, keep your morals intact and take my money.” Clarke replied as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“We do what we have to do to survive,” Lexa said, finishing her drink, “the world out here isn’t as black and white as you think.”

Clarke finished her drink as Lexa stood up and walked towards the door, the blonde smiled a little at the barman before she left and got in the car. The drive to the airport was as quiet as the drive to the city, though this time instead of the silence being comfortable, Clarke felt as though she was suffocating.

“What was in the box?” Clarke asked.

Lexa didn’t reply, she simply gripped her hands on the steering wheel a little tighter.

“Come on, Lexa,” Clarke said, looking across at the brunette, “I saw your face when you saw the box. What was it?”

“Nothing you need to worry about,” Lexa replied, “someone will be picking it up from the camp later tonight so it’s not something I have to worry about for long.”

“For someone who claims to care about the people out here, you’re pretty quick to blur the lines.” Clarke said, turning her attention back to the side window.

x-x-x-x-x-x

As soon as they arrived back at the camp Clarke got out of the jeep and walked away to the medical
area. Anya stood near one of the tents watching as Lexa watched the blonde walk away. Not another word had been said between the two since the short conversation after they left the bar. Anya walked over to Lexa.

“What was that all about?” she asked.

“It doesn’t matter.” Lexa replied, grabbing her bag from the back of the jeep, “get Ryder to take those boxes over to the school building.”

“Lexa…” Anya said as she saw the emotions flash in the brunette’s eyes, “what happened?”

“Gustus wants me to deliver something to one of the local groups,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “something that I probably shouldn’t…”

“How much did he pay you do it?” Anya asked.

“$10,000…” Lexa replied.

“Money we desperately need.” The other girl said, causing Lexa to nod a little.

“Yeah…” Lexa said with a sigh, “so why does it feel like I just sold my soul to the devil…”

Anya stood as Lexa shook her head and walked away, heading towards her own tent. She knew not to follow.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa sat in her tent, the metal box that Gustus had given her sitting on the small table in front of her. Leaning back in her chair she looked at the box, mentally battling herself about the choice she had made. Lincoln cleared his throat from the doorway of the tent. Lexa looked back at him before looking back to the box, letting him know he could go in.

“Anya told me that Gustus wants you to pass something on.” He said walking up to Lexa.

The brunette nodded a little, her eyes still fixed on the box.

“That’s a munitions box…” Lincoln said, causing Lexa to nod again, “do we know what’s in it?”

“Something that he paid me $10,000 to bring here.” Lexa replied.

“Which tells me it’s not simple ammunition,” Lincoln said with a sigh, “you sure about this?”

“No…” Lexa said, shaking her head a little.

Lexa sat up a little straighter in the chair and opened the box slowly, swallowing hard when she saw what it was.

“Is that…” Lincoln started to say.

“It’s an FIM-92 Stinger…” Lexa said with a nod, “a surface to air missile…”

“No wonder he gave you $10,000.” Lincoln replied, “Lexa, we can’t let this get into their hands, you
know how much damage one of these can do.”

Lexa sighed as she rolled the sleeves on her shirt up and sat forward in her chair.

“Hand me my knife.” She said to Lincoln as she took the missile from the box and placed it on the table.

“What are you going to do?” Lincoln asked, handing her the knife she had asked for.

“Something really fucking stupid,” Lexa replied, “you might want to leave…”

“Lexa…” Lincoln said.

“I can’t not pass this on,” Lexa said, glancing back at him, “I don’t want to get on the wrong side of these people and you know how difficult Gustus can make my life if I don’t do this… but I can take the fuse out before I hand it over, now leave.”

Lincoln shook his head a little but did as she said and left the tent.

“Well?” Anya asked as he walked over to where she was waiting.

“It’s a missile.” He said, “which she is now trying to disarm…”

“Is she crazy?” Octavia asked, before shaking her head, “never mind, don’t answer that.”

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked as she walked over to the group.

“Lexa is trying to play hero, again…” Anya said, shaking her head a little, “that little package she picked up earlier, it’s a missile and she’s disarming it. I don’t know what you said to her…”

“Don’t lay this on her,” Raven said, “this isn’t on her.”

Clarke shook her head and started walking towards Lexa’s tent.

“Clarke, you might not want to go in there.” Lincoln said.

“How bad is it going to be if she messes this up?” Octavia asked, looking at Anya.

“Depends how bad she messes it up,” Anya said with a shrug, “it could be small explosion or we might lose half the camp.”

“And how many people stand to die if Lexa doesn’t do this?” Raven asked.

“Too many…” Lincoln replied with a sigh.

Clarke walked into Lexa’s tent, seeing the brunette standing up and leaning over the table a little, she could see Lexa’s hands shaking as she held her knife.

“What are doing?” Clarke asked.

“Keeping my morals intact.” Lexa replied, not looking back at the blonde.

“Anything I can do to help?” The blonde asked as she walked up next to Lexa.

“You can leave.” Lexa said.

“Guess I deserved that…” Clarke replied.
Clarke watched as Lexa’s eyes took in the missile that sat on the table before her, obviously thinking about how she was going to take it apart.

“Take me through it,” Clarke said, seeing Lexa’s hand shake again as the knife neared the top end of the missile, she remembered how nervous she had been during her first solo surgery and how it had helped her relax when another doctor got her to talk it through step by step as she did it, “step by step, tell me what you’re doing…”

“I don’t need a pep talk right now, Clarke.” Lexa said, clenching her jaw a little.

“Talk me though it.” Clarke repeated.

Lexa sighed a little before she nodded.

“I need to take casing from around the missile head away,” Lexa said, pointing her knife to the top end of the missile, “That’s this bit here. This particular missile is armor piercing so it’s a delicate job…”

“Okay,” Clarke said, “is that the first thing you need to do?”

“Yeah.” Lexa said with a nod, remembering the training she had gone through in the armed forces.

Clarke nodded a little as Lexa pushed the edge of her blade into the seal that was around the missile head, pulling the handle of the blade towards herself as the casing started to move.

“I’ve never done this with a knife before…” Lexa said quietly.

Clarke remained quiet as she watched the casing fall away from the top of the missile, taking a deep breath as Lexa let out a sigh in relief.

“What next?” Clarke asked.

“I need a screwdriver…” Lexa said shaking her head a little.

“Which I’m sure Raven has somewhere, you want me to get one for you?” Clarke asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, “tell her I need a small cross-head.”

Clarke nodded a little before leaving the tent. Lexa watched her leave before she looked back at the missile.

“Come on, Lexa,” the brunette said to herself, “you’ve done this hundreds of times…”

She put the tip of her blade under the ammunition hold on the end of the missile and took another deep breath, closing her eyes she put her hand over the handle of her knife and banged down onto it.

The blade stopped when it hit the metal at the center of the missile head, Lexa turned the missile and repeated the step again before putting the knife down and gently pulling the hold away from the missile itself. Resting it down on the table next to the missile she then turned her attention to the fuse which rested in the small circular hole that was left behind. At that moment Clarke walked back into the tent, holding the screwdriver. She saw that Lexa had already dismantled part of the missile while she was gone.

“I didn’t want you in here if it blew up.” Lexa said, seeing the look on Clarke’s face.

“My choice to make.” Clarke replied, “so what’s next.”
“I need to take the fuse out,” Lexa said, “then I need to take the bottom off and take the other fuse out. When I’ve done that I have to put the ammunition hold back before putting the casing back on.”

“You’re putting it back?” Clarke asked.

“They’re not going to be able to see if the fuses are still in it by looking at it,” Lexa explained, “but if I leave the ammunition hold out, that decreases the weight of the missile by about 20lb, they’ll know.”

“And doing this means they won’t be able to fire it?” Clarke asked.

“They’ll be able to fire it,” Lexa said, “but it’ll just be like a lump of metal, taking the second fuse out means that it won’t activate after firing, which means that the missile will travel about 6 feet before it hits the ground, rather than the 90 feet it would normally… so it’ll be pretty much useless.”

“And what happens to you when that happens?” the blonde asked.

“I’m just the middle man here,” the brunette replied, “it’s not my fault they were sold a faulty missile.”

Clarke stood and watched as Lexa took out both of the fuses and put the missile back together, before putting it back in the box. Lincoln walked into the tent at that moment.

“They’re here…” he said.

“Show time.” Lexa replied with a nod.

Clarke followed Lexa and Lincoln out of the tent, standing back with Anya, Raven and Octavia as the two walked over to the jeep which was sitting just inside the gates of the camp.

Lexa handed over the box, which was swiftly opened and the missile was taken out, in the light from the headlights of the jeep the man turned the missile in his hands. Clarke could see Lexa’s shoulders tense a little, knowing that any scratches on the casing would let them know that something wasn’t right. The man stood back up seemingly happy with what he saw. Before getting back in the jeep the man nodded to Lexa, once he was in the car and driving away Lexa turned back to look at Clarke, the blonde seeing her visibly sigh with relief. Clarke smiled a little and nodded.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke was sitting on the small bed in the tent she had been staying in, her mind running over the events of the day. As soon as she had got back from the city with Lexa she had gone to the medical area to check on everything there, she had been pleasantly surprised when Nyko told her that nobody had died that day. She knew that made the day a success but she also knew not to take it for granted. The trip to the city with Lexa had been an informative one, it let her know how far Lexa was prepared to go to continue the work that she was doing, it also made her think a little more about Lexa’s past. She knew next to nothing about the girl apart from the fact that she had been in the armed forces.

Clarke knew that Lexa didn’t do what she did for money, she and the others gained nothing personally for doing what they did, that in itself let her know a little more about the type of person Lexa was. Good people make bad decisions if they believe they are doing it for the right reasons. Whatever Lexa had seen and done during her time in the military it had led her to this life. The blonde made a mental note to talk to the brunette about it more at a later point. She was already over
half way through her first week at the camp, and what she had seen was already changing the way she saw the world.

It made her see that she knew next to nothing about the world outside the one she lived in, most of the things she had seen in her time at the camp weren’t reported on the news. Sure everyone knew about the refugees leaving the middle east and heading to Europe for a better life, what people didn’t realize is that it wasn’t a better life they were looking for, it was a life in general. Clarke hated how blind she had been to the world, obviously she knew more about refugee camps and that kind of thing than the average member of the public did, but it still hadn’t prepared her for actually seeing it. Lexa had been right, knowing about something and seeing it are too very different things.

“How did you know that me talking through the disarming of the missile would work to calm me down?” Lexa asked from where she stood in the doorway of the tent, a bottle of beer in her hand.

“I didn’t know it would work,” Clarke said, once she had got her heart rate to calm down a little after the shock of Lexa talking to her when she had no idea that the brunette was there, “I hoped it would work because it worked with me…”

Lexa furrowed her brow a little.

“Not that I’ve ever disarmed a missile,” the blonde continued, shaking her head a little, “when I had to do my first solo surgery, I was freaking out. The kid on my table was 9 years old and had been involved in a pretty nasty car accident…”

Lexa walked into the tent while Clarke was talking and pulled the chair that was in there closer to the bed where Clarke was sitting, before she sat down. Resting her left ankle on her right leg she sat back a little and listened to Clarke. The blonde couldn’t ignore the look in Lexa’s eyes, the look that told her Lexa really was interested in what she had to say.

“He had some pretty bad internal bleeding,” the blonde said, looking away from Lexa and to the floor of the tent as she remembered that first surgery, “it wasn’t the kind of surgery that most doctors would get for their first solo, but I was there and they must have figured they’d throw me in at the deep end. Probably something to do with me learning that it didn’t matter who my mother was, I needed to earn the respect of my fellow doctors and show them that I deserved the job that most believed had been handed to me…”

Lexa didn’t say anything, she just sat there waiting for Clarke to continue.

“I was freaking out,” Clarke said, nodding to herself a little, “my hands were shaking, everyone in the room was waiting for me to do something… I knew if I messed it up, this kid was going to die. It was the first time that someone else’s life had been solely in my hands… and that is a terrifying thought. The doctor who was there to supervise was a friend of my mom’s, someone I had known most of my life, and she was standing there just waiting for me to start. I don’t know how much time passed, it was probably only like a couple of minutes, but it felt like so much longer than that. She told me to talk her through it. Step by step as I tried to save this kids life…”

“And it worked?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a small smile and a nod, “the surgery lasted over an hour but it worked.”

“You’re a great doctor, Clarke,” Lexa said with a smile of her own, “that isn’t down to who your mom is, that’s down to you.”

Clarke nodded a little.
“Thanks…” the blonde said, “it’s hard sometimes, being the daughter of Abigail Griffin, her name carries a lot of weight in medical circles, and people just expected so much from me. I didn’t want to let anyone down, you know, I didn’t want to let my mom down…”

“Is that why you became a doctor?” Lexa asked.

“No,” Clarke replied, shaking her head a little, “I mean, it was probably part of it, but no. It’s not like I was pushed into it, my mom had said when I was a kid that she’d love it if I followed in her footsteps, but she wasn’t pushy about it. I heard all these stories about people my mom had helped, lives that she had saved, and it made me think that maybe that was something I wanted to do. I think most doctors decide to become doctors because they want to help people.”

“Or they want to make people look pretty and make a lot of money in the process.” Lexa replied with a shrug.

“Sometimes,” Clarke said with a laugh, “but even with cosmetic plastic surgery it’s sometimes about more than that. A friend of mine is a plastic surgeon and he told me once about this 21-year-old girl who came to see him, she’d never had a boyfriend or anything like that because she didn’t like the way she looked. She had zero self-confidence and she thought the way to get that was to have all these surgeries…”

“What happened to her?” the brunette asked.

“My friend got her to go and see a counsellor,” Clarke replied, “they do that sometimes, because surgery is such a massive thing, you’re changing parts of yourself and some doctors like to know the person is mentally sound enough to make that decision. So after she had been to see this counsellor she went back to see my friend… she’d decided that she didn’t want the surgery after all… they actually got married last month.”

“Nice.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“Is that why you started this?” Clarke asked, laughing a little at the sudden confusion on Lexa’s face, “I mean, you help people, right?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “I was going to say, I certainly don’t do it to marry a pretty girl…”

Clarke couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped her at that moment.

“Like I said to you a couple of days ago,” the brunette continued, “I’ve seen and caused so much damage to people’s lives, I’ve killed people… that’s something that never leaves you… but this gives me a chance to save people, or try to. If I can make these people’s lives even a little better than that what they were, then that’s a good thing. It helps me deal with my own shit as well…”

“PTSD?” Clarke asked.

“If I went to a shrink about it, they’d probably label it as that, yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “I don’t need some doctor sitting in a fancy office somewhere, telling me that the day I pulled the trigger, and killed a 9-year-old kid in Afghanistan, who was running at my unit in a suicide vest shouting about how great Allah is, was the trigger to the nightmares. I can figure that out myself…”

“Shit…” Clarke said quietly.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a slow nod, “we were all on alert anyway because the day before, in the same village, an 8-year-old kid had blown themselves up in the middle of another unit. They hadn’t seen the vest, they had no idea it was coming. We’d been sent out to this village as a way to try and
get the locals to see we weren’t a threat. In the previous days we’d played soccer with a group of kids from the local school… war is a… fucked up thing. You get put in these positions where you have to make split second decisions… my finger was on the trigger, my gun pointed at this kid who was running across the square at us. I had two choices, let him reach us and hope that the vest wasn’t active, or shoot him…”

Clarke didn’t say anything, she just sat and watched as Lexa’s eyes darkened, her face betraying the hurt she still so obviously felt from that day.

“So I shot him.” Lexa continued, “the vest was connected to a dead-man’s switch that he held in his hand. The minute I shot him he let go of the detonator… I lost 3 people in my unit that day…”

“I’m so sorry…” Clarke said.

“I haven’t talked to anyone about that in a while…” Lexa said, letting out a deep breath that she hadn’t realized she’s been holding.

“Well thank you for telling me.” Clarke said with a small smile.

“Do you know something.” Lexa said as she stood up and moved the chair back to where it had been before, “I don’t even know why I did tell you. There’s just something about you, Clarke, it’s makes that little voice in my head tell me that you’re a safe person… and that scares the hell out of me.”

Clarke sat and watched as Lexa left her tent without another word. The blonde understood exactly what Lexa meant, because she had that same voice in her head when it came to the brunette.

Chapter End Notes

If you want to rant at me about this, any of my other stories, or witness me freak out at the continuation of Season 3 of the 100 you can find me over on tumblr @ unaligned-valkyrie
Chapter 4

Clarke and Lexa get a little closer in this part. Don't forget to let me know what you think, comments really help the writing process whether they are good or bad, it's always good to know if people are actually reading this or if I'm writing it for no one.

The sun had yet to rise over the camp, Lexa was sitting in the admin tent, as she hadn’t been able to sleep she figured she might as well get on with something that every one of her team hated, sending out emails to try and get funding. She knew that Clarke had offered her enough money to keep everything going for a couple of years, but as much as she knew how important the work was that they were doing, she didn’t want to take Clarke’s money. The satellite phone which sat on the table near the battered laptop started ringing, it made Lexa jump a little as she knew they weren’t expecting any calls.

“Lexa Woods…” She said as she answered the phone.

“Lexa, it’s Jake Griffin.” Jake replied.

“What can I do for you, Mr Griffin?” Lexa asked, leaning back in her chair a little, the phone pressed to her ear.

“I’m just calling to see if Clarke is okay, she was supposed to check in yesterday, but I haven’t heard from her.” He said.

“Clarke’s fine,” Lexa replied, “we got back from the city pretty late last night and had a few things here to take care of, it probably slipped her mind.”

“Is there any way I can talk to her now?” he asked, “her mom is getting a little suspicious that she hasn’t called or emailed her.”

“I’ll just go and get her for you.” Lexa said, smiling to herself a little as she heard in the man’s voice just how much he cared for his daughter, “It might be a few minutes…”

“Thank you, Lexa.” Jake said.

Lexa put the phone down on the table and left the admin tent, she knew Clarke would be asleep but she also knew that if Jake didn’t talk to her he would just get more worried, and worried parents were not exactly Lexa’s favorite thing in the world to deal with.

When Lexa made her way into Clarke’s tent she saw the blonde girl fast asleep, as she had expected, what she hadn’t expected was the warmth that started to fill her chest at the sight. It wasn’t a feeling that was restricted to her chest, it seemed to take over her entire being, it wasn’t even a feeling that Lexa could label. Shaking her head a little she made her way over to the bed where Clarke was asleep.

“Clarke…” she said quietly, causing the blonde to stir a little, “Clarke you need to wake up.”
As the blonde opened her eyes and saw Lexa a small smile appeared on her lips.

“Hey…” she said sleepily.

“Hey,” Lexa replied with a small smile of her own, “your dad is on the satellite phone, apparently you were supposed to check in yesterday but didn’t…”

“Shit…” Clarke said as she sat up, “with everything that was going on yesterday, I guess I just forgot.”

“Figured,” Lexa said with a nod, “I told him it probably just slipped your mind. I’ll see you in the admin tent.”

Clarke nodded a little as Lexa left the tent.

A few minutes later Lexa was sitting back in the admin tent when Clarke walked in, the blonde was wearing a pair of sweat pants and a hoodie, the mornings out in the desert where they were tended to be pretty cold before the sun rose. Lexa couldn’t stop the small smile that appeared on her lips as Clarke walked in, her blonde hair not entirely hidden beneath the hood.

“What?” Clarke asked a little self-consciously.

“Nothing…” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, before she motioned to the phone.

Clarke walked over to the desk, Lexa standing up and letting her take the seat there as she put the phone to her ear.

“Dad?” Clarke said.

Lexa decided to give the blonde girl a little privacy and walked out of the tent. She walked over to the logs which were used as seating around the small fire pit, a small fire still burning. As she sat there she found herself getting lost in her thoughts. She had never met anyone like Clarke before, and she knew she had been wrong in her initial assumption that Clarke was just like any other spoilt little rich girls she had met, Clarke was so far from that. Her mind also took her back to what Anya had said the morning before ‘you know this has no hope in hell of ending well’ . Anya was right of course, she usually was, though Lexa would never tell her that, it would just inflate her already large ego. Clarke would be there for just over a week, then she would be gone, back to her normal life and Lexa wasn’t sure their paths would ever cross again. Obviously she hoped they would, she hoped that Clarke’s time at the camp would open her eyes a little to some of the bad things that happened in the world, but Lexa didn’t want to think about any kind of future when she could barely think beyond the current day.

Being in the forces had taught her that, never plan beyond the day you’re living. There was never any guarantee that you would see the next day. She took the packet of cigarettes out of her pocket, along with her lighter. Lighting up a cigarette she let herself get lost in the small flames from the fire.

“Those will kill you one day, you know.” Clarke said as she walked up to where Lexa was sitting.

“So they say…” Lexa replied with a shrug as she glanced back at Clarke, “is your dad okay?”

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod as she sat down next to Lexa, “he wanted to remind me that I have to email my mom, apparently she’s getting a little worried as I haven’t emailed her. Usually I do, just to check in, you know… the wonders of being an only child.”

Lexa laughed a little as she finished her cigarette and flicked it into the fire.
“So,” Clarke said, “are you always up this early?”

“No,” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “I couldn’t sleep. Don’t need that much sleep anyway, I can get by on like 4 hours a night, but for some reason I just couldn’t sleep.”

“4 hours a night?” Clarke asked, looking over at the brunette whose eyes were fixed on the fire, “you know that’s not healthy right?”

“My entire way of life isn’t exactly healthy,” Lexa said with a small laugh, “but the lack of sleep thing goes back to when I was in the forces. We didn’t know when the siren was going to go and when we’d be expected to fight… guess it’s just something my body is used to now.”

“Makes sense I guess,” Clarke said, “but you should take some time to just relax, read a book or something.”

“Relaxing gives me time to think,” Lexa replied, glancing over at the blonde, “me and thinking don’t exactly get on too well.”

Clarke laughed a little.

“You should try it some time.” She said, as she stood up, “How long till the sun comes up?”

“Couple of hours.” Lexa said, looking up at the sky.

“I might try and get some more sleep,” the blonde said, “see you later, Lexa.”

x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was standing near the doorway of the medical hut, she somehow always found herself there at least once a day, which hadn’t always been the way. Before Clarke arrived at the camp it wasn’t somewhere that Lexa went that much, it was an area that always reminded her of death, but with Clarke there and the supplies she had brought with her, it seemed to be a more positive area. The blonde was carrying the young boy she had been so focused on helping over to the examination area, she and Nyko were wanting to see if he had actually gained any weight thanks to Clarke’s efforts to keep him alive. Lexa had been putting some thought into what was going to happen to the boy, his mother had died the day they arrived at the camp and there was no way of knowing if he had more family.

Orphans were an unfortunate part of life at the camp, Lexa could usually find places for most of them at the UN run camps, she made a mental note to make some calls later to see if there was any space anywhere for the boy.

She watched as Clarke laid the young boy on the table as she and Nyko arranged everything that they needed, a small smile played on Lexa’s lips as she saw the young boy try to sit himself up. That was progress. He finally got himself in a sitting position, which was definitely a forward step. Clarke turned and looked directly at her, as if she could feel Lexa’s eyes on her. The blonde pointed to the boy, a big smile on her face. Lexa laughed a little and nodded. She knew what it felt like when you put so much effort into saving someone with a positive end result, so she knew what emotions Clarke was feeling at that moment.

The sound of commotion from outside caught Lexa’s attention. Her brow furrowed as she looked
towards the door, before looking back at Clarke who had a questioning look on her face. Lexa shrugged a little before leaving the medical area, out of habit she closed the door behind her.

Just beyond the fence she saw two men pushing a woman to the ground, a small girl struggled in the dirt not far from the woman, it didn’t take much for Lexa to figure out that the girl was probably the woman’s daughter. Lincoln walked towards her carrying two guns, he handed one to Lexa.

“What the fuck is going on?” Clarke asked from behind Lexa, causing the brunette to jump a little.

“Stay here…” Lexa said to Clarke as she and Lincoln were joined by Ryder and Anya, all of them taking off at some speed towards the fence.

Clarke stood and watched as one of the men tried to pick up the small girl, the woman grabbed hold of his leg to stop him, which just angered the men even more. As Clarke tried to move forwards she felt two strong arms stopping her.

“Let me go.” She said.

“Let them deal with this.” Nyko said, “You going out there will not help.”

“Put her down.” Lexa said to the man who had just picked up the young girl, who was now screaming.

The man looked at her, obviously not understanding what Lexa had said, so the brunette pointed her gun at him. Lincoln repeated what Lexa had said, but in the native language. The man started to walk back towards the car that was sitting on the dust road. Lexa fired her weapon, the bullet flying through the air close to the man’s head, close enough for him to stop where he was. He turned back and looked at Lexa pulling a knife from his belt and holding it to the child’s throat. Lincoln and Lexa focused on saving the young girl as Anya and Ryder tried to help the girl’s mother.

“The next one won’t miss.” Lexa said, Lincoln again translating.

Anya and Ryder helped the woman to her feet after knocking the other man to the ground. They were concentrating on the woman and had taken their eyes off the man on the floor. Lexa fired her gun again, shooting the man who was holding the child in the leg, causing him to drop the young girl. Lincoln ran forwards and picked up the girl. The man on the floor took a knife out from somewhere and pulled his arm back, his target was obvious to Clarke.

“Lexa!” she shouted as the man’s knife connected with Lexa’s leg.

Anya didn’t hesitate in shooting the man in the head as Lexa struggled to remain on her feet. The pain she was now feeling was clearly etched on her face.

“Get them into the camp.” Lexa said as she dropped to one knee.

“Lexa…” Ryder said.

“Go.” Lexa replied.

As Anya, Ryder and Lincoln brought the woman and child into the camp, Indra and Octavia ran through the gates to help Lexa. Clarke could do nothing but stand and watch as the two helped the brunette to her feet. The blonde could see the knife still in Lexa’s leg, the blood darkening the leg of the pants she was wearing. With Indra on one side and Octavia on the other, Lexa hobbled back towards the camp.
“Get her into medical.” Clarke said as they got closer, getting only a nod in reply from Indra and Octavia.

“Help them first.” Lexa said, motioning to the woman and the child.

“Lincoln,” Clarke said, “can you help Nyko with the woman and child?”

Lincoln nodded and followed Nyko, the young child still in his arms.

“Clarke…” Lexa said.

“Let me do my job.” The blonde said, in a way that let Lexa know that arguing would be pointless.

Indra and Octavia took Lexa to the medical area, taking her through to a small room at the back of the hut, Clarke followed behind them, grabbing what she would need on the way. As Indra and Octavia put helped Lexa up onto the bed that was in the small room, the blonde looked at her friend.

“Can you get me some clean water?” she asked.

“Sure.” Octavia said with a nod before she headed out to get what Clarke had asked for.

Clarke looked over at Indra, the woman just nodded a little at Clarke before she left the room. They hadn’t exchanged a word since Clarke had arrived.

“I don’t think she likes me too much.” Clarke said to Lexa.

“She doesn’t like anyone,” Lexa replied through gritted teeth, “I wouldn’t take it personally.”

Clarke turned her attention to the knife that was still in Lexa’s calf. She picked up a towel that she had grabbed on her way through to the room.

“I’m going to have to take this out,” she said, her eyes moving to Lexa’s face, “it’s probably going to hurt.”

Lexa nodded a little as she closed her eyes.

Clarke pulled the knife from Lexa’s leg, quickly putting the towel over the wound to soak up the blood that was flowing from the wound. Lexa clenched her jaw as she lay back on the bed, not making a sound as the knife was taken from her leg. Octavia came back with the water and some clean cloths for Clarke to use to clear up some of the blood.

“You need anything else?” she asked as she set the water down next to Clarke.

“Can you get me some antiseptic fluid,” Clarke said, moving the towel out of the way and pulling up Lexa’s pant leg, “I need to clean this before I stich it up.”

Octavia looked at the wound before she nodded, again leaving the room. Clarke put on a pair of latex gloves before she looked at Lexa again.

“I need to see if there’s any muscle damage,” she said, “and you’re really going to hate me for this because it’s really going to hurt.”

“Just do it…” Lexa said quietly.
Lexa had passed out from the pain by the time Octavia came back. Clarke didn’t blame her, having someone stick a finger in your leg had to hurt.

“She going to be okay?” Octavia asked as she handed Clarke what she had asked for.

“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a nod, “she’s going to have a nice scar though.”

“Just another one to add to her collection.” Octavia said.

Clarke started to clean the wound, before she sowed it closed. After she had put some gauze over the wound she wrapped a bandage around Lexa’s leg and pulled the gloves off.

“How’s the woman and the kid?” Clarke asked as she took a step back from the bed.

“They’re doing okay.” Octavia said with a nod, “Nyko said they’re in shock but there’s no serious damage.”

“Good…” Clarke replied, her eyes still fixed on Lexa.

The door to the small room opened and Anya walked in. She didn’t say anything as she stood there and looked at Lexa.

“She’s going to be okay,” Clarke said as she looked at the other girl, “she passed out from the pain, but she’s going to be fine.”

Anya nodded a little, her jaw clenched as she glanced at Clarke before looking back at Lexa.

“What happened to the other guy,” the blonde said, “the one Lexa shot in the leg.”

“He’s dead.” Anya replied.

“He shouldn’t have bled out that fast…” Clarke said.

“He didn’t,” Anya said, sitting in the seat which was near Lexa’s bed, “I shot him.”

Clarke nodded slowly, a little unsure about what she felt about Anya just killing the guy. She couldn’t say she blamed the girl, but as a doctor it was her job to help people, not kill them. The blonde looked back at the bed and noticed Lexa shiver a little.

“Can you stay with her for a while,” Clarke said to Anya, “there’s something I need to do.”

Anya nodded and Clarke and Octavia left the small room, closing the door behind them.

Anya hadn’t moved from the chair when Clarke got back to the small room, carrying the blanket she had gone to her tent to get. Quietly she put it over Lexa’s sleeping form.

“I’ve known her since she was 17,” Anya said, “she joined the army straight from High School…”
“I thought enlistment age was 18.” Clarke said as she sat on the small table which was in the corner of the room.

“It is.” Anya replied, “unless you get parental permission to join earlier. Lexa was in a group home; it didn’t take much for her to get the permission she needed… Her parents died when she was young, she was in and out of foster care and group homes. That first day when she arrived at the base she was assigned to my group, I always got the ones they thought were going to be difficult… we were put in the same unit for her first deployment… been together as a group ever since.”

“She told me about Afghanistan…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“Which part?” Anya asked as she looked at Clarke, noticing the blonde was looking at Lexa.

“Shooting the 9-year-old kid.” The blonde replied.

“She actually told you about that?” Anya asked, getting a nod from Clarke in reply, “well, shit. That’s one thing she never talks about. She saved a lot of lives that day and she did the only thing she could do. If it wasn’t for her, we’d all be dead…”

Anya stood up from the chair.

“I should get back out there,” she said, “make sure Raven isn’t about to make something blow up or something.”

Clarke nodded a little, her eyes still not leaving Lexa as Anya left the room. Clarke moved from the table to the chair, moving it closer to the bed.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

The room was pretty dark when Lexa opened her eyes again, the only light coming from a battery powered lantern which sat on the table in the corner of the room. Lexa looked around, letting her eyes adjust to the semi-darkness in the room. The throbbing pain in her leg reminding her of what had happened. She tried to bring her hand up to her face, to rub her eyes, realizing pretty quickly that she couldn’t move it. Looking to the side of the bed she saw Clarke, the blonde was asleep with her head on the bed near Lexa’s hand, her own hand holding Lexa’s. The brunette shifted slightly to the side, sighing as she lay there watching the blonde sleep.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Someone messaged me on tumblr asking for the next part of this one, so here it is. Please drop me a comment and let me know what you think as this one is pretty emotionally challenging to write and it would be great to know what people think, good or bad. There will be one more part after this one before a 5 year time jump. Enjoy.

Clarke made her way from her tent to find that, not even 24 hours after being stabbed in the leg, Lexa was up and about. The blonde made her way over to where the brunette was talking to Anya.

“You really shouldn’t be up and about,” Clarke said quietly to Lexa, “putting your weight on your leg could add to more damage to your muscle.”

“I’m fine, Clarke.” Lexa replied before looking back to Anya, “those new tents should be coming in the next couple of days, until then make sure that you distribute more blankets.”

Anya nodded and walked away. Lexa turned to walk away from where Clarke was standing, the blonde grabbed her wrist to stop her.

“Are you seriously going to do this?” Clarke asked.

“What?” Lexa asked in reply, as she turned back to look at the blonde, “the world does not stop because I got stabbed in the leg.”

“You should be resting, if not still in bed, then at least sitting down.” Clarke replied, “too much movement could lead to the muscle being pulled away from the bone which is going to weaken your leg to the point you won’t be walking anywhere.”

“Your concern is noted, Doctor Griffin,” Lexa said, the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes letting Clarke know that she wasn’t going to win this argument, “but I’m fine.”

Clarke let go of Lexa’s wrist and the brunette started to walk away, Clarke could tell that Lexa was struggling to walk, her whole body was tense as she tried to stop the limp and the pain she was still obviously feeling from showing as she walked.

“You’re impossible, you know that.” Clarke called after her, causing Lexa to stop and take a deep breath before she carried on walking.

The blonde looked in the direction Lexa was walking, back to the admin tent. For the first time since she arrived there she could see a queue of people. Obviously something had happened during the night which caused more people to arrive at the camp. Clarke made her way over to the tent, getting there before Lexa. Lincoln was sitting inside while Ryder and a couple of others took details of the new arrivals, handing out blankets and emergency supplies.

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked, looking from Lincoln to the long line of people.
“A village close by was attacked last night,” he said, “raided, houses burned down. You’ll probably be getting an influx of people who need medical treatment today.”

Clarke nodded a little as Lexa walked into the tent.

“What kind of numbers are we talking about?” Lexa asked Lincoln, almost ignoring the fact that Clarke was even there.

“We’ve got 20 registered so far,” Lincoln replied, “as you can see by the line outside that number is going up. At a guess I’d say 100-150.”

“We really need those tents…” Lexa sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose a little, “are we doing okay supply wise so far?”

“Yeah,” he said with a nod, “we should be okay.”

“Okay, good,” Lexa replied, “keep me updated?”

“Of course.” Lincoln said as Octavia rushed into the tent.

“Clarke, Nyko needs you in medical.” She said.

Clarke noticed that Lexa was purposefully avoiding looking at her.

“Okay…” the blonde said with a sigh before turning and leaving the tent, making her way to the medical area.

“What was that all about?” Octavia asked, looking between the entrance of the tent where Clarke had just exited, and Lexa.

“She doesn’t think I should be walking around.” Lexa said, her jaw clenched a little.

“Maybe you should listen to her,” Octavia replied, “I mean she is the doctor here, she is the one who spent years in medical school and shit.”

“I’m fine.” Lexa said, “she’s worrying about nothing. I’ve been injured enough in the past to know my own limits.”

“You also have a history of ignoring your own limits.” Lincoln replied knowingly, as Lexa snapped her head round to look at him, “Just saying…”

“Well don’t.” Lexa said.

Lincoln and Octavia dropped into silence as Lexa left the tent.

“She doesn’t do too well with being injured does she…” Octavia said with a sigh.

“It’s not being injured that’s the problem,” Lincoln replied, “it’s more that she sees it as her job to protect and help these people. When she’s hurt like this she looks at it like her body is letting her down, it’s something that she can’t control, and Lexa doesn’t like not being in control.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x
It had been hours since Clarke had gone to the medical area and the number of people arriving didn’t seem to be slowing down. They were running out of space, fast. Clarke was in the process of treating second degree burns on a three-year-old boy when she glanced up and saw Nyko looking around for extra space.

“We’re going to need to triage them,” Clarke said to him, “sort the most serious cases from those who aren’t life threatening. Can you go and ask Lexa if there’s any more of the cots available, we’re going to have to move the ones we have up a little. It’ll give us less space to move, but more space for people.”

“I will check,” he replied, “will you be okay here for a few minutes?”

Clarke nodded as he left the medical area. She wasn’t in there alone though, there were a few of the medics from the non-critical medical area of the camp lending a hand. It was literally an all hands on deck situation. It reminded Clarke of some of the busier nights she’d had on her ER rotation. In the space of 6 hours they had already had 4 deaths, and there had been nothing that Clarke could do. She knew, with the numbers they were getting and the injuries people had, that number was probably going to go up.

As she finished treating the boy in front of her, the boy’s mother looking at her with thankful eyes, Clarke smiled softly at the woman before moving onto the next one. It wasn’t much time later that Ryder and Lincoln walked in with Nyko, they each had arms full of army camp beds.

“This is the best we can do right now.” Nyko said to Clarke.

“It’s better than nothing.” The blonde replied, before getting back to work.

Raven walked into the medical area and over to where Clarke was.

“You need to take a break.” Raven said.

“I can’t…” the blonde replied, “not yet.”

“You’ve been at this for 6 hours, Clarke,” Raven said, “you need to eat something.”

“Later.” Clarke said.

Raven sighed and stepped away from the blonde, she looked towards Lexa who was standing in the doorway. She didn’t miss the look of concern in Lexa’s eyes as the brunette looked at Clarke. As Raven was leaving the medical area she stopped next to Lexa.

“She’s going to burn out at this rate.” Raven said quietly before she left the hut.

Lexa made her way over to where Clarke was working.

“Clarke,” she said, “take a break.”

Clarke looked up at her before she looked back down at the patient she was treating, not saying a word.

“Clarke,” Lexa repeat, reaching over and taking hold of Clarke’s hands, “stop.”

Clarke huffed out a breath and pulled her hands away from Lexa’s.

“You got me to come out here to help these people, so let me do my job.” The blonde said.
“You’re going to be no help to these people if you don’t take care of yourself as well.” Lexa replied.

“You’re concern is noted.” Clarke said a little more coldly than she had intended.

At Clarke’s words, Lexa clenched her jaw. The blonde could see the hurt flash through the brunette’s eyes before Lexa shook her head a little and slowly walked out of the hut. The limp was getting worse and Clarke could see Lexa stop and rest her hand on the doorframe, taking a deep breath before she continued to walk.

x-x-x-x-x-x

The sun had long since set when Clarke could finally bring herself to stop. As she walked from the hut she could see the team sitting around the small fire, like they did most nights, it seemed to be the only thing that kept any of them sane. Though, from what she knew of most of them, sane was pushing it a little. Raven spotted her and motioned for her to join them, Clarke just shook her head a little, indicating that she was going to sleep. A small smile played on her friends lips as she nodded a little. Clarke could see that Lexa wasn’t with the group, she expected that the brunette would be still working in the admin tent, or doing something else that would stop her from sleeping.

As Clarke walked into her own tent she saw a plate of food, a bar of chocolate and a bottle of coke sitting on the small table that was in there. A small smile played on her lips as she knew exactly who had put it there, the bottle of coke gave it away. She knew she had to eat, so she ate the food, deciding to leave the chocolate until later. After eating she made her way to Lexa’s tent, to thank the brunette.

The flap at the entrance to Lexa’s tent was open, meaning that she was in there and not asleep. Clarke walked in through the flap and saw Lexa sitting on the edge of her bed, her injured leg stretched out on the floor, with her other leg pulled up on the bed and her head resting on her knee.

“You okay?” Clarke asked, unable to stop the immediate concern that she felt for the brunette.

“I banged my leg on the corner of the bed,” Lexa said as she slowly lifted her head from her knee and looked over at the blonde, “hurts like a bitch.”

“Can I take a look?” Clarke asked, to which Lexa nodded a little and tried to stand up, Clarke walked over to her, “stay there, hero lady…”

Lexa smiled a little as Clarke sat on the floor near her foot. She lifted Lexa’s leg into her lap and pushed up the loose-fitting combat trousers that the brunette was wearing. She could see fresh blood seeping through the bandages.

“I think you tore your stitches.” Clarke said looking up at Lexa.

“Sorry…” Lexa replied quietly, suddenly finding herself lost in Clarke’s eyes.

A few moments of silence passed between the two as they both sat looking at the other, before Clarke cleared her throat a little and shook her head, trying to clear the fog that had descended on her mind.

“I’ll er… go get my kit and fix this up for you, okay?” she said as she softly placed Lexa’s foot back on the floor.
“Okay.” Lexa replied with a small nod, unable to tear her eyes away from the blonde.

As Clarke stepped from Lexa’s tent she took a deep breath and tried to calm her heart beat down a little as she walked to her own tent. Medical attention alone wasn’t going to help Lexa’s leg, she needed to rest. Clarke remembered that the brunette said she usually slept for around 4 hours a night, that was nowhere near enough. She walked over to the small medical bag that she had and took out two of the small bottles that she kept there, things that she wouldn’t have been able to bring into the country without a medical license.

She poured out a cup of water before adding some of the liquid sedative from one of the bottles, adding in a couple of drops of the oxycodone. Lexa would probably hate her for it, but she needed to sleep. Clarke knew from experience that the sedative would probably make her sleep for around 6 hours, which was better than nothing. Once she had mixed the two liquids into the water, she carried the cup and the bag through to Lexa’s tent.

“I’m going to need you to drink this.” Clarke said, handing Lexa the cup.

The brunette took it from her and sniffed it.

“What’s in it?” Lexa asked, as she looked at the blonde.

“It’s a mild sedative and some pain relief,” Clarke replied, “it’ll help, I promise. Please trust me, Lexa.”

Lexa looked back at the cup of water before she nodded a little.

“I do trust you, Clarke…” she said before she downed the water, handing the cup back to Clarke.

The blonde smiled a little as she put the empty cup on the floor.

“Lay back on the bed.” She said to Lexa, “it’ll be easier for me to re-suture your leg that way.”

Lexa nodded a little and moved herself back on the bed, lifting both legs up and laying down. Clarke sat on the bed near her injured leg, lifting Lexa’s leg and putting it over her own. She unwrapped the bandage from around the brunette’s leg, seeing that Lexa had torn open 3 of the stitches that she had put in the previous day.

Lexa put her arms under her head as she laid on the bed and watched Clarke work. As if the blonde could sense her looking she glanced at her face and smiled a little. The kind of smile that made Lexa’s heart flutter. Once Clarke’s eyes were back on her leg, the brunette rolled her eyes at her own behavior. ‘she’s here for another week, don’t get too attached’ she said to herself, though she knew that train of thought was pointless. She was already attached to the blonde.

“Thank you for the food by the way.” Clarke said with a small smile.

“No problem,” Lexa replied, “can’t have my best doctor going hungry now, can I.”

Clarke laughed a little.

The blonde got some medical wipes out of her bag and cleaned the blood that was coming from Lexa’s wound, before taking out what she needed to re-suture it.

“You really need to be careful with this,” Clarke said, glancing up at the brunette, “you get an infection and it could be really bad.”
“I’ll be more careful.” Lexa replied, gaining herself a disbelieving look from the blonde, she laughed a little, “I promise.”

“Okay.” Clarke said with a little nod before she re-sutured the wound, knowing that Lexa’s eyes were following her every move.

“So,” Lexa said, as she felt the sedative and pain relief start to kick in, “how long is this mild sedative likely to make me sleep for?”

“About 6 hours,” Clarke said as she finished the sutures and started to re-wrap Lexa’s leg with fresh bandages, “so not too long.”

Lexa nodded a little, feeling her eyelids start to get a little heavy. She arched her back a little, getting more comfortable.

When Clarke looked back at Lexa’s face she saw that the brunette was asleep. Smiling a little she took Lexa’s boots off for her, placing them next to the bed. She noticed the blanket that sat folded up at the foot of Lexa’s bed, it was the one she had taken from her own bed the day before to put over Lexa while she slept in the medical area. Opening it out she laid it over Lexa’s sleeping form. Clarke didn’t fail to notice how peaceful the brunette looked while she slept. Before she could stop herself she placed a soft kiss on Lexa’s forehead.

“Goodnight, Lexa…” She said quietly as she picked up her things and walked from the tent, pulling the flap closed as she left.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

The next few days passed in an almost blur as everyone worked as a well-oiled machine, getting the camp running as normal with the new arrivals. In the evenings, once the sun had set, Clarke and Lexa both spent time with the rest of the team around the fire. Raven, Octavia and Bellamy recounting embarrassing stories, mostly about Clarke, much to Lexa’s amusement. Though Anya and Lincoln returned the favor when they told the group about Lexa’s adventures when they were on leave from the forces. After fixing Lexa’s leg up again, the two had begun to grow even closer. Spending time alone together, talking about anything and everything. Clarke told Lexa about her childhood, and Lexa told her about her time in the forces. The brunette’s own childhood was still something that she wasn’t comfortable talking about, and Clarke wasn’t going to push her.

It was now the Wednesday night; Clarke was leaving on Sunday morning. The time was now passing much too quickly for both Clarke and Lexa. The blonde was actually considering staying a little longer, but she knew she had to get back home, she had a job and people relying on her after all.

Clarke had left the small fire to go and email her father, and check her other emails to see if there was anything important. She’d been gone for 20 minutes when Lexa decided to go and check on her. As the brunette stood in the entrance of the admin tent she saw Clarke with her head in her hands.

“Everything okay?” she asked, walking up behind the blonde and resting a hand reassuringly on her shoulder.

“My mom knows where I am.” Clarke replied, as she looked back at Lexa, “she wants me on the next flight home. Thinks I’m being stupid…”
“Do you want to go home?” Lexa asked.

“No,” Clarke replied quickly, shaking her head a little, “I don’t.”

“Then don’t.” Lexa said, “you’re an adult, Clarke, she can’t control you. It’s your life.”

“I’ll tell her that I’ll be back on Sunday,” the blonde said with a nod, “that’ll have to be good enough for her.”

Lexa walked back to the entrance of the tent as Clarke replied to her mother’s email. Just as she was about to leave, Clarke stopped her.

“Lexa, wait…” she said, causing the brunette to turn around and look at her, Clarke stood up from behind the small desk and walked towards where Lexa was standing, “I want to say thank you…”

“For what?” Lexa asked, a soft smile on her lips.

“Everything,” Clarke replied, not able to meet Lexa’s eyes, “this… not just taking the cheque.”

“You’re welcome.” Lexa said.

“I don’t even want to go home on Sunday,” the blonde said with a sigh, “I want to stay here, I want to help these people… I want…”

“You have a job, Clarke,” Lexa said softly, taking the blonde’s hands in her own, “you have a life. You have helped these people so much already. Plus, you can always come back again, if that’s what you want.”

“I think I’d like that.” Clarke replied with a nod.

Lexa smiled a little and let go of Clarke’s hands, she turned to walk from the tent, Clarke’s hand gripping her wrist. She took a deep breath, closing her eyes and swallowing hard as her mouth suddenly felt drier than the desert they were standing in. ‘Don’t do this’ her mind screamed at her. As soon as she turned back and looked at Clarke, she knew she was fighting a losing battle. The blonde stepped closer to her, her eyes flicking from Lexa’s eyes to her lips as she closed the distance between them.

Lexa felt that her heart literally stopped as Clarke’s lips hesitantly found hers. It felt like her brain started to short circuit as she softly returned the kiss, her hand coming up to cup the blonde’s cheek. Clarke’s hands settling on Lexa’s hips. It was slow, it was soft, a kiss that promised more than either of them could give. As Clarke deepened the kiss, Lexa’s hand moved round to the back of the blonde’s head. One of Clarke’s own hands remained on Lexa’s waist as the other reached up and tangled in her hair.

When the need for oxygen forced them apart, neither moved too far, resting against the other’s forehead. Lexa brought her other hand up and softly trailed her fingers along the blonde’s jaw.

“You’re leaving on Sunday…” she said softly.

“I know…” Clarke replied, her brow furrowed a little.

“Come on.” Lexa said, placing another soft kiss on the blonde’s lips, “everyone will be wondering where we got to.”

As the pair made their way back over to the fire, the other’s didn’t fail to notice Clarke sat closer to
Lexa than she had been, though they noticed nobody mentioned it.

“Everything okay?” Raven asked, looking at Clarke.

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a small nod, “somehow my mom found out where I was. She emailed saying that she wants me on the next flight home.”

“Hope you told her that you’re a grown-ass woman and you can make your own choices.” Anya said, finishing what was left of her beer.

“Not in as many words,” Clarke said with a little laugh, “told her I’d be home on Sunday.”

“I might stick around a little longer if that’s okay,” Bellamy said, looking around the circle, “it’s nice to feel like I’m making a difference, you know…”

Lincoln, Ryder, Nyko and Anya all looked at Lexa. The final say on that was obviously hers.

“If that’s what you want to do, sure.” The brunette said with a small smile and a nod.

Lexa had been a little wary of Bellamy when he had first arrived at the camp, but he worked hard and didn’t question anything she said, so she saw no problem with him staying.

“What about you two?” Lexa asked, looking at Raven and Octavia.

“I have to get back,” Raven replied, “probably got shit loads of work piling up to do. But I’ll be back out again soon.”

“Same,” Octavia said, “two weeks is never enough.”

As the night went on, Clarke shifted a little, resting her head against Lexa’s shoulder. The brunette didn’t question it, she simply put her arm around the blonde. Again none of the others mentioned anything, they had all seen how the pair looked at each other. Raven and Octavia shared a little look with Anya, the trio knowing that they were going to be the ones to pick up the pieces when it all went to hell. Clarke was leaving a few days later after all.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

So, here's the chapter that I wasn't looking forward to writing. Totally kicked my ass. I would say enjoy, but I think that will be a bit of a stretch. The next part following this one is a 5 year time jump. I promise you that this is not the end. Drop me a comment, tell me how much you hate me ;)

Before the rest of the camp woke up, Lexa was awake and checking her emails. She had one from Jake Griffin, letting her know that Abby was not happy about Clarke being out at the camp. It had taken all the self-control that Lexa could muster not to send back a strongly worded reply. But once she remembered to differentiate between the man and his wife, remembering that Jake already knew where Clarke was and had sent over some much needed supplies for the school building, Lexa replied to the email letting him know that she was aware of the email that Abby had sent Clarke, but the blonde was an adult so it was not up to her mother to make her choices for her.

As Lexa finished going through her messages she closed the laptop and rested back a little in the chair. She had never let herself open up to anyone the way she had with Clarke, especially not after only knowing them a very short amount of time. She remembered something one of her squad mates had told her while they had been at war. Lexa had started messing with the guy during their last tour when he was telling her about this girl he had met before they left, he told Lexa he was going to marry the girl when they got back home. Lexa didn’t understand how a person could know someone only a short amount of time and be sure that they wanted to spend the rest of their lives with them. He had said that when you met someone like that, you just knew.

She, of course, didn’t believe him, thought he was being crazy. Now she was starting to think otherwise. Obviously she wasn’t thinking about marrying Clarke, that would be totally crazy, but she certainly felt that the connection between them was something she would like to explore a little more. Well a lot more if she was being honest. As for the guy who had told her he would marry the girl he met when they got home, he did just that. He had been one of her unit that hadn’t survived the explosion in Afghanistan. Leaving behind a wife who had yet to tell him that she was pregnant.

When she had got back from that tour of Afghanistan, Lexa had taken it upon herself to visit the woman and pass on the letter her husband had written the night before he died. It broke something inside her, seeing that it wasn’t only the innocent civilians in warzones who were left damaged due to a war which wasn’t in their control.

She’d always been someone who never started up any kind of serious relationship with anyone when she was active in the forces, knowing that she might not come back from a tour, and not wanting anyone to have to deal with that. There were girls that she would see a lot when she was on American soil, but none of it was ever serious. Lexa had been so used to people leaving her that it was hard for her to open up and make that human connection. If you didn’t let people in, it wouldn’t hurt so much when they left. The first to leave her had been her parents. She didn’t really remember them, she had hazy memories, but nothing concrete. She’d make friends with people who were staying in the same group home as she was, but they’d always seem to leave at some point, or she
would leave them when she was moved out to foster families, none of which ever lasted.

The only people who had ever really been a constant in her life were Anya, Lincoln, Ryder, Nyko and Indra. It had taken her so long to open up to them, but once she had she knew there was no going back. They became a team, a very unconventional family unit, one that Lexa wouldn’t change for the world.

While she was getting lost in her memories Clarke walked into the admin tent.

“You okay?” the blonde asked as she walked over to the small table, resting against the edge of it as she looked at Lexa.

“Just thinking.” Lexa replied with a small smile as she looked at the blonde.

“Anything you want to talk about?” Clarke asked in reply.

“Nope.” Lexa said, sitting up a little straighter in her chair, “the sun isn’t even up yet, what are you doing awake?”

“Couldn’t sleep.” Clarke said with a sigh, “Too much on my mind, I guess.”

“Anything that you want to talk about?” Lexa asked, turning the blonde’s question back to the girl.

“Just thinking about what’s going to happen when I go home…” she replied with a small smile.

“You’ll go back to your everyday life and forget we even exist.” Lexa said with a smirk.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s possible.” Clarke said, her lips curling into a small smile.

“Anything in particular that you’ll be remembering?” the brunette asked, a hint of flirtation in her voice.

“Anya,” Clarke said with a nod, fighting to keep the smile from her face, “I mean, she really knows how to make an impression on someone, you know.”

“She’s certainly one of a kind.” Lexa said with a nod.

“That’s probably a good thing.” Clarke replied, causing Lexa to laugh.

“Yeah…” Lexa said.

“This whole thing is just…” Clarke started to say, stopping herself when she realized that she had no idea how to say what she actually wanted to, “I know that this thing started as a way for you to force me to take a look at the world, beyond the one I lived in, and… you probably saw me as this spoilt little rich kid that had no idea about what the world was actually like…”

“Oh yeah?” Clarke said, a small smirk playing on her lips, “which original thoughts were right?”

“You’re stubborn as hell,” Lexa replied, “you’re driven… you’re one of those people who sees what they want and they go for it…”
Clarke stood up a little straighter as Lexa stepped closer to her.

“You have the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen…” Lexa said quietly, “I could get lost in them for hours…”

The tent suddenly felt so very small to Clarke, all she could hear was the sound of her own heart as it felt like it was going to beat straight out of her chest. She wasn’t sure who made the first move, but as her lips met Lexa’s it was suddenly like everything in her life started to make a little more sense. Lexa was safety, Lexa was home.

Someone clearing their throat as they walked into the tent caused the two of them to back away a little.

“Don’t mind me…” Anya said walking over to the fridge.

Clarke and Lexa stood there as Anya made a show of being very slow about whatever she was doing.

“Something you want, Anya?” Lexa asked, her hands on Clarke’s waist, her thumbs creating small patterns.

“Can I have this last bottle of coke?” Anya asked, looking over at Lexa from where she was looking into the fridge.

“Is it going to get you to leave again?” the brunette asked.

“Probably.” Anya replied.

“Then take it.” Lexa said with a sigh.

Anya took the bottle from the fridge and walked towards the entrance before she stopped and turned back.

“You both have perfectly good tents you know, if you want some privacy.” She said.

“Anya…” Lexa said.

“I’m going, I’m going.” Anya replied as she left the tent.

As Anya left the tent, Clarke brought her hands up to Lexa’s hair, tangling them through the brunette locks as she closed the gap between their lips again. The satellite phone started ringing a few moments later.

“Oh for fuck sake…” Lexa said, resting her forehead against Clarke’s, “I’m going to have to get that…”

Clarke nodded a little as Lexa picked up the phone, not moving away from the blonde.

“What?” Lexa said as she answered the phone, “yeah, sorry, what can I help you with… you have? That’s great… sure, yeah, okay. Thanks.”

Llexa hung up the phone a small smile playing on her lips.

“Good news?” Clarke asked.

“That was the UNHCR based in the city,” Lexa said, “they have a space in the orphanage for the
young boy you’ve been taking care of.”

“That’s great.” Clarke replied with a smile of her own.

“They’re sending someone out to collect him later.” Lexa said, her hands travelling back to Clarke’s hips, “now… where were we?”

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Clarke was going through the medical supplies, checking what they had left, when Anya walked into the supply tent.

“So,” Anya said, leaning against one of the large boxes, “you and Lexa…”

“Hey Clarke, it’s good to see you, how are you? Oh I’m great, Anya, thanks for asking,” the blonde said as she kept counting through the small med kits in one of the crates.

“You and Lexa.” Anya repeated.

“What about me and Lexa?” Clarke asked, turning to look at the other girl.

“You’re leaving on Sunday.” Anya replied.

“I’m aware of that, thanks for reminding me.” Clarke said, turning around again so her back was to Anya.

“Chances are you’re not going to see each other again for a while, if ever…” Anya said.

“What do you want me to say, Anya?” Clarke asked, looking back at the girl, “it’s not like I expected this to happen.”

“I’m just saying, it might be better if you put stop to it now, before it goes any further.” Anya replied, “I have no idea what happened this morning after I left…”

“It’s probably better if you don’t know…” Clarke said quietly.

“Oh please tell me you didn’t…” Anya said with a groan.

Clarke didn’t say anything, but the blush that started creeping to her cheeks was answer enough for Anya.

“God damn it…” Anya said, shaking her head a little.

Raven walked into the tent behind Anya.

“What’s going on in here?” she asked, looking at the two girls.

“Anya was just telling me how it would be for the best if I stayed away from Lexa.” Clarke said, walking towards the tent entrance, “that’s pretty much what you were getting at, right Anya?”

“I’m just trying to look out for you both.” Anya said.

“Yeah, little too late for that.” Clarke said with a sigh as she walked past Anya and Raven, leaving
“Okay,” Raven said, putting her hands on her hips as she looked at Anya, “explain that to me.”

“This morning I went to the admin tent, Clarke and Lexa were in there,” Anya replied, “it was pretty obvious that I was interrupting something… got Lexa’s last bottle of coke out of the whole situation though.”

“So they…” Raven started to say.

“It seems so.” Anya said with a nod.

“Oh great.” Raven replied with a sigh.

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Clarke was busying herself in the medical area, trying to take her mind off what had happened between her and Lexa in the early hours of that morning, which was a lot easier said than done. She couldn’t stop wondering what it all meant, she was going home in a few days, and she had no idea when she’d see Lexa again. While she was checking on patients, Octavia walked into the hut.

“You okay, Clarke?” Octavia asked, walking over to where Clarke was.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” The blonde asked in reply.

“Raven told me what happened earlier.” The other girl said.

“Right, of course she did…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“You want to talk about it?” Octavia asked.

“I’m not sure what there is to talk about.” Clarke replied, turning around to walk away from the other girl.

“I call bullshit.” Octavia said, taking hold of Clarke’s arm and leading her through to the small room at the back of the medical area, “don’t forget how long I’ve known you, Clarke.”

Clarke sighed as she sat down on one of the chairs in the room, Octavia taking the other one. Octavia had always been able to tell when something was bothering Clarke.

“I couldn’t sleep this morning so I decided to go and walk around a little,” Clarke said, “clear my head. There was a light coming from the admin tent so I figured I’d go and see who else was awake.”

“Lexa was, obviously,” Octavia said, “that girl never knows when to sleep.”

“She only gets about 4 hours a night,” the blonde replied, “which is apparently enough for her…”

“So why couldn’t you sleep?” Octavia asked.

“I had too much going on in my head,” the Clarke said, “we’re going home on Sunday…”
“Yep,” Octavia said with a nod, “we are. The deal was two weeks.”

“I know,” Clarke replied, “but that was before…”

“Before what?” the other girl asked.

“You’re really going to make me say it?” Clarke asked in reply as she looked at Octavia.

“Are we having a life before, and a life after Lexa moment?” Octavia said with a small smirk.

“Asshole…” Clarke mumbled.

“Look,” Octavia said, “just because we’re going home doesn’t mean whatever it is between you and the boss lady has to end. Look at me and Lincoln, we’ve made it work.”

“I don’t even know if that’s what she wants.” Clarke replied.

“Then you need to talk to her about it,” Octavia said, “you can’t decide on your own that nothing is going to happen here. There’s two of you involved in this, Clarke, and I can’t say I didn’t see it happening at some point… none of us are really surprised.”

“Meaning?” Clarke asked.

“Meaning you were either gonna bang it out or kill each other.” Octavia said with a laugh.

Clarke couldn’t stop herself laughing, it was just like Octavia to drop something into a serious conversation that would make her laugh.

“It’s been a while since you’ve been involved with someone, Raven and I gave up trying to set you up with people…” Octavia said, “but this thing with Lexa… it could work.”

“Yeah, and it could not.” Clarke said.

“So what do you stand to lose if it doesn’t,” Octavia replied, “try long distance, if it doesn’t work out then at least you tried.”

“I guess…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“Talk to her.” Octavia said as she stood up, “see where she sees this going, then the two of you decide together where you go from here. You can always come back out here you know, we’d have to come up with something to tell your mom of course, saying you’re going to Europe will never work again.”

“I could just tell her the truth.” The blonde said.

“Yeah, cause that’s going to work.” Octavia replied, “she would be able to come up with a million and one reasons to keep you in the States.”

“Wouldn’t put it past her.” Clarke said with a laugh as she and Octavia walked to the door that led from the small room back out to the main medical area.

When Clarke opened the door she saw Lexa talking to Nyko, as soon as the door opened Lexa looked over and smiled a little when she saw Clarke.

“Talk to her.” Octavia said quietly to Clarke before she walked away, back out of the medical area.
Lexa walked over to where Clarke was still standing in the doorway.

“Everything okay?” Lexa asked.

“Can we talk?” Clarke asked in reply.

“Sure.” Lexa said with a small nod, following Clarke back into the small room.

Lexa sat up on the bed while Clarke started to pace the room a little.

“You’re going to wear a hole in the floor…” Lexa said, “what’s the matter?”

“What are we doing, Lexa?” Clarke asked.

“You mean in general, or…” Lexa started to say, aiming to make some kind of joke but stopping when she saw the look on Clarke’s face, “ah, this is that kind of talk, okay…”

“I’m going home on Sunday.” Clarke said.

“I’m aware of that,” Lexa replied, “pretty sure I have to drive you to the airport since you decided to use the truck for spare parts…”

“Before I leave, I need to know what this is.” The blonde said, stepping closer to the bed.

“What do you want it to be?” Lexa asked.

“It shouldn’t just be up to me.” Clarke replied.

“Tell me what you want it to be, Clarke,” Lexa said, “if you want this to end on Sunday, or before then, I can deal with that. If you want to try the long distance thing, then I’m good with that too…”

“But what do you want, Lexa.” Clarke said, her brow furrowed a little, “I know what I want, but what do you want?”

“Honestly?” Lexa asked, to which Clarke nodded in reply, “you… if that’s as only a friend, then that’ll be okay…”

“And if it’s more than that?” the blonde asked.

Lexa sat up a little straighter and put her hands on the blonde’s waist, pulling her closer.

“Then that’ll be more than okay.” She replied.

“Long distance sucks…” the blonde said, putting her arms over Lexa’s shoulders.

“It does,” Lexa replied with a nod, “but not trying at all would suck even more. I’ve never met anyone like you, Clarke.”

“So we’re going to do this?” Clarke asked.

Lexa nodded a little before capturing the blonde’s lips in a soft kiss.

x-x-x-x-x-x
Later that night, after the sun had set, the team were all sitting around the fire. Lexa was sitting on the floor, her back resting against one of the seating logs, Clarke sitting between her legs, the brunette’s arms around her waist. Octavia had just told everyone the story of how Bellamy broke his leg when he was younger by running and trying to jump in the pool when they were on vacation. He had tripped over his own feet before he was anywhere near the water.

“That’s not as bad as the time Anya decided she was going to dive bomb the pool from the second floor balcony.” Lexa said, ducking as Anya threw something at her head.

“Now this story I want to hear.” Raven said with a laugh.

“She didn’t check to see if the pool was empty,” Lincoln said, “ended up landing on some fat dude who was lounging around on an inflatable thing.”

“I think he thought all his Christmases and birthdays had come at once.” Lexa said as she laughed.

“It was certainly a soft landing.” Anya replied with a shrug.

As the conversation carried on Clarke leant back against Lexa a little more, her head resting on Lexa’s shoulder, as her hands covered the brunette’s.

“You okay?” Lexa asked quietly.

“Mmm, yeah,” Clarke said with a small nod, “I’m okay.”

“Tired?” Lexa asked with a small smile.

“Little bit…” the blonde replied.

“Time for bed for you then.” Lexa said, placing a soft kiss on Clarke’s head.

Clarke sighed, she wasn’t sure that she wanted to go to bed, but as she fought to stifle a yawn, she couldn’t really fight the tiredness anymore.

“Okay guys,” Lexa said as Clarke stood up, “this has been fun, but we’re heading to bed.”

“Do not want to know.” Raven said.

“Keep the noise down though we don’t want to attract any wild animals or anything.” Anya added.

“Seriously guys…” Lexa said, rolling her eyes a little.

Before she could say anything else, Clarke took hold of her hand and led her away. They continued walking hand in hand towards where their tents were, neither saying a word but both girls’ minds were running over time. As they neared Clarke’s tent, Lexa slowed down a little, bringing them to a stop outside the tent. The blonde smiled a little as she took both of Lexa’s hands in hers and walked backwards into the tent.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa woke up with a start the following morning, as her eyes adjusted to the early morning sunlight she realized pretty quickly that she wasn’t in her own tent. Once her mind started to go quiet again,
she remembered where she was. Clarke’s tent. She felt an arm across her waist and looked over to the side to see Clarke’s head resting on her shoulder, thankful that awaking from her nightmare hadn’t woken the sleeping blonde.

Knowing that she wouldn’t get any more sleep, and knowing that laying there would do nothing to stop the images in her mind, Lexa gently lifted Clarke’s arm and moved out from under her. She quietly got dressed before softly kissing the blonde on the head and leaving the tent. Anya was waiting not far from her own tent.

“Don’t look at me like that…” Lexa said.

“None of my business,” Anya replied, “but what is my business is that you have an email from Abby Griffin.”

“What does she want?” Lexa asked.

“No idea,” the other girl said, “I didn’t read it.”

“I need a shower…” Lexa said.

“The email is marked urgent.” Anya said, causing Lexa to roll her eyes and sigh a little.

“Fine.” Lexa replied as she started walking towards the admin tent, Anya following behind her.

Lincoln was already in the tent when Lexa got there, which let the brunette know she had slept for a lot longer than she usually would.

“Good night?” Lincoln asked with a small smile.

Lexa shook her head a little, a smile of her own ghosting her lips, she sat down on the chair behind the desk and opened the email from Abby.

“Dear Miss Woods, blah blah blah…” Lexa said as she started reading, “I have an offer that I believe you are not in a position to refuse…”

“Here we go…” Anya said with a sigh.

“The point of this email is for me to inform you that I have reconsidered funding the Trikru Foundation,” Lexa continued, “I am willing to give your foundation a total of $35 million spread over a 5-year period…”

“What’s the catch?” Lincoln asked as he looked between Lexa and Anya.

“This money comes with one condition,” the brunette said, “that condition is that my daughter is on a plane home by this evening at the latest. I have organized for my private jet to be ready to leave from the city airport this afternoon. Once I have confirmation that Clarke is on the plane, I will transfer the funds into your foundation account. I am sure that you will see that this is the best option for everyone concerned.”

Lexa pushed the laptop away from her and rested her elbows on the desk, her head in her hands.

“That’s a lot of money…” Lincoln said quietly, knowing that both girls were thinking the same thing.

“I need a shower.” Lexa said as she stood up and walked from the tent, neither Lincoln nor Anya made any attempt to stop her.
“What do you think she’s going to do?” Lincoln asked once Lexa had left.

“She’ll do what’s right,” Anya replied, “she always does.”

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Clarke had woken up alone, which surprised her a little, but in a way it didn’t, she knew that Lexa always woke up early. She went over to the wash facilities before making her way to the admin tent. It seemed like the whole team was in there, everyone but Lexa.

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked as she walked into the tent.

When it appeared that nobody was going to say anything Anya decided that she would.

“Your mom has reconsidered cutting our funding,” she said as everyone else avoided looking at the blonde, the atmosphere could be cut with a knife, “instead, choosing to increase the amount and the period of time…”

“Well that’s a good thing, right?” Clarke asked.

“The money comes with a condition.” Octavia replied, finally looking up at her friend.

“What’s the condition?” the blonde asked in reply.

“She wants you home, Clarke,” Raven said, “the jet will be waiting at the airport this afternoon.”

“And if I refuse?” Clarke said, already knowing what the answer would be.

“We don’t get the funding.” Lincoln replied, “it’s $35 million, Clarke…”

Clarke knew how much good could be done with that money, she knew how many lives could be saved. It didn’t make it any easier for her.

“Where’s Lexa…?” she asked.

Nobody said anything, all looking amongst the group.

“On the hill near the water pump…” Raven said.

Clarke turned and walked from the tent and made her way to the hill near where the water pump was. Sure enough Lexa was sitting there, looking out over the camp.

“When were you going to tell me?” Clarke asked as she walked closer to where Lexa was sitting.

“You should pack…” Lexa replied, not looking back at Clarke, though the blonde didn’t need to see her face to know that Lexa was fighting an internal battle with herself, it was in her voice, clear for Clarke to hear.

“So your mind is made up.” Clarke said.

“What choice do I have, Clarke?” Lexa asked, “This isn’t about me, it isn’t about us… this is about saving lives, doing the right thing…”
“You do have another choice.” Clarke replied, “you can take the money I offered you.”

“No I can’t,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “your mother is offering more, which will last longer. It’s the better of the two offers…”

“So this is it then, there’s nothing I can say that will make you change your mind about this?” Clarke asked.

“I’m sorry, Clarke…” Lexa replied, “this is the best thing for everybody…”

Clarke didn’t say another word as she turned and walked back towards the camp. She didn’t see the way Lexa angrily wiped away the tears that had started to fall from her eyes.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Less than two hours later, Clarke, Raven and Octavia were all packed up. Everything was already put in Lexa’s jeep for the ride to the airport. Bellamy had decided he would still stay out there longer, even given the circumstances. Lexa stood near the jeep waiting for the three girls to say their goodbyes. Raven and Octavia were the first in the jeep, Clarke following not far behind.

“Clarke…” Lexa said as the blonde girl neared the jeep.

“Don’t…” Clarke said, climbing into the back of the jeep next to Raven as Octavia sat in the passenger seat.

The drive to the airport was completely quiet. Lexa glancing in the rear-view mirror from time to time, seeing Clarke looking out of the window. Her heart ached for the blonde, she had so much that she wanted to say, so much that she wanted Clarke to try and understand.

Once they arrived at the airport the three girls got out of the jeep, Raven and Octavia getting the bags while Clarke called the pilot to make sure everything was ready.

“I am sorry, Clarke.” Lexa said as she walked to where the blonde was standing.

“So am I…” Clarke said with a nod before she took her bag off Raven and started walking towards the airport building.

“I guess this is it.” Raven said to Lexa.

“Yeah, I guess it is.” Lexa replied with a nod.

“You have any more water emergencies; you know where to find me.” Raven said with a small smile, knowing how hard the choice Lexa had made was.

“Thanks for coming, Raven.” Lexa said with a tight-lipped smile.

“I hope you can live with the choice you’ve just made,” Octavia said, “I understand that what Abby offered you is a good deal, but you’ve probably just lost the best thing you could’ve had…”

Lexa nodded a little, her jaw clenched as her eyes started to burn a little with tears that would remain unshed, for now at least. She put her sunglasses on as she watched Octavia and Raven walked in the direction Clarke had gone, before she turned around and got back in the jeep. As much as it hurt her,
Lexa knew she had made the right decision for the foundation. Like Octavia had said though, she just hoped she could live with the choice she had made.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

5 year time jump. Things have really changed for Clarke, how is she going to react when her past and present collide.

Chapter Notes

Due to all the comments on the last part I decided to post this part today. I was going to wait, but you were all freaking out, so here it is. The 5 year time jump. I already have half of the next chapter already written, so drop me a comment and let me know what you think of this part.

5 years later....

A drunken one-night-stand a month after Clarke had left the camp changed her life in more ways than she had ever imagined. She couldn’t even remember the name of the guy, though she was pretty sure she couldn’t remember his name the morning after either. His name wasn’t important, nothing about the guy had been important, apart from what that night had left her with. A month after that night Clarke ended up very surprised when she had missed her period. She was on birth control pills to stop that very thing from happening, remembering the drunken night she’d had a month previously, she mentally kicked herself. Clarke had been ill, on a course of anti-biotics which of course made the birth control redundant, as a doctor she should have remembered that, been more careful. But she hadn’t been. Her mother thought she was crazy when a couple of weeks later she had made the decision to keep the baby.

Clarke was someone who believed that everything happened for a reason, even if you didn’t know what that reason was at the time. The universe had ways of making things happen, a turn of events that would lead to be something very important in the long run. People are brought into your life, for however a short amount of time, single events can change your life forever. That’s the way she viewed her time spent at the refugee camp, it had certainly changed her life in more ways than she could have thought. Lexa had changed her life, changed the way she viewed the world.

Even now, 5 years later, her thoughts still strayed to the other woman more than she thought they would. She was still in contact with Nyko and Ryder, she shared occasional emails with Anya, and Lincoln was a constant in her life because of his relationship with Octavia. But Lexa, that morning she had driven Raven, Octavia and Clarke to the airport had been the last time they talked. Clarke had countless draft emails still sitting there that she had written to the brunette but had never sent. Of course she still kept up with what Lexa’s foundation was doing, her mother’s company was still funding the majority of her work, but other than that it was almost as if they had never met. Other than the way that Clarke’s view of the world had changed, and her interest in humanitarian issues, it was certainly like the two had never come into contact at all. That and the way Clarke’s heart would
beat a little faster when her memories took her back.

Now as she sat there in her usual coffee shop, with Raven and Octavia sitting opposite her, fussing over Clarke’s son, the blonde had no idea how her life was going to be turned on its head again that day.

“Lincoln’s back today, right?” Clarke asked as she looked at Octavia.

“Yeah,” the other girl replied with a smile, “his flight lands this afternoon.”

“How long is he here for this time?” the blonde asked as Aden’s face lit up with the knowledge that he would see Lincoln soon.

“A week, I think,” Octavia said, “he mentioned something about their most recent camp closing and him having a bit of downtime before they moved on to the next one.”

“Their camp closed?” Clarke asked, her brow furrowing a little.

“There was no need for it anymore, it was safe enough for everyone to return home again.” Octavia said with a shrug, “it happens, it’s actually the perfect end result.”

“Where are they heading to next?” Raven asked, as she pulled faces at Aden, “Anya said something about it being in the far east somewhere, I remember cause she was talking about how the humidity would make her hair frizz.”

“They’re going out near Tibet I think,” Octavia replied as both she and Clarke laughed a little at the mental image of Anya with a head full of frizzy hair, “near where they opened their first camp back when they all left the forces.”

Clarke noticed how they were all dancing around mentioning a certain name in their conversation, they always did though, it didn’t matter how many times they discussed Anya or Lincoln, one name was never mentioned.

“How’s Lexa?” Clarke asked, biting the bullet.

Both Raven and Octavia looked at each other before looking at the blonde.

“I know you both still talk to her,” Clarke said, turning her attention from her friends to her son, “I’m not as stupid as you think I am.”

“We don’t think you’re stupid.” Raven said, “we just… it’s been a while since you’ve asked about her.”

“Well I figured if anything bad had happened to her you’d let me know.” Clarke said with a sigh, “so come on, how is she?”

“She’s good.” Octavia said with a soft smile and a nod, “still trying to save the world and everyone in it, but she’s good.”

“Good…” Clarke replied with a nod of her own.

x-x-x-x-x-x
An hour later they were about to leave the coffee shop, Aden was going to be spending some time with Raven that afternoon as Clarke had a meeting with her mother and the company board about another funding review. Aden was dragging Raven towards the door of the coffee shop, not looking where he was going, when he ran into someone’s legs.

“Aden, you need to be more careful and look where you’re…” Clarke started to say, before looking at the person who her son had just ran into, her sentence stopping as she found herself getting lost in familiar green eyes, “going… Hi…”

“Hey.” Lexa replied, a small smile ghosting her lips.

“Sorry.” Aden said, looking up at Lexa, flashing her his best smile.

“Not a problem.” Lexa said looking down at him, her eyes flashing a little as she recognized the blue eyes looking up at her, before she looked back at Clarke.

“Why did we…” Octavia said, walking up behind Clarke, “hey Lexa.”

Any, Nyko and a girl Clarke didn’t know walked up behind Lexa.

“Griffin.” Anya said with a smile.

“Hey Anya,” Clarke replied with a smile of her own, “how’ve you been?”

“Good.” Anya said with a nod, “you?”

“Yeah, good,” Clarke said, trying to calm her heart down as it felt like it was going to beat out of her chest, “busy, but good.”

“I don’t think we’ve been introduced.” the girl next to her said with a smile as she looked at Clarke.

“Costia, this is Clarke Griffin,” Anya said, “Clarke this is Costia, she works with us out in the camps.”

“You’re Clarke?” Costia asked, looking between the blonde and Lexa, the latter closing her eyes, “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“All good I hope.” Clarke said with a small smile as she shook the girls hand.

“Nothing but good things, don’t worry.” Costia said with a smile of her own, “and who is this little man?”

“This is Aden.” Clarke said, looking down at her son, who was standing there, still holding Raven’s hand, looking between everyone.

“Hi Aden.” Costia said.

“Hi.” He replied with a smile.

“Clarke…” Raven said, a soft smile on her lips, “we need to get going, you’ve got that meeting with your mom in an hour and a half, and I don’t think she’d like it if you showed up in jeans again.”

“Right.” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “it was nice to meet you Costia, and good to see the rest of you again.”

“You’re going to the funding meeting?” Lexa asked as she finally looked back at Clarke again.
“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a nod, “it’s something I do now.”

“I guess Anya and I will see you there then.” Lexa said.

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“You didn’t think you should’ve told me that Lexa will be at the meeting?” Clarke asked, walking into her mother’s office.

“You haven’t seen her in 5 years, I didn’t think it was important.” Abby replied, looking up at her daughter from the paperwork on her desk.

“You should’ve told me.” Clarke said.

“Is it going to be a problem?” Abby asked.

“No…” Clarke replied, shaking her head a little, “but it would have been nice if you had told me and I didn’t have to find out when I ran into them earlier.”

A knock on the door brought an end to the conversation.

“Lexa Woods is here Mrs Griffin.” Maya said.

“Thank you, Maya,” Abby replied as she stood up from her desk, “show them into the boardroom and we’ll be there soon.”

Maya nodded a little and walked away from the door.

“When did you run into them?” Abby asked, as she looked at Clarke.

“Earlier at the coffee shop when I was with Raven and Octavia.” Clarke said, “Aden literally ran into Lexa as we were leaving.”

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All through the meeting Clarke was finding it difficult to concentrate, being in the same room as Lexa after so long of not seeing her had done nothing to lessen the effect the brunette had on her. Her mind kept taking her back to the night before she had last seen Lexa. The argument they’d had, what they’d both said to each other. As soon as Clarke had been told about the email that Abby had sent, Clarke knew that was it for them. Lexa had told her that she really had no choice but to accept Abby’s offer, and Clarke knew it. The blonde did know; Abby had guaranteed Lexa’s funding for the next 5 years if Clarke returned home that day. Clarke knew it was no option for Lexa, she knew how much good Lexa and the TriKru foundation could do with that amount of money over the 5-year period.

“What do you think, Clarke?” Abby asked, snapping Clarke from her thoughts.

“Sorry,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “I zoned out for a minute there. What do I think about
“On top of an additional 3 years of funding, Ms Woods is requesting an additional one off payment of $50,000 to build an orphanage in their camp in Tibet.” Abby said.

“Page 3 of the proposal.” Lexa said, causing Clarke to look at her and smile a little before she looked down at the booklet in front of her, turning it to page 3.

Clarke quickly read through the orphanage proposal, her eyes picking up on the small details.

“Does the $50,000 include the equipment needed?” Clarke asked, glancing up at Lexa quickly.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, “it will also allow us to have a dedicated team there around the clock, with added security if needed.”

Clarke nodded a little as she read through the rest of the page.

“And how long is that going to take to build?” Clarke asked, keeping her eyes on the booklet in front of her.

“It’ll take a month,” Lexa replied, “we already have all the material sourced and companies agreeing to provide what we need at a knock down price. All we need now is the cash to do it.”

“Okay,” Clarke said with nod, “but I do have one condition on that extra payment.”

Everyone looked at her.

“As I’m sure you’re aware, we recently funded something like this for another foundation,” Clarke said, looking between Lexa and Anya, knowing her mother was looking at her, “but they didn’t spend the money on what they said they would. So if we do agree to this, I want someone to go out to your camp in a month and a half to see this orphanage.”

“And who do you suggest we send out there?” Abby asked.

“I’ll go.” Clarke replied.

“I have no objections to that,” Anya said, “Lexa?”

“That’s fine.” Lexa said with a nod as she focused on the table in front of her rather than the blonde sitting opposite her.

“You have your extra funding Ms Woods.” Abby said, though Clarke could tell from the tone in her mother’s voice she wasn’t too happy about it.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

After the meeting was finished Clarke was getting in her car to go home, as she opened the car door Anya calling her name stopped her from getting in the car.

“Your mom didn’t seem too happy about that.” Anya said with a small smile as she walked over towards Clarke’s car, Lexa standing not too far away.
“Sucks for her.” Clarke said with a smirk, “we’re not exactly in the best place in terms of our relationship, she knows that.”

“Well thanks,” Anya replied with a small nod, “we’re all meeting up for dinner at Raven’s, to celebrate, you going to join us?”

“I don’t think so,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “I’ve er… I’ve got responsibilities now.”

“Bring him with you.” Anya said, “we promise to keep the drinking to a minimum.”

“I don’t know…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“Believe it or not, we are all responsible adults,” Anya said with a smirk, “and we do know how to behave if we have to. Plus it’s been a while since we all hung out.”

“Okay,” Clarke said, “but the minute it starts to get messy, I’m leaving.”

“Okay.” Anya replied with a small smile, “guess we’ll see you later then.”

“I guess so.” Clarke said with a nod before getting in her car.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke was thankful that she had a change of clothes at Raven’s, it saved her having to drive home and back to the other girls apartment. Raven, Octavia, Lincoln and Clarke were all sitting in the living room, Aden was watching something on Raven’s laptop as they waited for the others to arrive for dinner.

“How long did it take for Anya to talk you into this?” Octavia asked.

“Not as long as you’d expect.” Clarke replied with a small laugh, “but we have an agreement that if you all get too loud and rowdy then I’m leaving.”

“You used to like loud and rowdy.” Raven said with a smirk.

“That was before I had a kid.” Clarke said, looking over at her friend.

Octavia’s phone beeped letting her know she had a text, she looked at it before looking around the group.

“That was Bell,” Octavia said, “he wants to know if he should pick up beer and ice cream on his way over.”

“Ice cream.” Aden said looking at Octavia with a big grin on his face.

“So that’s a yes on the ice cream,” Lincoln said with a laugh, “I think Lex said she’d bring the beer.”

“Probably a good idea as Bell’s idea of beer is like Bud Lite.” Raven said with a laugh.

“Who else is coming?” Clarke asked.

“Lex and Anya, obviously,” Lincoln replied, “Nyko and Ryder, I think Costia’s coming as well.”
Clarke nodded a little.

“So are Costia and Lexa…?” Raven asked, looking at Lincoln.

“No,” Lincoln replied shaking his head, “not for Costia’s lack of interest either.”

“Yeah, well Lexa’s not really one for relationships, if I remember rightly.” Octavia said with a little laugh.

“It’s a little more complicated than that.” Lincoln said, glancing over at Clarke, who was doing her best to look like she wasn’t paying attention.

“Who’s Lexa?” Aden asked, looking at the group of adults who all looked at Clarke.

“You remember the girl you walked into at the coffee shop?” Clarke asked, her son nodding in reply, “that’s Lexa.”

“She’s pretty.” He said.

“Yeah…” Clarke replied with a small smile.

“Is she your friend?” Aden asked, giving up on whatever it was he was watching on Raven’s laptop and jumping up on the sofa next to Clarke.

“She used to be.” Clarke said with a sigh.

“Why isn’t she your friend anymore?” he asked.

“It’s a long story kid.” Clarke said, kissing her son on the head.

“Ask your grandma.” Raven said quietly.

“Raven…” Clarke said, a slight warning tone in her voice.

“You know I’m right.” The other girl replied.

“What did gamama do?” Aden asked looking between Raven and Clarke.

“Nothing that you need to worry about.” Clarke replied before shooting a look at Raven.

A knock at the door caused everyone to look over at it.

“I get it.” Aden said, jumping off the sofa and running over to the door.

At Clarke’s house he could reach the door handle to open the door, but at Raven’s the lock was too high for him to reach.

“Wait a minute.” He shouted while jumping to try and reach the lock, before Lincoln walked over and lifted him up so he could reach.

“Hey little man.” Anya said with a smile as the door opened.

“Hey.” Aden replied with a smile of his own.

“Did you open the door all by yourself?” Lexa asked as she looked at the boy.

Aden shook his head.
“He’s not quite big enough.” Lincoln said with a small smile.

Lincoln looked out into the hallway as the two women walked into the apartment.

“No Costia?” he asked.

“She’s tired,” Anya replied, “so she’s crashing at the hotel.”

“Nyko and Ryder will be here soon,” Lexa said, putting a bag down on the table, “they said something about getting more beer.”

Raven took the three six packs of beer out of the bag which Lexa had put down, followed by a bottle of chocolate milk. Clarke noticed Aden’s face light up when he saw the milk.

“Someone told me that it’s a certain little man’s favourite.” Lexa said, looking at Clarke, “hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.” Clarke replied with a small smile.

“That’s for me?” Aden asked, looking up at Lexa, who nodded a little, “all for me, I don’t’s got to share?”

“Don’t have to…” Clarke corrected gently.

“That’s what I said.” Aden said, looking at Clarke.

“You don’t have to share it with anyone you don’t want to.” Lexa said to Aden.

“Can I share it with you?” he asked.

“Sure…” Lexa replied with a small smile and a nod.

“Are you going to say thank you?” Clarke said, looking at Aden.

“Thanks Lexa.” He said with a big grin before running off into the kitchen when Raven was sorting out the drinks.

“He’s cute.” Anya said as she sat down in the chair that Raven had vacated.

“You think he’s cute now, just wait till he’s finished that chocolate milk.” Clarke said with a smirk.

“Does he get like Lexa when she’s had sugar?” Anya asked, laughing a little as Lexa rolled her eyes before sitting down on the other end of the sofa to where Clarke was sitting.

Aden walked back into the living room, carefully carrying two plastic cups full of chocolate milk, his little tongue sticking out as he concentrated on not spilling either of the drinks.

“I was going to give you the pink cup, but aunty Raven said you don’t like pink, so you can have the blue one.” Aden said, holding one of the cups up to Lexa.

“Don’t I get any chocolate milk?” Clarke asked her son.

“No.” he said, shaking his head.

“Great, thanks.” Clarke replied as the others laughed.

“Maybe you and Lexa can share.” Octavia said, quickly shutting up when Lexa and Clarke both
looked at her, “or not…”

Raven brought through 6 of the bottles of beer, putting them down on the table she glared at Anya who was still sitting in her chair.

“You know that’s my chair.” Raven said.

“Does it have your name on it?” Anya asked with a smirk.

“It does.” Aden said with a nod.

Anya stood up and looked at the back of the chair, there in writing obviously done by a very small child was ‘aunty Raven’s chair’.

“Well played.” Anya said with a nod as she looked at Aden, who just smiled at her.

Aden put his cup down on the table and tried to climb up onto the sofa into the space between Clarke and Lexa.

“Need a hand?” Lexa asked.

“Nope,” Aden replied, “I got it.”

Lexa couldn’t stop the small smile on her lips as she watched Aden struggle to get up onto the sofa, laughing a little when he realized that he couldn’t reach his drink. She reached over to the table and picked it up, handing it to him as he huffed and pouted.

“Thanks Lexa.” He said with a proud little smile as he sat back on the sofa with his drink in his hand.

“So what’s for dinner?” Clarke asked, looking at Raven.

“I was thinking pizza.” Raven replied.

The door to the apartment opened and Bellamy walked in with Ryder and Nyko.

“Look who I found stood outside.” Bellamy said as he closed the door behind them.

“Couldn’t remember what number it was.” Ryder said with a shrug as he put some more beer down on the table.

“Where’s my hug from my favourite boy?” Bellamy asked, looking at Aden who shook his head a little.

“What did you do, Bell?” Octavia asked with a laugh.

“No idea.” Bellamy said shaking his head a little.

“You’re not his favourite anymore.” Raven said with a smirk.

“Why not?” Bellamy asked, looking at the young boy.

“Lexa brought him chocolate milk.” Octavia replied.

“Oh I see how it is.” Bellamy said.

Bellamy made his way over to the sofa, Clarke knew what was coming and took the cup of milk off her son as Bellamy started to tickle him. Aden shifted over and tried hiding under Lexa’s arm.
“Help…” he said.

Leya picked him up off the sofa and sat him on her knee, wrapping her arms around him so Bellamy couldn’t tickle him anymore.

“Traitor.” Bellamy said, narrowing his eyes a little as he looked at Aden.

The boy leant back against Leya and stuck his tongue out at Bellamy which caused everyone else to laugh.

Clarke couldn’t stop the small smile ghosting her lips as she saw how Aden was with Leya, it was certainly something she hadn’t expected. It usually took her son a little while to warm to people, with Leya it seemed to be an instant thing.

“Anya tells us you’re coming out to Tibet.” Nyko said, looking at Clarke.

“Yeah.” The blonde replied with a nod.

“How did you get the Wicked Witch of the Upper East Side to agree to that?” Raven asked, causing Leya to nearly choke on her chocolate milk.

“I didn’t really give her any choice in the matter.” Clarke replied, “it wasn’t really a request.”

“Where’s Tibet?” Aden asked looking around the group.

Leya got her phone out of her pocket and brought up the maps.

“Tibet is all the way over here.” She said, holding it out in front of her so Aden could see.

“Where are we?” he asked.

“Right now, we’re here…” Leya said, moving the map back across so he could see how far away it was.

“That’s far…” he replied.

“Yeah,” Leya said, “it is.”

“Can I come?” Aden asked as he looked at Clarke.

“No.” Clarke replied, shaking her head a little.

“But mom…” he said.

“But mom nothing,” Clarke said with a smile, “I’m not going for a vacation.”

“Why you go then?” he asked, pouting as he leant back against Leya again.

“You remember when Raven went away for a few weeks,” Clarke said, “when she went to help those people?”

Aden nodded a little.

“Well that’s what Leya and Anya do,” Clarke continued, “they help people in places where other people don’t. Grandma’s company is giving them some money to build an orphanage, I’m going over to see it when it’s finished.”
“What’s an orphanage?” he asked.

“Orphanage.” Lexa said quietly in his ear.

“Orphanage.” Aden repeated, “What’s an orphanage?”

“It’s a place where children with no parents can stay,” Clarke replied, thinking about the best way to explain it, “they stay there until new parents come and take them home.”

“Why they need new parents?” he asked.

“He’s full of questions huh?” Lexa asked with a small laugh.

“Yep.” Clarke replied with a laugh of her own.

“Sometimes bad things happen,” Lexa said to Aden, “sometimes parents go away, and the kids have no one to take care of them. So at the orphanage there’ll be people to take care of them for a little while, does that make sense?”

He nodded a little, his facial expression letting everyone know he was still thinking about it.

“Like when Grandpa went away?” Aden asked, looking at Clarke.

“Yeah,” she said with a nod, “like that.”

“Did you know my Grandpa?” Aden asked, turning his head a little so he could look at Lexa.

“Yeah I did,” Lexa said with a nod, “he was awesome.”

Aden nodded again, before going quiet.

“I’m really sorry about that, by the way,” Lexa said, looking over at Clarke, “I know how close you were…”

“Thanks…” the blonde replied, “it was… hard.”

“Okay,” Raven said as she grabbed her phone, “pizza. Who wants what?”

“Cheese.” Aden and Lexa both said at the same time.

“Right.” Raven said with a laugh, “so that’s one small and one medium cheese…”

“Do you want to share a pizza with me buddy?” Lexa asked, “can’t eat one by myself.”

Aden nodded a little.

“Okay, so one medium cheese,” Raven said, writing it down, “meat feast for Clarke, O, what you having?”

“I want Chinese…” Octavia replied.

“You can’t have Chinese pizza…” Aden said.

“I know that, it would be awesome if you could.” Octavia replied, “order me a meat feast, please.”

“Linc?” Raven asked.
“Same.” He replied.

Ryder and Nyko both wanted pepperoni and Anya spent 10 minutes deciding that she wanted a Hawaiian but without the pineapple.

“So you want a ham and cheese pizza then?” Lexa asked with a laugh.

“No, I want a Hawaiian without the pineapple.” Anya replied.

“Which is pretty much just ham and cheese.” Lexa said.

“Oh hush.” Anya said, shaking her head a little.

“Rude…” Aden mumbled.

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After all the pizza had been finished, Aden getting more on himself and Lexa than in his mouth, after he insisted on staying on Lexa’s knee while eating, the little guy was now fast asleep.

“So…” Anya said, when they were sure Aden was asleep, “how did he come about?”

“Well,” Raven said, “when a guy and a girl…”

Anya playfully pushed the other girl.

“I don’t need a sex ed lesson, idiot.” Anya replied.

“I drunkenly spent the night with some guy.” Clarke said, “I don’t remember his name, I barely remember the sex…”

Lexa laughed a little.

“That good huh?” she asked.

“Oh yeah,” Clarke said with a laugh, “earth shaking, obviously.”

“As a doctor I was sure you’d be a stickler for protection and all that.” Nyko said.

“It wasn’t until a month later that I remembered the three-day course of anti-biotics that I’d been on when I got a chest infection.” Clarke replied, “as you know that stopped the birth control working.”

“Is the guy still in the picture?” Lexa asked, glancing over at Clarke.

“No,” Clarke said, shaking her head, “like I said, I don’t remember his name and even if I did it wouldn’t make any difference.”

“Bet your mom loved that.” Anya said.

“Oh yeah,” Clarke replied, with a smirk, “she said it was probably the second worst decision I had ever made in my life.”

“Second worst?” Nyko asked, “what was the first?”
Clarke glanced over at Lexa, the brunette shook her head a little.

“Going out to the ass-end of nowhere by any chance?” she asked.

“Pretty much, yeah.” Clarke said with a nod, “though I don’t regret it.”

“It was definitely an experience.” Bellamy said, “one that I’m glad I had. The work you guys to is amazing.”

“Awww Bell.” Anya said, smirking a little, “how many drinks have you had?”

“Not that many.” Bellamy said with a laugh, “we’re actually out of beer.”

“Want me to run out and get some more?” Raven asked, looking around at the group.

“It’s getting late,” Clarke said, “I should probably get Aden home.”

Everyone looked at the little guy who was still asleep, cuddled up to Lexa.

“He has a room here, Clarke,” Raven said, “no point waking him up just to put him in the car, to have to wake him up again when you get home.”

Clarke knew that what Raven said was making sense, but she was hating how comfortable she was getting around Lexa and the group again, it was starting to feel like 5 years hadn’t passed. The way that Lexa was around Aden was also effecting her, he had been either sat on her knee or sleeping on her the entire time that Lexa had been there, and the brunette hadn’t complained once.

“You can crash here too; you know that right.” Raven said, knowing that Clarke was fighting an internal battle with herself, “not like you have anywhere to be tomorrow.”

“Yeah, come on Clarke,” Octavia said, “we never just get to hang out like this anymore.”

“Okay, fine.” Clarke replied with a sigh, admitting defeat, “let me just put Aden to bed.”

She moved to lift Aden off Lexa, the young boy grumbling in his sleep and gripping onto Lexa’s shirt.

“I’ve got him…” Lexa said quietly as she looked at Clarke, momentarily getting lost in the all-to-familiar blue eyes as she realized how close she now was to the blonde.

Raven, Octavia and Anya all shared a little look between them as Clarke nodded a little, taking a moment too long to move back from Lexa as she swallowed hard.

Lexa stepped back and watched as Clarke pulled the duvet up over her son and softly kissed him on her shoulder.

“Lead the way.” Lexa said to Clarke.

Clarke walked towards Aden’s room with Lexa and the sleeping boy following behind her. As they walked into the room Clarke moved the duvet back so Lexa could put Aden in the bed. The little boy grumbling at the sudden change.

“Shh…” Lexa said quietly as she softly uncurled his little hands from where they were holding onto her shirt.

Lexa stepped back and watched as Clarke pulled the duvet up over her son and softly kissed him on
“Sweet dreams.” Clarke said quietly as Lexa put the nightlight on and the pair left the room, pulling the door closed.

“Well look at you two being all domestic and shit.” Raven said with a smirk as she put her jacket on, “so beer, and anything else?”

“You have everything you need for breakfast in the morning?” Lexa asked.

“You guys are crashing here tonight right?” Raven asked in reply.

“Depends what time we get done with the drinking and merriment.” Lexa said.

“Merriment?” Clarke asked with a small laugh.

“Mockery is not the product of a strong mind, Clarke.” Lexa said, a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips.

“I have never once claimed to have a strong mind, Lexa.” Clarke said, causing the other girl to laugh a little.

“What do we need for breakfast?” Raven asked, shaking her head a little at the interaction between the two.

“The guys like bacon, so that’s a must,” Lexa replied, “grab a box of Lucky Charms while you’re there…”

Clarke laughed a little.

“What?” Lexa asked, “I like cereal.”

“They’re also Aden’s favourite.” Clarke said with a small smile before she walked into the living room as Lexa gave Raven the cash for the breakfast stuff.

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Everyone else had gone to sleep, leaving Clarke and Lexa sitting in the living room alone.

“So,” Clarke said, glancing at Lexa, “Tibet huh?”

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, settling back on the sofa and putting her feet up on the small table, “it’s where we opened our first camp years ago. We’ve been getting reports of more trouble in the area, the Chinese government are pushing people out of certain areas…”

“And those people need some place to go.” Clarke said with nod.

“Exactly.” Lexa replied.

Lexa’s phone started ringing, she took it out of her pocket and sighed a little as she looked at the caller ID before answering.
“Hey Costia…” she said, “yeah, it just got later than we thought so we’re all crashing at Raven’s… okay… sure, have fun… yeah, bye.”

Lexa put her phone on silent and put it on the floor next to the sofa.

“Costia wasn’t at the camp when I went…” Clarke said.

“No,” Lexa replied shaking her head, “she worked with Niylah at a different camp before joining my team.”

“She seems…” Clarke started to say, stopping when Lexa laughed a little, “she wasn’t tired earlier was she?”

“No,” Lexa said with a small laugh, shaking her head a little, “she didn’t want to make anyone feel uncomfortable. She knows that we’ve all known each other for years and didn’t want to be in the way…”

“Lincoln mentioned that she’s got a thing for you.” Clarke said quietly, looking down at the bottle that she still held in her hand.

“She also knows I’m not interested.” Lexa replied. “She’s a nice girl, but…”

“Pretty too…” Clarke said.

“Yeah, she is,” Lexa said with a nod, “and anything happening between her and I would be uncomplicated and easy, but I’m still not interested.”

“Is there anyone special in your life right now?” Clarke asked, unsure of where her sudden confidence was coming from.

“Nope.” Lexa said playing the label on her beer bottle, “hasn’t been for a while…”

“How long is a while?” Clarke asked.

“5 years, 1 week and 3 days…” Lexa replied honestly.

“That’s pretty specific…” Clarke said, a small smile on her lips.

“Yeah, well that special someone left quite the impression,” Lexa said, “and no one else since has come close…”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have let them go then…” Clarke said quietly, her teeth teasing at her lower lip.

“Clarke…” Lexa said.

“I know,” the blonde said, closing her eyes and shaking her head a little, “I get it, trust me, I get it…”

“What about you? Anyone special?” Lexa asked.

“You’ve met my someone special.” Clarke said with a small laugh.

“He is pretty special.” Lexa said with a nod.

“Yeah he is…” Clarke replied, “and he likes you. It usually takes him a while to warm to people, he still won’t fall asleep on Raven or Octavia.”
“Bribery,” Lexa said, nodding a little, “chocolate milk is an amazing thing.”

Clarke couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped her.

“It’s more than that,” the blonde said, “but I think the milk helped.”

“I’ll have to remember that for future reference.” Lexa said.

“How long are you here for…?” Clarke asked as she looked over at Lexa.

“Not long enough…” the brunette replied, her eyes flicking from Clarke’s eyes to her lips.

“How long?” Clarke asked, closing the distance between them.

“3 more days…” Lexa replied.

“I guess that’ll have to do.” Clarke said, capturing Lexa’s lips with her own.

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The first thing that Lexa noticed when she woke up was that it was still dark outside. The second thing she noticed was that she was still on Raven’s sofa, with an arm around her waist. She could feel Clarke’s steady breaths on the back of her neck, it brought a small smile to her lips. She had promised herself that nothing would happen between them again, she couldn’t go through that kind of pain again. She had only known Clarke for a matter of days when she really started falling for her, and it scared her. As her eyes started to focus she heard small footsteps coming into the living room. Lifting her head up from the cushion she saw Aden, dragging a little blanket behind him, his thumb in his mouth as he approached the sofa.

“Hey buddy…” Lexa said quietly, “you okay?”

He shook his head a little as Lexa moved herself carefully from under Clarke’s arm, not wanting to wake the blonde.

“You wanna tell me about it?” Lexa asked as she sat on the edge of the sofa and picked the little boy up.

“I had a bad dream.” He said quietly, “there were monsters in my room.”

“Monsters huh?” Lexa asked, “shall we go and see if they’re still there?”

He nodded a little.

“Okay,” she said, standing up and picking him up with her, his head resting on her shoulder again as he gripped one hand onto her shirt and the other on the blanket, she walked them back to his room and turned the light on as she opened the door, “where were these monsters?”

He pointed to the wardrobe, so Lexa walked over and opened the doors, obviously finding nothing but clothes.

“No monsters in here.” She said, “where else?”
“Under the bed.” He said.

“They always hide under the bed don’t they.” Lexa said with a little smile, “I’m going to have to sit you down on the bed so I can look, okay?”

He shook his head, gripping tighter onto her shirt.

“Okay,” she said, rubbing his back a little, “how about you move round onto my back and we’ll both look?”

He nodded and shifted round so he was at Lexa’s back, she moved her hands round to make sure he didn’t fall and got down onto the floor and looked under the bed.

“Nothing under here but a teddy bear and a pair of socks.” She said, reaching under the bed and dragging out the teddy and the socks, “wonder if the monster wanted to steal the teddy, what do you think?”

“Maybe the monster wanted the socks…” he said.

“I had a monster like that when I was a kid,” Lexa said as she sat down on the bed, Aden still gripped onto her, “he used to come in and steal my socks and my mom would get mad when I couldn’t find my socks in the morning.”

Aden laughed a little, it came out as more of a giggle and it melted Lexa’s heart.

“Think you can go back to sleep now that we know there’s no monsters here?” Lexa asked, looking back at him, Aden nodded a little and let go of Lexa’s back and laid back down in bed.

“Will you stay so the monster doesn’t come back?” he asked quietly as she got up to turn the main light off again.

“Sure thing buddy…” she said with a little smile and got onto the bed next to him, propping herself up on one elbow as she watched him yawn a little.

“Are you and my mom friends again?” he asked sleepy.

“I really hope so.” Lexa said with a small smile, “sweet dreams Aden…”

Lexa lay there watching as Aden slept, cuddling closer to her as he fell deeper into sleep.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

More cute fluffy stuff, seriously, you might just get cavities from Lexa and Aden together. Abby makes her feelings about Lexa pretty clear, and Lexa and Clarke talk about the future.

Chapter Notes

So, as you all seemed to enjoy the last part so much, I decided to let you have the next part now rather than later. We're progressing pretty quickly through this. Comments always welcome. Enjoy.

When Clarke woke up the next morning the first thing she realized was that she was alone on the sofa, as she looked around the living room she saw Lexa’s boots and jacket so she knew the other girl hadn’t left the apartment. As she stretched out on the sofa, her back and neck really not thanking her for falling asleep where she had, she heard voices coming from the kitchen. She knew it was too early for Raven to be awake and as the bedroom doors were closed she assumed that the others were still asleep as well.

She stood up and walked towards the kitchen.

“I don’t like scrambled eggs…” Aden said as he sat on the unit in the kitchen, his little legs hanging over the edge as he watched Lexa make breakfast.

“How can you not like scrambled eggs?” Lexa asked, glancing over at him with a smile before turning her attention back to the pan on top of the stove.

“Auntie Tavia said it’s chicken’s brains…” Aden replied.

“It’s not chicken’s brains.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“You promise?” Aden asked.

“I promise.” Lexa replied with a small nod, “I’m pretty sure you’ll like my scrambled eggs.”

“If I don’t, can I have cereal?” the small boy asked.

“You can have whatever you want, buddy.” The brunette said, smiling before she added, “as long as it’s not ice cream. Pretty sure your mom would kill me for that.”

Clarke smiled as she stood in the kitchen doorway watching the scene unfold in front of her.

“Why can’t we have ice cream for breakfast?” Aden asked as he watched Lexa get some plates out
of the cupboard.

“It’s this rule that grown-ups have,” Lexa said with a smile as she picked Aden up and put him on the floor as she set about serving up breakfast, “something about ice cream not being a suitable breakfast food. I never understood it myself.”

“Grown-ups have lots of rules.” Aden replied, “gamama has a rule about not wearing shoes in the house.”

“Does your grandma have wooden floors?” Lexa asked, to which Aden nodded, “you want to know what the best thing about wooden floors is?”

“What?” Aden asked.

“Sliding around in your socks,” Lexa said with a laugh, “you get a good run up you can slide for a long way. Try it next time you’re at your grandma’s.”

Clarke had to fight to contain the laugh that was threatening to escape her as she thought about her little boy sliding along the wooden floors at Abby’s house, and how much her mother would freak out.

“Okay,” Lexa said as she put the eggs on a plate for Aden, “you want cheese with this?”

“You can have cheese with eggs?” he asked as Lexa picked him up and sat him down at the table.

“Oh buddy,” Lexa said as she got some cheese from the fridge, knowing that Raven had grated cheese in there, before she put it on the eggs, “you can have cheese with everything.”

“Even chocolate?” Aden asked, his little brow furrowed as Lexa put the plate down in front of him.

“Chocolate cheesecake.” Lexa said with a nod.

“That’s not real actual cheese.” Aden replied.

“It so is.” Lexa said.

“No.” The little boy said, shaking his head.

“Trust me, it is.” Lexa replied.

As Lexa turned back to the counter to get her cup of coffee she saw Clarke standing in the doorway and jumped a little.

“Hey.” She said with a smile as she saw the blonde smirking.

“Arguing with a 4-year-old about cheesecake?” Clarke asked.

“Educating a 4-year-old about cheesecake,” Lexa replied, “there’s a difference.”

“Mom,” Aden said as he looked at Clarke, “Lexa made me scrambled eggs.”

“I see that.” Clarke said with a smile as she walked over to Aden and kissed his head before she looked at Lexa, “you didn’t have to do this you know.”

“I know,” Lexa replied, pouring another coffee for Clarke, “I wanted to.”
As Lexa handed Clarke the cup, their fingers brushed, both girls smiled a little as the sparks they both felt.

“So,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “anybody got any plans for today?”

“Not till 5, when I’ve got to drop Aden off at my mom’s.” Clarke replied.

“I don’t want to go to gamamas house.” Aden said with a pout.

“Aden…” Clarke said, looking at her son, “you go to grandma’s every week.”

“I want to stay with Lexa,” Aden replied, “she made the monsters go away.”

Clarke looked at Lexa, a questioning look in her eyes.

“He had a bad dream,” Lexa explained, “so we checked to make sure the monsters had gone away. Pretty sure they were only there to steal his socks.”

Before Clarke could say anything Anya and Raven walked into the kitchen.

“Look at this scene of domestic bliss.” Raven said with a smirk.

“Morning Auntie Raven.” Aden said with a grin.

“Hey handsome,” Raven replied, placing a soft kiss on Aden’s head, “you sleep okay?”

“Bad dream,” Aden said, shaking his head, “but Lexa scared the monsters away and stayed to make sure they didn’t come back.”

Clarke took hold of Lexa’s hand and led her from the kitchen.

“Why didn’t you wake me up?” the blonde asked.

“Because you were asleep, and I was already awake,” Lexa said with a small smile, “it’s not like it was a problem, haven’t been monster hunting in a while…”

Lexa was cut off when Clarke’s lips met hers in a soft kiss.

“Thank you…” the blonde said.

“It really wasn’t a problem, he’s an awesome kid…” Lexa replied.

Everyone decided that they were going to spend the day in the park, it was nice weather and a way to keep Clarke and Aden in the group, every other idea Anya had involved bars and alcohol. Clarke sat with Bellamy while everyone else played football. Raven held the ball up.

“Aden, go long!” she shouted, before throwing the ball.

Lexa ran up behind Aden and picked him up before running in the direction that Raven had thrown the ball, knowing that the other girl had thrown it too hard for Aden to catch on his own.
Clarke couldn’t stop the small smile playing on her lips as she saw her son laughing as Lexa ran with him.

“How long is she here for?” Bellamy asked as he glanced over at Clarke before looking back at Aden and Lexa, the young boy currently holding the ball he had just caught.

“3 days…” Clarke said with a sigh.

“He’s getting pretty attached…” Bellamy replied.

“It’s easily done.” The blonde replied honestly.

“Did you two talk last night?” Bellamy asked.

“Kind of,” Clarke said, “there’s still a lot that needs to be said, but we made a start…”

“And when are you going to break it to the kid that he can’t keep her?” Bellamy said with a soft smile as he looked at the blonde.

Clarke sighed as she watched Aden start running away from where Lexa and Raven were trying to get the ball from him.

“You can’t catch me.” He called as he ran.

“You’re just too fast, buddy.” Lexa said to him as she followed behind him.

Clarke could see what was about to happen before it actually happened, Aden was about to fall over his own feet. She was about to tell him to be careful, when he tripped. Lexa catching him before he hit the floor.

“Gotcha.” She said, lifting the little boy into the air, causing him to laugh again.

“Tomorrow, probably,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “just let him enjoy this…”

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“I don’t want to go to gamamas.” Aden said as Clarke took him from the booster seat in the back of her car.

“You and grandma are going to have a lot of fun,” Clarke said as she rested Aden on her hip, closing the door with her foot, “you always do.”

“But I want to hang out with Lexa.” He replied.

“Not tonight,” Clarke said, “tonight the adults are hanging out.”

Aden pouted as he saw Lexa get out of the driver’s side of the car.

“Tell you what, bud,” Lexa said, walking over to where Clarke was standing with Aden, “we’ll hang out tomorrow, okay?”

“I have meetings tomorrow morning.” Clarke said as she looked at Lexa.
“I didn’t say you were invited.” Lexa replied with a smirk.

“Rude.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“Aden, you remember what I said about sliding on the floors, right?” Lexa asked, causing Aden to nod, “good.”

Clarke shook her head a little as she walked towards the front door of her mom’s house, Abby opening it before Clarke could even reach the door.

“Right on time.” Abby said with a smile, the smile falling a little when she spotted Lexa waiting by the car.

Clarke put Aden down and crouched down in front of him.

“Okay,” she said, “I’ll pick you up tomorrow morning okay, behave for grandma.”

Aden nodded a little.

“I love you.” Clarke said to him.

“I love you more.” Aden replied with a smile.

“Not possible.” Clarke said, kissing him on the head before she stood back up again.

“You have plans for tonight?” Abby asked Clarke.

“We’re going to the bar.” Clarke replied.

“And who is we?” Abby asked, causing Clarke to roll her eyes a little.

“Me, Octavia, Raven, Anya, Bellamy, Ryder, Nyko…” the blonde said.

“And Lexa.” Abby added.

“Yes, and Lexa,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “just what is your problem with her, mom?”

“Aden, honey, why don’t you go and wait inside.” Abby said with a smile as she looked down at the young boy.

Aden looked over at Lexa and waved a little, the brunette returned the wave with a small smile. As Aden walked inside the house Abby turned back to Clarke.

“She isn’t here for long, Clarke.” Abby said.

“I’m aware of that.” The blonde replied.

“And you’ve introduced Aden to her.” The older woman said.

“I also introduced him to Anya and the others, and you don’t seem to have a problem with that.” Clarke said.

“She already hurt you once, Clarke.” Abby said, “And now she’s going to hurt your son as well when she packs up and leaves again.”

“No,” Clarke said, feeling her anger rise a little, “it wasn’t Lexa that hurt me, mom, it was you.”
“She is never going to be a stable force in your life, Clarke,” Abby said trying to ignore what Clarke had just said, “she is never going to be in one place for long enough. Her life isn’t one that allows for anything to develop before she moves onto the next place. I don’t think it’s wise to let Aden get too close to her.”

“Well, that’s not up to you, is it.” Clarke replied, “He’s my son, and if I think his life will be a better place with someone like Lexa in it, then that’s my choice. As for her being in my life, again that isn’t your choice, it’s mine.”

“And when she leaves again in a matter of days?” Abby asked.

Lexa walked over to where Clarke was talking to Abby, placing her arm softly on Clarke’s waist.

“You ready, we’re going to be late.” Lexa said to the blonde.

“Yeah…” Clarke said with a small nod and a smile as she looked at Lexa.

“It was nice to see you again, Mrs Griffin.” Lexa said as she looked at the older Griffin woman.

“Let’s go.” Clarke said, slipping her hand into Lexa’s before they walked back towards the car.

“Wait…” Aden called as he ran from the house.

Clarke and Lexa both turned around in time for Aden to run over to Lexa and hug her legs. She picked him up and wrapped her arms around him. Clarke kept her eyes on her mother, seeing the shock in Abby’s face. Aden wasn’t usually one to hug people he had known for a day.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, okay…” Lexa said to Aden, who nodded in reply, “and we can hang out.”

“Can we get ice cream?” Aden asked with a smile as he looked at Lexa.

“Well I can’t say no to that smile, can I.” Lexa said.

“See you tomorrow, Lexa.” Aden said as he looked up at Lexa.

Clarke saw a small smile on her mom’s lips, maybe all hope wasn’t lost for her mom to actually like Lexa.

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“Clarke tells me it was a little awkward with Mrs G earlier.” Octavia said as she sat at the bar with Lexa.

“That woman hates me.” Lexa said with a laugh as she drank her beer.

“She doesn’t know you,” Octavia replied, “she’s just a little protective of Clarke, well a lot protective of Clarke. Probably something to do with her being an only child or something.”

“But she’s an adult, she can make choices for herself.” Lexa said.

“She probably just doesn’t want to see Clarke get hurt,” the other girl said, “she’d much rather Clarke fall in love with someone here, someone who would be a constant in her life.”
“No one mentioned love.” Lexa said, arching her eyebrow a little as she looked at Octavia.

“You’re fooling no one, Woods.” Octavia said with a laugh, “have you ever thought about staying around for a while?”

“You mean staying here in the US?” Lexa asked, to which Octavia nodded, “it’s something that’s looking a little more tempting…”

“But you’ve still got lives to save, right?” Octavia asked in reply.

“There’s always lives to save, O.” Lexa said with a small nod, “who knows, maybe one day I’ll take a little time for myself. Let Anya run things for a while…”

The conversation was interrupted when Clarke and Raven made their way back over to the bar.

“You two look a little too serious for my liking.” Raven said with a laugh, indicating to the barman that she wanted 4 shots.

“I’m a very serious person, Raven.” Lexa replied, smirking a little.

“Yeah, cause very serious people go monster hunting with a 4-year-old kid.” Raven said with a laugh.

“Monster hunting is a very serious business.” Lexa said, amusement clear in her voice.

Everyone laughed at Lexa’s statement, falling into silence as a guy none of them knew walked over to the group.

“Hi,” he said to Clarke, “can I buy you a drink?”

Lexa rolled her eyes and shook her head a little, before Raven handed Clarke one of the shot glasses.

“Looks like I’ve already got one.” Clarke said, “sorry.”

“Let me buy you the next one.” The guy said, “I’m Finn by the way.”

“Clarke,” Clarke replied, before moving Lexa’s arm out of the way and sitting herself on the brunette’s lap, “and I’m not interested.”

He didn’t say anything as Lexa wrapped her arm around Clarke’s waist, pulling the blonde closer to her as she rested her chin on Clarke’s shoulder.

“Sorry dude.” Lexa said with a small smirk.

“Enjoy your night.” Finn said with a smile as he walked back over to his friends, shrugging as his friends started laughing at him.

“He was cute.” Raven said with a shrug.

“If you like that kind of thing,” Lexa replied, not moving her arm from around Clarke’s waist, “I mean, what was with that hair…”

Everyone laughed a little before Raven and Octavia started talking about something else.

“Do you have any idea how much I missed you…” Lexa said quietly in Clarke’s ear.
“I think I have some idea, yeah.” Clarke replied as she placed her hand over Lexa’s as the brunette softly kissed her neck.

“Get a room.” Raven said as she looked back at the two.

Clarke laughed a little.

“We really need to talk.” Lexa said, causing Clarke to look back at her.

“Yeah…” Clarke said as she got off Lexa’s lap, before taking her hand, “we do.”

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Clarke and Lexa made their way up to the roof terrace of the bar, finding it empty, Clarke walked over to one of the sofa’s which was next to an outdoor heating lamp. She sat down and Lexa followed her over, sitting next to her.

“So…” Lexa said as she looked at Clarke.

“Why do I have to go first?” Clarke asked with a laugh.

“Okay, okay,” Lexa replied with a laugh of her own, “I’ll go first, I just thought it would be easier for you to go first as you have more to lose here…”

“Well I stand by what I said at the camp,” the blonde said, looking down at her hands, “I mean, I know everything has changed, it’s not just us anymore. I have Aden to think about as well now, and he has to come first.”

“Which I totally understand.” Lexa said.

“If he didn’t like you, this would probably be a lot harder for me,” Clarke said, “but he does, I think that’s pretty obvious.”

“Like I said before, he’s an amazing kid.” Lexa replied, “and I’m not just saying that cause his mom is gorgeous and I want her to give me another chance.”

“He does make it a little more complicated though,” the blonde said, “if you’re in this, I need you to be in it. I know you’re not going to be able to be around that much…”

“You remember before, when you were at the camp, and we were talking about my team,” Lexa said, “I told you that we rotate so that people can spend time with their families… I’ve never wanted to do that, because I had nothing to come back here for… but I want to have something to come back for… something to come back to, and this is probably going to sound totally crazy, but I want that something to be you and Aden.”

“But how often will you be able to get back here…” Clarke said quietly.

“As often as I can,” Lexa said, taking Clarke’s hands in hers, “it’ll probably be every few months, and it’ll only be for like a week at a time, but it’s something, right?”

“It’s a start.” Clarke said with a small smile before she kissed Lexa.
Clarke and Lexa had ended up back at Lexa’s hotel that night, getting lost in each other until the early hours of the morning. Instead of being woken by nightmares, as usually happened, Lexa was woken by the sound of Clarke’s alarm going off, which was a nice change for her. After taking a shower, both girls had gone back to Clarke’s so the blonde could change her clothes before they went to collect Aden from Abby’s.

“So,” Clarke said as she walked through to the living room, where Lexa was sitting on the sofa, “what do you have planned with my son while I’m at boring meetings?”

“Honestly, I have no idea,” Lexa replied with a laugh, “obviously we’re going to get ice cream, but beyond that, not a clue.”

“You can come back here if you want,” the blonde said, “I should be done by around 2pm, maybe the three of us could go out for dinner or something.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Lexa replied, taking Clarke’s hands and pulling the blonde down onto her lap, “hey…”

Clarke smiled before placing a soft kiss on Lexa’s lips. A kiss that Lexa didn’t waste any time deepening. Clarke straddled Lexa’s legs, without breaking the kiss, the brunette’s hands travelling to Clarke’s lower back as the blonde tangled her hands in Lexa’s hair. When the need to breathe became too much, Clarke backed away a little.

“I could get used to that…” she said, resting her forehead against Lexa’s.

“Good.” Lexa replied, kissing the blonde again, before backing away a little, “you might want to put on a different shirt or something.”

“Why?” Clarke asked.

“Pretty sure your mom is going to be able to tell you didn’t spend the night alone.” Lexa said with a laugh as Clarke fully registered what Lexa had said, jumping off the brunette’s lap and running to the bathroom.

“Lexa!” she shouted, “seriously? I look like I spent the night with a vampire.”

“Didn’t hear you complaining last night.” Lexa said as she laughed.

Once Clarke had changed her shirt, the two girls got in Clarke’s car and drove to Abby’s house to collect Aden. Lexa decided to wait in the car while Clarke went into the house, she knew Abby didn’t like her too much and she didn’t want to make things awkward for Aden. Clarke was in the house for about 10 minutes before she left with the young boy, the look on her face letting Lexa know that Abby had obviously said something that the blonde didn’t like. Aden ran over to the car as
soon as he spotted Lexa, the brunette getting out of the car and picking the little boy up, spinning him round a little, causing him to laugh.

“Hey Lexa.” He said with a big smile once they stopped spinning.

“Hey bud,” Lexa replied with a smile of her own, “did you have fun with your grandma?”

He nodded a little.

“No monsters?” Lexa asked.

“Nope.” He said with a smile, “are we still going to get ice cream?”

“Of course we are.” The brunette said, “then we’re going to hang out at your house till your mom gets home, then later we’re going out to dinner.”

“So you’re going to spend the whole day?” Aden asked, his little face lighting up.

“I sure am.” Lexa said before putting him down as Clarke walked back over to the car, “everything okay?”

“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “just my mom making her feelings pretty clear, as usual.”

As Clarke started to put Aden in the booster seat, Lexa looked back at the door to the house and saw Abby still standing there, she decided to take matters into her own hands. She walked over to the older woman.

“Just what is your problem with me?” Lexa asked.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Abby replied.

“Right,” Lexa said with a nod, “so you’re like this with all of Clarke’s friends?”

“I think we both know you’re not just friends.” The older woman said.

“I’m struggling with this,” the brunette said, “I mean is it because I’m female, is that what the issue is?”

“Of course not,” Abby replied, “you’re not the first woman Clarke has slept with…”

Lexa had to bite her tongue before she said something that would probably embarrass Clarke.

“It’s more your choice of occupation.” Abby continued, “you can’t offer her stability, you can’t offer Aden stability, and that’s what everyone wants for their child.”

“See, I thought that every parent wanted their kids to be happy,” Lexa replied, “Clarke and I have already talked about this. Sure I can’t be here all the time, but I can come and visit regularly.”

“I know how dangerous the places you go to are,” Abby said, “there is no way you can guarantee that you’ll be coming back at all.”

“And can you guarantee that you won’t step out into the street and get hit by a bus?” Lexa asked, “my camps are safe places, I’ve never lost a member of my team.”

“There’s a first time for everything,” Abby replied, “and I would hate to find out how much it would destroy that little boy to be told that you’re not coming back.”
“Well that’s not going to happen.” Lexa said.

“If you really care about my daughter…” Abby started to say.

“You can question me about a lot of things,” Lexa said interrupting her, “but never question how I feel about Clarke.”

The blonde walked over to where Lexa and Abby were talking.

“Everything okay?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied, not taking her eyes off the older woman, “everything’s fine.”

“Why don’t you join us for dinner,” Clarke said to Abby, “get to know Lexa as a person.”

“I might be busy.” Abby replied.

“Spending time with me isn’t going to change her mind, Clarke.” Lexa said with a sigh.

“I’ll be there.” Abby said, looking between Lexa and Clarke.

“Thank you.” Clarke replied, “I’ll message you with the details of where we’re going later.”

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Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

More cuteness from Lexa and Aden, Abby realises that her little games are not going to work, and everyone builds up to the heartbreak of Lexa leaving.

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter than the last couple, I think my brain is still fried from last nights episode. There's fluff, but it's not all fluffy. Thank you all so much for the comments and stuff on the last few chapters, it really helps with the writing to know that people are enjoying it.

The restaurant that Clarke had picked out was a little different to those that Lexa was used to, but Clarke assured her that it wasn’t a ‘dress code’ kind of place. They had been waiting almost 20 minutes when Abby finally arrived.

“Sorry I’m late,” Abby said, taking the empty seat next to Clarke after kissing Aden on the head, “my last meeting overran.”

Aden was sitting in a booster seat next to Lexa, he looked over at her and saw that she was looking through the food menu. The little boy reached onto the table and picked up the menu that was sitting there. Out of the corner of her eye Lexa saw what he was doing and smiled a little. As Clarke and Abby were discussing the meeting that the older woman had just finished, Lexa looked over at Aden and couldn’t stop the laugh escaping her at the look of utter concentration on his face as he looked at the menu, which he was holding upside down. Lexa reached over to him and turned the menu the right way round again, though she was sure he couldn’t read it.

“It was upside down, bud.” Lexa said with a smile.

“I knew that.” Aden replied with a nod, which caused Clarke to laugh at the interaction of the pair.

“So, Aden, what did you get up to today while your mom was in meetings?” Abby asked the little boy.

“I hung out with Lexa,” Aden said as he looked at his grandma, “we went for ice cream then watched a movie.”

“Ice cream huh?” Abby asked, “I bet that was fun.”

Aden nodded a little.

“I had chocolate with rainbow sprinkles.” He said.
“Lots of sugar.” Abby said, glancing over at Lexa a little.

The brunette shook her head slightly as she continued to read the menu, she promised herself that she wasn’t going to get Abby get to her, no matter how much the older woman tried.

The waiter came over to see if they were ready to order, they weren’t yet but they decided to order drinks while they decided on the food.

“Do you gots chocolate milk?” Aden asked the waiter.

“Do you have, not do you gots.” Lexa said quietly to the boy.

“Do you have chocolate milk?” Aden asked again, correcting himself.

“We have chocolate milkshake, but unfortunately not chocolate milk.” The waiter said with a small smile as he looked between Lexa and Aden.

“I assume the milkshake is made with ice cream.” Abby said as she looked at the waiter.

“Yes, ma’am.” He replied.

“You’ve already had ice cream today, Aden.” Abby said to the young boy, “choose something else. Can I have a glass of your house white please.”

The waiter wrote down the order before looking at Clarke.

“I’ll have the same please.” Clarke said with a small smile.

As the waiter added Clarke’s order to the pad of paper he had he looked at Aden.

“Just milk please.” Aden said with a sad kind of smile.

The waiter smiled a little as he wrote it down before looking at Lexa.

“Can I get a large chocolate milkshake please.” Lexa said, the waiter smirking a little as he wrote it down, “with two straws, thanks.”

Clarke fought the laugh that was threatening to escape her as Abby shot a look at Lexa, the brunette turning her attention back to the menu in her hand. Lexa knew Abby was looking at her, so she slowly lifted her head and looked at the older woman.

“Is there a problem?” Lexa asked.

“He’s already had ice cream today.” Abby replied.

“Which stops me ordering a milkshake, why?” Lexa asked in reply, “and besides, I don’t think it’s really up to you what Aden orders.”

“The two straws comment makes it pretty obvious that you intend to share it with him.” The older woman said.

“Clarke,” Lexa said looking at the blonde, “do you have a problem with me allowing your son to have some of my milkshake.”

“As long as it’s not too much,” Clarke replied, as Aden’s face lit up, “and as long as he brushes his teeth properly when we get home.”
Aden nodded before looking at Lexa with a big smile on his face, the brunette smiled a little and winked, causing Clarke to shake her head a little.

The dinner continued on with a civilized conversation until it came time to order desert.

“What time does your flight leave tomorrow, Lexa?” Abby asked, glancing up from her menu to look at the brunette.

Aden looked at Lexa, who was currently glaring at Abby. Neither Clarke nor Lexa had talked to Aden about Lexa leaving, they had intended to do that once they got back to Clarke’s house after the meal.

“You’re going away?” Aden asked, tears already building in his eyes.

“That was out of line and you know it.” Clarke said quietly but harshly to her mother.

Lexa turned her chair around a little so she was facing Aden, moving his booster seat around so he was facing her.

“Do you remember that first day we talked, at Raven’s?” Lexa asked, to which Aden nodded, “and your mom said about Tibet…”

“The orphanage?” Aden asked with a sniffle.

“Yeah, the orphanage,” Lexa replied with a soft smile, “well, tomorrow I’m going to Tibet, so me and Anya and the others can help those people.”

“But I don’t want you to go…” Aden said.

“I know,” Lexa said, “I don’t want to go either, but those kids need someone to take care of them till their new parents come and take them home.”

“Will you come back?” Aden asked.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, “I’ll come back. It’s not going to be for a little while though, probably 3 months…”

“That’s a long time.” The young boy said.

“To a 4-year-old, I guess it is,” Lexa replied, “but we can still talk on the phone, and you can tell me all about what you get up to, okay?”

“Okay.” Aden said with a nod.

“And in answer to your question,” Lexa said looking over at Abby, “my flight leaves at 10 tomorrow night, which is obviously not quick enough for you.”

“Lexa…” Clarke said, looking at Lexa with a pleading look in her eyes to not do this in front of Aden.

“Sorry…” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little before she moved to stand up, “I need some air.”

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Lexa was standing outside the restaurant, her back against the wall, when Clarke walked outside.

“There you are.” The blonde said with a small smile, “I was starting to think you’d run off.”

“I can’t believe your mom did that.” Lexa replied with a sigh, shaking her head a little.

“I can,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “but you handled it pretty well. I’m impressed. I was expecting Aden to have a tantrum about it, but thanks to you, he didn’t.”

“He’s a good kid.” Lexa replied.

“He ordered you dessert by the way,” the blonde said, “chocolate cheesecake, after asking the waiter if it was really real cheese.”

Lexa laughed a little before Clarke softly kissed her.

“Come on,” Clarke said, taking Lexa’s hand, “before he eats it himself.”

As they walked back into the restaurant and sat back down Aden looked at Lexa.

“It’s really real cheese, I checked.” He said.

“Thanks, bud.” Lexa replied with a small smile before leaning over and kissing his head.

“I was thinking about taking Aden to the park tomorrow.” Abby said as she looked at Clarke, “give you and Lexa some time alone.”

Clarke looked over at Lexa.

“Actually, Lexa and I are taking him to the Dinosaur Museum tomorrow.” Clarke said, her eyes never leaving Lexa.

“Really?” Aden asked, looking between Lexa and Clarke.

“Yep.” Lexa replied with a nod, “take it you like dinosaurs?”

Aden nodded quickly, causing all three adults to laugh.

“I can take him tomorrow evening then, he can stay overnight.” Abby said.

“Lexa…” Clarke said, looking at the brunette, “what do you think?”

“I think I want to spend my last few hours in the country hanging out with both of you, if that’s okay…” Lexa said.

“Sounds perfect.” Clarke replied, a soft smile on her face.

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Clarke stood in the doorway of Aden’s bedroom and felt her heart ache at the sight that was in front of her. She hadn’t really thought about seeing Lexa with Aden at all, she hadn’t even been sure she
would ever see the other girl again after what had happened at the camp, but now that she had, she
was sure there wasn’t a more perfect sight in the world.

“You going on an airplane tomorrow?” Aden asked as Lexa tucked him into bed, before the brunette
sat on the edge of the bed.

“Yeah,” she said with a nod, “you ever been on an airplane?”

“Me and mommy went to London one time with grandma.” Aden replied with a nod of his own.

“London’s pretty cool,” Lexa said with a smile, “did you get to see the Queen?”

“No, mommy said she was busy.” Aden replied.

“Well she is a very busy lady.” Lexa said.

“Before you helped people, what did you do?” the young boy asked.

“I was a Marine.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“But you’re a girl.” Aden replied, his brow furrowed a little.

“Girls can be Marines too.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“Really?” he asked.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, “Anya was a Marine as well.”

“Is that how you got to be friends?” Aden asked.

“Yeah,” the brunette replied, “we’ve been through a lot together.”

“So you protected Murica?” Aden said.

“Something like that.” Lexa said with a small smile.

Aden yawned and snuggled down under his duvet a little.

“You’re too pretty to be a Marine.” He said sleepily.

Lexa smiled a little before she stood up and placed a soft kiss on his head.

“Sweet dreams, Aden.” She said.

“You still be here tomorrow?” he asked, his eyes getting heavy.

“I’ll still be here.” Lexa said with a soft smile.

Lexa walked towards the door, seeing Clarke standing there she smiled a little.

“He really is full of questions.” Lexa said as she turned the main light off, leaving the nightlight on.

“He just wants to know more about you,” the blonde replied as the two walked from Aden’s room,
“he’s curious.”
The following morning when Lexa, Clarke and Aden arrived at the Dinosaur Museum, Raven, Octavia, Lincoln and Anya were already there.

“Aunty Raven.” Aden said with a massive smile from his position on Lexa’s shoulders.

“Wow,” Raven replied as she looked at him, “look at you. You’re pretty high up.”

“I’m bigger than you are now.” He said with a grin.

“Yes you are.” Raven said with a smile.

“Nice to see you’re still alive, Lex.” Lincoln said with a smile.

“Yeah, I mean it’s nice to know that nothing happened to you since we haven’t talked to you in two days.” Anya said, a smirk playing on her lips.

“She was hanging out with me.” Aden said to Anya.

“Well next time she decides to hang out with you, can you make sure that she calls us.” Anya said with a smile as she looked up at the young boy.

“She was also hanging out with my mommy…” he said looking over at Clarke.

“No one needs a phone call while she’s hanging out with your mom, kid.” Octavia said with a laugh, getting a slap round the head from Raven, “Ow.”

“Okay,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “let’s get in there, before this gets seriously out of hand.”

Lexa crouched down so Aden could get down off her shoulders. The young boy took hold of Raven’s hand as the group walked towards the main doors of the museum.

“So, did you enjoy your time hanging out with Clarke?” Anya asked with a smirk as she walked next to Lexa.

“Do you need a slap round the head too?” Lexa asked in reply looking at the other girl.

“Clarke and Lexa sitting in a tree.” Anya said in a sing-song voice before she walked away to catch up to Raven.

“And here I was thinking Aden was the 4-year-old.” Lexa said, loud enough for Anya to hear her, the other girl flipping her off, causing Lexa to laugh a little, “love you too, Anya.”

Clarke and Aden were standing looking at one of the dinosaur skeletons, the blonde had her son rested on her hip as she pointed out different parts of the skeleton to him. Lexa was standing a little way away from them, just watching them. She got her phone out of her pocket and took a picture of
them, not seeing Anya walk up next to her.

“You are so whipped.” Anya said, putting her arm around Lexa’s shoulder.

“Oddly enough, I’m okay with that.” Lexa replied with a smirk.

“Have you told the kid you’re leaving yet?” the other girl asked.

“Abby did, last night during dinner.” Lexa said with a sigh, “not exactly sure what her problem is…”

“She needs to get laid?” Anya asked.

“Her husband died two years ago, Anya…” Lexa said.

“When’s her birthday, we’ll send her a toy.” Anya replied, causing Lexa to laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” Raven asked, walking over to them.

“I was just wondering when Abby’s birthday is,” Anya replied, “I have a few present ideas that will help with her stress-relief, hopefully getting her off Lexa’s back for a while.”

“Believe it or not, me and Clarke already got her something this year,” Raven said with a laugh, “she didn’t think it was too funny, so Octavia told her it was a paperweight…”

Lexa started laughing so much that she had to hold her stomach.

“You okay there?” Clarke asked, amusement in her voice, as she and Aden walked back over to the group.

“I was just telling them about the paperweight we got your mom for her birthday this year.” Raven said.

“Oh god,” Clarke said with a laugh of her own, “that was so not the most thought out of gifts.”

“I can’t believe you did that.” Lexa said, still laughing as she looked at Clarke.

“She’s my mom, and I love her, and I know that my dad passed away and that’s got to be so hard for her,” Clarke said, “but my dad wouldn’t just want her to stop, you know, he’d want her to be happy. I’m actually thinking about setting her up with Marcus.”

“The lawyer at the hospital where you work?” Raven asked.

“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a nod, “they met at some benefit recently and seemed to get along…”

“That could work.” Raven said with a nod of her own.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke was standing with Octavia and Lincoln while Lexa, Aden, Anya and Raven looked around the gift shop. The three laughed when Aden picked up a T-Rex fluffy hat from one of the shelves and put it on Lexa’s head.

“She’s really great with him.” Octavia said.
“You sound surprised.” Lincoln replied.

“I am,” Octavia said with a small laugh, “I mean, I know that I don’t know her as well as you do, but kids don’t really seem like Lexa’s thing.”

“Some of the guys on the team have kids,” Lincoln said, “when we all get together, like once a year, Lexa always prefers hanging out with the kids rather than the adults.”

“I don’t blame her.” Clarke replied with a small laugh.

“But this thing she has with Aden,” Lincoln said, “it’s different…”

“Well yeah,” Octavia said, “I bet she doesn’t sleep with the other kid’s moms…”

“I don’t mean like that,” Lincoln replied, shaking his head a little, “he’s part of Clarke, and to Lex that’s… everything.”

“You are such a softie.” Octavia said.

“Lexa has been through a lot,” Lincoln said, “she didn’t have the easiest of childhoods, joined the forces straight from High School… did a lot of things she’d probably rather forget… it’s good to see her genuinely happy.”

Lexa walked over to where Clarke, Octavia and Lincoln were standing. Aden was clinging to a T-Rex teddy, his head rested on Lexa’s shoulder. Anya and Raven followed on behind them.

“I don’t want you to go…” Aden said to Lexa as they reached the group.

Lexa closed her eyes and swallowed hard, the tone of Aden’s voice causing her heart to break slightly.

“And I don’t want to go,” she said, kissing his head softly, “but I have to.”

The small group all looked at each other, they all knew this was going to be hard, but they hadn’t really thought about just how hard it was going to be.

“What about the monsters that come back?” Aden asked, “who is going to make them go away?”

“That’s the really awesome thing about this T-Rex,” Lexa replied, “it’s a magic T-Rex, it’ll stop the monsters coming back.”

“But I don’t want the T-Rex, I want you.” Aden said, dropping the teddy on the floor.

Lexa looked at Clarke, the blonde’s eyes mirroring the tears that were building in her own.

“Okay, buddy,” Clarke said, taking her son from Lexa, “I think it’s time to get someone home for a nap.”

As Clarke took Aden, Lexa picked the T-Rex up from the floor and the small group followed the blonde back out of the museum.

“You okay?” Raven asked as she walked next to Lexa.

Lexa nodded a little.

“He’s just tired,” Raven said, “he gets pretty emotional when he’s tired, just like his mom. He’ll be
“Fine after he has a nap.”

“Yeah…” Lexa said with a sigh as they walked out of the museum.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the delay, I’ve had no internet of the last week. This is a shorter chapter than most, the time for Lexa to leave arrives. Hope you all enjoy it, well as much as you can :) Let me know what you think. Flashbacks in italics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Aden slept in his room, Clarke and Lexa sat on the sofa in the living room. There was a movie playing, but neither of them were paying attention to it. Clarke was cuddled up to Lexa’s side, the brunette’s arm around her shoulders, as Lexa’s free hand drew small patterns on Clarke’s palm. The blonde had her head rested against Lexa’s shoulder. They had both been putting off talking about what was going to happen later that day.

“This is going to work, right…” Clarke said quietly as she looked down at Lexa’s hand, “tell me it’s going to work…”

“It’s going to work, Clarke.” Lexa replied, softly kissing the blonde’s head, “You’re coming out to Tibet in 6 weeks, then 6 weeks after that I’ll be here…”

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a small nod, “so, how is tonight going to work, am I driving you to the airport?”

“Anya suggested that Raven can pick me up,” the brunette said, “she’s driving Anya, Nyko and Ryder to the airport… it might be easier, it’s a late flight and you driving me would mean Aden has to stay awake.”

“I’m not sure I like that idea.” Clarke said, a small pout playing on her lips.

“It would be easier for Aden if I leave while he’s asleep,” Lexa said with a sigh, “something tells me he isn’t going to be okay with watching me walk away…”

“He’d probably scream the airport down.” Clarke said with a small laugh.

“Yeah.” Lexa replied with a laugh of her own.

“Okay,” Clarke said, cuddling closer to Lexa, “if we do it that way, you have to promise to call when your flight lands…”

“I promise.” Lexa replied, placing another small kiss on the blondes head.

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Lexa stayed sitting on the sofa while Clarke went to wake Aden up from his nap. The little guy walked into the living room, avoiding looking at Lexa as he made his way over to the sofa. Lexa pretended to be watching the television, but out of the corner of her eye she could see Aden making his way over to where she was sitting. She had to bite the inside of her cheek to stop herself smiling as Aden let out a dramatic sigh. Aden slowly walked closer to Lexa, patting her on the knee till she looked at him.

“I’m sorry…” he said.

“Come here, bud.” Lexa said, picking him up and sitting him on her knee, Aden turned a little and cuddled up to her, “you know that there isn’t anywhere I would rather be than here, right?”

He nodded a little.

“If I could stay here, I would,” Lexa continued, “but I have to go. There are people that need my help…”

“You should take them some chocolate milk.” Aden said quietly, “that always helps.”

Lexa laughed a little, she couldn’t help it.

“Do you know what I think,” she said, “I think we should go and get some chocolate milk, what do you think?”

Aden nodded again.

“Okay,” Lexa said, “you’re going to need to get changed out of your pj’s though.”

Aden jumped down off Lexa’s knee and ran towards his room, running into Clarke in the process.

“Whoa,” the blonde said with a laugh, “where are you going to in such a hurry mister?”

“Me and Lexa are going to get chocolate milk.” He said, moving around her and going to his room.

“I’m starting to think that you’re in this relationship more for my son than you are for me.” Clarke said with a smirk as she walked over to where Lexa was still sitting.

“Oh damn,” Lexa said, taking hold of Clarke’s hands and pulling her down onto her lap, “you caught me, you’ve got me all figured out.”

Clarke and Lexa shared a soft kiss before Aden walked back out of his room, a sweatshirt pulled partly over his head.

“You okay there, bud?” Lexa asked with a laugh.

“I think I’m stuck…” Aden replied, trying to pull the sweatshirt down over his head.

Clarke laughed a little as she stood up and helped her son pull the sweatshirt down over his face.

“Is there anything you need from the store?” Lexa asked Clarke as she stood up from the sofa and put her jacket on.

The blonde shook her head as she watched Lexa pick Aden up and put him on her shoulders.
“If we’re not back in an hour, send a search party.” the brunette said as she walked out of the door.

Checking the time on her phone again, Lexa saw that it was 8:30pm, Raven would be there to pick her up in about 15 minutes. She and Clarke had spent the last couple of hours getting completely lost in each other for what both believed would be the last time for a while. When she had flown back into the city with Anya and the others she had never expected to spend her time around Clarke, even though the only reason that she had been in the city at all was for the meeting with Abby about the extension of the funding, she hadn’t expected to see Clarke.

Part of her had always regretted making the choice she had, taking Abby’s funding, but she had spent the last 5 years telling herself that she was selfish for thinking that. Lexa had never truly believed that she deserved anything that she wanted for herself, the choices she had made throughout her life, the way she had lived her life, telling her that anything she wanted for herself wouldn’t be a long term thing anyway.

But now, as she stood in the doorway of Aden’s bedroom, watching the young boy sleep, Lexa couldn’t help but think about what she wanted for the future. Clarke having a kid surprised her a little bit, in all honesty she knew that the blonde’s life would have moved on without her, but she hadn’t expected it to have moved on as much as it had. The first time she had seen Aden, that day at the coffee shop, she knew she was done for. He had Clarke’s eyes, her smile, all the things that Lexa had seen nearly every night for the last 5 years when she closed her eyes.

In the few days that she had been in the city, Lexa’s life had started to change already, it was such a short amount of time, but it was important. All her life she had never felt that she belonged anywhere, it was part of the reason that she had joined the forces, so she had that sense of belonging, a sense of purpose. Then when that ended she moved on to the refugee work. She’d never really had safety, or a place to actually call home, her life was incomplete and she was broken. But if she could help other people, if she could give them that sense of security and home, then she figured she was doing something right. She had always thought that she would just continue drifting through her life, moving from one place to the next, wherever they were needed next. The young boy she was watching sleep had changed that, and the mere thought of feeling like she could have a home, somewhere to belong, somewhere she was wanted and not just needed scared the hell out of her.

Her family had always consisted of Anya, Lincoln, Indra, Ryder and Nyko. Gradually that extended to include Raven, Octavia and Bellamy. But now she knew that her family was her home, and from the moment she had met Clarke Griffin 5 years ago, she became Lexa’s home. Lexa’s safe harbor, her North Star. She had let Clarke go once, and it was probably the biggest mistake she had made in her life. She wasn’t about to make that same mistake again.

Shaking her head, she reminded herself that she would be seeing the blonde again in a month and a half, and she would be back in the city a month and a half after that.

Her phone buzzing in her pocket snapped her from her thoughts.

**Anya:** Just leaving Raven’s now, we’ll be with you in 5.

With a sigh Lexa put her phone back in her pocket and walked quietly into Aden’s room. Smiling a little as she saw him clinging to the T-Rex they had got early that day in the museum. She softly
kissed him on the head before leaving the room again, pulling the door closed a little behind her.

Walking down the hallway a little she took the letter she had written earlier that day out of her pocket. She walked into Clarke’s room, the blonde still fast asleep, tangled in the sheets as she had been when Lexa left her sleeping when she went to take a shower. She knew that she should probably wake Clarke up, do this whole goodbye thing properly, but she couldn’t. Lexa hated goodbyes, even the kind that were actually an ‘I’ll see you soon’. She knew if she woke the blonde, she would never get in Raven’s car, she wouldn’t be able to leave. She propped the letter up against the lamp on Clarke’s bedside table and with one last look at the sleeping blonde, she left the room. Closing the front door quietly behind her as she walked outside to wait for Raven and Anya.

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As Raven drove the car closer to Clarke’s she could see Lexa leaning against the wall outside, the house itself looked dark, which surprised her a little. She had fully expected Clarke and Aden to be there with Lexa, but they weren’t, the brunette was alone.

“She’s leaving without saying goodbye?” Raven asked as she glanced over at Anya.

“She always was a bit of an idiot.” Anya replied with a sigh, “but she hates goodbyes.”

Raven pulled the car up outside and Lexa climbed into the backseat.

“Did you pack up my stuff from the hotel?” She asked Anya as she closed the door and Raven started the short drive to the airport.

“Of course I did,” Anya replied, “the bags are in the trunk. Ryder, Nyko and Costia are meeting us at the airport.”

Lexa nodded a little as she turned her attention to the city passing by beyond the window. Raven and Anya shared a look, both knowing that talking to the brunette at this point would be a waste of time.

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As she opened her eyes, she looked around the room, noticing one thing missing as the soft light from the lamp flooded the room. Lexa was gone. Sitting up she saw an envelope propped up against the lamp, reaching out with a sigh she picked it up, opening it carefully she took out the folded piece of paper.

Clarke,

I know I shouldn’t have done this like I have, but if I’d have woken you up to say goodbye I would never have left. This isn’t a goodbye, it’s more like I’ll see you soon. I just wanted to say that these last few days have been amazing, spending time with you and Aden has made me realize that maybe my future is going to be a lot more settled than I ever thought it would be. I’ve never had a
Clarke wiped away the tears that had started to fall from her eyes, grabbing her phone she called Octavia. It didn’t take long for her to answer.

“Hey Clarke.” She said as she answered.

“Can you and Lincoln come here?” Clarke asked, not wasting any time with pleasantries, “I need you to watch Aden for me.”

“What’s going on, Clarke?” Octavia asked in reply.

“Lexa left, without saying goodbye,” Clarke said, “I need to get to the airport and I don’t want to wake Aden.”

“We’ll be there soon, babe.” The other girl said.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke parked her car in the short stay carpark and ran to the departures area. She knew she was cutting it close, but traffic had been a lot busier than she had hoped it would be. She looked up at the departures board she could see that the flight had already boarded, she was too late.

“Too late…” she said with a sigh.

“Technically, you’re two weeks too early…” a familiar voice said from behind her.

Clarke’s breath caught in her throat as she slowly turned around to find Lexa standing there. The brunette opened her mouth to say something, only to be stopped as Clarke rushed over to her and threw her arms around her. Lexa returned the gesture, pulling the blonde closer to her as she closed her eyes.

“You left without saying goodbye…” Clarke mumbled into Lexa’s neck as she tightened her arms around her.

“I’ve got two weeks to make up for that,” Lexa said as she softly kissed the blonde’s head, “and maybe I’ll get it right next time.”

Clarke backed away a little.

“Not that I’m complaining, because trust me, I’m really not,” she said, “but why are you not on that plane?”

“Well…” Lexa said with a smirk, “my friends are assholes. I’ll tell you all about it on the way to the
Lexa sat in the bar at the airport with Raven and Nyko, the others had gone to get them checked in.

“You okay?” Raven asked Lexa.

Lexa nodded a little, not saying anything as she downed the drink in front of her.

“You’ll see her again before you know it.” Raven said with a small smile, “the time will fly by, trust me.”

“Yeah…” Lexa said with a sigh as she stood up and walked back to the bar to get another drink.

“Was she like this when we left the camp 5 years ago?” Raven asked Nyko.

“She didn’t talk to anyone for two days,” Nyko replied with a shrug, “not unless she had to. She just closed herself off completely, even Anya and Lincoln couldn’t get through to her.”

“Well this time should be better, I mean she knows when she’s seeing Clarke again…” Raven said.

“She doesn’t, actually…” Nyko said with a small smile, “she has no idea just how soon that’s going to happen.”

“What do you mean?” Raven asked.

“Well, you need a boarding pass to get on a plane,” Nyko replied, “something that Lexa doesn’t have… she doesn’t even have a ticket anymore. We took an executive decision, as a team… her flight doesn’t leave for another two weeks.”

“And you couldn’t just tell her that earlier,” Raven said, “she didn’t have to leave at all.”

“We only booked it an hour ago,” he said, “there’s no way she would’ve let us get away with it. Doing it this way means there’s no way she could rebook the flight. It’s for her own benefit.”

When Lexa made her way back to the small table, the others got back from booking in. Costia handed Nyko his boarding pass.

“Aren’t you forgetting something…” Lexa said to her.

“No.” Costia replied, sitting down next to Nyko.

“What’s going on?” Lexa asked, looking around the group.

“Let’s call it an intervention,” Anya replied, “your stuff is at Raven’s along with the email print out you need to get your flight in two weeks.”

“Any, I need to be out there, there’s a lot that needs to be done…” Lexa started to say, before she was cut off by her friend.
“Stuff that we are more than capable of doing without you,” Anya said, “the camp is not going to fall apart without you, Lex. As for where you’re needed… you’re needed here.”

“And what makes you think you have the right to decide where I’m needed?” Lexa asked, her feelings becoming very conflicted, and showing themselves as anger, which Anya had expected.

“We’re your family,” Anya replied firmly, “we’re the ones who love you. Lexa, you mean the world to us, you know that. What you’ve done with your life since we left the forces has helped so many people, in ways that we probably still don’t fully understand. But you need this, you need to have this.”

Chapter End Notes

You're welcome.
Clarke was sitting on the sofa, drinking coffee, when Aden woke up the following morning. He dragged his feet as he walked over to the sofa, Clarke could tell that he was seriously not happy. Lexa had gone out to the store to pick some things up for breakfast, hoping to be back before Aden woke up, but that obviously didn’t happen.

“Are you okay?” Clarke asked as Aden reached the sofa, he shook his head and climbed up next to her, cuddling into her side, “Do I need to ask what the matter is?”

He shook his head again, Clarke knew it was mean to not tell him that Lexa had stayed, but she had promised the brunette that if he did wake up, then she’d let it be a surprise. While Aden was cuddled up to her side, Clarke took her phone from where it was sitting on the sofa next to her and sent Lexa a text telling her that Aden was awake.

“So what do you want to do today?” Clarke asked.

“Go to Tibet…” Aden replied.

“Lexa will be back, really soon…” Clarke said, kissing her son on the head.

“You promise?” he asked, looking up at her.

“I promise,” Clarke replied with a small smile, “and Lexa promised too, didn’t she?”

Aden nodded a little, but his little pout didn’t show any signs of disappearing. Clarke had to bite the inside of her check to stop herself smiling as the sound of a key in the door made Aden look at the door before looking back at her.

“Wonder who that could be.” Clarke said.

“Too early for Aunty Raven or Aunty Tavia…” Aden said, his little brow furrowed a little.

“So,” Lexa said as she opened the door, “I was thinking pancakes with chocolate chips for breakfast, that sound good?”

Aden looked at Clarke once more before jumping off the sofa and running to Lexa, the brunette having just enough time to put the bag on the floor before he reached her. As Lexa picked Aden up he wrapped his arms around her neck and hugged her tightly.

“You stayed.” He said.

“Is that okay?” Lexa asked as Aden rested his head on her shoulder, the little boy nodding in reply.

“Will you stay forever?” he asked quietly.
“One day, I promise.” Lexa said, kissing his head softly.

“Those pancakes aren’t going to make themselves you know.” Clarke said with a smirk from where she was still sitting on the sofa.

“She’s got a point.” Lexa said with a smile as she looked at Aden, “you want to give me a hand?”

He nodded a little, but gripped tighter onto Lexa as she tried to put him down.

“Clarke,” Lexa said, looking over at the blonde, “I think your son turned into a koala bear during the night…”

Aden giggled a little but didn’t loosen his grip.

“I’m going to need to put you down so I can grab the bag,” Lexa said to him, “I promise I’m not going to disappear if you let me go…”

“Okay.” Aden replied and Lexa put him down and picked up the bag.

“Do I need to supervise?” Clarke asked as Aden took Lexa’s hand as they walked towards the kitchen.

“I think we’ve got it.” Lexa replied with a smirk, “what do you think bud, do we need adult supervision?”

“Nope.” Aden said, popping the p.

“Please don’t destroy my kitchen.” Clarke said.

“We’re making pancakes, Clarke,” Lexa replied, “not cooking up explosives.”

“Could you even do that in a kitchen?” Aden asked as he looked at Lexa.

“Sure,” she said with a nod, “but you’ll have to ask your Aunty Raven about that.”

“Lexa…” Clarke said, a slight warning tone to her voice.

“What?” Lexa asked innocently as she turned and looked at Clarke.

The blonde shook her head a little as Lexa smirked at her before walking into the kitchen with Aden.

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“So,” Raven said as she and Clarke sat under a tree in the park watching Lexa chase Aden, the little boy laughing as he ran, “are you going to be able to survive two weeks with those two together?”

“You should have seen his face this morning when she got back from the store,” Clarke said with a small smile, “I don’t think he’s ever smiled that much, not even last Christmas when Bell got him that remote controlled car.”

“I bet you weren’t much better at the airport last night huh?” Raven asked, nudging Clarke’s shoulder lightly as she smirked.
“I thought she’d gone,” the blonde replied, “I thought that I was too late… you could’ve text me and let me know, you know.”

“Where’s the fun in that.” Raven said with a laugh, “want me to take Aden for you tonight, give you and Lexa time to… well, be you and Lexa?”

“I’m not sure if he’d be too happy about that tonight,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “we can ask him though.”

“You do realise you’re the parent here, right?” the other girl asked.

“He woke up this morning thinking he wasn’t going to see her for months,” Clarke said, “he’s going to be clingy for a while.”

“Clarke,” Raven replied, “this whole thing isn’t just about Aden, you know. You’re allowed to be clingy too.”

“I know,” Clarke said with a soft smile, “but I’m the adult here, I know that she’ll be coming back at some point. For him it’s different…”

“You spent 5 years without her, Clarke…” Raven replied.

“And if I hadn’t, I wouldn’t have Aden.” The blonde said with a shrug.

“Maybe you would, just under different circumstances,” the other girl said, “I know that you two are only just re-starting this… whatever it is, but you have to think she’s a keeper to have her around Aden this much.”

“You know you’re starting to sound like my mom, right…” Clarke said as she looked at Raven.

“I’m really not,” Raven replied, shaking her head a little, “I’m trying to be positive about this whole thing, your mom thinks that it’s better to be negative now than deal with the pain later.”

“Life is too short to live like that,” Clarke said as she watched Lexa pick Aden up and spin him around, causing him to laugh, “happiness is never guaranteed, you’ve got to take it while you can…”

At that moment Lexa and Aden walked back over to them, Lexa laying on the grass resting her head on Clarke’s legs, and Aden doing the same but resting his head on Lexa’s stomach.

“Did you two have fun?” Clarke asked, running her fingers through Lexa’s hair.

“Shhh, naptime.” Lexa said as she closed her eyes.

“Aunty Raven,” Aden said, “can you really make things go boom in the kitchen?”

Lexa couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped her as Clarke glared down at her.

“Am I missing something?” Raven asked, looking between the three of them.

“We were making pancakes this morning, and mommy didn’t want us to destroy the kitchen.” Aden explained, “so Lexa said we weren’t making explosives.”

“You could actually use some of the same ingredients to make pancakes.” Raven said.

“No you couldn’t,” Lexa replied, “there’s nothing that goes into pancakes that goes into explosives. Clarke, never let Aden eat anything she makes.”
“I’ll have you know, I make a great mac and cheese, thank you very much.” Raven said, flicking a twig at Lexa’s head.

Aden moved his head a little and patted Lexa’s stomach till she looked at him.

“From a packet.” He said, which caused Lexa to laugh.

“Aden, you’re not supposed to give away all my secrets.” Raven said.

Aden shrugged and laid his head back on Lexa’s stomach.

“I think I’ve been replaced.” Raven stage whispered to Clarke.

“I think you’ve all been replaced.” Clarke said with a small smile as she looked down at Lexa.

“So I take it you don’t want to hang out at my place then, Aden.” Raven said, looking at the young boy.

“When?” Aden asked.

“Tonight.” Raven replied, “we can play computer games and eat ice cream.”

“Can Lexa come?” Aden asked, sitting up and looking at Raven.

Clarke looked at Raven as if to say ‘I told you so’.

“It would just be you and me, maybe Octavia and Lincoln could come.” Raven replied.

Aden shook his head and laid back down.

“Aden,” Lexa said, running her fingers through the young boy’s hair, “I’m here for two whole weeks, that’s plenty of time for me and you to hang out, I think your Aunty Raven wants to spend some time with you too…”

“But…” Aden started to say, turning his head to look at Lexa, “you promise it won’t make you go away.”

“I promise.” Lexa replied with a soft smile.

“So, what do you say, Aden?” Raven asked.

“Okay.” Aden said with a nod, “but only if we get chocolate ice cream.”

“I think we can do that.” Raven said with a smile.

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Later that night, Clarke and Lexa were laying on the sofa, watching a movie.

“We could’ve done this with Aden here, you know.” Lexa said as she softly kissed Clarke’s head.

“But could we have done this with Aden here…” Clarke asked as she moved slightly and captured Lexa’s lips with her own.
Lexa wrapped her arms tighter around Clarke as the blonde softly bit down on her lower lip, capturing the small moan that left Lexa’s lips as she deepened the kiss.

A knock on the front door pulled them apart. Clarke resting her forehead against Lexa’s.

“Ignore it…” Lexa said with a small smile, her hand travelling to the back of the blonde’s neck as she kissed her again.

When the knocking at the door didn’t stop Clarke groaned as she backed out of the kiss and stood up.

“I’ll go and get rid of whoever it is…” She said before leaning down and softly kissing Lexa’s lips again.

“Please do…” Lexa replied, biting her lower lip slightly.

Clarke kissed her again, unable to stop herself. Another loud knock came from the front door.

“Okay.” Clarke yelled, “I’m coming.”

“Not yet you’re not…” Lexa said with a smirk, drawing a laugh from Clarke as the blonde walked to the door.

Clarke opened the front door, fully intending to tell whoever it was that she was busy and whatever it was would have to wait, until she saw who it was.

“Mom…” she said, “did we have something planned that I forgot about?”

Lexa groaned a little as she sat up on the sofa.

“No,” Abby said to Clarke, “I just thought I would pop round and see how you and Aden are doing, what with Lexa leaving last night.”

“Lexa didn’t leave last night.” Lexa said from where she was now sitting on the sofa.

“And Aden isn’t here,” Clarke said, “he’s at Raven’s.”

“Well that will give me the chance to talk to you both, without him here.” Abby said.

“Actually, mom…” Clarke replied, “can we do that another time?”

“It won’t take long.” Abby said.

“Please, can we do it another time…” Clarke said, her eyes pleading with her mom to agree.

“How about dinner,” Lexa said, walking up behind Clarke, putting her arms around the blonde’s waist as she looked at the older Dr Griffin, “just the three of us, and I promise not to get chocolate milkshake this time.”

“Dinner would be.. acceptable.” Abby replied, fighting to keep the small smile off her lips at Lexa’s words, “when is a good time?”

“Shall we say Wednesday night,” Clarke said, “That’s the night O and Lincoln usually watch Aden.”

“I’ll make the reservations.” Abby said, “it will be somewhere that doesn’t serve chocolate
milkshake, Lexa, I hope that’s okay with you.”

“It wouldn’t kill you to give me a chance, Abby,” Lexa said, resting her chin on Clarke’s shoulder, “you might actually like me.”

“Wednesday night then.” Abby said with a small smile before she turned and walked away.

“I cannot believe you just suggested dinner with my mom.” Clarke said as she closed the door and turned around in Lexa’s arms so she was facing the brunette.

“I want a future with you, Clarke,” Lexa said honestly, “with you and Aden, and that is not going to happen if me and your mom are always fighting…”

“Are you really going to be able to sit through dinner without wanting to kill her?” the blonde asked as she put her arms over Lexa’s shoulders, her hands meeting behind the brunette’s neck.

“For you, yes.” Lexa replied before she kissed the blonde.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Fluff and domestic bliss ensues.

Chapter Notes

Decided I would post another chapter of this, no idea where the cuteness came from, maybe I'm just trying to over-compensate for the crap in cannon... oh well, hope you all enjoy it.

When Lexa woke up the next morning she was alone, it took her a few moments to remember where she was, but once she had settled her mind enough to realise she was still in the States, in Clarke’s bed, she couldn’t help but wonder where the blonde was. Looking over at the clock on the bedside table she saw that it was nearly 10:30, she hadn’t slept in that late in a long time when she hadn’t been totally wasted the night before. As she got out of bed she saw her bags next to Clarke’s walk-in wardrobe, which meant that Raven had been round at some point that morning. Lexa grabbed a t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants out of her bag, putting them on before she left the bedroom.

After going to the bathroom she made her way to the living room to find Clarke sitting on the sofa with Raven, Aden was watching a cartoon on the television.

“Sleeping beauty awakes.” Clarke said with a small smile as Lexa walked into the room and dropped down on the sofa next to her.

“You should have woken me up.” Lexa replied.

“I remember you once telling me you get 4 hours sleep on average a night,” Clarke said, “there was no way I was going to wake you up when you looked peaceful.”

“I guess you wore me out…” Lexa said quietly to Clarke, causing the blonde to blush a little.

“I take it you two had a good night then.” Raven said with a small laugh.

“How did you just hear that?” Clarke asked as she looked at Raven.

“I didn’t need to hear it, your face said it all.” Raven said, causing Lexa to laugh.

“Well it could’ve been better…” Clarke said, causing Lexa to stop laughing at look at her, “not that, idiot… I was talking about my mom turning up.”

“Oh right,” Lexa said with a nod, “certainly not the highlight of my evening.”

“What did she want?” Raven asked.

“She came round to see how me and Aden were, considering she thought Lexa had left.” Clarke
replied, “she seemed pretty surprised to find out that Lexa hadn’t gone, then decided it would be a good time to talk to us both without… little ears hearing. So, in an attempt to get her to leave, Lexa suggested we go out to dinner.”

“It was a good idea at the time.” Lexa said with a shrug.”

“That’s what you get for making big decisions when you don’t have any blood in your brain…” Raven replied.

“Surely that doesn’t count for women,” Lexa said, “I mean, I know it counts with guys, when all the blood floods… somewhere else…”

“I think you suggesting we go out for dinner with my mom proves that it does indeed count.” Clarke said looking at Lexa, a small smirk on her lips.

“Can we call and cancel?” Lexa asked, a smirk of her own playing on her lips.

“What happened to the whole ‘I want a future with you and Aden’ thing you spouted last night?” Clarke asked, slapping Lexa’s arm lightly.

“I meant it, doesn’t mean that I can sit in a restaurant with your mother, without being able to order chocolate milkshake…” Lexa said with a shrug.

“Just get drunk,” Raven suggested, “it’ll help.”

“I don’t think Abby could deal with a drunk me,” Lexa said with a laugh, “sober will be better.”

“We’re going for dinner with Gramama?” Aden asked, as the cartoon finished and he walked over to the sofa and climbed onto Lexa’s knee.

“Not we,” Clarke said to him, “it’s the night you’ll be with O and Lincoln. Grandma wants to talk to me and Lexa.”

“You been naughty?” Aden asked as he looked at Lexa, his brow furrowed a little.

“Not yet.” Lexa replied, tickling him and making him squirm around as he laughed.

“So why Gramama want to speak to you and mommy if you haven’t been naughty?” he asked, once Lexa stopped tickling him.

“She just wants to get to know Lexa better, that’s all.” Clarke said with a soft smile as she watched her son rest back against Lexa, the brunette putting her arms around him and softly kissing his head.

“Why does Gramama want to get to know Lexa better, she doesn’t live here.” Aden said as he turned his head and looked at Clarke.

“It’s this thing that parents do,” Lexa said to Aden, “it’s like a test to make sure that you care enough for their kids.”

“So Gramama wants to make sure you love mommy?” he asked, his brow furrowed as he looked at Lexa.

“Something like that, yeah.” Lexa replied with a small smile and a nod.

“You should take her some chocolate milk…” Aden said quietly.
“You think I’m going to have to bribe your Grandma into liking me?” Lexa asked.

“Wouldn’t hurt.” Aden replied with a grin and a shrug, causing Lexa to tickle him again, “stop, stop, I’m sorry.”

“The sarcasm is strong with this one.” Lexa said as she looked at Clarke.

“Wonder where he gets that from.” Clarke replied as she glanced over at Raven.

“Totally Octavia’s fault.” Raven said, nodding.

“So,” Lexa said to Aden, “what did you do at Raven’s?”

“Watched a movie, played video games…” Aden replied.

“What video games do you have that are suitable for a 4-year-old kid?” Lexa asked, her tone suddenly serious as she looked over at Raven.

“He didn’t play as such,” Raven said, “it was more like he watched…”

“What games, Raven?” Lexa asked.

“Well, Final Fantasy,” Raven replied, “maybe a little Mass Effect…”

“Mass Effect?” Lexa said, “are you serious?”

“What’s wrong with Mass Effect?” Raven asked.

“He’s 4.” Lexa replied.

“Clarke, Lexa’s going all scary parent on me…” Raven said as she looked at the blonde.

“I honestly have no idea what game you’re talking about, so I can’t help you there, Raven.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“It’s a shoot-em-up game,” Lexa replied, “that has… adult themes.”

“Oh, what adult themes?” Raven asked.

Lexa arched her eyebrow a little as she looked at Raven.

“Okay,” Raven said, “no more Mass Effect.”

Lexa sighed a little as she shook her head.

“It’s only like a 15 anyway…” Raven mumbled.

“He’s 4…” Lexa said again.

“What movie did you watch?” Clarke asked Aden.

“Transformers.” Aden replied, causing Lexa’s head to snap round and look at Raven.

“The animated one, don’t look at me like that, I’m not a complete idiot.” Raven said, holding her hands up a little.

“Remind me to have a little chat with O and Lincoln about what they get up to when they watch
“Aden…” Lexa mumbled loud enough for Clarke to hear her.

“It’s all Disney movies and finger painting.” Clarke said with a small smile as she looked at Lexa, “O actually loves it when Aden goes round because it gives her an excuse to watch Disney movies.”

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Later that day Clarke had got a call from the hospital, asking her to go in for an emergency surgery, she couldn’t say no, so Lexa had looked after Aden. She didn’t know what time she would be back, but left Lexa with a list of numbers that she could call if she needed anything. Lexa and Aden had spent most of the afternoon painting and generally making a mess. By 7pm Clarke still hadn’t got home and as Lexa looked at Aden she actually felt quite happy about that, she wasn’t sure what Clarke would think about her son getting more paint on himself than on the paper.

“Okay bud,” Lexa said, “bath time I think.”

“Can I have bubbles?” Aden asked with a grin as he looked at Lexa.

“Why do you look like you’re planning something?” Lexa asked in reply.

“I’m not.” Aden said, shaking his head a little, “promise.”

“Oh okay,” Lexa replied, narrowing her eyes a little as she looked at him, a small smile playing on her lips, “let’s go.”

The bath started off pretty normally, well Lexa assumed it was normal, she’d never helped a 4-year-old take a bath before. She had put bubbles in, just like Aden asked and after she washed his hair for him, Aden decided it was time to play. Lexa ended up with more bubbles on her than were in the bath after Aden decided he was going to have a battleship fight with one of the rubber ducks.

“Okay you little monster,” Lexa said, “time for bed.”

Aden didn’t complain as Lexa helped him out of the bath, helped him dry off and get into the onesie he was wearing for bed.

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When Clarke arrived back from the hospital the house was quiet, she checked in Aden’s room first and found her son fast asleep in bed. She walked in and placed a soft kiss on his head, smelling the scent of freshly washed hair she couldn’t help but smile a little when she thought about the adventures Lexa had trying to get Aden to take a bath.

She walked through to the living room, expecting to see some evidence of what Lexa and Aden had been up to that day, the only hint she had of what they had been doing was the painting that sat on the table in the living room. It had what looked like two adults, one blonde and the other brunette, in between them was a small person with blonde hair, a house in the background, and what looked like either a dog or a horse. Clarke assumed it was a dog, because Aden had never mentioned wanting a
horse. As she looked around the living room and then the kitchen, she saw that the house was spotless, not a thing out of place, which told her that Lexa had tidied up once she had put Aden to bed.

Clarke got herself a glass of water before going to the bedroom. As soon as she walked in through the bedroom door she couldn’t stop the small smile that played on her lips. Lexa was fast asleep. Clarke quietly got changed, putting on an oversized t-shirt to sleep in, before she climbed into bed next to Lexa.

As soon as Clarke got into bed, Lexa shifted a little, moving so she wrapped an arm around Clarke from behind, pulling the blonde close to her.

“Your son is a monster,” Lexa mumbled sleepily as she placed a kiss on Clarke’s neck, “there were battleship battles with ducks in the bath…”

“Thanks for looking after him.” Clarke said as she put her hand over Lexa’s, linking their fingers together.

“Already told you, I want this, Clarke, I meant it.” Lexa said, tightening her arm around Clarke, “even if I do end up covered in bubbles at bath time.”

Clarke couldn’t stop the smile on her lips as she felt Lexa’s breathing even out behind her as the brunette fell back to sleep.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Lexa and Clarke go out for dinner with Abby.

Chapter Notes

As promised, here's the next part of this fic. Hope you all enjoy it. Drop me a comment and let me know :)

“I hate shopping…” Lexa muttered as she, Octavia and Raven went into yet another store.

“You should have thought about that before you suggested dinner with Abby.” Raven said with a laugh.

“What were you thinking?” Octavia asked with a laugh of her own.

“I wasn’t,” Lexa replied, “I think that much is pretty obvious.”

“Her head was already somewhere else.” Raven said, laughing as she walked over to a selection of fitted pants, “so, black pants, white shirt, with your leather jacket?”

“Am I going to get away with wearing the leather jacket?” Lexa asked.

“She’s going to judge you whatever you wear,” Octavia replied, “it’s what she does. It’s why she’s picked the place she has. She’s going to be testing what you’re like at adapting to different situations.”

“I spent a few years dealing with people trying to shoot me or blow me up,” Lexa said with a sigh as she picked a pair of pants from the rack, “I’m pretty sure I can deal with Abby Griffin.”

“Probably best not to approach your future mother-in-law in the same way you would approach a terrorist.” Octavia said with a shrug.

“Getting a bit ahead of yourself there, aren’t you O?” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little as she walked over to the cash register to pay for the pants.

“You’re joking right?” Raven asked, walking up next to Lexa, “she’s already started to plan the wedding.”

“Let’s get through dinner first.” Lexa said, smiling a little as the shop assistant as she took the bag from her, before the three walked towards the exit.
Clarke was sitting in the small office she had near her mothers, when the woman in question walked into the room.

“I was just checking that we’re still on for dinner.” Abby said as the blonde looked up at her.

“As far as I know, yes,” Clarke replied with a small nod, “how difficult are you going to make it for her?”

“It’s dinner, Clarke,” Abby said, “it’s not some kind of test.”

“Right,” the blonde said, “why do I not believe that.”

“You have to see this from my point of view,” Abby replied as she walked into the room a little more, closing the door behind her, “you’re my daughter.”

“I’m an adult, mom,” Clarke said with a sigh as she looked at her mom again, “I think I’m perfectly capable of deciding who I have in my life.”

“It’s not just your life that she’s in though, is it,” the older woman said, “it’s also Aden’s.”

“Aden adores Lexa,” Clarke replied, a small smile playing on her lips, “and I’m pretty sure that works both ways. You haven’t seen the way she is around him…”

“Clarke, try and look at this from an outside perspective,” Abby said, “Lexa isn’t someone who stays in one place for too long, the life she leads, the job she does… What happened 5 years ago proves that she will not hesitate to do what she thinks is right in terms of her job, she took my offer without giving it much thought.”

“A lot has changed in 5 years, mom.” The blonde said, looking back at her laptop screen rather than looking at her mother.

“What about her life before she started working with refugees?” Abby asked, “what do you know about who she is?”

“I know enough,” Clarke said, “if you’d take 5 minutes to actually sit and talk to her you’d see that…”

“How much blood is on her hands, Clarke?” Abby asked, interrupting the blonde.

“She was in the armed forces,” Clarke said, glancing up at her mother, “she did what she had to do…”

“She hasn’t had a stable life,” the older woman replied, “the environment she grew up it, the…”

“Stop.” Clarke said, her head snapping up as she looked at Abby, “Lexa’s childhood is not her fault, and it’s not something that you get to judge her on.”

“I just want to make sure you’re aware of just who this woman is,” Abby said, shaking her head a little, “a friend of mine was a doctor in the armed forces when Lexa was serving, it’s long been suspected that she has PTSD, which as you know is an unstable condition, and you’re allowing her
“Lexa is aware of the issues that she has.” Clarke said, shaking her head a little as she stood up, closing her laptop, “She has never given me any indication that she can’t control it. Sure, she has nightmares, but that doesn’t affect how she is around Aden, or me.”

“PTSD isn’t something that is confined to nightmares, Clarke…” Abby started to say.

“Spare me the lecture, mom,” Clarke said as she put her jacket on, “I went to medical school as well, you know. Either give Lexa a chance or don’t, but do not assume that I am going to cut her out of my life, or Aden’s life, just because you think she’s not good enough.”

x-x-x-x-x-x

When Clarke and Lexa arrived at the restaurant Abby was already there. Lexa took a deep breath as the waiter showed them over to the table, Clarke took the brunette’s hand and gave it a reassuring gentle squeeze, causing Lexa to look at her and smile a little.

“You’ve got this…” Clarke said quietly, causing the brunette to nod a little.

While they looked through the menu’s Lexa stayed quiet as Clarke and her mom talked about things that were happening with the charity foundation and at the hospital. After they had ordered and the waiter brought over the drinks, Abby turned her attention to Lexa.

“How’s everything going out at the camp without you?” Abby asked.

“So far, so good,” Lexa replied with a small nod, “Anya is keeping me updated. They started on the orphanage yesterday.”

“How long have you known Anya?” the older woman asked in reply.

“Since I was 17,” Lexa said, pretty sure where Abby’s line of questioning was going, “I joined the armed forces right out of High School, and I was assigned to her team pretty much straight away while I was training.”

“17,” Abby replied, her brow furrowed a little, “that’s young.”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “most wait until they’re 18. You have to get parental permission to sign up at 17. But I knew it’s what I wanted to do, so it wasn’t ever really a tough decision for me.”

“I’m curious about why you made that choice.” Abby said.

“Mom…” Clarke said, looking over at her mother.

“It’s fine,” Lexa replied with a small smile as she looked at Clarke before she looked across the table at Abby, “as we already know, as we discussed it years ago when your foundation started funding my team, I was in the system as a kid. I didn’t have that family environment, I didn’t have any real direction, or purpose in my life. Unless you’ve been through it, it won’t make any sense to you. The armed forces gave me that sense of direction. It allowed to me feel like I could actually make a difference with my life. Being a kid in the system, most people just look at you and think you’re not going to amount to anything, no one gives you a chance because they think it’d be wasted. I wanted
to prove people wrong.”

“Surely there are other ways you could’ve done that,” Abby said, “college, university…”

“Yeah, maybe,” Lexa said with a small shrug, “but again that comes down to the whole being in the system as a kid. The money isn’t there for kids like me to go to college, there’s no one standing there at your High School graduation saying ‘here’s thousands of dollars, go and get an education’. You have to do what you can, with what you’ve got, and yes, growing up was hard, but there are kids all over the world who have it a damn sight harder than I did.”

Abby nodded a little, Clarke couldn’t stop the small smile playing on her lips.

“So how did you go from that to the work you do now?” Abby asked as the waiter brought over the food.

“I’ve seen the damage that war causes,” Lexa replied, “I’ve been the cause of some of that damage. Doing what I do now gives me the chance to try and repair at least some of what I’ve done. It’s easy for politicians to sit around a table and talk about what needs to be done, their usual answer is to send in ground troops to fix something. You don’t fix problems by throwing bullets at it.”

“Sounds like you’re regretting joining the forces.” The older woman said.

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “I served my country, I watched friends die in the name of security for this country, I can’t regret knowing those people. Have I done some things that I wish I hadn’t had to do? Of course I have. If I could go back and change one of those decisions, would I? No, I wouldn’t. Yes, I’ve killed people, that’s never something you forget and it’s never a choice you make easily. But if I hadn’t… a lot more people that I care about would be dead…”

Lexa put her knife and folk down next to her plate.

“Excuse me…” she said, pushing her chair back and standing up, before she walked away from the table.

“Are you happy now?” Clarke asked, shaking her head a little.

“I’m just trying to get to know her better.” Abby replied.

“No, you’re not,” Clarke said, “you’re trying to prove a point. Pushing buttons that you know are going to get a reaction, hoping that she’ll snap…”

Clarke moved to stand up.

“I’ll go,” Abby said, pushing her chair back from the table, “I should apologise.”

Clarke sat and watched as her mother followed the direction that Lexa had gone, walking out of the restaurant, she hoped that Abby was going to apologise and not make the whole thing worse.

Abby found Lexa standing outside the restaurant, her eyes fixed on the sky as she leant back against the wall.

“I’m sorry,” Abby said as she walked over to her, “I didn’t mean to make you remember anything that you didn’t want to.”

“You didn’t make me remember anything, Abby,” Lexa said, glancing over at the woman before looking away again, “you’re assuming that I can forget any of it. It doesn’t work like that…”
“I have no idea what you’ve been through, Lexa…” Abby started to say.

“You’re right,” Lexa said with a nod, interrupting her, “you have no idea. The hardest decision you’ve ever had to make is whether or not you really need to buy that new pair of shoes…”

“That’s unfair,” Abby replied.

“And trying to get me to break down in front of your daughter isn’t?” Lexa asked, pushing herself away from the wall, “I may not be the type of person you would choose for Clarke, I know my history isn’t one you can easily understand, or even being to understand. I’ve made mistakes, I’ve done things that haunt me on a daily basis, but I am trying. Your daughter means a lot to me, more than I’m probably prepared to admit right now, and I will do everything humanly possible to be the person she needs me to be.”

“Even if she needs you to stay, rather than leave?” Abby asked in reply, “You have to see this from my point of view, Lexa. You’re expecting me to sit by and watch as she falls more and more for you, you’re asking me to watch as my grandson gets more and more attached to you, just to watch as you leave.”

Lexa didn’t say anything; she couldn’t really put into words what she wanted to say.

“What happens if something happens to you?” Abby continued, “an accident at one of the camps, a gunman, anything can happen. I know what it’s like to lose the person you love; I know what it’s like to have to tell your child that they’ve lost someone they love…”

“Like I said to you before, Abby,” Lexa said, “anything could happen at any time. I could stay here and walk out onto the road and get hit by a car. I know that you’re wanting to protect both Clarke and Aden, and I understand why, but if there’s one thing I’ve learnt, it’s that life is made for living, surviving isn’t enough. I’ve already been thinking about being here more, spending more time in the US and that is down to Clarke and Aden. I don’t have to be out at the camps all the time, but I cannot change who I am.”

It was Abby’s turn to not be able to say anything, she knew Lexa was right.

“I don’t know what’s going to happen tomorrow, I don’t know what’s going to happen next week,” Lexa said with a soft smile, “but I do know that I will do every single thing I can to be around when I’m needed. I’ll be leaving again in a week and a half, but I will do everything within my power to come back. You’re important to Clarke, and Aden, even more so now that Jake isn’t around anymore. Trust Clarke to know what’s best for her, and her son, if you fight her on this you’ll lose them both.”

Lexa moved to walk past Abby and walk back into the restaurant before Clarke came out to see what was going on.

“Jake always liked you, you know…” Abby said quietly, causing Lexa to turn and look at her.

“I wonder what he’d think about all this,” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“He’d tell me to stop trying to interfere and accept that Clarke knows what she’s doing.” Abby replied with sigh.
“Do I want to know what you and my mom talked about?” Clarke asked as she lay with her head resting on Lexa’s shoulder.

“We agreed on a truce…” Lexa replied, softly kissing Clarke on the head as the blonde traced small patterns on Lexa’s stomach.

“You agreed to a camping trip this weekend,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “and you can’t blame the blood rushing to any other part of your body.”

“Well she actually suggested it,” the brunette replied, “something about giving us all a chance to spend time together, and you know Aden is going to love it.”

“So you’re not planning on killing her and burying her in the woods somewhere?” Clarke asked with a smirk.

“Depends if she drinks all the chocolate milk.” Lexa said.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Lexa gets sick, and yes, you guessed it, she's a crappy patient. She also opens up to Clarke a little more about her childhood.

Chapter Notes

Really sorry about the delay on this one. Hope you all enjoy it, be sure to drop me a comment and let me know.

Lexa’s head was pounding when she got out of bed and made her way through to the bathroom, looking through the small cabinet she couldn’t find any painkillers. When she got to the living room she saw Octavia and Lincoln sitting on the sofa, Aden was watching some cartoon on television and Clarke was just walking through from the kitchen.

“You okay?” Clarke asked as she looked at Lexa, causing both Lincoln and Octavia to look over at her as well.

“Yeah, Lexa,” Octavia said, “you look like sh…”

“Thanks, Octavia,” Lexa said with a small nod, before the younger girl could finish what she was about to say, as Aden had chosen that moment to look up from the cartoon he was watching, “just a headache.”

Aden ran over to Lexa, as he put his arms around her legs, Lexa nearly lost her balance.

“I never get sick.” Lexa stated.

“Everyone gets sick.” Aden said, taking Lexa’s hand and pulling her over to the chair.

Clarke smiled a little as Lexa rolled her eyes before she sat down, the blonde went into the kitchen and came back carrying a small bag. She put the bag down on the coffee table and took out a forehead thermometer, handing the plastic strip to Aden.

“Put that on her head.” She said with a small smile, watching as Aden climbed up onto Lexa’s lap.
His tongue poked out of his mouth as he held the strip to Lexa’s head, making the brunette smile a little as how cute he was when he was concentrating.

“Okay, Aden,” Clarke said, 30 seconds later, “what number is it?”

“It’s a one, a zero and a three.” Aden said, looking back at Clarke.

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod, looking at Lexa, “you’re sick.”

“I’m…” Lexa started to say.

“Shush,” Aden said, leaning in to whisper in Lexa’s ear, “sick people get ice cream.”

“Sick people also shouldn’t have healthy little boys sitting on their knees,” Lincoln said as he stood up and picked Aden up off Lexa’s knee, “sorry buddy.”

Clarke’s phone started to ring, she picked it up off the table and answered it.

“Hey mom,” she said, into the phone, “I won’t be able to make that meeting, sorry… no, no, Aden’s fine, Lexa’s sick… she has a headache and a temperature of 103… yes, mom, I’m aware of that… yes mom…”

Clarke rolled her eyes a little, causing Lexa to laugh.

“Okay,” Clarke said into the phone, “yes, I’ll call you later… yes, I’ll call you if she gets worse… mom, believe it or not you’re not the only one who went to medical school… I know, mom, I know… yeah, talk later, love you too.”

Clarke hung up the phone and put it back down on the table.

“Back to bed for you.” She said to the brunette.

“Come on, Clarke,” Lexa grumbled, “I have a slight temperature, I’m not dying…”

“She needs soup.” Aden said with a nod.

“Which we don’t have,” Clarke said as she looked at her son, who was still being held by Lincoln, “can you go with Lincoln and Octavia and get some?”

Aden nodded quickly.

“Great,” Clarke said with a smile, “we’re also going to need some…”

“Write a list.” Octavia said, lifting her hand a little, “last time you asked me to pick up a load of stuff without a list, I forgot half of it. Raven is better at this than me.”

“That’s because Raven remembers everything.” Lexa said, “most if it when she doesn’t need to.”

When Lexa woke up again later that day, she felt Clarke running her fingers through her hair. As she opened her eyes she saw the blonde sitting next to her on the bed, reading a book.
“Hey beautiful…” Lexa said, causing Clarke to smile a little before she looked at her.

“How’re you feeling?” the blonde asked.

“I’m…” Lexa started to say before Clarke interrupted her.

“I want an honest answer.” Clarke said.

“Honestly…” Lexa said, considering if she should stick with her usual ‘I’m fine’ line or actually tell Clarke how she was feeling, “my head feels like someone’s been hitting me with a hammer, everything sounds like we’re underwater, and I seriously don’t think I even have the energy to sit up…”

“So you’re fine, huh.” Clarke said, a small smirk tugging at her lips.

“I meant what I said to Lincoln earlier, when I said I don’t get sick,” the brunette replied with a sigh, “the couple of times I remember being sick when I was a kid, I remember having to go to school and just battle through it… there was this kid in one of the group homes I was in, she was sent into school when she was sick, ended up throwing up blood and spent three weeks in hospital after that…”

Clarke continued trailing her fingers through the brunette’s hair as she spoke, Lexa’s eyes were locked on the ceiling. This had been the closest she had come to telling Clarke anything about her childhood.

“What happened to her?” the blonde asked.

Lexa took a deep breath and let it out slowly before she continued.

“We all went to the same school, so when they realized just how sick she was, we each got called to the principal’s office,” Lexa said with a sigh, “forced to sit there and talk to this city social worker. They wanted to know what things were like at the home, what the people looking after us were like… A few of the youngers kids just shut down and didn’t talk to them, that’s what most of us did when we didn’t want to talk about anything, it was part of our defense mechanism…”

Clarke could tell Lexa wasn’t comfortable talking about it.

“You don’t have to tell me…” she said with a soft smile.

“I want to…” Lexa replied with a small nod, “I was one of the older kids in that particular home, I think I was 13 or something at the time… a couple of the other older kids told the younger ones that if they told this social worker what it was really like, we’d all get split up and moved, some of them didn’t like that idea, so didn’t say anything. It was bad. There were nights where there wasn’t enough food for everyone, I remember more than once going without eating so the younger kids could have my food… the guy who ran the place liked to drink, and… anyway, when it became clear that the younger kids weren’t going to say anything, I decided to tell this social worker exactly what it was like…”

“What happened?” Clarke asked.

“The home got shut down, the guy got charged with neglect and actually spent some time in prison,” Lexa said, “they tried to put as many of us as they could in the same place, but obviously some of us got split up, but for the most part it was good. Especially for the younger kids, a couple of them even got decent foster placements out of it. The girl who was sick, got better and was actually adopted by one of the nurses at the hospital, so she was okay.”
“Did you ever stay in contact with anyone you grew up with?” the blonde asked.

“Not really,” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “it was better not to get too attached to people, you never knew how long you were going to be around them. It was an odd environment to grow up in, because you were in this bubble, it was such an extreme environment most of the time. The kids in the neighborhoods didn’t really want to play with us, cause they knew where we lived. I remember the last place I was at, that was the worst… I was 17, I knew I was getting out of there soon. As soon as I finished school, I was gone, you know… One night I got back from a run to find one of the staff guys in Tris’s room, she was a great kid… anyway, she was crying, I could hear from where I was in the hallway, this guy was telling her that everything was going to be okay, at first I just thought he was trying to comfort her, her entire family had been killed in a fire three weeks before…”

“Shit…” Clarke said quietly.

“As I was walking back to my room I heard this guy tell her it would only hurt for a little while,” Lexa continued, her jaw clenched, “I snapped, I… that was probably the first time in my life that I wanted to kill someone…”

“What did you do?” Clarke asked, not really knowing if she wanted to know.

“I walked into the room, picked Tris up from where she was sitting on her bed… one of the other older girls, Luna, she’d been walking past and had stopped. I told her to take Tris to my room, and I beat the shit out of the guy. Told the people who were running that particular home that if they called the cops on me, I’d tell them everything that had gone on there. I went back to my room, grabbed Tris and took her down to the local ER, made sure she was okay. They called a social worker, who then took Tris somewhere else. Last I heard they’d found an aunt of hers who lived in Canada or something, and she was happy, and safe. That’s actually why the people who ran the home had no problem signing my early enlistment forms. It still didn’t stop me getting the place closed down the day after I left though.”

“Did anything…” Clarke started to say, stopping when Lexa shook her head a little before she looked at her.

“Can we not…” Lexa said, her eyebrows furrowed a little.

“Of course,” Clarke replied with a soft smile, “we don’t have to talk about anything that you don’t want to.”

“Where’s Aden?” Lexa asked, changing the subject completely.

“He’s with my mom,” Clarke said, “she stopped by earlier to see how you were doing.”

Lexa arched her eyebrow a little as she looked at the blonde.

“I know, I was surprised too,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “she brought by some homemade chicken soup too, she used to make it for me when I was sick as a kid. You were fast asleep and she didn’t want to wake you up, so she took Aden for a few hours. She also said if you’re trying to get out of camping then you’re a few days too early.”

Lexa laughed at that before groaning when her head hurt.

“Don’t make me laugh…” she grumbled.
Lexa was laying on the sofa, covered with a blanket, her head on one of the pillows Clarke had brought through from the bedroom, when Aden and Abby got back.

“How’s the patient doing?” Abby asked as she took off Aden’s coat and her own, hanging them up before walking through to the living room.

“We got chocolate milk.” Aden said, holding a bag up so Lexa could see it.

“Awesome.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“You want some?” Aden asked.

Lexa smiled and nodded a little before the young boy went through to the kitchen.

“So, how are you feeling?” Abby asked as she sat down on one of the chairs and looked at the brunette.

“I’ve been better.” Lexa replied honestly.

“Clarke tells me you’re not used to being sick.” Abby said with a small smile.

“Not used to having someone want to take care of me when I’m sick,” Lexa said, “I am a terrible patient.”

“That does not surprise me at all.” Abby said, causing Lexa to laugh a little, “how’s the head?”

“Better.” Lexa replied with a small nod.

Aden came back from the kitchen carrying a blue cup in one hand and something else in the other, Lexa couldn’t see what it was until he reached her and put the cup down. He then turned to her and held his hand out, there were two pills sitting in his hand.

“My mom said you need to take these.” He said as he looked at her.

“Did she say what they were for?” Lexa asked, looking up from Aden to Clarke, who was now standing in the doorway watching the pair.

Aden shook his head a little.

“Yes, I did.” Clarke said with a small laugh, “they’re decongestants, they’ll stop your head feeling like it’s underwater.”

“Great.” Lexa said with a small smile, taking the pills for Aden before she took them.

“I wanted to remind you that the open-day for that school you were looking into for Aden, is tomorrow.” Abby said as she looked at Clarke.

“Right, I forgot all about that.” The blonde replied with a sigh.

“I can take him if you’d like, you know with…” Abby said, glancing at Lexa before she looked back at Clarke.
“She’ll be there.” Lexa said.

“Lexa…” Clarke said.

“I’ll be fine, Clarke,” the brunette said with a soft smile, “plus it’s a big deal. Schools are important, you should be there.”

“You should be there too.” Aden said, causing Lexa, Clarke and Abby to all look at each other, the same looks on their faces.

At that moment the front door opened and Raven walked in.

“Heard you were sick, had to see it for myself.” She said, throwing her jacket over the back of the chair before she sat down.

“You have perfect timing, Raven.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“Okay, I don’t detect sarcasm in there, what’s going on?” Raven asked looking around the room.

“Aden, why don’t you go and get washed up for dinner.” Clarke said with a small smile as she looked at her son, who pouted at her before he trudged off towards the bathroom, “you remember that kindergarten I was looking into for Aden, well the open-day is tomorrow. Lexa said it was important, so I should be there. Aden said she should be there too.”

“Ah,” Raven said with a laugh, “not ready to get into the whole co-parenting thing?”

“Raven…” Abby said.

“Oh come on, we all know it’s heading that way.” The other girl replied.

“Little too soon to be having that conversation, I think.” Lexa said, rubbing the back of her neck as she often did when she was uncomfortable.

“I agree.” Clarke said, sharing a small smile with the brunette, “anyway, Raven, are you staying for dinner?”

“Is that even a question?” Raven asked in reply.

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“You know she’s thinking about not leaving, right?” Raven asked, glancing over at the sofa where Clarke was sitting with Lexa’s head on her lap, running her fingers through the sleeping brunette’s hair.

“What?” the blonde asked in reply, looking over at her friend.

“I spoke to Anya earlier,” Raven replied, “we… talk, sometimes…”

Clarke couldn’t stop the smile creeping onto her lips as Raven blushed a little.

“Anyway,” Raven said, shaking her head, “she said something about the last email that Lexa sent her, yesterday morning, I think. Anya had jokingly asked her if she was thinking about staying here.
Lexa said something about thinking about going back to school, getting into social work or something.”

“She hasn’t mentioned anything to me.” Clarke said, looking down at the sleeping brunette.

“Come on, this is Lexa we’re talking about, when does she ever willingly talk about feelings and shit.” Raven said, causing Clarke to laugh a little.

“I can see why she’d want to get into social work,” Clarke said, “we talked earlier, she told me about a couple of the places she lived when she was a kid.”

“Bet that was hard to hear.” Raven said, shaking her head a little when Clarke looked at her, “there was one time when I was out at one of the camps, before you’d even met Lexa, we got shitfaced, like totally and utterly shitfaced. She told me a few things, which I pretended to forget by the morning because I knew she hated talking about it…”

“But you remember…” Clarke said.

“Not really something you can forget once you’ve heard it.” Raven said with a sigh, “I’m going to take a guess at her not telling you, yet, so…”

“I don’t want you to tell me Raven, I want her to tell me, when she’s ready.” The blonde replied.

“What’s this about you and Anya?” Lexa asked sleepily, looking at Raven.

“Oh is that the time?” Raven asked, moving to stand up.

“Sit your ass down, Reyes.” Lexa said, causing Raven to slump back in the chair and sigh, “now talk.”

“She’s just… we just…” Raven stuttered, “we talk, about a lot, actually. She makes me laugh… a lot. It’s just difficult to work out when she’s being serious or not, I mean…”

“She’s Anya.” Lexa said.

“Exactly.” Raven replied with a nod, “I think I… no, I know, I really like her, I just don’t know if…”

“She likes you, Raven.” Lexa said with a soft smile, “I’ve known that for a while, but she’s Anya, just give her time.”

Raven nodded a little, a small smile playing on her lips.

“But I will remind you of the many different ways I know how to get rid of a body,” Lexa said, “so you hurt her…”

“I get it.” Raven said, “I won’t.”

“Good.” Lexa replied, stretching out a little, “cause you amuse me, plus you’re the only person I know who can get a water pump working using nothing but a battered old driveshaft from a truck.”

“Glad I have my uses then.” Raven said with a smile and a shrug as she stood up, “I’m going to head home, feel better soon, Lexa.”

As Raven left, Lexa turned over onto her back and looked up at Clarke.
“I will tell you, I just…” Lexa started to say.

“I know you’ll tell me,” Clarke replied, leaning down and kissing Lexa’s lips softly, “when you’re ready. I can wait.”
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Abby makes Lexa an offer she really can't refuse, as things move forward with Clexa.

Chapter Notes

Okay guys, no idea what’s going on with this part, but it amused me to write, so I hope it amuses you to read. Don’t forget to drop me a comment, let me know what you think about where this is headed.

Lexa was laying on the sofa in the living room, still feeling ill, she was starting to fall asleep while watching some rubbish daytime television when a knock at the door woke her up. Clarke was out with Aden at the kindergarten open day, she didn’t know who would be calling round, both Octavia and Raven had keys so they wouldn’t knock. As the knocking continued she dragged herself off the sofa and walked over to the door, opening it she found Abby standing there.

“This is a surprise,” Lexa said, “pretty sure you know Clarke isn’t here right now.”

“I’m not here to talk to Clarke, I’m here to talk to you.” Abby replied as Lexa stepped aside and let the older woman in, before she walked over to the sofa and sat back down.

“What’s on your mind, Abby?” Lexa asked with a sigh, pretty sure she knew where this was going.

“Firstly, how are you feeling?” Abby asked in reply.

“Not too bad,” Lexa replied, “still not feeling anywhere near 100% though.”

“Like I said to Clarke yesterday, if you’re wanting to get out of the camping trip you’re a few days too early.” Abby said with a small smile, causing Lexa to laugh a little.

“I’m not trying to get out of camping, honestly I’m actually looking forward to it,” Lexa replied, “when I was with one of the first foster families I was placed with, we used to go camping nearly every weekend, it’s actually something I love.”

“We’ll see if camping with Clarke will change your mind, I think it will.” Abby said with a laugh.

“I don’t know, she dealt with being out in the desert 5 years ago pretty well,” Lexa said a small smile on her lips, “I’m getting used to Clarke surprising me though, so I guess we’ll see. You didn’t come here to talk about the camping trip, Abby…”

“Right,” Abby said with a small nod, “a lawyer who works at the hospital that Clarke and I work at came to me with a proposition, something I wanted your opinion on.”
“Okay,” Lexa replied, furrowing her brow a little, “not sure how my opinion is going to change anything though, I know nothing about hospitals or lawyers…”

“Then it’s a good job this isn’t really about either of those things,” Abby said with a small smile, “he is working with a small charity that is based in the inner city, they set up after school activities for kids. One of the organizations they work closely with is actually a group home…”

“Okay…” Lexa said, finding herself intrigued about what Abby was talking about.

“They are wanting to rent a small building near the home,” Abby said, “to use as a meeting place of sorts, it would have activity rooms, a small library, a basketball court outside… it would also have a small dedicated staff, including a social worker and child psychologist.”

“And he approached you about the money to rent this building?” Lexa asked, causing Abby to nod a little.

“He did,” Abby replied, “now, as you know, I have no experience in that area, neither does he, though he has represented a few children from the care system in the past, which is why he wants to do this.”

“Can I be honest here?” Lexa asked, Abby nodded again, “okay, well the first issue here is the fact that he only wants to rent the building. In my personal opinion, from my experience, one major thing lacking in the care system is a feeling of stability. You’d be renting this building, setting up this space for these kids, but it would have an end date.”

“So you think buying the building would be a better option?” Abby asked.

“I think it would certainly be better for the kids, yes,” Lexa replied with a nod, “you’d be giving them somewhere they can feel safe, which I assume is his general idea here. I know that it’s a scary idea, for you in a business sense, but something like that could make a massive difference to the lives of those kids.”

“Okay,” Abby said with a small nod, “another thing that he and I discussed is that we would need a project director. The files of people we’ve looked through, who are interested in the position, all make good business sense, but none of them have any personal experience in the area…”

“My suggestion is that you get someone who knows the kids, a social worker maybe,” Lexa said, “it would probably be better if you had two people working at the top, someone to deal with the business side of it and someone to focus on what’s best for the kids…”

“I was thinking about one person,” Abby said, “someone who has experience in running a charity and also has experience with the care system…”

“Abby…” Lexa said.

“Look, I know that you have responsibilities with the TriKru foundation, and I know that is your priority,” Abby said, lifting her hand a little and stopping Lexa, “but I think this would be the perfect thing for you.”

“So you didn’t come here to get my opinion, you came here to offer me a job?” Lexa asked.

“Think of it as more of an opportunity rather than a job.” Abby said with a small smile, “it’s going to take time to purchase the building, to hire the staff…”

“How long?” Lexa asked, stopping the older woman.
“It’ll take around 3 months.” Abby said with a small nod, “but if you do decide to do this I think you should be involved in hiring people as well. Perhaps Lincoln and some of your team would like the chance to settle back here, with the job security.”

At that moment the front door opened and Aden and Clarke arrived back.

“Hey mom,” Clarke said with a smile when she saw her mother, “what brings you here?”

Lexa shook her head a little as Abby looked at her.

“I was just checking in on the patient while you were out.” Abby said as Aden ran into the room and over to the sofa.

He climbed up next to Lexa on the sofa and handed her a piece of paper, she looked at it to find a painting not too dissimilar to the one that Aden had done the day she had looked after him while Clarke was at work.

“This is awesome bud, good job.” Lexa said, kissing his head softly.

“That’s mom,” he said, pointing at the blonde figure, “that’s me… and that’s you.”

Lexa smiled a little as he pointed out what everything was.

“Is that a bear?” Lexa asked teasingly as she pointed to what she knew would be a dog rather than a bear.

“I thought it looked more like a horse.” Clarke said, a small smirk tugging at her lips.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, glancing up at the blonde, “I can see that…”

“It’s a dog.” Aden said with a pout.

“Oh, it’s a dog,” Lexa said, “it totally looks like a dog.”

“Does it really look like a bear?” Aden asked, looking up at Lexa.

“No,” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “I was messing with you, it totally looks like a dog… a dog with really long legs and a funny head, but a dog…”

“It could be a wolf-dog; they have long legs right?” Aden asked, leaning into Lexa’s side a little.

“Yeah,” Lexa said, putting her arm around the young boy, “they do.”

“We’re not getting a wolf…” Clarke said, looking at the two.

“Wolves are awesome, Clarke,” Lexa replied, a smile tugging at her lips, “they’re loyal, protective…”

“Wild animals.” Clarke added.

“Well it’s not like we’re suggesting we go to Alaska and just randomly pick up a wolf,” Lexa said, causing Aden to nod, “that would be stupid.”

“You could get a husky.” Abby said, causing Clarke to shoot a look at her, “What?”

“You’re really not helping, mom.” Clarke said.
“See, now a husky would be awesome.” Lexa said with a smirk.

“Can we get a husky, mom, can we?” Aden asked looking at Clarke.

“We don’t have a garden, you need a garden when you get a dog, so no.” Clarke said, folding her arms across her chest.

“Okay,” Aden said with a small pout, “new house first, then can we get a husky?”

“Your grandma has a garden.” Lexa whispered quietly in Aden’s ear.

“Gramama can we swap houses so we can get a husky?” Aden asked, looking at Abby, the older woman very much enjoying watching the interactions between her grandson and Lexa.

“Do you even know what a husky is?” Clarke asked, amusement in her voice as she looked at her son.

Aden looked up at Lexa who whispered something in his ear.

“It’s a working dog that oranginated…” Aden said, Lexa whispering in his ear again, “originated in Siberia.”

Lexa sat with a very smug look on her face as Clarke rolled her eyes and Abby tried not to laugh.

“We are not getting a husky.” Clarke said, shaking her head as she walked into the kitchen.

“Oh come on, Clarke,” Lexa called after her, “husky puppies are so cute.”

“Husky puppies don’t stay husky puppies forever.” Clarke called back.

“Your point being?” Lexa asked.

“My point,” Clarke said, sticking her head around the door, “is that I’ll be the one who ends up looking after it.”

“You’re sounding like an adult right now,” Lexa said, “it’s pretty weird.”

“In case it’s escaped your notice, Lexa,” Clarke said, “we’re both adults.”

“No,” Lexa said, standing up and picking Aden up before she started running from the room, “don’t believe her, Aden, she’s lying.”

Abby sat and watched, smiling as she heard her grandson laughing as Lexa carried him from the room.

“She really is great with him…” Abby said, noticing the smile on Clarke’s face.

“Yes,” Clarke said with a small nod, “she is.”

“I haven’t seen you smiling like this for a long time,” Abby said, “the last time was…”

“I’m happy, mom…” Clarke replied with a sigh, smile still on her lips.
“So why was my mom really here earlier?” Clarke asked as Lexa lay on the sofa, Aden asleep with his head buried in the crook of Lexa’s neck, “and don’t tell me she was checking how you were.”

“Some lawyer guy that works at the hospital wanted her to donate some money to this project he’s working on,” Lexa replied, absentmindedly running her fingers through Aden’s hair as he slept, “she wanted my opinion on it.”

“Which lawyer guy?” the blonde asked, sensing that Lexa wasn’t telling her everything.

“She didn’t tell me his name,” the brunette replied, “it’s a good project in theory, I just pointed out to your mom that there were a few things that could do with being changed.”

“What kind of project is it?” Clarke asked.

“He’s wanting to rent a building in the inner city, near one of the group homes,” Lexa said, “he wants to turn it into a safe place for the kids that live in the home. Your mom said something about activity rooms, a library, basketball court…”

“So where’s the problem?” Clarke said.

“It’s not a problem as such,” Lexa said, glancing over at the blonde, “in fact it’s a great idea, I just let your mom know that renting the building probably wouldn’t be enough. Those kids need stability.”

“All kids need stability, Lex…” Clarke said, her eyes flicking to Aden’s sleeping form.

“Yeah…” Lexa said with a small nod, “they do…”

“Having something good in your life temporarily, can sometimes be worse than not having it at all…” Clarke said, shaking her head a little when she fully realized just what she was getting at.

Clarke stood up from the chair, running her hand through her hair she sighed a little.

“I should get him to bed.” She said, walking over towards the sofa.

“She offered me a job, Clarke…” Lexa said, stopping the blonde in her tracks.

“What kind of job?” Clarke asked, sitting down on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

“Project director,” Lexa replied, “she and this lawyer guy have been looking through résumés of people who are interested in the position, but they both agree that none of them are totally qualified. They want someone who has experience running a charity, but also knows what the care system is like… your mom thinks I’d be a good choice.”

Clarke didn’t say anything, she just nodded a little. From the tone of Lexa’s voice, she couldn’t figure out what the brunette had decided about the job.

“It wouldn’t be for a few months,” Lexa continued, “so it would give me chance to tie up whatever loose ends I have with the Trikru foundation…”

“You’re going to take it?” Clarke asked.

“You don’t think I should?” Lexa asked in reply.

“This isn’t about what I think, Lex,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “this is about what you want.”
“Well,” Lexa said, “I’d still get to help people, I’d get the chance to make sure that those kids have a better shot than I did… and I’d be staying here, so it is kind of about what you think…”

“I think we’re going to need to get a house with a garden if you really want to get that husky…” Clarke replied, leaning over and claiming Lexa’s lips, softly, with her own, making sure not to wake Aden up.

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For some reason, Lexa found it hard to sleep that night, so in the early hours of the morning she emailed Anya, letting her know about the offer from Abby. Since the age of 17, Anya had been a constant in Lexa’s life, a grounding force, someone who was by her side no matter what. She couldn’t see herself taking this next step in her life without Anya’s approval at least. Lexa also couldn’t see herself stopping the work she did with Trikru entirely, there had to be a way that she could do both.

While she was thinking, and waiting for a reply from Anya, soft footsteps in the hallway caught her attention. Aden walked into the room, dragging his blanket behind him and carrying his T-Rex teddy.

“Bad dream?” Lexa asked as she picked him up and put him on her knee.

Aden nodded his head a little, putting his thumb in his mouth.

“You know if you suck that it’ll shrink, right?” Lexa playfully said.

“Will not.” Aden replied, pulling his thumb from his mouth anyway.

“You wanna tell me what this bad dream was about?” Lexa asked as Aden leant back into her a little.

“You were leaving…” he said quietly.

“Do you want to know a secret?” Lexa asked, causing him to look up at her as he nodded a little, “that’s not going to happen.”

“Like ever?” he asked.

“Not if I can help it.” Lexa replied with a soft smile.

“You’re really going to stay?” he asked, his little eyes lightening up.

“Is that okay with you?” Lexa asked in reply.

Aden nodded as he rested his head back against Lexa’s shoulder.

“I met this girl at the school,” Aden said, “she has two mommies… I told her that I wanted to have two mommies too…”

“Can I just be Lexa for now?” the brunette asked, “I think me and your mom need to talk about all that other stuff.”
“Can you be my Lexa?” he asked.

“Always, buddy,” Lexa replied, kissing him on the head, “always.”

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Clarke was sitting in the small coffee shop with Abby, Raven, Octavia, Lincoln and Aden. Lexa had a few things that she needed to do, Clarke knew she was emailing back and forth with Anya and they were talking about how the business was going to work moving forwards, so the brunette had stayed at the house.

While Lincoln was helping Aden colour a new picture in the book that Clarke had just got him, Abby handed Clarke an envelope.

“What’s this?” Clarke asked, looking from the envelope to her mother.

“Open it.” Abby replied, a small smile tugging at her lips.

Raven and Octavia watched as Clarke opened the envelope, shock clearly written on her face as she pulled some paperwork out of the envelope and flicked through it.

“This is…” Clarke said, looking up at her mother again.

“The deeds for the house, yes.” Abby said with a nod, “it’s too big for me, I’ve been wanting to move out for a while, I think I was just staying there until you were ready.”

“Mom, this is too much, I can’t…” Clarke started to say, her mother held her hand up to stop her.

“Your father and I talked about this when Aden was born,” Abby said, “we both agreed that when Aden was a little older and you were in need of somewhere bigger, we’d sign the house over to you. With everything that happened yesterday it seems like the right time.”

“The place I have right now is big enough.” Clarke said, as she looked at her mom.

“You need a garden, Clarke.” Abby said a small smirk on her lips as Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Why do you need a garden?” Octavia asked, “what are we missing?”

“Lexa wants to get a husky.” Clarke replied, shaking her head a little.

“Wait, does that mean…” Raven asked, a smile on her lips.

Clarke nodded a little, finding herself unable to stop the smile that was growing on her lips. Raven looked at Aden before looking back at Clarke, questioning with her eyes whether the young boy knew that Lexa was staying.

“He knows.” Clarke said with a small nod.

“Clarke, this is awesome.” Octavia said, reaching over the table to hug her friend.

“So, Aden,” Raven said, “what do you think about Lexa staying?”
“It’s okay…” the young boy said, not looking up from his drawing.

“Only okay?” Raven asked, her brow furrowed as she looked at Clarke.

“No,” Aden said with a big grin as he looked at Raven, “it’s awesome.”

“Does Anya know?” Lincoln asked as Aden turned his attention back to the book.

“Yeah, she emailed her this morning,” Clarke said with a nod, “that’s actually why she’s back at the house, they are trying to figure out what happens next with the foundation and everything.”

“It’s a big step,” Abby said with a nod, “but she should be able to do both.”

“Both, you mean staying here and running the foundation?” Lincoln asked.

“Not really,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “my mom wants her to be the project director for… well, you can explain it better than I can, mom.”

“It’s going to be a center for kids in the care system,” Abby said, looking at the small group, “somewhere they can hang out, do activities, make friends. We’re hoping that we can set up extra education lessons, get tutors in.”

“Who is this we?” Clarke asked, an amused look on her face, “Lexa mentioned a lawyer, but she didn’t know his name.”

“Marcus,” Abby said, looking down at her coffee cup, “Marcus Kane.”

“Marcus, huh?” Raven asked, a smirk on her lips.

“Something you want to tell me, mom?” Clarke asked, a teasing tone in her voice.

“We’ve been out for dinner a few times,” Abby replied, “I’m not sure there’s really anything to tell, yet.”

“I’m happy for you, mom.” Clarke said with a soft smile.

“Both Griffin women are getting laid, that is awesome news.” Octavia said as she and Raven high-five.

“What does…” Aden started to ask.

“No,” Clarke said, shaking her head, putting her hands over her ears, “no. It is way too soon for me to hear my son ask that question.”

“I was hoping to ask him if he would like to join us for the camping trip.” Abby said, “I wanted to ask you first.”

“Sure.” Clarke said with a nod, “it’d be good to talk to him outside a work environment, see what his intentions are with my mother.”

Raven, Octavia and Lincoln all laughed as Abby started to blush slightly.

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Aden was once again asleep on Lexa as Clarke, Raven, Octavia and Lincoln all sat around in the living room.

“So what did Anya say about you staying here?” Raven asked.

“She said we can talk about it properly when she gets back next week.” Lexa replied, smirking a little as Raven’s eyes widened slightly.

“She’s coming back?” Raven asked in reply, trying to act cool as she nodded a little, “that’s er… that’s…”

“Well my job offer came with the offer of more job stability for my team, so…” Lexa said, looking over at Lincoln and Octavia who both looked at each other before looking back at Lexa.

“You mean…?” Lincoln asked.

“I mean I couldn’t think of a better group of people that I’d want with me on this.” Lexa said with a smile, “if, of course, you’re interested in staying put for the foreseeable future.”

“I think I’d like that.” Lincoln said with a nod.

“Good.” Lexa replied with a nod of her own, “I mean, my basketball skills are pretty good, but yours are better.”

“So the whole team would stay together?” Raven asked, looking at Lexa.

“That’s the plan right now,” Lexa replied, “even Indra said she wants to come home, so…”

“Indra that doesn’t like anyone?” Clarke asked, “that Indra?”

“She likes me.” Octavia said with a shrug.

“I need to try and find somewhere for everyone to live.” Lexa said, with a sigh, leaning her head back against the sofa.

“I think I might be able to help with that…” Clarke said, a small smile playing on her lips as Lexa looked questioningly at her, “well, today my mom gave me the deeds to the house, this place has four bedrooms, and I own it, so if they don’t mind living together…”

“Well, my place has a couple of bedrooms…” Raven said.

“And it’s not like Anya would actually take one of the spare rooms…” Lexa muttered, causing Raven to throw a cushion at her head, “hey, sleeping kid, be careful.”

“I think I liked you better when you weren’t a co-parent.” Raven asked with a smirk of her own, which made Lexa blush.

“I’m struggling to remember why I liked you at all.” Lexa shot back with a smirk.

“Not arguing about the co-parenting thing anymore huh?” Raven asked with a smirk of her own, which made Lexa blush.

“She’s not a co-parent.” Aden mumbled from where he was asleep on Lexa, “she’s my Lexa, now shhhh, sleeping.”
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Camping trip time. Aden and Lexa meet Marcus. Abby and the girls clear the air after the events of 5 years ago.

Chapter Notes

Another cute part. Not sure how much longer the cuteness is going to last, we'll have to wait and see. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

"Can’t believe you’re going camping without me.” Raven said to Clarke with a pout as they stood and watched as Lexa loaded the last of what they needed into the car.

"You really want to spend the weekend with my mom and her new boyfriend?” Clarke asked, turning to look at her friend as she arched her eyebrow a little.

“When you put it like that,” Raven said, gently patting Clarke on the back, “have fun.”

The blonde laughed as Lexa closed the trunk of the car before she walked back over to the two.

“Okay,” Lexa said as she reached the two, “I think that’s everything.”

“You’re awesome.” Clarke said with a smile as she softly kissed Lexa.

“I try.” Lexa replied with a smirk, “you sure your mom is bringing the tent?”

“I already sent her a text reminding her, and she said it’s already in the truck,” Clarke said, “apparently Marcus has a truck.”

“He’s a good guy, Clarke…” Raven said.

“I know,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “I know, it’s just…”

“You sure you want to do this?” Lexa asked, looking at the blonde, “You’re going to have to act like you’re okay with it all around Aden or he’s going to think something is wrong…”

“I’m sure,” Clarke said with a nod, “and I am okay with it, it’s just going to be weird.”

Aden walked up behind them, carrying his T-Rex teddy.

“You sure you want to bring that?” Lexa asked as she picked him up, “Wouldn’t want to lose it.”

“I won’t lose it.” he said, holding the teddy tighter as Lexa carried him towards the car and put him in the booster seat.
“It’s weird to think she’s staying.” Raven said, a small smile on her lips.

“Weird in what way?” Clarke asked.

“Well, I’ve obviously known her longer than you have, and in all that time I was so sure there was absolutely nothing that would make her stay put.” Raven replied, “you did good, Princess.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was driving the car to the campsite, Abby and Marcus were meeting them there. Clarke was a little worried about introducing Aden to Marcus, she had no idea how she was going to do it.

“Where’s Gramama?” Aden asked from the backseat.

“She’s meeting us there.” Clarke replied, glancing back at her son, “she’s bringing a friend with her so there wasn’t enough room in the car.”

Aden nodded a little and looked back out of the window. The nodding was something that he had picked up from spending time around Lexa.

“Stop worrying.” Lexa said, reaching across and gently squeezing Clarke’s thigh, “it’ll be okay.”

“I know, I know…” Clarke said with a small smile and a sigh.

“I think it’s going to rain, you know.”Lexa said, her eyes fixed on the road.

“Great…” Clarke replied, “means we’ll get stuck in the tent till it stops.”

“Your mom said it’s a pretty big tent.” Lexa said, “not like we’re all going to be crammed together.”

“It’s got three separate sleeping areas and a main area in the middle,” Clarke said with a nod, “so yeah, it’s a pretty big tent.”

“Can we explore the forest?” Aden asked, “I want to see bears.”

“I’m not sure there are any bears where we’re going.” Clarke replied, before adding, “at least I hope there isn’t.”

“There’s bears all over the woods around here.” Lexa said, shooting her a smile, “how could you not know that.”

“Guess I’m not really an outdoors type person.” The blonde said with a shrug.

“It’s a National Park, Clarke,” Lexa said, “though this time of year bears usually stay away from busy areas, there’s a lot of food out there for them, and they’ll have their cubs with them, so they tend to stay away from people.”

“Are there wolves too?” Aden asked.

“Maybe,” Lexa replied, looking in the rear-view mirror, and seeing a smile on his face, “you looking forward to it, bud?”
Aden nodded his head quickly.

An hour later they arrived at the campsite, Abby had sent Clarke a text to let them know where they would be, and it wasn’t much later that Lexa parked the car next to a black truck. Abby and Marcus had already put the tent up, which Lexa was pretty pleased about, it was always her least favourite part of camping.

“You go see your mom,” Lexa said, motioning for Clarke to get out of the car, “I’ll get Aden.”

Clarke nodded a little before she got out of the car. Lexa got out of the drivers side and got Aden out of his booster seat.

“You wanna walk?” Lexa asked him, to which Aden nodded, “okay.”

She put him down and held her hand out to him, which he quickly took hold of, the two of them walked over to where Clarke was talking to her mom and Marcus.

“Marcus Kane, this is Lexa Woods.” Abby said as Lexa and Aden arrived at where they were standing.

“Abby has told me a lot about you,” Marcus said with a smile as he held out his hand, “I’m looking forward to working with you, hopefully we’ll be able to make a real difference.”

“That’s the plan.” Lexa said with a smile of her own as she shook his hand.

“I have a few ideas that I want to run past you, maybe after dinner?” he said.

“Sounds good.” Lexa replied with a small nod.

“And who is this little man?” Marcus asked, crouching down as he looked at Aden.

“This is Aden,” Clarke said, looking at the young boy, “my son.”

“Hello Aden.” Marcus said.

Aden let go of Lexa’s hand and moved behind her legs.

“Oh come on,” Lexa said, “you’re not shy.”

When Aden didn’t move from behind her legs, Lexa picked him up.

“Are you going to say hello to Marcus?” she asked, Aden shaking his head as he rested it on Lexa’s shoulder.

“He usually is pretty shy around new people.” Clarke said, a small smile on her lips as she looked from her son to Marcus.

“Well we have all weekend to get to know each other.” Marcus said.

“He wasn’t like this around me.” Lexa said, looking at Clarke.
“I was pretty surprised about that.” Clarke replied with a small laugh, “maybe it’s cause you’re basically a big kid.”

“Can’t argue with that.” Lexa said with a shrug, causing Abby, Marcus and Clarke to laugh, “we should probably unload the car.”

“I want to see the bears.” Aden mumbled.

“Tell you what,” Lexa said, looking down at him a little, “you hang out with your mom while I unload the car, then me and you can go and look for the bears, what do you say?”

Aden nodded a little and Lexa put him down, he quickly walked over to Clarke, wanting to be picked up, which the blonde didn’t hesitate in doing.

“Anything I can do to help?” Marcus asked.

“That’d be great actually, thanks.” Lexa said with a nod as the two walked to the trunk of the car, leaving Clarke, Aden and Abby to talk.

“Abby tells me that you used to be in the forces…” Marcus said as Lexa opened the trunk.

“I did,” she replied with a nod, “a few of the people who will be working at the center were in my unit, we’ve all been together since the beginning.”

“It’ll be good for the kids to have good role models.” Marcus said.

“I wouldn’t really say I’m a good role model for anyone,” Lexa said with a small smile as she handed him one of the bags, “I’ve done a lot of things I’m not proud of…”

x-x-x-x-x-x

“Are you going to be shy all weekend?” Clarke asked Aden as the pair sat with Abby.

“Who is he?” Aden asked in reply.

“He’s a friend of your Grandma’s.” Clarke said, “a good friend.”

“I don’t want a new Granddad…” Aden replied with a pout as he scuffed his shoes in the dirt.

“Oh honey,” Abby said, picking Aden up and sitting him on her knee, “he isn’t trying to replace your Granddad, he just wants to be your friend, okay?”

Abby looked at Clarke, letting her know in that one look that the same went for her, Marcus wasn’t trying to replace her father.

“Okay…” Aden said with a small nod.

“As long as you’re happy, mom…” Clarke said.

“I am.” Abby replied with a nod.

“And as long as he treats you right.” The blonde said, “if he doesn’t…”
“We’ll set Lexa on him.” Aden said, causing both Griffin women to laugh.

“He’s a good man.” Abby said.

“I know.” Clarke said with a small smile.

It didn’t take long for Lexa and Marcus to finish unloading the car, once they were finished the two joined the others. Aden jumped down off Abby’s knee and walked over to Marcus.

“Hi.” He said, standing in front of the man.

“Hello.” Marcus replied with a smile, Lexa, Clarke and Abby laughing as Aden held out his hand and Marcus shook it gently.

“I’m Aden,” Aden said, “and I’m… this old.”

Aden held out a hand with five fingers showing.

“Aden…” Lexa said, holding her own hand up with four fingers showing.

“This old.” Aden said, putting one finger down.

“Well it’s nice to meet you Aden, I’m Marcus and I’m a lot older than that.” Marcus said with a smile.

“Are you this old?” Aden asked, holding out both hands showing all fingers.

“Older than that.” Marcus replied.

“Like dinosaur old?” Aden asked, Lexa fighting back the laugh that escaped her.

“Not quite.” Marcus said, smile still on his lips.

“Me and Lexa are going to look for bears, you wanna come?” Aden asked.

“I think I’ll stay here and help with dinner, if that’s okay.” Marcus replied, causing Aden to nod a little.

“You’re going to look for bears?” Abby asked, her gaze flicking over to Lexa.

“Not expecting to find any,” Lexa said with a small laugh, “I think we’ll be safe.”

“And you’re okay with this?” Abby asked Clarke.

“Oddly enough, yes,” Clarke replied, “I trust Lexa not to get my son eaten by bears.”

Abby shook her head a little as she laughed.

“Okay bud,” Lexa said, “you ready?”

Aden nodded and ran over to Lexa, taking her hand.

“If we’re not back in a couple of hours, you know the bears got us.” Lexa said as the two walked towards the tree line.
As they were walking through the forest, not leaving the set trail though Lexa was itching to go off and explore, she knew Clarke would kill her if she got lost with Aden, Lexa saw small claw markings on a nearby tree.

“Aden,” she said with a small smile, motioning to the tree, “check this out…”

She crouched down next to the tree, Aden standing next to her.

“You know what that is?” she asked, Aden shaking his head, “that means there’s raccoons near here.”

She looked up and saw a hole in the tree near a branch, she stood up, picking Aden up and pointing at the hole.

“I’d guess they probably live in there.” She said.

“Are they friendly?” Aden asked.

“Not really,” Lexa replied, “they like to steal things, and they bite.”

“What do they steal?” he asked.

“Food, anything left lying around,” Lexa said, “that’s one of the reasons that it’s a good job to keep everything shut away when you’re camping.”

“Can they get in tents?” the young boy asked.

“If you leave the door open.” She said with a smile.

“Then we won’t do that.” He said with a nod.

Lexa put Aden down and carried on walking along the trail, they passed a few people as they walked, Aden telling Lexa about the school he was going to go to, causing a few people who passed to smile as they saw the interactions. Not much further down the trail Lexa noticed a clearing with a large tree in the center of it. From where they were standing Lexa could see a large brown bear with two cubs near the tree. She gripped tighter onto Aden’s hand, pulling him back a bit.

“Shhh…” she said, picking him up and pointing towards the bears.

“Bears.” Aden whispered, his whole face lighting up as he saw them, “they’re big…”

“Yep.” Lexa said, watching as one of the cubs started climbing the tree, “it looks like the mommy bear is trying to teach the cubs how to climb the tree.”

“This is awesome.” Aden said.

A couple of other people stopped nearby and watched the sight, all of them being very quiet, obviously not wanting to attract the attention of the bear.

“Your son is very cute.” A guy said, standing near Lexa.

“Oh he’s not my son,” Lexa said, glancing at the guy, “I stole him from his mother about half an
hour ago so we could find bears.”

“She’s my Lexa.” Aden said with a smile as he looked at the guy.

“I’m Jack.” The guy said, holding his hand out to Lexa.

“Lexa,” she replied, shaking his hand, “and I’ll save you the trouble, I’m gay, very very gay.”

“Good to know.” Jack said with a laugh, “well, it was nice to meet you Lexa.”

Jack walked away towards his friends who were laughing at him.

“Is Aunty Raven gay?” Aden asked, his brow furrowed as he looked at Lexa.

“Your Aunty Raven is complicated.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“What does gay mean?” he asked.

“Well…” Lexa replied, thinking about how best to word her answer, “when a boy loves other boys, or a girl loves other girls, then they’re gay.”

“Okay,” Aden said with a nod, “can we go tell mommy we saw bears?”

Lexa kissed Aden softly on the head, loving the way that young kids didn’t question things the way adults did.

“Sure thing bud.” She said.

They started walking back towards the campsite, when they were nearly there Aden stopped, causing Lexa to stop and look at him. He had his brow furrowed as he looked at the floor.

“You okay?” Lexa asked, crouching down in front of him.

“Do you love my mom?” he asked, looking up at her.

“I think I’ve loved your mom since the moment I met her,” Lexa replied honestly, “it just took me a while to woman up and accept it.”

“Why?” he asked in reply.

“It’s a scary thing,” she said with a small smile, “for adults love brings a lot of complicated things with it.”

“Like me?” he asked.

“Oh buddy,” Lexa said, pulling him into a hug, “you’re never a complication.”

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When they made it back to the campsite, Marcus was barbequing some meat while Abby and Clarke were sitting and talking. Aden ran over to them.

“We seen bears, and ra…” he looked at Lexa, frustrated that he couldn’t remember the name.
“Raccoons.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“Raccoons.” Aden said with a nod.

“You saw bears, huh?” Clarke asked, picking Aden up and sitting him on her knee.

“Yeah,” he said excitedly with a nod, “a mommy bear and two baby bears, and Lexa met this man called Jack.”

“Jack?” Clarke asked as she looked at Lexa.

“Don’t worry mommy, she’s very gay.” Aden said, causing Abby to spit out the mouthful of drink she had just had, Marcus laughed a little as he turned the meat on the barbeque and Lexa simply shrugged as she sat down next to Clarke.

“It is what it is,” Lexa said, softly kissing Clarke’s cheek, “plus there’s only one man I’m interested in having in my life…”

“Lincoln.” Aden said, as he looked at Lexa, who shook her head a little, “Ryder?”

Again Lexa shook her head.

“Nyko.” Aden said, sure he had it that time.

“Nope…” Lexa replied.

“Then who?” he asked.

“You.” Lexa said, softly kissing him on the head.

x-x-x-x-x-x

After the food was eaten, Abby, Marcus, Clarke and Lexa were sitting around the small fire pit. Lexa was sitting in front of the log seat, with Clarke sitting between her legs.

“Remember the last time we sat like this…?” Clarke asked quietly, glancing back at Lexa.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “it was right before I made the biggest mistake of my life and let you go…”

“How did you two meet?” Marcus asked.

“It was 5 years ago,” Lexa replied, “Abby had actually just pulled the funding for three of the refugee camps I had, and they were having a benefit here in the city. I decided that it would be a great idea to turn up.”

“I offered Lexa enough money to keep the foundation going for a couple of years, but she didn’t take it.” Clarke said with a small smile, “instead she said that if I went out to her camp, lasted two weeks, then she’d take the money.”

“How long did you last?” Marcus asked.
Both Clarke and Lexa looked at Abby, neither one of them wanting to tell Marcus what really happened.

“I did something that I’m not proud of,” Abby said, “I agreed to give Lexa’s foundation $35 million over 5 years, if Clarke came home that day. I thought I was doing the right thing, at the time…”

“You made the offer, but it was me who took the money…” Lexa said.

“I knew you’d take it,” Abby said as she looked at Lexa, “that’s why I did it. I was so sure that I knew what was best for my daughter.”

“That money helped a lot of people,” Lexa replied, “it saved lives. It was the only thing I could do, it tore me apart, this amazing girl walked into my life and I had to let her go…”

“I hated you for what you did.” Clarke said, looking at her mother, “I really did.”

“I know…” Abby said with a small nod, “but I thought it was for the best. Your father disagreed, he always liked Lexa. If I hadn’t given her the money…”

“A lot of people would be dead, Aden might not be here, we probably wouldn’t be sitting here now.” Lexa replied, “Everything happens for a reason, we might not know what that reason is at the time, or for a long time afterwards, but, there’s a reason for everything.”

“And now you’re here, to stay, I assume.” Marcus said as he looked at Lexa.

“For the longest time I didn’t think I’d ever be settled in one place,” Lexa said, “since I was a kid I was always moving around, though then it wasn’t my choice where I went. Joined the armed forces when I turned 17, went where they sent me, did what I had to do. After that I started Trikru, again, not staying in one place for too long. I figured that’s what my life would be like. But now… right now, there is nowhere else on this Earth that I would rather be.”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Day two of the camping trip, Marcus and Lexa talk about the new centre, Lexa's head takes her to dark places and she finally starts to open up to Clarke about her childhood.

Chapter Notes

Okay, trigger warning right away on this part. Mentions of child abuse towards the end of the chapter as Lexa starts to open up to Clarke. It gets pretty dark, so if that's a trigger for you, I'm sorry. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

When Clarke woke up the next morning, she could hear the rain hitting the top of the tent. It didn’t take her long to realise that she was alone in the sleeping area, Lexa was already up. She unzipped the door of the sleeping area and saw Lexa sitting behind Aden, the young boy between the brunette’s legs, as Aden coloured in the book which they had brought with them.

“Guess you were right about the weather.” Clarke said, walking over to where the pair were sitting.

As Clarke walked up behind Lexa, the brunette turned her head to look up, capturing the blondes lips with her own.

“Morning…” she said with a small smile.

“Morning,” Clarke replied, “where’s my mom and Marcus?”

“They took a drive to the closest town, something about picking up some rope because Aden wanted to make a rope swing.” Lexa said with a shrug.

“It’ll be an awesome swing.” Aden said with a nod.

“I’m sure it will be.” Lexa said with a smile.

“Okay,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “I’m going to go and use the bathroom.”

“The showers suck.” Lexa said as Clarke grabbed her bag and jacket.

“Don’t they always.” Clarke replied, kissing Lexa softly before she went to use the bathroom.

As Clarke zipped up the main doors of the tent, Aden turned to Lexa.

“Do you think you and my mom are gonna get married?” he asked.

“Where did that question come from?” Lexa asked in reply with a small laugh.
“Well,” Aden said, turning back to his colouring, tilting his head a little as he concentrated on the picture, “when you love someone, you marry them, right?”

Lexa smiled a little as Aden stuck his tongue out a little as he concentrated on keeping the colours in the lines of the picture.

“It’s one thing that people sometimes do, yeah.” Lexa said, “why is the sun green?”

“It’s Amtrak.” Aden said, furrowing his brow as he looked back at Lexa, who couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped her.

“I think you mean abstract, bud, Amtrak is a rail track…” she said.

“It is?” he asked.

“It is.” Lexa said with a nod.

“Oh.” Aden replied, “then it’s most certainly really not Amtrak.”

Lexa laughed a little, kissing Aden’s head.

“You’re awesome.” She said.

Not long later Abby and Marcus arrived back, with rope, and much to Aden’s delight, pancakes.

“You know that’s cheating right.” Lexa said as Abby handed her a take-out box with pancakes, “driving to get breakfast, not really a genuine part of the whole camping experience.”

“Well if you don’t want them…” Abby said with a smile.

“Never said that.” Lexa replied with a small laugh.

“Is Clarke awake?” Marcus asked.

“She’s currently enjoying the luxurious showers.” Lexa said with a smirk, “she should be back soon.”

Clarke did indeed return soon afterwards, complaining about how much the showers sucked, just as Lexa knew she would. After they had all eaten breakfast, Marcus and Lexa started to discuss the ideas he had for the kids center.

“I was wanting your input about what facilities would be a good idea,” Marcus said as he and Lexa sat drinking coffee as the rain continued to fall outside, “Abby is donating enough money to purchase the building, rather than renting, so we can completely refit the interior.”

“Well purchasing it is certainly a better idea than renting.” Lexa said, glancing over at Abby.

“It was your idea, Lexa.” Abby said, a small smile on her lips.

“It was a suggestion.” Lexa said, “Abby mentioned there was a basketball court outside?”

“Yes,” Marcus replied with a nod, “we were considering building on it, to extend the building.”

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “that’s not a good idea. Having the basketball court is a good idea, it’ll give the kids an outlet for their energy, it’ll also bring in other kids from the neighborhood. One of the really rubbish sides of being in a group home is the isolation within the
neighborhood, the other kids don’t want to play with you, the fact that you’re in a system kind of puts you in this group they don’t want to hang out with…”

“What’s a group home?” Aden asked, obviously listening to what Lexa, Marcus and Abby were talking about.

“It’s a place where kids live when they can’t live with their own parents.” Lexa said, figuring that was the easiest way to explain it.

“Why can’t they live with their own parents?” he asked in reply.

“There’s a lot of different reasons,” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair, “sometimes their parents aren’t around anymore, sometimes their parents can’t take care of them properly.”

“Is it a nice place?” Aden asked.

“Not really,” the brunette replied, “but that’s why we’re doing this, to try and make it better.”

“Can I help?” he asked.

“Maybe when we know what we’re going to have in the building.” Lexa said.

“So we’ll keep the basketball court,” Marcus said with a nod, writing something down in a notebook, “what else would you suggest?”

“A study room of some kind,” Lexa replied, “it’s sometimes hard to find quiet to get homework done, and if you’re going to do that, maybe get a couple of teachers volunteering or something, just so there’s extra support.”

Lexa waited as Marcus wrote something else, nodding a little as he did.

“Maybe an art room or something,” the brunette said, “with the camps we had art therapy, I know these kids don’t live in a war zone or anything, but art tends to help them express themselves. Get things out that they can’t or won’t talk about.”

“Any chance of getting Niylah or someone to run that?” Clarke asked, glancing at Lexa.

“Niylah is out in Jordan right now,” Lexa replied, “working at a UN camp, she’s out there for another 6 months or so. I can ask Costia.”

“Costia that has a crush on you?” Clarke asked.

“Costia that knows nothing is ever going to happen between us,” Lexa said, “she’s good at her job, Clarke.”

“Okay, okay.” Clarke said.

“You’re going to need a couple of small meeting rooms,” Lexa said, looking back at Marcus, “for social worker meetings. Maybe a doctor there a couple of hours a week. The child psychologist suggestion Abby had was a good one, a lot of these kids are going to be pretty damaged.”

“What would you suggest for decorating?” he asked, “bright colours?”

“I suggest you get the kids from the home to do it themselves,” Lexa replied, “maybe in the main area, let them make it something of their own. If they have a stake in it, they’re likely to be a little more respectful of the space. It’ll also bring them closer together.”
“Great idea.” Marcus said, nodding as he again wrote it down.

As night fell over the campsite Lexa was sitting out by the fire pit. Going through things with Marcus earlier that day had brought things up in Lexa’s head that she hadn’t wanted to think about again. She was drinking a bottle of beer and watching the fire when Clarke came out of the tent having just put Aden to bed.

“You look like you’re deep in thought.” The blonde said, sitting down next to Lexa, and resting her head on the brunette’s shoulder.

“Something like that.” Lexa replied with a small sigh, softly kissing Clarke’s head.

“Anything you want to talk about?” Clarke asked.

“Not really,” Lexa said, “just talking with Marcus earlier made me think about things I haven’t really thought about in a while.”

“You know that you can talk to me, right?” the blonde said, glancing up at Lexa.

“Yeah, I know.” Lexa replied, “I’m just not sure how to word what’s going around in my head.”

“Are you sure this whole thing is a good idea?” Clarke asked, sitting up straighter as Lexa furrowed her brow a little, “hear me out before you go getting all defensive… if just talking about plans for the building has got you thinking about this stuff, what’s it going to be like when the place is actually open and you’re dealing with this stuff on a day to day basis?”

“Once it’s up and running it’ll be different,” Lexa said, “once I’ve actually got something to do rather than just sitting around and talking about it. I mean, when I was out in the camps it didn’t make me think about the shit I had done to people just like those I was trying to help, so I doubt this will be any different.”

“But it did,” Clarke said, “you were getting next to no sleep, you were having nightmares when you did sleep.”

“The nightmares would’ve happened no matter where I was,” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair, “out in a desert, in a forest or in the middle of a city. What I was doing out at the camps had nothing to do with the nightmares.”

“Maybe if you took some time to talk to someone, deal with what you’ve seen, what you’ve done…” Clarke said.

Lexa stood up.

“I don’t need you trying to psychoanalyze me right now, Clarke.” She said, “I’ve done some fucked up shit, I know that, no amount of talking about it is going to change that.”

Abby and Marcus watched the scene at the fire pit unfold, watching as Lexa walked away towards the tree line, telling Clarke that she would be back later. Abby walked over to where Clarke was sitting.
“Everything okay?” she asked.

“Everything’s great.” Clarke replied, “if you’ve come to say I told you so…”

“I actually came to say give her a little time.” Abby replied, “I had a feeling talking to Marcus today would bring up some things that she didn’t really want to think about. It’s better it happens now than when she’s working with the kids.”

“Well you changed your tune.” Clarke said, a small smile tugging at her lips as she shook her head, “there’s still so much that she won’t talk to me about. When she was sick she told me a couple of things that happened, the day before you offered her this job actually, but she has these walls built up…”

“People that have been through what Lexa has, people who have seen and done what she has, they come with walls,” Abby replied, “the question you have to ask yourself is, is it worth taking the time and putting in the effort to bring those walls down? It isn’t going to happen overnight, it’s a very slow process, maybe there are things that she’ll never talk to you about, but there are things that she will, when she’s ready.”

“I know,” Clarke said, “I just… Why did you offer her this job?”

“A couple of reasons,” Abby replied honestly, “when Marcus came to me about this, I honestly couldn’t think of anyone who would be better suited to it, she has the experience of running a charity and she has also been where those kids are. Another of the reasons was probably selfish on my part, I thought that it would give her a reason to stay.”

“That’s what I thought…” Clarke said, “what if that’s the only reason she’s staying… what if me and Aden… what if we’re not enough?”

“Have you seen the way she looks at you?” Abby said, putting her arm around her daughter’s shoulders, kissing the side of her head softly, “it’s like her world begins and ends with you. As for Aden, she adores him, Clarke.”

“A couple of weeks ago you were trying to get me to see this was a bad idea…” Clarke said, resting her head on her mom’s shoulder, “what changed…”

“I got to know Lexa.” Abby said.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

When Lexa made her way back to the tent, the fire was out and other than the light from the small electric lanterns inside the tent it was dark. She quietly unzipped the main door of the tent and made her way inside. The door to Aden’s sleeping area was open and she could see that he was fast asleep, he had dropped his T-Rex at some point so she picked it up and tucked it under his arm, smiling a little as he gripped it tighter in his sleep.

“Sweet dreams buddy…” she said quietly, before kissing him on the head.

She then made her way to the sleeping area she was sharing with Clarke, unzipping the door she went inside, quietly zipping it up behind her when she saw that Clarke had fallen asleep. Quietly she got ready for bed before climbing into the double sleeping bag she was sharing with the blonde, she
lay there, her arms folded under her head, looking at the roof of the tent for a little while until she felt Clarke stir next to her. The blonde turning over and cuddling up to Lexa.

“I’m sorry…” Lexa said quietly.

“You don’t need to apologise.” Clarke replied, cuddling closer to the brunette as Lexa moved one arm from under her head, bringing it down to Clarke’s back.

“I shouldn’t have just walked away like that,” the brunette said, “I know you’re only trying to help…”

“I shouldn’t have pushed you…” Clarke said, shifting slightly so her head was now in the crook of Lexa’s neck.

“After my parents died, I spent some time with my Uncle Titus,” Lexa said, “he was my dad’s brother. My mom had been an only child, so there was no aunts and uncles on her side… Titus was ex-military, never married, had no kids of his own. There was a routine for everything, awake at the same time every day, no talking over the breakfast table, he’d drive me to school and collect me every day.”

“That doesn’t sound like much fun…” Clarke said, her fingers tracing patterns on Lexa’s stomach as she spoke.

“It wasn’t.” Lexa replied, “he did the best he could, he’d never wanted kids, but he didn’t hesitate to take me in when my parents died. We were family and family was important. I remember one day he didn’t pick me up from school, so I walked home. I got there to find the cops outside. He’d shot himself. Left a note saying how sorry he was, how he kept having these terrible nightmares and how he couldn’t give me the love I needed as a child…”

“Lex…” Clarke said.

“As I had no other family, they shipped me off to this group home,” Lexa continued, fighting to keep the emotions she was feeling from her voice, “I was the weird kid, my room was spotless, everything had a place, I didn’t really talk to anyone. I was just so closed off to the world around me, blocked it all out. Surviving the best I could, day to day. My third night in that particular home, one of the staff guys came into my room after lights out… I… I knew why he was there; I’d heard other kids talking about it… I just screwed my eyes shut and wanted it to be over…”

Lexa blinked back the tears as she felt Clarke move as close to her as she could.

“It happened a few more times after that during the next week,” Lexa said, “then one day I just didn’t go back there after school. The cops picked me up at like midnight at the bus station, they’d reported me missing… I told the cops what happened and they still took me back there… they didn’t believe me… a few days later, after a really bad night, I went into school and this teacher took me off to one side and asked me if I was okay. I told her I was fine, told her I’d had an accident, hurt myself. She didn’t believe a word that came out of my mouth… a friend of hers was a social worker and she called her. I thought I was in so much trouble. This social worker came into the school to talk to me, and by that night she had found a family for me to stay with…”

“Were they a nice family…?” Clarke asked, immediately feeling stupid for asking the question, but not really knowing what else to say.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a sigh, “they were great. They had a son and a daughter, both a little bit older than me, I stayed with them for nearly a year.”
“What happened?” the blonde asked.

When Lexa didn’t answer Clarke moved her head and looked up at her, she saw the tears in her eyes. She softly kissed her lips before laying back down.

“You can tell me when you’re ready…” she said, “thank you… for trusting me.”

Lexa placed a soft kiss on Clarke’s head.

“Thank you for listening…” she replied.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter than most, for some reason I really struggled with this. Anyway, drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The final day of camping passed pretty quietly, Aden enjoyed himself, though Clarke was a little worried that Lexa was being a little withdrawn. The drive back to the city was silent apart from Aden babbling in the backseat about how he was going to tell Raven about seeing bears. When Lexa parked the car outside Clarke’s house, Octavia and Raven’s cars were both already parked outside.

“Guess we have company.” Clarke said with a soft smile as she looked at Lexa.

“Looks like it.” Lexa replied, getting out of the car.

“Is Lexa okay?” Aden asked as the brunette went to the back of the car to start unloading things, “she seems sad…”

“She’s just having a bad day, honey,” Clarke said, turning to look at her son, “she’ll be okay.”

“Did she not have fun camping?” Aden asked.

“I’m sure she did,” The blonde replied, moving to get out of the car, before going to the back and getting Aden out, “adults sometimes think too much about things, things that happened a long time ago and things we can’t change.”

“We should get her some chocolate milk,” he said, “that always makes her all better.”

“I don’t think chocolate milk is going to make this better, Aden.” Clarke said with a small smile, before she looked at the brunette, “I’ll go and take Aden inside and then come back and help.”

“I’ve got this.” Lexa said, concentrating on getting the things out of the car, “you go inside.”

“Lex…” Clarke started to say.

“Seriously,” Lexa said, interrupting her, “I’ve got this, it’s fine.”

Clarke let out a sigh before she shook her head a little, walking into the house with Aden. Just as she had thought, Octavia, Lincoln and Raven were already there, she hadn’t expected Anya and Ryder to be there though.

“Anya.” Aden said with a big smile when he saw the girl, Clarke put him down and he ran over to her.

“Looks like someone missed me.” Anya said, as she lifted Aden onto her knee, before she looked at Clarke, “hope you don’t mind us dropping in like this.”

“You have perfect timing actually.” Clarke said, glancing back at the front door.
“What did she do?” Anya asked, “did she kill your mom and feed her to the wolves?”

“They’re actually getting on pretty well right now,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “she’s just… getting lost in her own head, I think.”

“The beer was a good call.” Anya said, looking at Ryder, who nodded a little, “talk of the new job bring it on?”

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod, “we had an argument, she took off for a few hours. We talked a bit when she got back, well, she talked, I listened…”

“Linc…” Anya said, putting Aden down before she stood up.

“Right behind you.” Lincoln said, kissing Octavia before he followed Anya out of the house.

“She told you?” Raven asked, looking at the blonde.

“Some of it.” Clarke replied with a nod, sitting down on the seat that Anya had vacated.

Raven held out a bottle of beer towards her, Clarke shook her head a little.

“Maybe later.” Clarke said.

“Aunty Raven,” Aden said, climbing up next to her on the sofa, “we saw bears and raccoons.”

“Wow,” Raven said, “that’s awesome. What kind of bears?”

“The big kind.” Aden replied.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

“Look at you,” Anya said as she walked out of the house, “surviving camping trips with the future mother-in-law.”

Lexa didn’t say anything, she just walked over to Anya and pulled her into a hug. Lincoln walked over to the pair and wrapped his arms around them both.

“I missed you…” Anya said quietly to Lexa.

“Good…” Lexa mumbled.

“Asshole.” Anya replied, making Lexa laugh a little, “it’s going to be okay.”

“I don’t even know what’s going on in my head right now.” Lexa said, as the three of them backed out of the impromptu group hug, Lexa leaning against the side of the car, “I told her a tiny bit of what it was like, and my head is fucked.”

“Talking about it always brings it back up to the surface, you know that,” Lincoln said with a sympathetic smile, “the following couple of days are always the worst.”

“Did she tell you we had an argument?” Lexa asked, looking between the two of them, both nodded a little, “She told me I should go and see someone…”
“Maybe that isn’t such a bad idea.” Anya said, lifting her hands up a little as Lexa threw her a look, “I’m just saying, you’ve held onto this shit for so long, Lexa, maybe talking to someone completely separate from your life might be a good thing.”

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little before she got the rest of the stuff from the car, “I don’t need someone telling me where my issues come from, I’m perfectly well aware of where they come from… talking about it isn’t going to change the fact that it happened. I don’t want to be sitting in some office somewhere, talking about shit that happened years ago. It won’t change anything.”

“So, this new job,” Anya said, changing the subject before Lexa closed off completely, “am I going to get paid for it?”

“Yes, Anya,” Lexa said with a short laugh, “you’ll be getting paid for it.”

“Good, cause we all know how much I hate kids.” She replied.

“That’s a lie and you know it,” Lexa said, handing her one of the bags, “make yourself useful.”

“Raven tells me I’m very useful.” Anya said with a smirk as she turned and walked to the house.

“I bet she does.” Lexa said with a laugh as Lincoln picked up the other two bags and she locked up the car.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was standing in the kitchen, getting lost in her thoughts again when she felt a tugging at her t-shirt. She looked down to see Aden standing there looking up at her with his big blue eyes that reminded Lexa so much of Clarke.

“You okay buddy?” Lexa asked, smiling a little.

“Yep,” Aden replied with a nod, “are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said, crouching down so she was eye level with him, “I’m okay.”

“You sure?” he asked, “you seem sad.”

“I’m not sad,” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “I just have a lot going on in my head right now, not so nice things.”

“Do you want a hug?” he asked, “hugs make things better.”

“Your hugs always make things better.” Lexa said as Aden put his arms around her neck and hugged her.

The brunette could see Clarke standing in the kitchen doorway, a small smile on her lips as she looked at the two of them.

“You know those bad things,” Aden said, backing out of the hug a little and looking at Lexa who nodded a little, “they can’t hurt you anymore…”

Lexa felt tears burning her eyes as she pulled the little boy in for another hug.
“I love you kid…” she said quietly.

Clarke walked into the kitchen, knowing that Lexa wouldn’t want Aden seeing her cry.

“Raven is going to the store to get some more drinks,” Clarke said to Aden, making him back out of the hug with Lexa, “why don’t you go with her and get some chocolate milk…”

Aden looked at Lexa before he looked up at Clarke and nodded a little, leaving the kitchen to go and find Raven.

“I am such a mess…” Lexa said, sitting down on the floor, her back against the kitchen cabinet.

“You’re not a mess,” Clarke replied, sitting down next to her, putting her arm around the brunette’s shoulder, resting her chin softly on Lexa’s head as the other girl put her arm around Clarke’s waist, her head on the blonde’s shoulder, “you’re one of the strongest people I’ve ever met, Lexa.”

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Later in the evening, Aden was laying on his stomach in his onesie, colouring in one of his books, Clarke had just finished a phone call with her mother who had already put in a bid on the building they had been looking at for the center, she had also told Clarke about one of the doctors at the hospital having some husky puppies that were ready to go to new homes.

“You have plans for tomorrow?” Clarke asked as she sat on the sofa next to Lexa.

Lexa looked at Anya, knowing they were planning on going to the gym the next day, working out always helped Lexa work through her issues.

“I’m free in the afternoon, I think…” she said, causing Anya to nod, “why?”

“Well, one of the doctors at the hospital has huskies, who had puppies about 10 weeks ago,” Clarke said, smiling a little as Lexa looked back at her, “so I was thinking, maybe, if you wanted to…”

“You’re going to let me get a puppy?” Lexa asked.

“One condition,” Clarke said, trying to be serious, even though Lexa was looking at her like it was Christmas, “you take it for walks at stupid o’clock in the morning, and you clean up any little accidents it has.”

“That’s two, but done.” Lexa said with a nod, softly kissing Clarke’s lips before she looked at Aden, “hey, Aden, you still want a husky?”

The little boy looked up from what he was doing a big grin on his face.

“Take that as a yes then.” Lexa said with a little laugh.

“We can call it Thor.” Aden said.

“No,” Lexa replied, shaking her head, “not happening.”

“I think Thor is an awesome name for a dog.” Bellamy said, high-fiving Aden.
“You cannot call a dog Thor,” Lexa said, “that’s like animal cruelty or something.”

“Then what do you suggest?” Anya asked.

Lexa sighed and laid down on the sofa, her head resting on Clarke’s legs, the blonde smiled down at her softly as she started running her fingers through Lexa’s hair.

“We could call him Jake…” Lexa said.

“You want to name your puppy after my dad?” Clarke asked.

“Would that be weird?” Lexa asked in reply, closing her eyes, Clarke’s fingers running through her hair causing her to relax, as it always did.

“Maybe.” Clarke said with a small laugh.

“How about we wait to meet the puppy and see what fits.” Lexa said, opening her eyes, looking up at Clarke, before she looked at Aden, who nodded.

Chapter End Notes

Any ideas anyone has for dog names (Other than Fish lol) feel free to add it to the comments and I'll see if any of them fit my idea of the puppy :)}
Lexa was taking a shower after getting back from the gym where she had spent most of the morning with Anya, working out always helped her clear her head and get out some of her feelings in a safe environment. Anya had, again, tried pushing her into talking to someone about what she had been through as a child. Lexa still wasn’t sold on the idea; she didn’t see how it would help with it. She didn’t see how going over everything would make her feel any different to the way she did now about her experiences. The way Lexa saw it, it happened, she survived it. Of course it shaped her as a person, it changed the way she saw the world, it stopped her trusting people from a very young age and caused her to be extremely guarded rather than willing to open herself up. Talking to a professional about it wasn’t going to change that, only Lexa herself could change that, and she was working on it.

While she was getting dressed after her shower she heard someone knocking on the door.

“Lexa,” Aden said, banging on the door, “hurry up, we need to go get the puppy.”

Lexa smiled a little as she pulled on a t-shirt and pair of sweatpants, tying her hair back before she opened the door to see the little boy, who had quickly become close to the center of Lexa’s world, standing there looking up at him with his big blue eyes. Eyes that were exactly like his mothers.

“Did someone say something about going to get a puppy?” Lexa asked with a smile, Aden nodding his head quickly before taking her hand and dragging her through to the living room.

“Let’s go.” Aden said to Clarke.

“I think you should probably let Lexa finish getting dressed first, honey,” Clarke said with a little laugh, noticing that Lexa didn’t even have any socks on let alone sneakers, “the puppies will still be there if we wait another few minutes, okay.”

Aden pouted and sat down on the floor near the sofa.

“I’ll be as fast as I can, bud,” Lexa said, leaning down and kissing Aden’s head, “I promise.”

Clarke followed Lexa as the brunette went through to the bedroom they shared.

“He’s been excited since he woke up this morning,” Clarke said as she leant in the doorway of the room, watching as Lexa pulled on her socks before putting on her sneakers and grabbing her hoodie, “my mom picked up a few things that we’re going to need, like a leash, some puppy food and a few toys, we can sort out the rest of what we need tomorrow.”

“What do you think about crate training?” Lexa asked, putting her hoodie on as she walked closer to the blonde.
“I think that’s called child abuse.” Clarke said, a small smirk pulling at her lips.

“I meant for the puppy.” Lexa replied with a laugh, “for some breeds it’s a good idea.”

“I’ll leave that decision up to you,” Clarke said, putting her hands on Lexa’s hips and pulling the brunette closer to her, “it might be a little easier once we move.”

“So we’re going to be moving a 4-year-old and a puppy,” Lexa said with a smile, her arms resting over the blonde’s shoulders, the next part of her sentence was dripping in sarcasm, “that’s going to be so much fun.”

“We’re not really going to need to move too much.” Clarke replied, “mom is leaving the place furnished, she’s getting a new bed for the master bedroom, cause I do not need to be sleeping in the same bed that my mom has done lord knows what in with Marcus…”

Lexa laughed a little before she softly kissed Clarke, the kiss deepening before the two backed away when they heard Aden huff dramatically.

“Guess we should go and get that puppy.” Lexa said, a small smile playing on her lips.

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Clarke was standing talking to Jackson as Lexa and Aden were looking at the Husky puppies.

“So that’s Lexa?” Jackson asked, as Clarke watched the two with a small smile on her lips.

Jackson had worked with Abby for years, so it shouldn’t have surprised Clarke that he knew about Lexa.

“Yeah,” the blonde replied with a nod, “that’s Lexa.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa watched as Aden’s face lit up when he saw all the puppies, there were 8 of them, all with various markings, most of them grey and white.

“Shall we go and say hi?” Lexa asked as Aden gripped onto her hand, nodding his head a little.

They walked into the room and Lexa felt Aden pulling back on her hand, looking down at him, before crouching next to him, one arm going around his waist.

“Why don’t we wait for them to come to us instead.” She said with a small smile.

It didn’t take long for a larger dog to approach them, Lexa assumed it was the mother of the pups. Aden’s eyes went wide as he looked at the dog, Lexa held her hand out towards the dog, holding it still as the dog sniffed her hand before it lowered its head a little, moving forward so Lexa’s hand ran up near its ear. She smiled a little as she gave it a little scratch before the dog simply laid down not far from where Aden and Lexa were. After that the puppies started to come over, obviously seeing
that the pair were not threat. Aden squirmed a little as one of the puppies licked his hand, which made Lexa laugh.

A few of the puppies started running around and playing, biting each other’s tails and play fighting. Aden patted Lexa’s leg causing her to look where he was now pointing. A small puppy was sitting looking up at them, as Lexa looked at the puppy it tilted its head to one side.

“That one?” Lexa said quietly to Aden.

“It has different coloured eyes.” Aden said with a small smile as he looked at Lexa.

Lexa looked back at the puppy and saw that it did indeed have different coloured eyes, one blue and one green. As Lexa looked at the puppy, the puppy looked back, almost like it was studying her as much as she was studying it. After tilting its head back to the other side it stood up and walked closer to them, before sitting down again just in front of them.

“Hold your hand out…” Lexa said to Aden, “slowly.”

Aden held his hand out to the puppy as he had seen Lexa do with the bigger dog. The puppy sniffed his hand before licking his fingers, which made Aden laugh.

“We could call it Bear.” Aden said, turning his head and looking at Lexa.

“Bear?” Lexa asked, “thought you wanted to call the puppy Thor.”

“Doesn’t really fit.” Aden replied, scrunching his nose up a little bit.

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“He was born in the middle of the litter,” Jackson said to Clarke as they watched Aden and Lexa, “he’s got a really good temperament too, good choice.”

“I’m not sure if they chose him or if he chose them.” Clarke replied with a laugh.

“That’s how it’s supposed to be.” Jackson said, “your mom tells me you’re moving into her house soon.”

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod, “we should be moving at the weekend, where we are right now doesn’t have a garden, but mom’s house does.”

“Big fences?” Jackson asked.

“About 7 foot.” Clarke replied.

“Good,” Jackson said, “they like to jump, as a breed they are pretty good escape artists as well, they like to dig, so you’ll have to keep an eye on that.”

“Noted,” Clarke said, “for the next couple of months there’ll be someone around most of the day, I’m not sure what’s going to happen when Lexa starts work though, maybe she’ll take him with her. Are they good around groups of people?”

“They are a very social breed yes,” Jackson replied with a nod, “they can be mischievous at times,
they like to see how much they can get away with, so you’ll need to let him know who is in charge, the leader of the pack, so to speak.”

“That’ll be Lexa’s job.” Clarke said with a laugh, “okay, how much do I owe you?”

“Your mother already settled it,” Jackson said, “the only thing you need to do is get him microchipped, he’s had his first vaccinations, I’ll go and grab you the paperwork.”

While Jackson went to get Clarke whatever paperwork he had been talking about, the blonde walked over to where Lexa and Aden were.

“What do you think?” Lexa asked, looking up at where Clarke was now standing behind her.

“He’s cute.” Clarke said with a nod.

“Bear,” Aden said as he stroked the puppy, “we’re going to call him Bear.”

Clarke looked at Lexa, an amused look on her face, the brunette simply shrugged a little. Aden seemed set on the name Bear which was fine by her.

“What happened to Thor?” Clarke asked.

“Does he look like a Thor to you, mommy?” Aden asked, looking back at Clarke.

“Okay,” Clarke said, “good point.”

Jackson walked over to them.

“Here you go,” he said, holding out a small folder to Clarke, “that’s everything you’re going to need.”

“Great,” the blonde said with a smile, “thank you.”

“Is he ours now?” Aden asked, causing Jackson to nod a little, before he looked down at the puppy, “you can share my room.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Aden.” Lexa said, causing the young boy to look back at her.

“But why not?” Aden asked, “he doesn’t have a room of his own, where else is he going to sleep?”

“Probably on the sofa, which is going to irritate your mom no end.” Lexa said.

“We can get him a dog bed tomorrow.” Clarke said.

“Are dog beds like people beds?” Aden asked, causing Jackson to laugh a little.

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Clarke was in the kitchen sorting out dinner when she heard the front door open and close again.

“That was quick.” She said, assuming it was Lexa and Aden back from walking Bear.

“Didn’t realise you were expecting us.” Raven replied as she and Anya walked into the kitchen.
“As it’s nearly dinner time I probably should have been expecting you,” Clarke said with a laugh, “Lexa and Aden have taken the puppy to the park.”

“You actually went through with it then.” Anya said with a laugh.

“You think it’s a bad idea?” Clarke asked, turning to look at the pair.

“Honestly, no,” Anya replied, shaking her head a little, “Lexa’s always wanted a dog, her parents had one when she was young, she was heartbroken when she was told she couldn’t take it with her to her uncles house.”

The front door opened again.

“Incoming!” Lexa called.

Aden ran through to the kitchen followed by Bear, who was leaving small muddy footprints all over the place.

“Lexa…” Clarke said, “why does the puppy look like it’s been swimming in a mud puddle?”

The brunette walked into the kitchen and Clarke could see she had small puppy sized prints all up her sweatpants.

“Because he did…” Lexa replied with a lopsided smile and a shrug.

“Give him a bath,” Clarke said, rolling her eyes a little as she shook her head, “then you can clean up the mud on the floors.”

“At least you don’t have white carpets.” Anya said with a laugh as she watched Lexa pick up the puppy before carrying him through to the bathroom as he licked her face.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Three month time jump. In this part we meet a couple of the kids that Lexa is working with at the centre.

Chapter Notes

As promised on Tumblr, here's the update. I really appreciate you all taking the time to read this, as it's certainly one of my favourite to write. In this part we meet Ontari, who will play a pretty big part in shaping the story as we go on. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think. You might not have to wait too long for another update, as I have a few more ideas for the next part.

Three months later...

The center near the group home had been up and running for a little over a week. It had been a lot of hard work for everyone involved and in the initial few days after the opening, Clarke knew that the hard work was just starting for Lexa. The brunette was leaving the house pretty early and not getting back till about 9 at night, Aden had started at school as well, so the house was a pretty mad place to start the day, what with Bear needing to be taken for a walk, Aden needing his breakfast and Lexa needing to be reminded to eat something before she left the house. Clarke had been pretty surprised that she hadn’t had to remind Lexa to take the dog for a walk, the brunette was always up at around 6am, going for a run in the local park with Bear, before getting back about an hour or so later.

In the week or so since the center opening, Clarke hadn’t really seen that much of Lexa, which hadn’t really surprised her as she knew that the brunette would be busy. When Lexa got back on a night they always spent an hour or so talking about each other’s days, catching up with anything that might have gone on that they missed. One thing that Clarke loved about Lexa was, no matter how tired the brunette was, no matter how much she would love to go back to bed for an hour or so after walking the dog, she never did. She was always there to spend time with Aden before he went to kindergarten. The blonde knew her son missed spending time with Lexa, the two were pretty much partners in crime by now, and she knew the young boy was struggling with always being told that Lexa wasn’t home when Clarke picked him up from school.

Clarke and Lexa had talked about the blonde taking Aden to the center one afternoon after school, there were some young kids from the group home that spent the afternoon and early evening there, and they’d talked about Aden going down there to make friends. Aden had no idea about it, and had been really excited when he realized that Clarke wasn’t driving the car back in the direction of the house when she collected him.

“Where are we going mommy?” he asked from the backseat of the car.
“What kind of surprise would it be if I told you that?” Clarke asked with a smile as she glanced back at him in the rear-view mirror.

“I can still act surprised when we get there.” Aden replied.

“Surprises don’t work that way.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“Lexa would tell me.” Aden said, Clarke didn’t need to look at him to know he was pouting.

“It was actually Lexa’s idea not to tell you.” Clarke replied, “you’ll just have to wait and see when we get there.”

Clarke could tell the exact moment when Aden figured out where they were going. He’d been to the center before, back when they were still setting everything up, and he obviously recognized some of the buildings. He started kicking his legs a little in his car seat.

“Figured it out yet?” Clarke asked.

“We’re going to see Lexa.” Aden replied.

“Yes,” the blonde said, “we are. There are a few things you’re going to have to remember, it’s not going to be like last time we were here. There are going to be a lot of kids here, most of them are going to be older than you.”

“They’re from the group home, right?” Aden asked.

“They are.” Clarke replied with a nod, “you remember what Lexa told you?”

“Not to ask where their mommies are.” Aden said with a nod of his own.

Clarke parked the car outside the building, getting Aden out of the car seat in the back before locking the car up.

“Do you want me to carry you?” Clarke asked, looking at her son.

“I can walk,” he replied, “I’m a big boy now.”

Clarke smiled a little as Aden reached up and took her hand.

As soon as they walked into the building, Clarke found herself surprised about just how busy it was. A girl ran past them towards the side door which lead to the basketball court, Anya was following her.

“You go out there with those scissors and I swear to every god you can think of that you won’t be working with Raven again when she comes in tomorrow.” Anya yelled at the girl.

Clarke and Aden stood and watched as the girl turned around again and walked back over to Anya, handing her the scissors.

“Thank you.” Anya said, shaking her head a little as the girl walked back outside, mumbling about how she wasn’t going to stab someone with them.

“Do I even want to know?” Clarke asked, motioning to the scissors.

“She’s been having issues with one of the other kids,” Anya said with a shrug, “didn’t want to risk her actually stabbing him with them.”
“Hey Anya.” Aden said with a big smile as he looked up at her.

“My favourite kid.” Anya said with a smile, handing Clarke the scissors before she picked Aden up, “want me to show you around?”

Aden nodded a little and Clarke had to laugh a little as Anya walked off with Aden, the young boy telling her all about what had happened that day at school.

As Clarke looked around a little she was surprised when one of the office doors flew open.

“You don’t know shit about my life,” a girl said to someone in the office, “you act like you give a shit, but you don’t. At the end of the day you’re just like everyone else, you go home to your perfect little life and forget all about us.”

“I know more about your life than you think I do.” Lexa said, following the girl from the office.

“You know what you’ve read in my file,” the girl said, turning back to Lexa, “you think it’s all in there? You think that you know what it’s like from reading about it?”

“I know it’s not all in there,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “I’m trying to help you here, but you need to give me something to work with.”

The girl shook her head a little and walked towards the main exit.

“Ontari,” Lexa said, “you know you can’t leave.”

The girl stopped with her hand on the door.

“You walk out of that door and I won’t be able to stop the cops picking you up.” Lexa said.

“Maybe they should,” Ontari replied, turning around and looking at Lexa, “maybe that’d be the best place for me.”

“You can’t really believe that.” Lexa said.

“It’s where everyone thinks I’m going to end up anyway, right,” Ontari said, “I mean, that’s all this is about isn’t it, I’m failing at school, I can’t seem to go a day without having to beat someone’s head in…”

“You’re failing at school because you don’t go,” Lexa replied, “you can’t go a day without fighting because that’s all you think you’re worth. Trust me when I say I know what that feels like.”

Ontari didn’t say anything, she just looked at Lexa.

“You’re a smart kid,” Lexa said, “you can do anything that you put your mind to. Give me a chance to help you see that.”

“Why should I?” Ontari asked, “everyone else who says they want to help only do it for what they can get out of it. What do you want from me, Lexa?”

“Nothing,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “I just want you to see that your life can be so much more than you think it will be.”

Ontari shook her head a little before she walked back away from the door.

“Can I go to the library?” she asked, looking at Lexa.
“Sure.” Lexa said with a nod.

Ontari walked towards where Clarke was standing, she stopped when she saw the blonde.

“You look like another social worker.” She said to the blonde, “you coming here to see if you can solve all our problems as well?”

“I’m a doctor, actually,” Clarke said, “not a social worker.”

“We already have a doctor.” Ontari replied.

“Then it’s a good job that I’m not here to work then isn’t it.” the blonde said.

“Guess it is.” Ontari said with a small nod before she walked past Clarke and in the direction of the library.

Once Ontari had walked away, Lexa let out another sigh and ran her hand through her hair.

“Stressful day?” Clarke asked with a small smile as she walked over to where Lexa was standing near her office.

“Stressful kid.” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little, “she’s a lot of hard work.”

“Why isn’t she allowed to leave?” Clarke asked.

“She’s wearing a tag,” Lexa said, “on her ankle, so the cops know where she is. She’s allowed here and at the group home. If she leaves the building the signal drops out and it sends a message to the local cop station. She only has to wear it for another couple of weeks.”

“So after that…?” the blonde asked.

“She probably won’t come here again,” Lexa replied, “which gives me a couple of weeks to make her see that the world isn’t full of people who only want to help her for what they can get out of it. Where’s Aden?”

“Anya kidnapped him as soon as we walked in,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “said something about him being her favourite kid and wanting to show him around.”

“He’s only her favourite kid because he doesn’t give her any shit.” Lexa replied with a laugh of her own.

A smoke alarm started to sound somewhere in the building and Clarke looked at Lexa, the brunette rolled her eyes and walked towards the boys bathroom. She pushed the door open a little with her foot.

“How many more times do I have to tell you that you can’t smoke in the bathroom?” she said.

A couple of boys quickly walked from the bathroom, their heads down as they passed Lexa, one handing her a lighter.

“And the cigarettes.” Lexa said, holding her hand out.

“But…” one of the boys said.

“You can have them back when you leave.” Lexa said, arching her eyebrow a little.
The boy sighed and shook his head before putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a cigarette box before putting it in Lexa’s hand.

“Thank you.” Lexa said with a smile, “now get out of here.”

“I take it that’s something that happens a lot?” Clarke asked.

“More than I’d like,” Lexa replied with a nod, “I should probably just turn the smoke detectors in there off…”

“Kids smoking in the bathroom again?” Anya asked as she walked over to where Clarke and Lexa were standing.

“Yeah,” Lexa said, her brows furrowing a little as she looked at Anya, “where’s Aden?”

“I knew I forgot something.” Anya said, looking around her a little before she looked back at Lexa, “relax, he’s with Costia in the art room, they’re painting.”

“I hate you, you know that right.” Lexa said.

“No you don’t.” Anya replied, “you love me, not as much as you love blondie here, which is good, cause that would be kinda weird.”

“Are you Lexa’s girlfriend?” one of the kids who was standing nearby asked, looking at Clarke.

“I’m Clarke.” The blonde said with a smile.

“Justin.” The young boy said with a smile of his own, “so are you?”

“Don’t you have something else to be doing?” Lexa asked him, “Isn’t Lincoln doing basketball or something?”

“Not for like 10 minutes,” Justin said, “plenty of time for your girlfriend to answer my question.”

“Justin…” Lexa said, a small smile playing on her lips.

“I’m going, I’m going,” he said, walking away a little before he turned back around and looked at Lexa, “she’s hot.”

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Lexa took Clarke to the art room, where Costia was working with a group of kids on a project, as they walked into the room Lexa couldn’t see Aden. She looked at Costia questioningly, the other girl motioned to the back of the room where Aden was sitting with Ontari, the girl nodding a little as Aden said something to her. Lexa quietly walked towards the back of the room, Aden smiled brightly as he saw her.

“Lexa.” He said.

“Hey bud.” Lexa said with a smile of her own, “what you up to?”

“I was just telling Tari about Bear.” He said, “she doesn’t believe me that he has different coloured
eyes, you have a picture of him?"

Lexa nodded a little and got her phone out of her pocket, bringing up a picture of Bear that she had, she held it out towards Aden who took the phone and showed it to Ontari.

“See,” he said, “told you.”

“Cute dog.” Ontari said.

“Me and Lexa picked him out,” Aden said with a nod, giving Lexa her phone back before he went back to painting, “there was hundreds of dogs…”

“There were 8 of them Aden,” Lexa said with a smile, “not exactly hundreds.”

“So,” Ontari said, looking between Aden and Lexa, “he your kid?”

“He’s my girlfriend’s kid.” Lexa replied.

“The hot blonde doctor lady?” Ontari asked, to which Lexa nodded, “what did you do to land her?”

“Just lucky I guess.” Lexa said with a laugh.

“She brought chocolate milk.” Aden said, looking up at Ontari.

“That worked with you, not with your mom.” Lexa said with another laugh.

“Do you like chocolate milk?” Aden asked Ontari.

“I don’t know.” Ontari replied.

“How can you not know if you like chocolate milk?” Aden asked in reply, obviously shocked by her answer.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had chocolate milk.” The girl replied with a shrug.

“Do you have any chocolate milk here?” Aden asked Lexa.

“I don’t know,” Lexa replied, knowing that they did because she’d got Anya to pick some up earlier that day knowing that Clarke would be bringing Aden, “why don’t you and Ontari come with me to the staff kitchen and we’ll find out.”

“It’s okay.” Ontari said, shaking her head a little.

“Come on.” Aden said, dropping down from the chair and taking Ontari’s hand, “you have to try chocolate milk.”

Lexa couldn’t stop the small smile that played on her lips as Ontari sighed and rolled her eyes as she let Aden pull her towards the door.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was locking up the building, Clarke was waiting in the car with a now sleeping Aden, the brunette jumped a little as someone in a hood walked over to her.
“Ontari…” she said, putting the keys back in her pocket, “what are you doing out here?”

“Roan asked me to go to the store,” she said with a shrug, “takes 5 minutes to get there, 5 minutes to get back, the alarm on the tag won’t go off for 20 minutes.”

“Are you okay?” Lexa asked.

“You really want to help me?” Ontari asked in reply.

“If you’ll let me.” Lexa replied, “can’t help you if you’re going to keep fighting me about it though.”

Ontari nodded a little, her hands stuffed deep in her pockets.

“One of the younger kids said you used to be in care, that true?” Ontari asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “in and out of group homes from the age of 8.”

“Will you tell me your story?” the younger girl asked.

“I’ll make a deal with you,” Lexa said, a small smile playing her on lips, “you give me a chance, start talking to me, I mean really talking to me, and I’ll tell you anything you want to know.”

“Oh, and Lexa,” Ontari said, turning back to look at her, “tell the kid I liked the milk.”
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Two updates in two days, guess my creativity is finally starting to come back. Hope you all enjoy this part. Drop me a review and let me know.

Lexa had gone to the center a little earlier than she usually would, one of the social workers who was working with a few of the kids at the group home had asked if they could use one of the small office spaces to go through the case files, and Lexa, of course, couldn’t say no. She was sitting out in the main area of the center going through some paperwork of her own, when the main door opened. She was about to tell whoever it was that they weren’t open yet, when she looked over and saw that it was Ontari.

“Hey.” Lexa said, closing the file she had open on the table as the girl walked over to where she was sitting, nodding a little as she sat down on the chair opposite Lexa, who glanced up at the clock which was on the wall, “why are you not at school?”

“Still on suspension,” Ontari said, picking up a piece of paper which was on the table, furrowing her brow as she started folding it up, “they don’t approve of hitting people with chairs, apparently.”

“I wonder why that is.” Lexa said, leaning back in her chair a little as she looked at the younger girl.

“It’s not like I hit the idiot in the head with it or anything.” Ontari said with a shrug.

“Does Roan know where you are?” Lexa asked, knowing that Ontari had a history of sneaking out of the home without telling anyone where she was going.

“Yeah,” Ontari said with a nod, “his mom turned up this morning.”

“I take it you don’t like her.” Lexa replied.

“She walks around like she’s something high and mighty.” Ontari said, still looking at the paper she was folding, “thinks that Roan runs the home so she has people to wait on her hand and foot when she’s there. We call her the Ice Queen…”

A small smile played on Lexa’s lips.

“So you decided to escape here rather than stay there.” She said.

“Lesser of two evils I guess.” Ontari said with a shrug.

“Considering what you just said about Roan’s mom, I’m not sure if that’s a compliment or not.” Lexa said.

“Whatever.” Ontari said with another shrug, “take it or leave it, it’s all you’re getting.”

“I guess I’ll have to take it then.” Lexa replied.
“ Were you busy? ” Ontari asked, motioning to the file that sat in front of Lexa.

“ Not really, ” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “ just some paperwork, the really boring part of this kind of work. ”

“ What made you agree to this? ” Ontari asked, looking at Lexa.

“ This as in what? ” Lexa asked in reply, “ this as in this work, or this as in dealing with your grumpy ass? ”

“ I’m not grumpy, I’m just complex. ” Ontari said, causing Lexa to laugh a little, “ and I meant the work. ”

“ Honestly, ” Lexa replied, thinking very carefully about how to word her answer, “ a few reasons. The guy who set all this up is kind of dating Clarke’s mom, she’s the one who runs the organization who gave him the money to buy the building so this whole thing could happen. Before they bought the building she came to talk to me about it, wanting to know whether I thought it was a good idea or not. ”

“ Because you’ve been in the system? ” Ontari asked.

“ Yeah, ” Lexa said with a nod, “ that and I’ve had experience running a charitable organization, which is kind of what this is. ”

“ It obviously didn’t work out too well if you’re here. ” Ontari replied.

“ It’s actually still going on, ” Lexa said with a small smile, “ I’ve just taken a step back from that, took me a while to realise that it wouldn’t totally fall apart without me. ”

“ What kind of thing is it? ” The younger girl asked.

“ It’s a foundation that runs refugee camps. ” Lexa replied, smiling a little as Ontari looked at her with a shocked look on her face, “ surprised? ”

“ Yeah, I guess, ” Ontari said, “ you just don’t look like the type that would do that kind of thing… why did you get into that kind of work? ”

“ I think it’s time to remind you about our deal, ” Lexa said with a smile, “ you need to talk to me, then I’ll tell you what you want to know. ”

“ My dad died when I was a baby, ” Ontari replied, “ my mom couldn’t take care of herself after that, let alone me, she started drinking, a lot. She left me on my own for two days when I was 6 months old, so the state decided that I should live with my grandmother. She died when I was 5… she was dead in the house for 3 days before anyone decided to come and check… ”

“ Your mom still alive? ” Lexa asked.

“ Don’t know, ” Ontari said with a shrug, “ haven’t seen her since I was 7 when she tried pimping me out so she could buy some crack. ”

“ Jesus… ” Lexa said with a sigh.

“ That’s my sunshine and flowers story, ” Ontari said, looking across the table at Lexa, “ your turn. What made you decide to work with refugees? ”

“ I joined the armed forces when I was 17, ” Lexa replied, “ spent most of my time being shipped from
warzone to warzone. I guess I just got tired of destroying places and wanted to make up for some of the shit I’ve done.”

“You ever kill anyone?” Ontari asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “don’t ask me how many, I stopped counting after a while.”

“Do you have nightmares?” the younger girl asked, “regrets?”

“Yes,” Lexa sighed, “to both. When you look at the world down the barrel of a gun, it limits what you actually see. Eventually the people trying to kill you stop being people, they become targets. Kill them before they kill you. That line blurs a little bit too much… things happen that you can’t control. In a situation where it’s them or you it’s not really something you think about till it’s all over.”

“Why did you decide to give it up?” Ontari said.

“It wasn’t really entirely my choice,” Lexa replied, she hadn’t talked to anyone about why she left the Marines in a long time, Clarke didn’t even know the reasons, “when you sign up for the Marines, you sign up for 4 years… with that 4 years, you’re automatically agreeing to another 4 years on top, at any point during that second 4 years the government can recall you at any time. I was about 6 months into my second 4-year period when the letter arrived, telling me where and when I had to report. They sent me out to Afghanistan. It wasn’t my first time there, but it was the hardest… I made a split second decision that saved most of my unit, but it…”

Lexa clenched her jaw a little, fixing her eyes on a point on the table, knowing that Ontari was still looking at her. They had a deal, Lexa had made that deal, if Ontari started talking to her, she would tell the girl anything that she wanted to know. She couldn’t back out of that now.

“I killed a 9-year-old kid,” Lexa said, hearing Ontari take a sharp intake of breath, “he was wearing a suicide vest… I got a medical discharge.”

“Well I guess that’s enough to fuck you up, huh.” Ontari said.

“Just a little bit.” Lexa said with a nod.

“Is that how you met Clarke?” the younger girl asked, “she said she’s a doctor, right?”

“Yeah she is, but no, that’s not how I met her.” Lexa replied, “the organization that her mom runs was funding my foundation, I was using the money that she gave us to run three different camps. She cut the funding, deciding that it would be better spent elsewhere, which meant that my camps would have to close, thousands of people would’ve been stuck in the middle of nowhere… it pissed me off. I was back in the city for a couple of days and found out that Abby was having another of her benefits to raise money for her organization, so I got in a cab and decided to go and ask her why she’d cut my funding as she’d been ignoring my emails and calls. Clarke was sitting outside the hotel where the benefit was being held, with Raven and Octavia, that’s how I met her.”

“Wait,” Ontari said with a laugh, “you went there with the intention of fronting out her mother about cutting your funding and you ended up with a girlfriend and a kid?”

“It’s a little more complicated than that.” Lexa said with a laugh of her own.

Lexa glanced up at the clock on the wall again and saw that it was coming up 1:30 in the afternoon.

“You hungry?” she asked Ontari.
Ontari shook her head.

“When did you last eat?” Lexa asked.

“I had breakfast.” Ontari replied with a shrug, “but I’m not hungry right now.”

Lexa got her phone out of her pocket and ordered a large cheese pizza, there was something about the look on Ontari’s face that told Lexa that the younger girl was hungry but she obviously didn’t want to admit it. Lexa also ordered a bottle of water and a bottle of coke, the water was for her.

“So how did you and Clarke get together?” Ontari asked as Lexa hung up her phone.

“She found out that her mom was cutting my funding,” Lexa said, putting her phone back in her pocket, “she turned up at her mom’s office building when I was meeting her mom about the funding thing. She offered me a cheque, telling me that it would cover the costs for the foundation for two years…”

“I’m guessing it was a lot of money.” Ontari replied.

“It was,” Lexa said with a nod, “but I didn’t want to take her money, she said something about wanting to help, so I told her if she wanted to help then she should come out to the camp. I seriously didn’t think she would, but I told her if she did, and if she lasted two weeks, then I’d take her money.”

“Did she last the two weeks?” Ontari asked.

“She didn’t get the chance,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “her mom had no idea where she was and she wasn’t too happy about it when she found out. She sent me an email saying that she’d reconsidered cutting the funding, said she’d increase it to $35 million over 5 years on the condition that Clarke went home that day…”

“You gave up a gorgeous girl for money?” Ontari asked, “are you an idiot?”

“I wasn’t thinking about myself,” Lexa said, “if I was there was no way I’d have agreed to it. It wasn’t about me, it wasn’t about anything that was going on between me and Clarke, it was about saving lives. The money that Abby gave us saved more lives than I can count.”

“So how long did it take her to forgive you for it?” the younger girl asked.

“Well I didn’t see her for 5 years,” Lexa replied, “didn’t see her until Anya and I had a meeting with Abby to extend the funding that she had given us. I had no idea she’d had a kid either…”

“You two didn’t talk?” Ontari said, to which Lexa shook her head a little, “can’t say I blame her, if someone chose money over me I’d be a little pissed about it.”

“She understands why I did it,” Lexa said, “but that day Anya and I had the meeting, everything changed.”

“Do you love her?” Ontari asked.

“Yes.” Lexa replied with a nod.

“How do you know?” the younger girl asked.

“Nothing makes sense without her.” Lexa said.
Lexa had been right about Ontari being hungry, she’d eaten more than half of the pizza that Lexa had got, mumbling something about it going to waste if Lexa wasn’t going to eat it. After the pizza was finished, Lexa got on with the paperwork that she had been doing before Ontari arrived and the younger girl sat quietly in the corner of the main area reading a book.

“Are you being the second parent to the kid?” Ontari asked, seemingly out of nowhere.

“He has a name you know.” Lexa said with a small smile.

“Aden,” Ontari replied, “are you being Aden’s second parent?”

“Officially, no,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “not yet anyway. We do a lot of stuff together, and he’s an awesome kid, there have been a few times in the last few months when I’ve really been struggling with all the shit in my head, and he just has this way of making everything okay again. But officially being a parent is scary, especially when I’ve had so little experience of being around parents, I mean I lost mine when I was pretty young, so I don’t have that to look back on… Why do you ask?”

“I was just thinking that he could do worse than having you as a second parent,” Ontari said with a shrug as she looked back down at the book, “you’re not so bad.”

“Wow,” Lexa said, a small smile playing on her lips, “that almost sounded like a compliment.”

“Yeah, well… tell anyone I said it, and I’ll deny it.” Ontari replied, not looking back up from her book.

“So,” Clarke said, as she and Lexa lay on the sofa watching some crappy movie on the television, “how did everything go today?”

“It went pretty well,” Lexa said with a small nod, “I think Ontari and I made a breakthrough.”

“Yeah?” the blonde asked with a smile as she lifted her head from where it was rested on Lexa’s chest as she looked at the brunette.

“Yes,” Lexa replied, “she came in before we opened, she’s suspended from school, something about hitting someone with a chair. We talked, she told me a little about how she ended up in the system, she had a tough start.”

“Anya said she reminds her of you when you were younger.” Clarke said, causing Lexa to laugh a little.

“I’m not sure I was ever that stubborn.” Lexa said.

“Anya seems to disagree, and I think I’ll take her word for it.” the blonde said with a smirk, “you’re
always going to deny how stubborn you are.”

“I’m aware of how stubborn I am, thank you very much.” Lexa said, making Clarke laugh, “but I seriously don’t think I’ve got anything on that kid.”

“So what were you doing when you were her age?” Clarke asked.

“Certainly wasn’t hitting people with chairs at school,” Lexa replied, “mainly I was just trying to figure out my life day to day. Trying to figure out where I would fit, in the grand scheme of things…”

“Did you figure it out?” Clarke said.

“When I was 15?” Lexa asked in reply, causing Clarke to nod, “no. I spent most of my early to mid-teens just being angry, angry at the world, angry at the system… angry at my parents for leaving me on my own.”

“I don’t think that’s really a choice they made, Lex…” Clarke said with a soft smile.

“I know that now,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “I’d spend hours just sitting there thinking how my life could’ve been different, if my parents had still been alive… maybe I’d have gone to college, maybe I’d have got a job that didn’t involve me shooting people… but now everything is different, and maybe if all that didn’t happen when I was a kid, I wouldn’t be where I am right now…”

Clarke didn’t say anything as Lexa let out another sigh, resting her head against the arm of the sofa as she looked at the ceiling.

“They say everything happens for a reason,” Lexa continued, not taking her eyes off the ceiling, “I’ve spent the longest time trying to figure out what the reason is, then earlier when I was talking to Ontari, I think I finally got it… I think you’re my reason, you and Aden… if I hadn’t been through what I went through, if I hadn’t made the choices and decisions that I did, then I wouldn’t have you… and I wouldn’t change that for the world.”

“Do you know what I think…” Clarke said, causing Lexa to look at her, a questioning look in her eyes, “I think that the universe has a mind of its own, it has plans and paths set out for everyone. I think that if two people are supposed to be together, then they will be, no matter how many twists and turns are in the road… they’ll always find each other…”

x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke woke up to the sounds of Lexa’s phone ringing, she grumbled as she looked at the clock on the bedside table wanting to bury her head under the pillow when she saw that it was 3:30am.

“Sorry…” Lexa said, picking her phone up from the bedside table, “go back to sleep…”

The blonde closed her eyes as she felt Lexa get out of bed and walk from the room as she answered the phone.

“Hello…” Lexa said as she made her way down the hallway, quietly walking past Aden’s room before she walked downstairs.
“The cops are here,” a small voice said, “Ontari is gone.”

“Justin?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah,” the boy replied, “I thought I should call you, I didn’t know who else to call…”

“When did the cops get there?” Lexa asked.

“About 10 minutes ago,” he said, “my room is near the office so I could hear them talking to Roan about the alarm going off, which means she’s gone… they’re going to take her away aren’t they?”

“They have to find her first.” Lexa replied with a sigh, running her hand through her hair, “do you know where she went?”

“Roan already asked me…” Justin said, “I told him I didn’t know…”

“If you know where she is, I need you to tell me,” Lexa said, “I can’t help her if I don’t know where she went.”

“The lake, in the park, she told me she used to go there sometimes to think…” Justin said, Lexa could hear muffled voices on the other end of the line, “please find her, Lexa… Roan is coming back, I have to go.”

With that the young boy hung up the phone. Lexa sighed as she put her phone down on the coffee table and sat on the sofa.

“Who was it?” Clarke asked from the doorway of the living room.

“Justin.” Lexa replied.

“The young boy I met at the center?” Clarke asked in reply.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “the cops are at the group home, Ontari isn’t there. I’m going to need to borrow your car…”

“What are you going to do when you find her?” Clarke said, sitting down on one of the chairs.

“I don’t know.” Lexa replied, “if I take her back there they might arrest her for breaking the conditions of her monitoring… but not taking her back there would be worse, for her and for me…”

Clarke didn’t say anything as she saw from the look on Lexa’s face that the brunette was thinking things over in her mind.

“She was doing pretty well,” Lexa said with a sigh, “she hadn’t run away or broken any rules in over a week, which from what her social worker said is a record for her…”

“So why would she run now?” Clarke asked.

“I have no idea.” Lexa replied, “I’ll ask her when I find her.”

Clarke followed Lexa back upstairs and watched as the brunette pulled on a pair of sweat pants and a hoodie along with her sneakers.

“Go back to sleep.” Lexa said with a small smile as she looked at Clarke, “I’ll try not to wake you when I get back.”
It didn’t take Lexa long to find Ontari once she reached the lake, she quietly walked over to the bench near the water where the girl was sitting throwing rocks into the still lake. As soon as Lexa sat down, Ontari looked over at her.

“How did you know I was here?” she asked.

“You have people who are worried about you.” Lexa replied.

“Bullshit.” The younger girl said.

“How would I know where to find you if it was bullshit?” Lexa asked, looking at her.

“I’m not going back there.” Ontari said, “I can’t.”

“Do you want to tell me what happened?” Lexa asked.

“Just stuff…” Ontari replied, shaking her head a little.

“I need a little bit more to work with than ‘just stuff’.” Lexa said with a sigh.

“Roan’s mom was still there when we got back from the center,” Ontari said, “she heard me talking to one of the other kids, saying that I was going to go back to school and how I wanted to keep coming to the center even after they take the tag off… she kept making little digs about how it was a waste of time and how I would never amount to anything… said that failure is genetic and I’d end up just like my mother… told me that you’d see I was a lost cause sooner or later and you’d walk away just like everyone else…”

“She’s just a cold hearted bitch, who obviously has no friends and wants everyone to feel as sad and pathetic as she does,” Lexa said, shaking her head when she heard Ontari laugh a little, “which is not something that you would ever hear me say in a professional setting…”

“What if she’s right though?” Ontari asked, “what if I do end up just like my mom…”

“You can’t let her be right,” Lexa replied, “the only person who controls your life is you. Just because your mom had drink and drug problems, does not mean that you will. You’re still young, you can change the direction your life is heading in, if you want to. If you want to go back to school, then go back to school. If you want to keep coming to the center, then please, keep coming, just don’t expect me to keep buying you pizza.”

Ontari let out a little laugh.

“I want to help you,” Lexa continued, “you know that… someone told me once that I was a lost cause, do you know what I did?”

Ontari shook her head a little.

“I did everything that I could to prove that I wasn’t,” Lexa said, “I’m still trying to prove it to some people. When I first came back here about 4 months ago, Clarke’s mom hated me, thought I wasn’t good enough for her daughter and her grandson, figured I’d just hurt them eventually due to my unstable life. Now she comes round to dinner at least once a week and we’re getting on fine. You
can make your life into anything that you want it to be, you can be any kind of person that you want to be, don’t ever let anyone tell you otherwise.”

“Lexa…” Ontari said.

“Yeah.” Lexa replied.

“Can you take me home?” the younger girl asked.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

“Where the hell have you been?” Roan asked Ontari as soon as she and Lexa walked in through the door.

Ontari glanced back at Lexa, a nervous look in her eyes as she saw the two police officers that were standing behind Roan in the main office.

“She needed a little time to think.” Lexa said, looking between Roan and the cops, “she realizes it was stupid to just leave like that, considering that she only has two weeks left with the tag…”

“I’m sorry.” Ontari said, looking at the floor.

“We really should…” one of the officers said.

“Do you really have to?” Lexa asked, “she didn’t get into any trouble while she was gone, she just needed to clear her head.”

The two officers looked at each other. Lexa glanced down the hallway to see Justin looking out of his room, a small smile played on her lips as he waved a little.

“I suppose we could let it go, just this once,” one of the cops said, “I’ve only got 20 minutes left on my shift, I don’t want to be at the station filling in paperwork for another 3 hours.”

“It’s not going to happen again, right Ontari?” Lexa said looking at the younger girl.

“Right,” Ontari said with a nod, “next time I’ll just sit in my room and clear my head that way.”

“If it does happen again,” the cop said, looking at Ontari, “no amount of help from your friend is going to stop us taking you downtown, okay.”

Ontari nodded a little.

“Go on up to your room.” Roan said to Ontari, “you’re on breakfast duty tomorrow, remember.”

“Slave driver.” Ontari mumbled as she sighed and walked down the hallway, before stopping and looking back at Lexa, “thanks…”

“Sweet dreams, kid.” Lexa said with a small smile.

As Ontari walked upstairs, Justin looked out of his room and gave Lexa a thumbs up, which made her laugh.
“Justin…” Roan said.

“I just went to pee,” Justin said, “I’m going back to sleep now.”

Lexa shook her head a little as she heard the boy’s bedroom door close.

“Thanks for bringing her back, Lexa,” Roan said with a small smile.

“She’s a good kid,” Lexa replied.

“You run the new center just down the street, right?” one of the cops asked.

“I do,” Lexa said with a nod.

“Night calls part of the service now?” he asked.

“Skipping out on paperwork part of the cop service now?” Lexa asked in reply.

“Touché,” he said with a smile, “well, we’d better get back out there.”

“I thought you said you only had 20 minutes left of your shift,” Lexa said.

“You’re not the only one who thinks that these kids deserve a chance, Miss Woods,” he said with a smile before he and his partner left.

“Did she tell you why she left?” Roan asked after the cops had gone.

“Your mother,” Lexa replied, hoping that would be answer enough for him.

“There’s a reason I don’t want her coming round here too often, and a reason I left home as soon as I was old enough,” he said with a sigh, “thanks again for bringing her back.”

“No problem,” Lexa said, turning to leave.

“Wait,” Roan said, causing Lexa to stop, “who told you she was gone?”

“Goodnight, Roan,” Lexa said with a smile.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

When Lexa got back home Clarke was asleep, she quietly took off her hoodie and sweatpants before climbing back into bed.

“Everything okay?” the blonde asked sleepily as she moved closer to Lexa.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied, kissing her softly on the head, “she’s back at home.”

“Good…” Clarke mumbled, obviously falling back to sleep.

Lexa felt her eyes start to close as she felt the blonde cuddle closer to her.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Aden gets sick while Clarke is in surgery all day, cuteness ensues.

Chapter Notes

This one is thanks to something someone mentioned in one of the comments on an earlier chapter, if I like an idea I usually try and work it in eventually if I can. I'd hoped to have this up earlier, but today has been a weird day. Let me know what you think :) 

Lexa was elbow deep in paperwork in her office at the center, it was one thing that she hadn’t really factored in when she had agreed to take the job. Obviously she knew that there would be a lot of paperwork involved, there always was when it came to a charitable organization and when it came to kids. There needed to be the necessary guidelines in place when it came to having somewhere that a lot of children spent a lot of time, and Lexa was more than okay with that, she just hated that she was the one who had to do all the paperwork. Marcus was going to be there later to make sure everything was in place legally.

Normally during the day while she was at the center she spent some time texting and talking to Clarke, but she couldn’t do that on this particular day as the blonde was involved in a pretty important and long surgery at the hospital. A young kid had been on the waiting list for a transplant for months, and if they didn’t get that transplant they would die, today was the day of that operation and Abby had asked Clarke to join her. Lexa knew that it would take them hours, most of the day in fact. So while she was stressing out, she knew that Clarke was probably a lot more stressed.

Anya had just brought Lexa in a cup of coffee as the brunette heard her phone start to ring. It was that irritating moment when she could hear the phone but couldn’t see it. She started searching under the piles of papers on her desk, much to Anya’s amusement. Eventually she found it, and as she looked at the caller ID she didn’t recognize the number.

“Hello.” Lexa said, narrowing her eyes as Anya laughed at her again.

“Hi,” came the reply over the phone, “is that Lexa Woods?”

“Yes…” Lexa replied.

“My name is Mrs. Franklin; I’m calling you from Arkadia preschool…” the woman said.

“Is Aden okay?” Lexa asked, interrupting the woman.

“That’s why I’m calling you, he’s not feeling very well and he has a slight temperature.” the woman replied, “we tried calling Miss Griffin…”
“She’s in surgery all day today.” Lexa said.

“That was made clear to us,” Mrs Franklin said, “you are down as his second emergency contact, is it possible for you to come and collect him?”

“Of course,” Lexa said, with a nod, though she knew the other woman obviously couldn’t see her, “I’ll be right there.”

Lexa hung up the phone and immediately saw the worry on Anya’s face.

“Aden’s sick,” Lexa said, standing up from her desk, “I need to go.”

“Go,” Anya said with a nod, “me and Lincoln can handle things here.”

“Shit…” Lexa said, sighing as she closed her eyes, “Ontari is coming later with some homework that she’s been struggling with, I said I’d help her…”

“I’ll take care of it,” Anya replied with a soft smile, “Raven is coming in later, the girl is a genius, I’m sure she’ll help her.”

“Yes,” Lexa said, “Can you let Ontari know why I’m not here, I don’t want her thinking that I just forgot.”

“Lexa,” Anya said, “breathe. I’ll let the kid know, and I’ll get Raven to help her. Now, go.”

“Right,” Lexa said with another nod, picking up her phone and her car keys, before she put her jacket on and left the building.

As she was walking to the car, she decided to call Marcus to let him know that she wouldn’t be at the center when he got there.

“Marcus Kane.” Marcus said as he answered the phone.

“Marcus, it’s Lexa,” she said as she opened the car and got in, “I’m just letting you know that I won’t be at the center later, I know we planned a meeting, but I just got a call from Aden’s school, he’s sick.”

“The meeting can wait,” Marcus said, “that young boy is more important. Do Clarke and Abby know?”

“I don’t know,” Lexa replied, “the woman who called me told me that she had tried calling Clarke, but she’s in surgery all day. I assume someone will have let her know, I’m going to text her and let her know that I’m picking him up, but she won’t get the text until she’s finished work.”

“I’m at the hospital, so I’ll stop by the OR and let them know.” Marcus said, “all you need to worry about is taking Aden home.”

“Thanks, Marcus.” Lexa said, “I’ll talk to you later.”

“Don’t worry too much, Lexa,” Marcus replied, “I’m sure he’s fine.”

“Yeah,” Lexa said, “okay, I’ve got to go.”

“Drive safe.” Marcus said.

Lexa hung up the phone and drove to Aden’s school. She parked up the car and went to the
“Can I help you?” the receptionist asked as she looked up at Lexa from her computer screen.

“I’m Lexa Woods, I got a call to say that Aden Griffin is sick.” Lexa said.

“Right,” the receptionist said with a nod, “take a seat and I’ll call through to the nurses room and let her know you’re here.”

Lexa nodded a little and walked over to the seating to wait. She hadn’t been at the school before but took the chance to look around the reception area while she waited, it was a pretty bright area with paintings obviously done by very small hands on the walls.

A few minutes after she sat down she heard someone walking towards her and looked up to see a woman, who she assumed was the nurse, walking in her direction holding Aden’s hand. The woman said something to the young boy who looked up and saw Lexa waiting for him.

Aden smiled a little, but Lexa could see that it wasn’t his usual smile.

“Lexa Woods?” the woman asked.

“That’s me.” Lexa replied, standing up.

As soon as Lexa stood up Aden walked over to her and hugged her legs. She picked him up and he immediately put his head on her shoulder.

“He’s been sick,” the nurse said, “he has a slight temperature, but I’ve checked him over and there doesn’t seem to be anything seriously wrong with him.”

“Okay,” Lexa replied, rubbing Aden’s back a little, “thanks for calling me.”

“He kept asking for his Lexa,” the nurse said with a small smile, “he’s a very well behaved patient.”

“Unlike me,” Lexa said, making Aden laugh a little, “I’m a nightmare.”

The nurse laughed a little.

“Feel better soon Aden.” She said.

Aden looked at her and nodded, waving a little before the nurse walked away.

“Okay bud,” Lexa said to Aden, “what do you say we get you home.”

Aden nodded a little and tightened his grip on Lexa’s shirt.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Aden was asleep by the time Lexa parked the car outside the house. She carefully took him out of his car seat, closing the door with her foot as the young boy lay his head on her shoulder again as the brunette walked towards the house. As soon as she walked in through the front door Bear was up and running towards her.
“Did you behave?” Lexa asked the young dog, who wagged his tail at her, “of course you did.”

The dog followed her into the living room, where she lay a sleeping Aden on the sofa, before putting the blanket that was on the back of the sofa over the young boy. The blanket had found its way from the room that Lexa shared with Clarke after they both got bored of carrying it down to the living room from the bedroom when they were watching movies. Lexa knew that she needed to go and get the children’s Tylenol from where Clarke kept it in the upstairs bathroom. Before she left the room she looked at Bear.

“I need you to watch Aden for me.” She said.

Bear tilted his head to one side slightly before he lay down in front of the sofa, his head resting on his front paws.

“Good boy.” Lexa said, crouching down and stroking his head a little before she went upstairs to get the Tylenol.

As she walked back down the stairs she read the back of the Tylenol box, finding out how much she needed to give Aden. She’d never dealt with a sick kid before. When she got back into the living room Bear was still laying in front of the sofa, he lifted his head as she walked in, lowering it again as she sat down near Aden’s feet.

“Hey buddy…” Lexa said, waking Aden who rubbed his eyes before he looked at her, “I’m going to need you to take this for me, okay?”

Aden shook his head before he laid back down.

“I thought you were a well behaved patient,” Lexa said with a small smile, seeing the small smile tugging at Aden’s lips, “you take this and you can go back to sleep, what do you say? Sound like a deal?”

“Can you watch a movie with me?” he asked, a pout on his little lips.

“I think I can do that.” Lexa replied with a nod, holding out the small measuring cup to him.

Aden drank the liquid before handing her back the cup.

“Do you want to try eating something?” Lexa asked the young boy.

“Do we have soup?” he asked in reply.

“I’m pretty sure we have chicken noodle soup,” Lexa said with a nod, “do you want me to make you some?”

Aden nodded in reply.

“Okay bud.” Lexa said with a small smile, kissing Aden softly on the head before she stood up and walked through to the kitchen.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was laying on the sofa, with Aden lying next to her, his head resting on her shoulder, the
brunette’s arms wrapped around him.

“Lexa…” Aden said sleepily.

“Yes cutie.” Lexa replied, looking down at him.

“Thank you for taking care of me.” He said.

“Anytime buddy,” Lexa said, softly kissing him on the head, “anytime.”

It wasn’t much later that Aden fell asleep, Lexa turned the movie off and put on a documentary, keeping an ear out to make sure Bear wasn’t getting into too much trouble in the back yard. Her phone beeped as she was watching the documentary. She reached across to grab it off the table, making sure that she didn’t move too much and wake Aden up.

**Anya:** Just wanted to let you know that Ontari is doing her homework with Raven, she asked me to tell you that she hopes Aden is okay.

She typed out a quick reply before putting her phone on the floor near the sofa. Bear came running through the house, running to the front door before running back to where Lexa and Aden were on the sofa.

“Who is it Bear?” Lexa asked, “is Clarke home?”

Bear ran around chasing his tail before running back to the door as Clarke walked in.

“Hey boy.” Clarke said, stroking his head before she walked through to the living room, crouching down next to the sofa, softly placing her hand on Aden’s forehead, “how is he?”

“He seems to be okay,” Lexa replied, “I gave him some Tylenol a couple of hours ago and he had some soup.”

“You actually got him to eat some soup?” Clarke asked with a soft smile, “he never usually eats when he’s sick.”

“The food wasn’t really the problem; the Tylenol was an issue though.” Lexa replied with a small laugh.

“I usually get him the cherry one.” Clarke said, before softly kissing the brunette.

“Mmm…” Lexa hummed, smiling a little as Clarke kissed her again.

Both girls laughed a little as Aden reached his hand across and put his hand on Clarke’s face, pushing her a little.

“Go away,” he mumbled, burying his face deeper in the crook of Lexa’s neck, “my Lexa.”

“You know she was my Lexa first, right.” Clarke replied, softly running her fingers through Aden’s hair.

“Doesn’t count.” He said, “she loves me more.”

“Hey now,” Lexa said, an amused tone to her voice, “that’s not really fair is it?”

“It’s fine,” Clarke replied, a mock pout on her face, “I see how it is.”
Clarke got up and walked towards the kitchen.

“I think you upset your mom…” Lexa said, softly kissing Aden’s head.

“She’ll get over it.” Aden mumbled, which caused Lexa to laugh.

“I love you both,” Lexa said to him, “you know that, right?”

Aden nodded, his head still on Lexa’s shoulder.

“Gramama said you love mommy in a super special way.” He said, “she said it only comes along once.”

“Is that really what she said?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah,” Aden replied with a nod, “she said your sole mates, but I don’t know what love has to do with matching shoes…”

“Not that kind of soul, buddy.” Lexa said, laughing as she shook her head a little.

“There’s a other kind of soul?” Aden asked, his brow furrowed as he looked up at Lexa.

“It’s another, not a other.” Lexa said, “but yeah, there is.”

“So, what are you talking about now?” Clarke asked as she walked back into the living room.

“Lexa is going to tell me about soul mates, but not the matching shoes kind.” Aden said.

“The fish kind?” Clarke asked, a small smirk tugging at her lips as Aden looked very confused.

“There’s a type of fish called sole,” Lexa explained to Aden, “but that isn’t what your grandma meant either, your mom is just being silly.”

“My mom said something about soul mates?” Clarke asked, looking between Aden and Lexa.

“She said you and Lexa are soul mates,” Aden said with a nod, “but I thought she meant shoes.”

“The soul is something that exists inside a person,” Clarke said, as she sat on the floor again, “you can’t see it, you can’t feel it, but it’s there. It’s what makes you, you. When you go to heaven, it’s your soul that goes.”

“Some people think that if two people are meant to be together, in love, then their souls fit together.” Lexa said, Aden looking between the two of them, “they think that no matter what happens you’ll find each other.”

“What do you think that?” Aden asked.

“I didn’t used to,” Lexa replied with a soft smile, “I didn’t think that there was anyone out there for me, I didn’t think I was a good enough person to have that kind of love in my life.”

“What do you think it now?” Aden said.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, her eyes flicking over to Clarke who smiled softly, “I do…”

“You’re not a bad person, Lexa,” Aden said cuddling closer to her, “you just had bad things happen to you.”
“Are you sure you’re only 4?” Lexa asked, looking down at him.

“I’m smart.” Aden said, flashing a grin up at her.

“Super smart.” Lexa replied.

“So if you and my mommy were always meant to be together,” Aden said, picking at Lexa’s shirt, “does that mean I was always supposed to be here?”

“Of course it does,” Lexa said, “I think that’s why things worked out the way they did. I don’t think the world puts two people together until they’re ready, and I don’t think we were ready till you were here.”
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Lexa has a really bad nightmare and completely freaks out, Clarke is a little unsure of how to deal with it. This is not a fluffy chapter, but it is important to the story.

Chapter Notes

Okay people, here you go. This part gets dark, it's about as far from fluffy as you can get. But it is important to the rest of the story. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

Images swam through Lexa’s mind as she slept, memories of a time she had hoped to forget. Her nightmares had lessened in the months that she had been with Clarke. While she had been out at the refugee camps they’d come most nights, so often that her body and her mind had its own method of dealing with them, she wouldn’t sleep in a long enough continuous stretch for the nightmares to take hold. She would wake up in cold sweats, staring up into the darkness above her as her head realized it had just been a dream. While she had been with Clarke the nightmares had led to broken patches of sleep, but nothing too bad. On occasion she’d had to get out of bed, go into the living room and take a little bit of time to calm herself down.

Now as the images ran through her mind, she couldn’t force herself to wake up. It wasn’t just the images, it was sounds, smells. Everything around her was making the nightmare seem so real, like she was back there, living it all over again. She was walking with her unit, through the center of a small town in Afghanistan, sweat building on her head under the helmet she wore. Her gun held in a position that the army called ‘ready but not threatening’. As they walked through the center of the town, they saw a group of people gathered.

She knew this scene, she knew how it played out, it was the same every time. They stopped to talk to the locals, engaging in conversation through translators. As other members of her unit were talking, Lexa’s eyes were surveying the area. Then she caught sight of him, the young child running through the crowd towards them. Something was different this time. He was smaller, head of blonde hair, blue eyes fixed on Lexa. She could see the vest, she knew what it was, what she had to do.

Somewhere in her mind she knew that the boy in the nightmare wasn’t the child she had shot in Afghanistan. The boy in the nightmare was one of the very few people that Lexa would willingly lay down her life for. A part of her mind was screaming at her to wake up, telling her it was just a dream, all she had to do was open her eyes and it would be over. But she couldn’t wake up. The young boy got closer and closer, she had a choice to make. Raising her gun, she aimed at the boy, closing her eyes, her finger on the trigger-

Lexa woke up, sitting bolt upright in bed, she couldn’t breathe. She scrambled from the bed, moving to stand in the corner of the room furthest from the bed, she tried to regulate her breathing. She
dropped down to the floor, bringing her legs up to her chest, she rested her head on her knees and
started to count.

“Lexa…?” Clarke said sleepily as she sat up in bed.

Lexus getting out of bed had slowly started to bring Clarke out of her slumber, she hadn’t fully
awoken until she’d heard the gasps for air. The brunette had got out of bed before following
nightmares but she’d always left the room, this time was different. Lexa sounded like she was
drowning as she tried to breathe. It didn’t take long for Clarke to see her. The blonde quickly got out
of bed and made her way over to where Lexa was sitting in the corner of the room.

“Hey…” she said as she walked over to Lexa, “you’re okay.”

Lexa tried to push herself further back into the wall as the blonde neared, shaking her head a little.

“Okay.” Clarke said, not getting any closer, sitting down on the floor, “I need you to breathe for me
okay, slowly, in through your nose, out through your mouth.”

Lexa started to do as Clarke said, her heart rate very slowly returning to normal.

“Better?” the blonde asked, still not moving any closer to Lexa.

The brunette nodded slowly.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Clarke asked.

“Not really…” Lexa replied, trying to stretch her legs out, though her body was feeling like a tightly
coiled spring.

Clarke noticed the slight grimace on Lexa’s face as she stretched her legs out in front of her.

They both sat there in silence until the bedroom door opened.

“Mommy?” Aden said.

Clarke saw how Lexa tensed up again at the sound of Aden’s voice. She looked at the brunette, a
questioning look in her eye.

“I can’t…” Lexa said quietly, shaking her head.

“It’s okay.” Clarke replied with a soft smile before she stood up and walked to the door, stopping
Aden before he came into the room, she turned and looked at Lexa, “I’ll be right back.”

Clarke picked Aden up after she closed the bedroom door again.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, as she walked with her son back to his bedroom.

“Is Lexa okay?” Aden asked in reply.

“She just had a bad dream,” Clarke said, putting Aden back down on his bed, “she’ll be okay.”

Aden nodded a little as he lay himself back down in his bed. He furrowed his brow a little looking at
the stuffed T-Rex toy that he had gotten when he was at the Dinosaur museum with Lexa. He picked
it up and handed it to Clarke.

“This might help.” He said as Clarke looked down at the toy.
“But this is yours.” She replied.

“It helps me.” He replied with a shrug and a yawn.

“Do you think you can go back to sleep?” the blonde asked.

Aden nodded and wiggled back under the duvet as Clarke pulled it back up over him, the blonde kissed him softly on the head.

“Sweet dreams.” She said.

Clarke pulled the door closed a little as she walked from the room and back into the bedroom that she shared with Lexa. The brunette hadn’t moved from where she had been sitting in the corner. Clarke closed the door behind her, turned on the small bedside lamp, and walked back over to where she had been sitting before. She held out the T-Rex to Lexa.

“Aden wanted me to give you this.” She said.

Lexa smiled a little as she took the T-Rex.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?” the blonde asked.

“Nightmare,” Lexa replied, pulling her legs back up to her chest, the T-Rex in her hands, “it wasn’t the first time I had a nightmare like it… I was back in Afghanistan; it was the day the kid came running at us in a suicide vest. It’s always the same thing, it always plays out the same way. But this time it was different, the kid running at us wasn’t the kid I killed… it was… I chocked, couldn’t pull the trigger… it was Aden…”

Clarke didn’t say anything, she just slowly moved closer to where Lexa was sitting, giving the brunette time to tell her not to, but she didn’t. The blonde moved so she was sitting next to Lexa, gently putting her arm around the other girl’s shoulder. Lexa slowly felt the remaining tension leave her as she leant closer to Clarke, her head resting on the blonde’s shoulder.

“I haven’t had a nightmare that bad in a while…” Lexa said quietly.

Clarke held the girl closer to her, as silence filled the room. The sudden sound of a car backfiring outside made Lexa jump away from the blonde.

“It’s okay,” Clarke said, pulling Lexa closer to her again, “it was a car, it’s okay.”

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Clarke dragged herself out of bed at 7:30, she had been asleep for a little over an hour, after sitting awake with Lexa. She went into Aden’s room to wake the sleeping boy before going downstairs to make him breakfast and let Bear out in the back yard. While Clarke was making Aden breakfast she called her mom.

“Hello.” Abby said as she answered the phone.

“Hey mom,” Clarke replied, “is there any chance you can take Aden into school today?”

“Is everything okay?” Abby asked.
“Yeah,” the blonde said, “it was a bit of a strange night here last night, we didn’t get much sleep…”

“Is Lexa okay?” the older Griffin woman asked.

“She had a bad night,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “nightmare, a really bad one. We only got to sleep about an hour ago, and I should probably be here when she wakes up.”

“I’ll be there soon, honey.” Abby said.

“Thanks mom.” Clarke said before she hung up the phone.

Aden came downstairs and walked into the kitchen.

“Where’s Lexa?” he asked as Clarke picked him up and sat him at the table.

“She’s still sleeping baby.” Clarke said with a small smile.

“Did the T-Rex help?” he asked.

“I’m sure it did.” Clarke replied, putting Aden’s breakfast down in front of him, “your grandma is going to take you to school today, is that okay?”

Aden nodded, a mouthful of cereal.

While Aden was eating his breakfast Clarke decided she should call Anya, she knew that there was a pretty good chance that Lexa wouldn’t be at work that day.

“You’d better have a damn good reason for waking me up, Griffin.” Anya said as she answered the phone.

“Can you open up at the center today?” Clarke asked, “Lexa had a seriously bad night.”

“She didn’t tell you what day it is, did she…” Anya said with a sigh.

“What do you mean?” Clarke asked in reply.

“It’s been 8 years to the day since Afghanistan.” Anya said.

“No, she didn’t tell me that,” Clarke replied, “I guess it makes sense.”

“How bad was it?” Anya asked.

“She ended up huddled in the corner and couldn’t even look at Aden when he came to the room.” Clarke said with a sigh, “it took a good two hours for her to get back into bed and another hour and a half before she started to fall asleep.”

“She isn’t going to want to talk about it,” Anya said, “but you need to make sure she does. She’ll tell you she’s fine, but you need to make her talk about it, okay?”

“I’ll try my best.” Clarke replied.

“I’ll open up at the center and make sure the kids don’t kill each other.” Anya said.

“Thanks Anya.” Clarke said.

There was a knock at the door as Clarke hung up the phone, Bear ran from the back yard towards the front door, where he started barking.
“Hey, Bear, shhh.” Clarke said, walking towards the front door, “we don’t want to wake Lexa up do we.”

Bear sat down near the front door, tilting his head a little as he looked at Clarke. As Clarke opened the door and let her mom in, Bear started wagging his tail as Abby stroked his head.

“Thanks for coming mom.” Clarke said, as Abby pulled her into a hug.

“It’s not a problem,” Abby said with a soft smile, “is she still asleep?”

“Yeah,” Clarke replied with a nod as they walked back into the house, “I’m going to leave her sleeping for as long as I can. Anya told me that it’s 8 years since something happened in Afghanistan, which may have been playing on her mind.”

“Well that’s understandable,” Abby said, “have you asked Anya to open up at the center?”

“I have,” the blonde said, running her hand through her hair, “it seems like the best option right now.”

Aden came out of the kitchen and smiled when he saw Abby.

“Hi Gramama.” He said with a small wave.

“Hey honey,” Abby said, “are you ready to go to school?”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

It was nearly midday when Clarke heard Lexa coming down the stairs, she was sitting in the living room watching something on the television when the brunette walked into the room.

“Where are the car keys?” Lexa asked, putting her jacket on.

“Why?” Clarke asked, turning the television off, “Are you going somewhere?”

“Work,” Lexa replied, “I was supposed to open up an hour ago, I’m late, where are the keys.”

“Anya already opened up,” the blonde said, “I called her this morning.”

“Why didn’t you just wake me up?” Lexa asked as she looked at the blonde.

“Because you’d been asleep for about two hours by the time you’d normally leave for work,” Clarke replied, “there was no way I was going to wake you up. You needed to sleep.”

“I need to work, Clarke,” the brunette said, with a sigh, “I didn’t work yesterday because Aden was sick, I need to be there today.”

Clarke had expected Lexa not to be in the best mood when she woke up, she also knew that the brunette would try and be out of the door as quickly as possible so she didn’t have to talk about what had happened. She remembered what Anya had told her, about making sure Lexa talked about it, she knew that Lexa would probably fight her on it, but it had to be done.

“No you don’t,” Clarke replied, keeping her tone and level of her voice as measured as she could,
she couldn’t get angry at the brunette, “Anya is dealing with it.”

“Since when do you get to decide when I do or do not work?” Lexa asked.

“Do you want something to eat?” Clarke asked as she stood up from the sofa, “I would say breakfast but I think we’ve passed that.”

“No, I don’t want something to eat, I want to go to work.” Lexa replied with a frustrated sigh, “I need to go to work.”

“Anya told me what day it is.” Clarke said, glancing back at Lexa as she walked through to the kitchen.

“Of course she did.” Lexa said with another sigh, “Look, Clarke, I know that what you saw last night was probably all kinds of worrying for you, but I’m fine.”

Clarke didn’t reply, she just started making coffee as Lexa followed her into the kitchen.

“If you don’t give me the car keys I’ll just walk to work.” Lexa said, folding her arms across her chest.

“8 years ago you shot a 9-year-old kid and lost 3 members of your unit.” Clarke said, not looking at Lexa, knowing that she was probably crossing a line, but knowing that she had to do this the hard way, “And you still blame yourself for that.”

Lexa looked away from the blonde and clenched her jaw so tightly that Clarke could see the muscles.

“It wasn’t your fault, Lexa.” The blonde said.

“You don’t want to do this, Clarke.” Lexa said as she looked at the blonde, “trust me on that.”

“How many of your unit would have died if you hadn’t done what you did?” Clarke asked, “Anya, Lincoln, Ryder, Nyko, Indra…”

“Stop.” Lexa said, her jaw clenched again.

“They’re alive because of you.” The blonde said.

“I don’t have to listen to this.” Lexa said, turning and walking from the kitchen.

“You can’t keep running from your past Lexa,” Clarke called after her, following the brunette as she walked towards the front door, “you can’t run from the things that you’ve done.”

“Don’t you think I know that.” Lexa snapped as she turned around and looked at Clarke, “I got a medical discharge from the marines after that tour, because of what I’d done, because they didn’t trust me to hold a gun without putting it to my own head. One of the men I lost that day had got married before we shipped out, he died without knowing that he was going to be a father. There’s a child out there without a father because I didn’t act quick enough. I have to live with this shit every day, Clarke.”

“What happened wasn’t your fault, Lexa.” Clarke said.

“They were my unit, my team, it was my job to keep them alive out there and I failed.” Lexa said, “I saw the kid running at us and I hesitated. So you’re wrong, it was my fault.”
“You didn’t put that kid in a suicide vest,” the blonde said, slowly walking towards Lexa, “you didn’t make him run at your unit, you didn’t kill anyone from your unit that day. You did what you had to do, and because of that you saved lives.”

“Not enough lives…” Lexa said, shaking her head a little as she turned back to the front door.

“What happens the next time you have a nightmare, Lexa?” Clarke asked, “What if Aden is in the room when that happens?”

“I would never hurt Aden.” Lexa replied through clenched teeth, not looking back at Clarke.

“Not intentionally.” Clarke said, “but it could happen. The more you hide away from this, the more you let it build up, the worse it is going to be when it finally comes out.”

“If it’s that much of a worry for you, it’s probably better if I just leave then.” Lexa said.

Clarke stood glued to the spot as Lexa opened the front door and walked out.

“Lexa!” Clarke called as she walked to the door, “Lexa, come on, don’t walk away…”

Lexa didn’t even look back as she continued to walk down the road.

“Shit…” Clarke said with a sigh, walking back into the house and trying to find her phone, she passed Bear who was now in the hallway, his head tilted at he looked at her, “don’t look at me like that, I know I fucked up okay, I don’t need you judging me too.”

Bear laid down and rested his head on his paws as he looked at the front door.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Anya, Raven and Lincoln were sitting in Lexa’s office at the center when Anya’s cellphone started to ring. She looked at the caller ID before answering it.

“Hey Clarke.” She said, causing both Raven and Lincoln to look at her.

“Anya, I fucked up,” the blonde replied, “I tried to get her to talk about it, she blew up at me and left.”

“Christ…” Anya said with a sigh, “what did you say to her?”

“I told her that what happened wasn’t her fault, and she had to stop blaming herself,” Clarke said, “I also may have asked her what happens the next time she has a nightmare and Aden is in the room…”

“Okay,” Anya replied, “We’ll find her, you stay there in case she comes back, okay.”

“I don’t think she’ll be coming back, Anya.” Clarke said, “I knew I shouldn’t have pushed her…”

“You did the right thing; she needs to deal with it.” Anya said, “As hard as that is to hear, if you didn’t push her today it would’ve gotten worse by the end of the day, trust me. I’ll let you know when we find her.”

“Thanks, Anya.” Clarke replied.
“Try not to worry too much.” Anya said before hanging up the phone and looking at Lincoln and Raven, “we’ve got a problem.”

“What kind of problem?” Raven asked.

“Lexa’s gone AWOL.” Anya replied, running her hand through her hair before she stood up, “Lincoln, can you stay here in case she comes here?”

“Of course.” Lincoln replied with a nod.

“Raven, I need you to drive me to the closest bar to Clarke’s house.” Anya said looking at the girl, “if she’s not there, then the nearest park that’s close to a liquor store.”

“Okay.” Raven said with a nod.

Anya and Raven went out to Raven’s truck, Anya was trying to call Lexa as Raven started to drive. After the fifth time of trying, and getting Lexa’s voicemail, Anya put her phone back in her pocket.

“Do you want to tell me what’s going on?” Raven asked, glancing at the girl before she looked back at the road.

“8 years ago we were out in Afghanistan,” Anya replied, looking out of the passenger side window, “we were walking around this small town, doing the whole winning the hearts and minds of the locals shit. The day before, a kid had blown themselves up in the middle of a group of marines. Our superiors didn’t think that would happen twice in two days… the locals all liked to gather in the center of the town, there was a market there, a mosque, the usual. We had stopped and were talking to some local people. We didn’t see the young kid running at us wearing a suicide vest, but Lexa did. She shot him. The vest was connected to a switch he held in his hand, as soon as he was shot he dropped the switch, the vest exploded, three people in our unit died.”

“Shit…” Raven muttered.

“Lexa got a medical discharge not long later, she couldn’t get it out of her head, thought that if she’d seen the kid sooner then none of the unit would’ve died,” Anya continued, “I can’t even begin to imagine what was going through her head when she shot the kid. I’ve seen some fucked up shit, but that… we were used to people shooting at us, people planting IED’s and waiting for the trucks to go past before blowing them up and shooting at us, but he was just a kid…”

“So why has she gone AWOL today?” Raven asked.

“She gets nightmares,” Anya said with a sigh, “flashbacks. Clarke called me this morning and told me that she had a really bad one last night, which is why I opened the center. I told Clarke that she had to make her talk about it, going on personal experience when Lexa gets lost in her own head, it’s never pretty, for anyone. So she tried to make her talk about it, which in itself wouldn’t have driven Lexa to leave I don’t think… she asked her what happens the next time she has a nightmare and Aden is in the room.”

“Lexa would never hurt Aden.” Raven replied, her brow furrowed as she looked at Anya.

“PTSD is a shit thing to deal with,” the other girl said, shaking her head a little, “at its worst it can include violent outbursts. The slightest thing, noise or smell, can take you back and make you think you’re back in whatever circle of hell your head takes you to. With Lexa that’s Afghanistan. She’s never hurt anyone during a bad PTSD spell, but she has hurt herself. It’s unpredictable, she’s unpredictable.”
“Has she ever had treatment for it?” Raven asked.

“Before she was discharged she had mandatory appointments with a shrink,” Anya said with a nod, “they tried hypnotherapy on her a few times. Had her so hyped up on meds that she couldn’t even string a sentence together, she couldn’t sit still for more than 10 minutes at a time. Once they discharged her, after her senior officer walked in on her with a gun in her mouth for a third time, she was supposed to keep up the therapy but didn’t. Decided a better way to deal with it was to do something to make a difference, so she started TriKru.”

“Does Clarke know all this?” Raven asked, finding herself unable to even comprehend what it was like for Lexa.

“I don’t know,” Anya sighed, “I know that she knows about Afghanistan, I don’t know how much Lexa has told her about why she was discharged. Lexa amazes me, you know, I mean everything that she’s been through, in the marines, when she was a kid… it just amazes me that she’s still here, even though I know sometimes she wishes she wasn’t.”

Raven parked the truck outside the bar that was closest to Clarke’s house.

“I’ll go and see if she’s in there.” Anya said before she got out of the truck and walked into the bar.

While Anya was in the bar, Raven decided to call Clarke, to see how she was.

“Hey Raven…” Clarke said when she answered the phone.

“Hey, Griff,” Raven replied, “how you doing?”

“Are you with Anya?” Clarke asked.

“Yeah,” Raven replied with a nod, even though Clarke couldn’t see her, “I’m sitting outside a bar while Anya goes to see if Lexa’s in there.”

“I’m really worried about her, Raven.” The blonde said, her voice cracking slightly with the emotion that she was feeling.

“We’ll find her Clarke.” Raven said, wanting nothing more than to be able to give her friend a hug.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Drinking whiskey from the bottle wasn’t exactly Lexa’s idea of a good time, but she wasn’t drinking to have a good time, she was drinking to forget. At that moment she wasn’t sure what she wanted to forget more; what day it was, or the fact that Clarke believed that she could ever hurt Aden. She would willingly lay down her life for that little boy, she would rather hurt herself a million times over before she ever saw any harm come to him. She knew PTSD ‘episodes’ were unpredictable, but she also knew that she had never physically hurt anyone when she lost it. She’d pushed Anya and Lincoln away a few times, both verbally and physically, so she wouldn’t hurt them.

The park was pretty quiet, which she was thankful for, she wasn’t usually one for public drinking, and if the bar she had gone to wasn’t such a dive she probably wouldn’t even be in the park. She was sitting on a bench near one of the ponds watching the ducks, it was peaceful.
While she was thinking about her life, what she was doing with it, what she wanted to do with it, she heard someone walking down the gravel path towards the pond. Glancing over her shoulder she saw Anya walking towards her. Lexa shook her head a little and stood up.

“Do not make me chase you around this park.” Anya said as Lexa was about to walk away.

“You wouldn’t be able to catch me anyway…” Lexa mumbled, sitting back down and taking another drink from the bottle.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Anya said as she sat next to her, “you’d probably fall over your own feet before I had to put too much work in, how much have you had to drink?”

“As you’re only slightly blurry, not enough.” Lexa replied with a sigh, holding the bottle out to Anya who shook her head a little, “more for me then.”

“What are you doing out here, Lex?” Anya asked.

“Trying to get a suntan, what do you think.” Lexa said, her response dripping in sarcasm.

“I think you need to go home.” Anya replied.

“She thinks I’m going to hurt her son, I can’t go back there…” Lexa said, shaking her head before taking another drink from the bottle.

“She knows that you wouldn’t hurt Aden.” Anya said, glancing at Lexa.

“She knows that I wouldn’t hurt him intentionally, that’s what she said, intentionally.” Lexa replied.

Anya didn’t reply, she wasn’t sure what to say. She knew how much it must have hurt Lexa when Clarke said that to her.

“You remember I told you about my usual nightmare,” Lexa said, glancing at Anya who nodded in reply, “well the one I had last night was different…”

“Different how?” Anya asked.

“It was the usual setting, it played out the usual way,” Lexa replied, looking down at the bottle in her hand, her brow furrowed a little, “until the kid. This time it wasn’t the same kid that was running at us, it was Aden…”

Anya watched as Lexa clenched her jaw, her eyes starting to fill with tears.

“And I still had that same choice to make, you know, pull the trigger to save lives or risk it and watch everyone die.” Lexa continued, “I pointed the gun at him, finger on the trigger… but I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t pull the trigger… I…”

Lexa shook her head as she wiped the tears that were now falling from her eyes.

“You know, I think last night was the first time that Clarke was actually scared of me…” Lexa said, wiping her eyes again.

“I was scared for you,” Clarke said, walking up to the bench, “not of you. I could never be scared of you, Lexa.”

“How long have you been standing there?” Lexa asked, quickly wiping her eyes again.
“Long enough.” Clarke replied as she walked around the bench.

Anyasmine at Clarke before she stood up, she smiled a little at the blonde before she walked back down the gravel path to Raven’s truck.

Clarke crouched down in front of Lexa, taking the whiskey bottle from the brunette before she took hold of her hands.

“Lexa, I’m sorry,” she said, “I know that you would never hurt Aden, I wanted you to talk to me, but I went about it the wrong way. I should never have said it.”

Lexa didn’t say anything, nor did she try to pull her hands away from Clarke’s, which the blonde figured was progress.

“I love you,” Clarke continued, “the good and the bad. Losing you after knowing you less than two weeks was hell, I can’t lose you now. You complete me, Lexa.”

“You deserve better than me, Clarke,” Lexa replied, “you and Aden… You deserve the world.”

“We don’t want the world, Lexa,” Clarke said with a soft smile, “we just want you.”
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Lexa explains a few things to Aden, Octavia and Lincoln have news, Raven loses a bet and Clarke and Lexa have a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

This one is shorter than the last part, it's a mix of angst and fluff. There are some cute and funny moments along the way. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think. I'm not sure how many more parts there will be to this one.

When Clarke and Lexa had gone home, Lexa had gone back to bed, getting a couple more hours sleep before Aden was due home from school. Clarke had gone to pick him up, taking Bear with her, she hadn't liked the idea of leaving Lexa on her own, worrying that the brunette may not be there when she got home again, but she didn’t want to have to call her mom to pick Aden up. Not that she had to do that, as Abby had already been at the school when Clarke arrived.

When Lexa woke up, Abby was still at the house. She knew that Clarke would’ve told Abby about what had happened the night before, she wasn’t sure whether the blonde would’ve told her mother about what had happened that day though. Her mind kept taking her back to the conversation Clarke had with Abby months before, when Abby had brought up Lexa’s PTSD and how she believed that having Lexa around Aden wasn’t a good idea. The brunette couldn’t help but think that Abby would now think she had been right.

Abby was sitting in the living room with Clarke when Lexa went downstairs.

“You okay?” Clarke asked with a soft smile as Lexa walked into the room.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, “where’s Aden?”

“Playing in the garden with Bear.” Clarke said, “hungry?”

“A little.” Lexa said, causing Clarke to stand up, the blonde obviously about to go into the kitchen and make her something to eat, “I can get something myself.”

“It’s not a problem,” the blonde said, “it just needs heating up, sit.”

Lexa sighed, rolled her eyes and clenched her jaw a little.

“Clarke, I’m not…” she started to say.

“Sit.” Clarke repeated, motioning to one of the chairs.
“Fine…” Lexa muttered, knowing she wasn’t going to win, she sat down on the chair. Lexa kept her eyes focused on the floor as Clarke left the room, going into the kitchen. She could feel Abby looking at her, knowing that she was wanting to say something.

“You’re going to give yourself a headache if you keep doing that.” Abby said, causing Lexa to look at her, a questioning look on her face, “clenching your jaw, you’ll give yourself a headache.”

“Didn’t even realize I was doing it.” Lexa replied.

“How are you feeling?” Abby asked.

“I’ve been better.” Lexa replied honestly, “I guess Clarke told you what happened?”

“She told me you had a bad night,” Abby said with a nod, “a nightmare, she didn’t go into detail though.”

Lexa nodded a little, not really knowing if Abby was going to push her for information or not.

“I know it’s not my place,” Abby said, causing Lexa to sigh a little, “but, have you thought about talking to someone?”

“It wouldn’t help.” Lexa said.

“I know a really good doctor, works with a lot of veterans,” Abby said, “you’re not alone, Lexa.”

“Now you’re just assuming that what I went through in the Marines is the only thing that’s wrong with me,” Lexa said, as she looked at Abby, “that’s one part of a very big puzzle.”

“A puzzle needs to be put together one piece at a time, right?” Abby said with a soft smile, “you can’t just put everything together and hope that it fits.”

“I’ve been working on putting the pieces back together since I was about 8 years old,” Lexa replied, “talking to someone about it now isn’t going to help. I don’t need someone to tell me what’s wrong with me, I’m very well aware of just what my issues are.”

“What do you mean, what’s wrong with you?” Aden asked from where he was now standing at the door to the living room, “Are you sick?”

“Kind of.” Lexa said with a small nod, her eyes starting to burn slightly with tears as she remembered the nightmare she’d had, she motioned for Aden to come over to her, “come here…”

Aden slowly walked over to where Lexa was sitting, she picked him up and sat him on her lap.

“Do you remember when we talked a while ago, and I told you that I used to be in the Marines?” Lexa asked.

“You protected Murica…” Aden said with a nod.

“Well sometimes I get really bad nightmares…” Lexa said.

“Are you sure trying to explain PTSD to a 4-year-old is a good idea?” Abby asked, as Clarke walked back into the room.

“He needs to understand what’s going on,” Lexa replied, looking between Abby and Clarke, “and he needs to know that it isn’t his fault.”
Clarke nodded a little as she put Lexa’s food down on the table and took a seat on the sofa next to Abby.

“Do you have nightmares about monsters hiding in the closet?” Aden asked, making Lexa smile a little.

“No,” she said, shaking her head a little, “sometimes when people go through really bad things, it stays with them and it won’t go away. Sometimes with soldiers and people who have seen war and really bad things, they remember things, following me so far?”

Aden nodded.

“Good. You know sometimes when you have a bad dream, and you think it’s real?” Lexa asked, causing Aden to nod again, “well the nightmares I have are like that all the time. In my head I’m back in that really bad place, and I can see everything, hear everything, even smell everything. It’s like I’m back living there again. Sometimes it happens when I’m not asleep…”

Aden furrowed his brow a little, obviously not really understanding how you can have a nightmare when you’re not asleep.

“It’s like I get flashbacks, a certain smell, or sound can make me remember again,” Lexa explained, “and even though I know it’s not real, it feels real, and my mind makes me react in a way I shouldn’t. It makes me want to run, and get away from it, because the memories are really bad.”

“How can I make you better?” Aden asked as he looked at Lexa.

“You already are making me better, Aden,” Lexa said, softly kissing his head, “there’ll be times where sometimes I just need to be on my own for a little while, that doesn’t mean that I don’t want you there, or that I don’t love you, okay?”

“Okay.” Aden said with a nod, before he cuddled up to Lexa, who put her arms around him.

“You are an awesome kid.” She said quietly.

“I love you, Lexa…” Aden replied just as quietly.

“I love you too.” Lexa said.

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Later that evening everyone was at Clarke’s house, Octavia and Lincoln had called everyone and asked if they could all meet up at Clarke’s as they had some big news. Raven thought they were getting married, Lexa thought that it was something else.

“$50 says they’re getting married.” Raven said as the group gathered in the living room.

“Nah, that won’t be it,” Lexa replied shaking her head, “$50 says she’s pregnant.”

“Which is going to mean you’re both right,” Anya said, looking between the two, “you know what Lincoln’s like, he’ll propose.”

“He’ll propose soon,” Lexa said with a nod, “cause he’s pretty old fashioned like that, but I don’t
think they’ll get married until after the baby.”

Aden was looking around the group from where he was sitting on Lexa’s lap, he was obviously pretty confused about the whole thing.

“Okay,” Octavia said as she and Lincoln walked into the living room, Clarke following behind them, “so we have news.”

Clarke went to sit on the arm of the chair where Lexa was sitting with Aden, the look on Clarke’s face let Lexa know that she already knew what the news was.

“You know something…” Lexa said as she looked at the blonde.

“And soon you’ll know too, now shhh.” The blonde said, kissing Lexa’s head.

“You’re getting married, right?” Raven said, looking at Octavia.

“Er, no,” Octavia said, shaking her head a little, “maybe one day, but no. We’re… we’re having a baby.”

“Pay up Reyes,” Lexa said, holding her hand out.

“What Lexa means is congratulations.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“Big congratulations,” Lexa said, looking at the two, “you’re both going to make great parents.”

“Where’s the baby?” Aden asked, causing everyone to look at him.

“Not touching that one.” Anya said as she stood up from the sofa and went to hug Lincoln.

“Erm,” Clarke said, “well, you see, the baby is…”

She looked at Lexa, a look that screamed ‘help’ on her face.

“What your mom is trying to say is, the baby is in Octavia’s tummy,” Lexa said, “that’s where babies stay for 9 months, till they’re ready to be born.”

“If it’s in her tummy, did she eat it?” Aden asked, causing everyone to laugh.

“No, buddy,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “she didn’t eat it.”

“So how did it get there then?” he asked.

“That is a secret that you will learn when you’re older,” Lexa said, kissing his head, “a lot older.”

“Can you and mommy have a baby?” Aden asked, causing Lexa and Clarke to look at each other.

“Er…” Lexa said.

“There’s a girl at my school with two mommies, you remember I told you about her,” Aden said as he looked at Lexa, “so can you two do that?”

“You want a brother or a sister?” Clarke asked as she looked at Aden.

“Yep.” He said with a grin, “so can I get one?”

“Maybe one day, Aden.” Lexa replied.
“Then you can be my mommy too,” he said, cuddling up to Lexa again, “I mean, you pretty much are anyway.”

“I guess so…” Lexa said as she kissed him softly on the head.

Any and Lincoln shared a smile as they watched what was going on between Lexa and Aden.

“So,” Raven said, “I get to be godmother, right?”

“Well, we were thinking, as it needs two godmothers, that maybe the four of you would all be involved.” Octavia said, looking around the group.

“You actually want me to actively be involved with your kid?” Anya asked, “Are you crazy?”

“You and Lexa are like the sisters I never had,” Lincoln said, looking between Anya and Lexa, “you’ve been there for me through everything, and I would be honored if you would both be involved in my child’s life.”

“Jump up a minute, Aden.” Lexa said to Aden, who climbed down off her lap, before she walked over to Lincoln and pulled him into a hug, “you big softie…”

“Can we take that as a yes?” he asked.

“Yes.” Lexa replied as she backed out of the hug a little, “you can take that as a yes.”

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When everyone had gone home, and Aden had been put to bed, Lexa and Clarke sat in the living room.

“I’m sorry…” Lexa said quietly, not looking at the blonde.

“For what?” Clarke asked in reply, turning slightly on the sofa so she could look at Lexa.

“Trying to shut you out.” Lexa said with a shrug, “trying to push you away… I’m so used to having to go through all this on my own. I mean, Anya and Lincoln have tried to help, and god knows what would’ve happened to me if it wasn’t for them, but…”

“Hey…” Clarke said, reaching over to Lexa and taking the brunette’s hand in hers, “I’m not going anywhere, I thought that was pretty clear by now.”

“Yeah.” Lexa said with a small smile, “It seems that since I was a kid I’ve always been fighting, whether that be fighting the system when I was in care, fighting to protect myself… physically fighting when I was in the Marines… to fighting that voice in my head that used to tell me to put the gun in my mouth and pull the trigger… you have made me realise that I don’t need to fight anymore. There’s nothing for me to fight against anymore. I never belonged anywhere, never felt that there was one place where I could be, where I would be happy, and safe… you’ve given me that, Clarke.”

“You gave me that 5 years ago, Lexa.” Clarke replied.

“I was thinking,” the brunette said, moving closer to Clarke on the sofa, “with what Aden said earlier…’
“You want to have a baby?” Clarke asked a small smirk tugging at her lips, “I knew the puppy wouldn’t be enough.”

“I honestly never thought I’d say it, but one day, yeah.” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “I want us to be a family, Clarke. You, me and Aden, a real family, not just, you know, me occasionally filling that second parent role. I want everything…”

Clarke softly reached her hand up and trailed her fingers down Lexa’s jaw.

“Since you walked back into my life, into Aden’s life, you’ve filled that second parent role, Lexa,” she said, “not occasionally, constantly. The only person who couldn’t see it is you.”
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

The kids from the centre spend the day at the park, Ontari gets an offer she can’t refuse.

Chapter Notes

Okay guys, really sorry about the delay with this one, my head has been all over the place. Not sure how many more parts there’ll be to this one. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think about this part. Enjoy.

Clarke woke up to an empty bed the next morning, the sheets on Lexa’s side of the bed were cold, and the blonde couldn’t get the thought out of her head that maybe Lexa had left. She knew, after the conversation that they’d had the previous night, that Lexa wasn’t going to just up and leave, deep down she knew that, but there was still a niggling feeling in the pit of her stomach. She looked over at the clock and saw that it was nearly 9:30, but it was a Saturday so Aden didn’t have school, that wouldn’t normally stop him from waking her up though. Clarke pulled on a pair of sweatpants and walked out of the bedroom, she walked down the hall to Aden’s room, only to find it empty. As she made her way downstairs she noticed that the house was very quiet, too quiet.

She made her way into the living room, finding it empty, not even Bear was in there. The kitchen was also empty, though she saw a note propped up next to the coffee maker.

Morning sleeping beauty,

Didn’t want to wake you up as you looked pretty peaceful and I figured you needed to sleep, not sure if you remember but we had a park day planned today with the kids from the center with games, food and all that fun stuff. Everyone is due to be there at 9:30, I took Aden and Bear with me, left you the car though if you want to join us. We really need to get another car by the way. Aden made you coffee, with help so get that disapproving look off your cute face.

I love you.

Lexa x

Clarke remembered the conversation she’d had with Lexa about the park day, Marcus and Lexa had set it up with Roan, the center didn’t normally open on a Saturday until the late afternoon, which meant that the kids would usually spend most of the day either stuck inside or they’d be out causing trouble. The blonde hadn’t been sure if Lexa was still planning on going as she hadn’t been at work for the previous couple of days, but she should have known that the brunette wouldn’t miss it.
After pouring herself a coffee and getting something to eat, Clarke took a quick shower before getting in the car and driving to the park.

x-x-x-x-x-x

Lexa was sitting with Ontari as the other kids played softball with Lincoln, Anya and Raven. Aden was running around in the outfield area trying to catch balls that were hit his way, he always missed, but the older kids were all very encouraging and didn’t complain.

“So,” Lexa said, glancing at Ontari, “are you going to tell me what’s wrong?”

“Why do you think something is wrong?” Ontari asked.

“You’re bad at lying, kid,” Lexa replied with a small laugh, “you know that right?”

“They found a foster placement for Justin.” Ontari said, pulling pieces of grass from the ground as she sighed.

“You two have been together for a while haven’t you?” Lexa asked.

“He was put in the home when he was about 4 years old,” Ontari said with a nod, “been there since. I’m not stupid, I know that younger kids get fostered out or adopted, but everything is going to be different without him… and what if he doesn’t like it, what if they’re not nice people.”

“Who found him the placement?” Lexa said, “his regular social worker or the one at the center?”

“Your friend Marcus did.” Ontari replied, “said they’re good people…”

“Do you want me to talk to Marcus, see what I can find out about them?” the older girl asked, “would that make you feel better?”

Ontari nodded a little.

“Lexa!” Aden shouted, “Lexa, look, I caught it!”

Lexa laughed a little as Aden held the ball up to show her.

“That’s awesome, bud,” Lexa replied, “now you need to throw it back to one of the others.”

Aden threw the ball in the general direction of one of the kids on the bases, a big grin still on his face.

“Can I ask you something?” Ontari said, looking at Lexa.

“Sure.” Lexa replied with a nod.

“Why haven’t you been at the center for the last few days?” Ontari asked, “I mean, Anya told me that Aden was sick on one of the days, but then when I asked why you weren’t there the next day…”

“You remember I mentioned that I have nightmares and shit,” Lexa said with a sigh, “I had a really bad one, totally messed my head up. Clarke and I had an argument, both of us said a few things we
probably shouldn’t have. I walked out and decided that the best thing for me to do was get drunk in the park…”

“Did it help?” Ontari asked.

“No,” Lexa said with a small laugh as she shook her head a little, “it really didn’t.”

Ontari nodded a little.

“Hey you two.” Clarke said with a smile as she walked over to the pair.

“Hi Clarke.” Ontari said with a small smile of her own as the blonde sat down next to Lexa.

“Hey beautiful.” Lexa said, placing a soft kiss on Clarke’s lips.

“Was I interrupting something?” Clarke said quietly.

“I was just explaining to Ontari why I haven’t been in work for the last couple of days.” Lexa said.

Aden came running over to where Lexa, Clarke and Ontari were sitting and jumped on the blonde, throwing his arms around her neck.

“Hey mommy.” He said.

“Hi baby.” Clarke replied, “are you having fun?”

“I’m playing softball,” he said with a nod, “I even caught the ball.”

“Wow, really?” Clarke asked, a small smile on her lips.

“Yep,” Aden replied nodding his head, “you saw it didn’t you Lexa.”

“Of course I did.” Lexa said with a smile.

“Tari,” Aden said looking at the older girl, “will you come and play?”

“Sure.” Ontari said with a nod as she stood up.

Clarke and Lexa watched as Aden grabbed Ontari’s hand and dragged her over to where everyone else was playing softball.

“Is she okay?” Clarke asked, “she seems a little… off.”

“They found Justin a foster placement.” Lexa replied.

“That’s good news, right?” the blonde asked in reply.

“It’s good news for Justin,” Lexa said with a nod, “I think Ontari is a little worried they’re not going to be nice people. I don’t know if she’s had bad experiences with foster placements before, we haven’t got that far yet, but she’s been around Justin since he was Aden’s age.”

Just as Clarke was about to say something Justin walked over to where they were sitting.

“Lexa,” he said, sitting in front of the brunette, “I have a serious question.”

“Do you even know what serious means, dude?” Lexa asked, a small smirk pulling at her lips as she reached over and ruffled his hair.
“I can be very serious.” He said with a nod, a pout on his lips, which made Clarke laugh a little, which in turn caused him to smile.

“Okay,” Lexa said, “what’s the serious question?”

“You were in care before, right?” he asked, to which Lexa nodded in reply, “you know when they find a family to put you with, do you have to go, or can you say no?”

“Why would you want to say no?” Lexa asked, her brow furrowed a little as she looked at him.

“What if I don’t like them?” he asked in reply, “what if they don’t like me? What if it all doesn’t work out and I end up back at the home again anyway? Or worse, what if I end up at another home and away from…”

“Breathe,” Lexa said with a small smile, “you know just because you’re going to a foster home that doesn’t mean that you won’t see Ontari again, right?”

“How can you know that?” he asked.

“Well, I don’t,” Lexa admitted, “but there are always ways around stuff like this. You can stay in contact with her.”

“But it’s not the same is it,” he said, “who’s going to be there if she gets into trouble again?”

“I’ll be there.” Lexa replied.

“But you’re not there all the time,” Justin said, “you have Clarke and Aden, you have your own family to care about…”

“That doesn’t mean that I’m not going to be there if Ontari needs me,” Lexa said with a soft smile, “and like I said, you can stay in contact with her.”

“I guess.” Justin said with a shrug before he stood up, “I can say no though, right?”

“Have you met the family you’re going to stay with yet?” Lexa asked.

“No, not yet,” Justin replied, shaking his head a little, “that happens on Monday.”

“Well wait until you’ve met them,” Lexa said, “you never know, you might like them.”

Justin nodded a little before he walked away, back to where the other kids were playing.

“How old is Ontari?” Clarke asked, knowing that Lexa had already told her, but she just wanted to make sure before she continued on with the current thought that was in her head.

“She’s 15.” Lexa replied.

“How likely is it that she’ll get a placement with how old she is?” the blonde asked.

“Not very,” Lexa said with a sigh, “plus with her history with the police and everything, it’s even more unlikely, even people who take in foster kids for the extra money aren’t interested in a trouble maker.”

Clarke didn’t say anything, she just furrowed her brow as she thought through the options that she could think of. Aden seemed to like Ontari, Lexa had a soft spot for the girl, and Clarke knew that they had the space to take her in.
“What’s going through that head of yours?” Lexa asked as she looked at the blonde.

“What if we took her?” Clarke asked in reply.

“Are you serious right now?” Lexa said.

“Why not?” Clarke said, “we’ve got the space, Aden likes her. She’s 15, she doesn’t need to be in a group home, she needs her own space, which I’m guessing she doesn’t get where she is. Plus, if we take her then it’s more likely that she’ll be able to stay in contact with Justin.”

“You really need to think about this, Clarke,” Lexa replied, “you’re not going to be able to change your mind a few months into it. If we do this…”

“Honestly, I’ve been thinking about it for about a week,” Clarke said, “since that night you left at like 3am when she had taken off. We can offer her something that she isn’t getting right now.”

Lexa didn’t reply as she thought about what Clarke was saying. She knew what it was like to be Ontari’s age and in the system. Ontari was a smart kid, she had a massive heart, she’d just had a bad start to life. Lexa knew that someone like Clarke could offer Ontari all the chances that she herself hadn’t had, but she also had to think about what effect she would have on Ontari. Sure, she promised her that she’d be there any time she needed her, but there was a massive difference between being that person to call, and being that person who was supposed to play the role of a parent.

Before Lexa could go any deeper into her thoughts, Marcus walked over to where she and Clarke were sitting. He had been playing with Bear and a couple of the kids who didn’t want to play softball, the young dog was following behind him, his tail wagging when he saw Clarke and Lexa.

“I’m not sure who looks more worn out right now,” Lexa said with a laugh as Bear lay down nearby, “you or the dog.”

“He’s a great dog.” Marcus said with a smile.

“Justin mentioned that you found him a foster placement.” Lexa said as Marcus sat down.

“I did,” he said with a nod, “though he isn’t too happy about it.”

“It’s a daunting time for a kid in care,” Lexa replied with a small smile, “you’re getting moved from a place that, although it isn’t ideal, it’s home, and you’re moving into someone else’s house. New rules, new people. It can be pretty scary.”

“His social worker isn’t too keen on the idea.” Marcus said with a sigh.

“Why not?” Lexa asked, knowing that Justin’s social worker was a hard woman to please at the best of times.

“It’s a single parent family.” Marcus replied, “a single father. He’s actually a friend of Abby’s, Clarke went to school with his son.”

Clarke looked at Marcus with a questioning look in her eyes.

“David Miller.” Marcus said.

“Nathans dad?” Clarke asked in reply.

“Yes,” Marcus said with a nod, “he came round for dinner last week and we all got talking, he mentioned that he was looking into foster care, and Justin came to mind.”
“They’d be a good match,” Clarke replied, “he’s a pretty chilled out guy, and Nathan would love the idea of having a young brother.”

“I’m guessing they live in the city.” Lexa said, looking between Clarke and Marcus.

“Not too far from where we used to live.” Clarke replied with a nod.

“That’s good.” Lexa said with a nod of her own.

“I needed to talk to you about Ontari,” Marcus said as he looked at Lexa, “there’s a girls group home that has an opening…”

“There aren’t any girls’ homes in the city.” Lexa said.

“It’s two hours away.” Marcus replied, “they have a good record with difficult cases.”

“She’s not a difficult case.” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair.

“Her police record would say otherwise.” Marcus said.

“She’s just made some bad choices…” Lexa replied with a sigh.

“Her social worker…” Marcus started to say.

“Her social worker hasn’t seen her in three months,” Lexa said interrupting him, “her social worker wouldn’t care if Ontari dropped off the face of the planet. I called her social worker about getting her some books she needed for school and she told me that they didn’t have the funds to waste on a kid who probably wouldn’t last the school year.”

“Lexa…” Marcus said.

“No,” Lexa replied, standing up, “have you actually sat down and talked to her? She’s a smart kid, Marcus, she’s just had people let her down, a lot. She doesn’t think she’s worth anything because nobody has actually taken a chance on her. You can’t ship her off to some group home two hours away, you do that and you might as well put her straight in jail, because I guarantee you that is the way it’ll go.”

Neither Clarke nor Marcus said anything as Lexa shook her head a little and walked away.

“I think that getting Ontari out of the city would be the best thing for her,” Marcus said with a sigh as he looked at Clarke, “a fresh start.”

“You’re never going to get Lexa to believe it’s the best thing,” Clarke replied, “she’s spent a lot of time with her. What if we took her?”

“I don’t think that would work, Clarke.” Marcus said, “no matter what Lexa believes, Ontari is viewed as a difficult case, that means that both you and Lexa would have to be approved to take her.”

“I’m a doctor, we’re financially in a position to give her everything she needs…” Clarke said.

“And Lexa suffers from PTSD.” Marcus said.

“And…” Clarke asked.

“And that is going to count against her.” Marcus replied.
“So it’s fine for her to run a center which caters to kids in the system, but you wouldn’t back her if one of those children came to live with us?” the blonde asked.

“It isn’t like that, Clarke.” He said.

“No?” Clarke said, “because that’s exactly what it sounds like to me. You really think that Ontari’s best shot is away from everything and everyone she knows? You really believe that living with me, with Lexa, would be a negative experience for her?”

“Can you see Lexa agreeing to monthly meetings with a psychiatrist?” Marcus asked, “because that is what it would take for the courts to allow Ontari to live with you. You will have to allow social workers into your home, into your lives, the disruption…”

“Would be worth it.” Clarke replied.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

A few days later, and a lot of soul searching for Lexa, lead to a meeting in one of the rooms at the center. Ontari had no idea what was going on, all she knew was that she was going to be meeting a perspective foster family. In meetings that she’d had in the past like that, she would’ve been taken to an office in the city, where her social worker would introduce her to whoever it was. This time was different. The meeting was due to start at 5pm, Ontari was sitting in the meeting room by 4:50, reading a book that she had picked up on her way in.

“How you doing, kid?” Lexa asked, as she walked into the room.

“I’m okay.” Ontari said with a small nod.

“Nervous?” Lexa asked.

“This is not my first rodeo.” Ontari replied with a roll of her eyes, “whoever these people are will come here, meet me, listen to my social worker read out a load of crap about my criminal record, how much of a risk I am, then they’ll come up with some stupid excuse and leave.”

“You roll your eyes any harder and they’ll fall out of your head.” Lexa said as she sat down.

Ontari fought to keep the small smile off her lips, looking down at the book she held when she failed.

“Oh wow,” Lexa said, “was that a smile?”

“You’re an asshole,” Ontari said, “you know that right.”

“I’ve been told.” Lexa replied with a nod, “I know what this is like, sitting in a room and meeting people, but I’ve got a feeling this time it’s going to be different.”

“Oh yeah?” Ontari said, looking up at Lexa, “and how do you know that?”

“Call it a gut feeling.” Lexa said.

“Have you met them?” Ontari asked, trying to sound disinterested.

Lexa smiled a little and stood up, pushing the chair back under the table before she walked towards
the door.

“Lexa.” Ontari said, causing Lexa to stop and look at her, “I hate you.”

Lexa laughed as she walked from the room, closing the door behind her.

“How’s she doing in there?” Anya asked.

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Lexa replied, “she’s pretending to be all calm and chilled out about it. I asked her if she was nervous and she told me it wasn’t her first rodeo.”

“She’s been spending too much time with Raven.” Anya said with a laugh.

“I’m not sure that’s actually a bad thing.” Lexa said.

“How are you feeling about all this?” Anya asked, her tone turning slightly more serious, “Ontari isn’t the only one who is going to have to adjust to this, Clarke said something about you having to go and see a shrink or something.”

“It’s a possibility,” Lexa replied with a nod, “for now, if she agrees to live with us, we just have to agree to weekly visits from her social worker. It’s up to the social worker if I have to jump through anymore hoops.”

“That woman hates you, you know that right.” Anya said with a laugh, “I’m surprised she’s even entertaining this.”

“She hates that I’ve got Ontari to open up more in the last month than she has in the last 6 years,” Lexa said, “not my fault she can’t do her job.”

“She’s a difficult kid,” Anya said, “not that I’m defending the social worker or anything, I’m just saying she’s not the easiest kid to deal with.”

“Well she seems to like you.” Lexa replied with a smirk.

“All the difficult kids do.” Anya replied, “I seem to remember a young 17-year-old army recruit deciding pretty early on that she liked me too.”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “maybe you just attract the mentally unstable.”

“Bitch.” Anya said, nudging Lexa’s shoulder a little.

Clarke and Aden walked into the center, with Marcus, Aden had a big smile on his face when he saw Lexa.

“Is Tari really going to come and live with us?” he asked as he walked over to her.

“Would that be okay with you?” Lexa asked in reply, crouching down so she was eye level with the young boy.

Aden nodded.

“I like her.” He said, “she’s funny, and she likes chocolate milk.”

“You are so easy to please.” Lexa said with a small laugh.

“He’s 4.” Anya said, “and he likes you, so we all know how easy he is to please.”
“He likes you as well,” Lexa replied, glancing up at Anya, “so I’m not sure what that says about his judgement.”

Marcus’s phone started to ring. He stepped away from the small group as he answered it.

“Are you really okay with this,” Lexa said to Aden, “you don’t have to say yes just because you think you have to, your opinion matters.”

Aden put his hands on Lexa’s cheeks.

“I’m okay with this.” He said with a nod.

“I love you, you know that right.” Lexa said with a smile.

Aden wrapped his arms around Lexa’s neck and gave her a hug.

“I love you too.” He replied.

As Marcus walked back over to them, Lexa stood up, picking Aden up with her.

“Problem?” Clarke asked as she looked at Marcus.

“Her social worker isn’t coming.” He said with a sigh, “something else came up.”

“Which means…?” Lexa asked.

“She’s sending someone else,” Marcus said, “they’ll be here in about 20 minutes.”

“The meeting was supposed to start at 5.” Clarke said with a sigh, “no wonder Ontari thinks that nobody cares if that’s what she’s had to deal with.”

“We can’t just leave her sitting in there.” Lexa said, glancing back at the room.

“I don’t see why we can’t start the meeting without the social worker.” Marcus replied.

Lexa put Aden down as they all walked towards the room.

“Good luck.” Anya said with a smile.

“What’s going on?” Ontari asked as Clarke, Lexa, Marcus and Aden walked into the room.

“Your social worker isn’t going to be able to make it.” Lexa said.

“Surprise fu… fricking surprise.” Ontari said as she leaned back in her chair a little.

Clarke sat down on one of the chairs, sitting Aden on her knee, Marcus took one of the other chairs, and Lexa was suddenly a little too nervous to sit down.

“So,” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair, “here’s the thing…”

“Nervous?” Ontari asked with a smirk.

“I’m used to sitting on your side of the table when it comes to stuff like this,” Lexa said with a laugh, “so this is my first rodeo…”

“What’s a rodeo?” Aden asked, looking between Lexa and Ontari.
“It’s a contest where cowboys round up cattle.” Ontari replied.

Aden looked very confused as he looked around the room.

“But that isn’t what it means right now.” Ontari said with a laugh, “Lexa basically means that it’s her first time doing this… whatever this is.”

“You know what this is.” Clarke said, a small smile on her lips as she looked at Ontari.

“Well I was told that I was going to be meeting a family that wanted to…” Ontari started to say, stopping herself as she realized what was happening, “Seriously?”

“Seriously,” Lexa said with a nod, “if you want to.”

“Are you serious?” Ontari asked, looking between Lexa and Clarke, “you seriously want me to…”

“What do you think, Aden?” Lexa said, looking at the young boy.

Aden jumped down off Clarke’s knee and walked over to where Ontari was sitting.

“Do you want to come and live with us?” he asked, “we have a bigger house now, so you won’t have to sleep on the sofa with Bear… but don’t tell my mommy that Bear sleeps on the sofa, she doesn’t know that.”

“The dog sleeps on the sofa?” Clarke asked, her eyes fixed on Lexa.

“Maybe, sometimes…” Lexa replied with a shrug.

“Is this some stupid way for you to make yourself feel better?” Ontari asked as she looked at Lexa, “you say you’re okay with this now, but what happens when it gets too hard?”

Lexa walked over to where Aden was still standing in front of Ontari, she put her hand on his shoulder, making him look up at her. She motioned for him to go back to Clarke. Ontari was getting defensive, Lexa knew that trick well, her anger used to be her defense mechanism as well. When something was offered to her, she always questioned why. She took a deep breath and crouched down in front of the younger girl. Ontari turned her head slightly and looked away from Lexa.

“Hey,” Lexa said, “look at me…”

Ontari clenched her jaw as she looked at Lexa.

“This isn’t about me, kid, this is about you,” Lexa said, blocking out the fact that there were other people in the room with them, “this is about you having somewhere safe to live, your own space. You deserve so much more than what you have right now, Ontari, we want to give you that, if you’ll let us.”

“Why?” Ontari asked, her eyes starting to burn with tears that Lexa knew she wouldn’t allow to fall.

“Because you’re a great kid,” Lexa replied with a small smile, “even if you are a pain in the ass sometimes…”

Ontari laughed a little at that.

“I know how hard it is to trust someone,” Lexa continued, “I know how hard it is to open yourself up to being hurt or disappointed, to have someone let you down. But you see those two people over there…”
Lexa glanced behind her to where Clarke and Aden were sitting.

“They’re worth it.” Lexa said, looking back at Ontari, “You’re worth it, and we want to give you the chance to see that.”

Lexa was shocked by Ontari’s next actions as she put her arms around her, after a second of hesitation, Lexa returned the gesture and hugged the younger girl.

“You can have a home if you want it.” Lexa said quietly to the girl.

“I want it…” Ontari said just as quietly.

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The social worker had arrived not long after, and after a very short time decided that if everyone was in agreement, then Ontari could move in with Clarke, Lexa and Aden. It was also decided that she could move in that night, which had surprised everyone as it wasn’t usually that fast, but nobody was really complaining.

Later that evening Ontari and Aden were sitting on the sofa in the living room, while Clarke and Lexa sorted out dinner. While the food was cooking the two girls walked into the living room.

“You have everything you need for school tomorrow?” Lexa asked as she sat on one of the chairs.

“Yep.” Ontari said, not taking her eyes away from the television.

“You have any homework that you need to do?” the older brunette asked.

“Nope.” Ontari replied.

“You sure about that?” Lexa said with a smirk.

“I may have some English that I need to do,” Ontari admitted, “I need to read some of the book we’re working on, but I can do that before I sleep.”

“What book are you reading?” Aden asked as he looked at Ontari.

“Romeo and Juliet.” She replied, “it’s boring.”

“It’s a classic.” Lexa countered.

“It’s a boring classic.” Ontari said with a shrug.

“And technically it’s not a book, it’s a play.” Lexa said.

“Is it a happy play?” Aden asked, looking between Lexa and Ontari.

“It’s about a boy and a girl who fall in love,” Ontari said, “but they come from two different families, so their love is forbidden…”

“Forbidden?” Aden asked.

“Means it’s not allowed,” Ontari said as she looked at the young boy, “their families try to force them
“That’s sad.” Aden replied with a pout.

“It gets worse,” Ontari said with a nod, “they both die in the end.”

“I don’t think I like that play.” Aden said, furrowing his brow.

“See, even the kid doesn’t like it.” Ontari said, looking at Lexa.

“He’s 4.” Lexa replied, a small smirk pulling at her lips, “and he isn’t the one who has to know it for English.”

“They could just let us watch the movie.” Ontari said with a shrug.

“Are you going to read it before you go to sleep, or do I have to sit with you to make sure you read it?” Lexa asked.

“I’ll read it.” Ontari replied, “scouts honor.”

“Like you were ever in the scouts.” Lexa said with a laugh as she stood up.

“Maybe not, but I’d make a badass scout, don’t you think?” Ontari asked.

“Naughty word…” Aden said as he looked up at Ontari.

“I’m really sorry.” Ontari said, her eyes widening a little as she looked at Clarke and Lexa, “it just slipped out, I’m…”

“It’s okay.” Clarke said with a small smile, “he’s heard Lexa say worse.”

“And Auntie Raven.” Aden said with a nod, “Auntie Tavia is the worst though.”

“I don’t swear around Aden.” Lexa said as she looked at Clarke.

“There was that one time when you said fu…” Aden started to say.

“Okay,” Lexa said, stopping Aden, “who wants something to drink?”
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Hope you all enjoy this part. Just wanted to say a massive thanks for all the comments, you're all amazing, it really makes it a lot easier to write knowing that people are enjoying reading this.

Ontari was sitting in the chair next to Lexa in the reception area of the school, her leg knee bouncing as she noticed some of the other kids look at her as they walked past.

“You really didn’t have to come in, you know.” Ontari said, glancing at Lexa.

“Actually I did,” Lexa replied, “we have to change your address and emergency contact numbers on the school records. Can you please stop with the knee thing?”

“What knee thing?” Ontari asked in reply.

Lexa motioned to Ontari’s leg, which was still bouncing.

“Sorry.” The younger girl said, stretching her legs out a little, “didn’t even realize I was doing it.”

The receptionist looked over the tall desk at the two of them, before typing something else on her computer.

“We’re ready for you now.” She said coldly as she looked, once again, at Lexa and Ontari.

“Well isn’t she just a peach.” Lexa said quietly as they both stood up, causing Ontari to laugh a little as they walked towards the desk.

“What can I do for you, Miss…?” the receptionist said.

“Woods, Lexa Woods,” Lexa replied, “we need to change the address and emergency contact details on Ontari’s records, she came to live with me and my partner yesterday.”

“How long is this one going to last…” the woman said quietly, tapping away on the keyboard.

Lexa could see that Ontari had heard the woman, as the younger girl clenched her jaw a little and looked at the floor.

“It’ll last as long as she wants it to.” Lexa said.

The woman stood up and walked over to a filing cabinet, taking out a sheet of paper she walked back over to the desk and handed it to Lexa, the brunette could see that it was an information form.

“Do you have a pen?” Lexa asked, causing the receptionist to sigh a little before handing her a pen, “thanks, I totally see why they have you out here dealing with people.”

Ontari fought to fight off a laugh at Lexa’s sarcasm as the two of them walked back over to the chairs.
“Is everyone here like that?” Lexa asked as she started to fill out the form.

“Inner-city school, Lexa.” Ontari said with a laugh.

“I went to an inner-city school; I don’t remember my receptionist being such a hard-ass.” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little.

It didn’t take long for Lexa to finish filling out the form, it was pretty simple, two emergency contact numbers and the address.

“They don’t really want much information, do they.” She said, looking at Ontari, who simply shrugged a little, “it’s got my cell number on it, and Clarke’s. If they can’t reach Clarke on her cell she’ll be at work, doing a surgery or something, so I put my number first, okay.”

“Okay.” Ontari said with a nod.

They both stood up and walked back over to the desk, the receptionist looked over the form.

“You’ve marked this down wrong.” The receptionist said, holding the form back out to Lexa and pointing at the box where she had marked ‘Miss’ for both her and Clarke.

“No, that’s correct.” Lexa said.

“Oh,” the receptionist said, “I see.”

“Is that a problem?” Lexa asked, her eyes narrowed slightly as she looked at the older woman.

“I didn’t realize they were letting people like…” she started to say, looking up at Lexa, seeing the look on the brunette’s face, “no, not a problem.”

“Good.” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little before she looked at Ontari, taking $10 out of her pocket and handing it to the younger girl.

“What’s that for?” Ontari asked.

“Lunch money,” she replied, “they do serve lunch here, right?”

“Yeah and it costs like $3,” Ontari said, “so I don’t need this much.”

“So buy something for your friends as well,” Lexa replied with a small smile, “or keep the change, whatever.”

Ontari looked at the bill in her hand, her brow furrowed a little, she obviously wasn’t used to just being given money like that.

“Oh, and Clarke and I are going to get some more stuff for your room today, anything you need?” Lexa asked.

“I have a bed, a wardrobe, chest of drawers,” Ontari said, “what else would I need?”

“Laptop, phone,” Lexa replied, “iPod, I don’t know.”

Ontari’s eyes widened a little, causing Lexa to smile a little as she shook her head.

“I’ll see you later kid,” she said with another smile, “try and stay out of trouble, okay.”
“Okay.” Ontari said with a nod.

“Clarke will be here to pick you up when school finishes.” Lexa said.

“I don’t need her to pick me up,” Ontari replied, “I can walk, you know.”

“Do you remember where you’re walking to?” Lexa asked, a small smirk on her lips as Ontari realized that she had a point, “it’s only going to be for a couple of days.”

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Lexa was sitting in her office at the center, catching up on paperwork she had missed, that Anya had ‘forgotten’ to do, when her phone started to ring. She furrowed her brow a little as she looked at the caller ID, not recognizing it.

“Lexa Woods.” She said as she answered the phone.

“Miss Woods,” came the reply, a male voice that Lexa didn’t recognize, “My name is Charles Pike, I’m Ontari’s homeroom teacher.”

“Don’t tell me she got into trouble already…” Lexa said with a sigh.

“Actually all her teachers have reported that she has been nothing but well behaved today,” Pike replied, “she has actually been doing the work that has been set with little to no complaints.”

“Well that’s good.” Lexa said.

“The reason I’m calling is because I’d like to set up a meeting with you and Miss Griffin, to discuss Ontari,” he said, “so you know where she is with her school work, as kids tend to bend the truth a little.”

“I’ll talk to Clarke tonight when I get home and see when we’re both free.” Lexa replied, “I’d like it if Ontari could be there as well, if that’s okay, we want her involved in everything.”

“I’m sure something can be arranged, Miss Woods.” He said, “I’ll wait to hear from you then.”

“Thanks for calling Mr Pike.” Lexa said before hanging up the phone.

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Clarke had taken Aden and Ontari to the center later that evening, the young boy wanting to see Lexa, and Clarke knowing that the Millers were taking Justin there to visit his friends.

“Mr Pike called me today.” Lexa said, as she walked up to next to Ontari as the younger girl watched some of the other kids playing basketball.

“Whatever he said is bullshit,” Ontari replied, her brow furrowed a little, “that guy is so full of crap.”
“So you weren’t well behaved and you didn’t do all the work that your teachers asked you to do?” Lexa asked, her eyebrow arched a little.

“Well…” Ontari said, “yeah, I did. What did he want?”

“He wants me and Clarke to go in and have a meeting with him, about you,” Lexa replied, not wanting to keep anything from the young girl, “so we know how you’re doing with your school work and that kind of stuff.”

“There was a Parent Teacher night the other week,” Ontari said, “which my social worker was supposed to go to, but obviously that didn’t happen. We have a career day soon, so we can figure out what we want to do after school.”

“You got any idea what you want to do?” Lexa asked.

“I think I want to go to college.” Ontari replied, quietly, so quietly that Lexa didn’t quite hear her.

“Say that again.” Lexa said, looking at the girl.

“College,” Ontari said with a sigh, “I want to go to college. But that means I’ll need to get a scholarship or something.”

“Why would you need a scholarship?” Lexa asked.

“Cause you know as well as I do, kids like us don’t go to college.” The younger girl said.

Clarke walked up behind the two of them, standing next to Ontari instead of Lexa. Lexa could see the phone box in her hand, which Aden had wrapped up in dinosaur paper.

“We got you something.” The blonde said, holding the box out to Ontari.

“What’s this?” Ontari asked, looking down at the box.

“Read the tag.” Lexa said, a small smile tugging at her lips.

Ontari looked at the tag, which was shaped like a T-Rex.

Welcome to the family.

Love Clarke, Lexa, Aden and Bear x

“Aden wrapped it,” Clarke said with a small smile as she saw the smile on the younger girl’s lips, “I think he used a whole roll of tape, so it might take some getting into.”

It took a while but Ontari managed to get the wrapping off, revealing a brand new iPhone.

“It’s on our plan…” Clarke started to say, her words cut off as Ontari threw her arms around her and hugged her.

“Thank you…” Ontari said quietly.

Clarke looked over Ontari’s shoulder at Lexa, who was standing there with a small smile on her lips.
“You’re very welcome.” Clarke said.

“Group hug!” Aden said as he ran over to them, wrapping his arms around Ontari’s legs.

Ontari backed away from the hug with Clarke and crouched down hugging Aden.

“Did you like the present?” Aden asked.

“I do,” she said with a nod, “thank you.”

“There’s more at home.” Aden said with a grin.

“There’s more?” Ontari asked, looking at Lexa and then Clarke.

“You’ll have to wait and see.” Lexa said.

“Was it a surprise?” Aden asked, as he looked at Lexa, who nodded a little, “whoops.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke and Lexa were on the sofa in the living room, watching television, everything else in the house was quiet. A little too quiet as far as Lexa was concerned.

“What do you think they’re doing up there?” Lexa asked, looking up from her position with her head on Clarke’s lap.

“Plotting to take over the world, probably.” Clarke replied with a small smile, “though they’re doing it pretty quietly.”

“I’m going to check on them.” Lexa said as she sat up.

“You’re worrying about nothing.” Clarke said with a little laugh.

“I’m still going to check.” Lexa replied.

Clarke laughed as she watched Lexa take the stairs two at a time.

When Lexa got upstairs she checked Aden’s room first, as it was closest to the top of the stairs. It was empty. Quietly she made her way down the hall to Ontari’s room, the door was open. She stood in the doorway, a small smile tugging at her lips at the sight that met her. Both Ontari and Aden were asleep, the young boy with his head resting on Ontari’s stomach. The laptop that she and Clarke had bought earlier was on Ontari’s legs, Bear was stretched out next to the two of them.

She felt two arms go around her waist from behind.

“See,” Clarke said quietly, not wanting to wake either Ontari or Aden, “totally plotting to take over the world.”

“You get the laptop; I’ll get the kid?” Lexa asked, turning her head a little as she looked at Clarke, who nodded a little.

“You know all we need to complete this little picture?” Clarke said quietly, taking Lexa’s hand.
before the brunette could walk into the room.

“I’m sure you’re going to tell me.” Lexa replied with a smile as she put her hands on Clarke’s hips and pulled her closer.

“Pretty sure you can figure it out.” Clarke said, softly kissing Lexa.

“If I remember rightly, I said one day.” Lexa mumbled against the blonde’s lips.

“I can deal with one day.” Clarke replied.

The two of them quietly walked into the room, as soon as they got near the bed Bear woke up, lifting his head slightly as he saw them, his tail wagging a little. Lexa walked over to Aden, softly putting her hand on his back.

“Come on monster,” she said, “let’s get you to bed.”

“kay ma…” Aden said, rolling over a little, wrapping his arms around Lexa’s neck as she picked him up.

As his words hit her ears, Lexa’s eyes snapped up and she looked at Clarke, checking if she’d heard it as well. The soft smile on the blonde’s lips let her know that she had. Lexa carried Aden through to his room as Clarke closed Ontari’s laptop and put it on the small table next to her bed.

“Hey…” Clarke said, waking the girl, “I moved the laptop over here, okay.”

Ontari nodded a little as she yawned and stretched as she got into bed properly.

“Sweet dreams.” Clarke said, softly kissing the girl on the head, “come on Bear.”

The dog jumped down off the bed and followed Clarke as she walked towards the door.

“Clarke…” Ontari said.

“Yes, sweetie.” Clarke replied, turning back to look at the girl.

“I just wanted to say…” Ontari said, “thanks. I mean I know that you probably didn’t expect to sign up for a 15-year-old, and Lexa probably talked you into it, but…”

“It was actually something that we both wanted,” Clarke said with a small smile as she walked back over and sat on the bed near the girls legs, “and you don’t have to thank me for anything. You’re part of my family now, which means you never have to thank me, okay.”

“Okay.” Ontari said quietly.

“Lexa mentioned that you want to go to college.” The blonde said.

“If I can get a scholarship, yeah.” Ontari replied with a nod.

“You don’t need a scholarship,” Clarke said a small smile tugging at her lips, “if you want to go to college, then you will. You concentrate on your grades, me and Lexa will take care of everything else.”

x-x-x-x-x-x-x
As Clarke walked out of Ontari’s room, closing the door across a little, Lexa walked out of Aden’s room.

“You freaking out?” the blonde asked as she walked over to the brunette.

“He was half asleep,” Lexa replied, “probably doesn’t even realize he said it.”

“He meant it, babe.” Clarke said, kissing Lexa, “and it’s probably the cutest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Want to get an early night?” Lexa asked with a small smirk.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Ontari gets sick, Lexa gets stressed and Aden is a cutie.

Chapter Notes

As requested in the comments on the last part, this one has Ontari getting sick, don't worry, it all works out. Let me know what you think. Thanks again for all the comments, bookmarks and kudos that you've all left on this one. It really has become one of my favourite to write and it means a lot knowing that so many people enjoy reading it.

When Lexa got back from her morning run with Bear, Clarke and Aden were in the kitchen eating breakfast.

“Morning.” Lexa said with a smile, kissing Aden on the head before walking over to Clarke.

“Go shower,” Clarke said, pushing Lexa away a little as the brunette put her hands on her hips, “you’re all sweaty and nasty.”

“I seem to remember you liking me all sweaty and nasty.” Lexa replied with smirk.

“Shower,” Clarke said, “now.”

“Where’s Ontari?” Lexa asked, grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge.

“I assume she’s getting ready,” Clarke said, “I heard her alarm going off when I was waking Aden.”

“Are we sure sending her to school this morning is a good idea?” Lexa asked, “I heard her wake up a few times during the night and rush to the bathroom.”

The four of them had spent the previous night watching a movie together, Ontari had gone to bed early saying she was getting a stomach ache, neither Clarke nor Lexa had thought much of it as the girl said she probably just needed sleep.

“You can check on her when you go and shower.” Clarke said.

“I can check.” Aden said, jumping down from his chair and running up the stairs.

“I can’t believe I was worried about how Aden would adjust to having Ontari here.” Clarke said with a small laugh as she shook her head a little.

“He’s a great kid.” Lexa replied with a smile, “you did good with him.”
Ontari’s bedroom door was open when Aden walked up the stairs, but he still knocked before he walked in.

“Tari?” he said, seeing the girl laying on her bed, her legs pulled up to her chest, “you okay?”

“My stomach hurts.” Ontari grumbled.

“I’ll go and get mommy and ma…” Aden said, with a nod before turning and rushing out of the door and back down the stairs.

“Whoa.” Lexa said, catching Aden as he reached the bottom of the stairs and nearly ran into her, “where’s the fire, bud?”

“Tari is sick.” Aden said, “she said her tummy hurts.”

“Okay,” Lexa replied, putting him down, “I’ll go and see her, you go and tell your mom, okay?”

“Sure, ma.” Aden said, rushing off the kitchen.

It had been a week since Aden had first called Lexa ‘ma’ and it still made her heart swell, she thought it probably always would. Lexa went upstairs and walked into Ontari’s room.

“You have a big exam today or something?” Lexa asked, walking over to Ontari’s bed and sitting near her legs.

“No.” Ontari said, shaking her head.

“Got a lesson you don’t like?” Lexa asked, a smirk pulling at her lips as Ontari narrowed her eyes as she looked at her, “I’m kidding, you look like shit.”

Lexa reached over and put her hand on Ontari’s head.

“And you’re burning up.” Lexa said with a sigh.

“My stomach hurts, really bad.” Ontari said.

“Where?” Lexa asked in reply.

Ontari stretched her legs out a little, grimacing as she did, before putting her hand over the right side of her lower stomach.

“Here.” She said, “last night the pain was higher, but it got worse during the night and now it’s mainly just there.”

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, already having an idea about what may be wrong, “lucky for you we have a doctor in the house.”

“I hear someone is sick.” Clarke said from the doorway, as if on cue.

Lexa stood up as Clarke walked over to the bed. Aden was standing in the doorway watching the
whole thing with wide eyes. Lexa walked over to him.

“Hey, bud,” she said, crouching down in front of him, “you okay?”

Aden nodded a little.

“Is Tari okay?” he asked quietly.

“She’ll be fine.” Lexa replied, a soft smile on her lips.

Both Lexa and Aden stayed where they were as Clarke talked to Ontari, examining her stomach as the younger girl answered questions about the pain and where it hurt.

“Okay.” Clarke said, softly kissing the younger girl on her head as she stood up after she finished with her questions.

As soon as Clarke looked at Lexa, the brunette knew she was probably right with her original suspicions about what was wrong with the girl. The two adults walked from the room as Aden went and sat on Ontari’s bed.

“Appendicitis?” Lexa asked.

“I think so.” Clarke replied with a nod, “we’re going to have to take her to the hospital to be sure.”

“I’ll go and start the car.” Lexa said with a sigh.

“Can you call my mom as well, see if she’s at the hospital?” Clarke said, “I think she was on earlies today.”

“Sure.” Lexa said with a nod before going downstairs and grabbing her phone. On her way to the car she called Abby.

“Hello.” Abby said as she answered the phone.

“Hey, Abby, it’s Lexa,” Lexa replied, opening the car door, “are you at the hospital today?”

“I am,” Abby said, “is something wrong?”

“Ontari is sick,” Lexa said, starting the car, “Clarke thinks it’s appendicitis.”

“How bad?” Abby asked in reply.

“She has a fever, her stomach hurts.” Lexa said, “it started last night.”

“Are you calling an ambulance or bringing her in yourselves?” the older woman asked.

“We’re going to bring her in.” Lexa replied.

“Okay,” Abby said, “that’ll probably be quicker anyway. When you get here ask them to let me know. I might not be able to operate on her, as she’s technically family, but I’ll make sure she gets the best doctors.”

“Thanks, Abby.” Lexa said, “we’ll see you soon.”

x-x-x-x
By the time they reached the hospital, Ontari was in so much pain that she could barely walk, they hadn’t made it very far from the car when Lexa picked her up.

“I’ve got you…” Lexa said.

“It hurts.” Ontari replied quietly, knowing that Aden was already really worried about her and not wanting to scare the little boy anymore.

“I bet.” Lexa said with a sigh as she carried the girl through the doors of the ER, “can we get some help over here, please.”

A couple of nurses rushed over, as another pushed over a gurney.

“Doctor Griffin.” One of the nurses said as they saw Clarke.

“This is Ontari,” Clarke said, as Lexa laid the girl on the gurney, “she’s 15 years old, suspected appendicitis. It started last night as a stomach ache. She has been sick, her stomach is tender and is starting to swell slightly.”

The nurse nodded as they started to wheel Ontari towards a small side room.

“Can someone let my mother know we’re here?” Clarke asked, looking at another nurse who nodded slightly before rushing over to a phone.

“Will Gramama make her better?” Aden asked as he gripped tight hold of Lexa’s hand as they walked into the small room that Ontari had been taken to.

“I hope so, buddy.” Lexa said, picking Aden up as they stood and watched the nurses as they examined Ontari.

“Fucking fuckers.” Ontari said as one of the nurses pressed on the right side of her stomach, “do you assholes train in torture too?”

The nurse smiled a little as she heard Aden giggle before pointing out that Ontari had said a bad word.

“Let’s get you some painkillers.” The nurse said.

It didn’t take much longer for Abby to rush through the door.

“How is she?” Abby asked, looking at Lexa.

“Ask your daughter, I’m not a doctor.” The brunette replied.

As Clarke and Abby talked, Lexa noticed that Aden was getting more and more confused by what was going on, he was also getting more worried as he heard the word operation.

“They gonna cut her open?” Aden asked, looking at Lexa, who was still holding him.

“I don’t know.” Lexa said with a sigh, “Someone wanna talk to me?”

“My mom was just saying that they’re going to need to do a couple of tests…” Clarke said.

“We already know what’s wrong with her,” Lexa replied, the stress of the whole situation getting to
her a little, “why waste time running tests. Surely the longer you wait…”

As the nurses looked over at Lexa, Clarke and Abby shared a look.

“Hey…” Clarke said, walking over to Lexa, placing a hand softly on Lexa’s cheek, before kissing Aden’s head, “she’s going to be okay. They need to do a blood test, to check for infection, and then they’re going to do an ultrasound, just to make sure. Once they’ve done the ultrasound, they’ll know what kind of operation, if any, she’ll need.”

Lexa nodded a little, her jaw clenched slightly. She hated feeling useless, and right at that moment she really was feeling useless.

“Lexa,” Abby said, glancing over at her, “why don’t you take Aden to the cafeteria, I hear they just started serving chocolate milk.”

“I’ll come and find you as soon as we know something.” Clarke said, “okay?”

“Okay.” Lexa replied with a sigh and a nod.

“I want to stay with Tari.” Aden said, looking at Clarke and Lexa.

“What about the chocolate milk?” Clarke asked, a soft smile on her lips as she looked at her son.

“I don’t care about chocolate milk,” he replied, “I want to stay with Tari.”

“I could go for some chocolate milk.” Ontari said, looking over at Aden, “Can you get me some?”

Aden thought about it for a few seconds before he nodded.

x-x-x-x

While Lexa was in the cafeteria with Aden she called Anya, needing the other girl to open the center for her as she knew she’d be at the hospital most of the day. Anya had asked if Lexa wanted Raven to go and pick Aden up, but when Lexa had asked Aden he nearly threw a temper tantrum and the idea of being taken somewhere else.

They had been sitting there for about an hour when Clarke walked over to the table, kissing Aden on the head before sitting next to Lexa.

“It is appendicitis.” The blonde said, “so they do need to operate. My mom’s going to do it. I can’t, legally, but she can. They’re going to do an open appendectomy rather than a laparoscopic appendectomy.”

“I have no idea what you just said.” Lexa said, her brow furrowed a little at Clarke’s doctor speak.

“Sorry,” Clarke said with a small laugh, “slipping into doctor mode, it’s easier to deal with. Basically an open appendectomy is a single incision operation, it leaves a bigger scar, but it’s the safer option right now. Her appendix is pretty swollen, the sooner they get it out, the better. If it wasn’t so swollen then my mom would probably have done a laparoscopic appendectomy, which is a few smaller incisions, and they insert a tube with a camera on it. They tie off the appendix and remove it, but that takes more time.”
“And your mom thinks the open appendectomy is the better choice here?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah,” Clarke said with a nod, “going on the swelling to her abdomen, my mom thinks she’s been in pain for a couple of days, they need to move fast.”

“Okay,” Lexa said with a nod of her own.

“Will she be okay?” Aden asked, looking at his mom.

Clarke nodded a little, not wanting to lie to Aden, but not really knowing how to explain everything to him.

“You lying.” He said, “you always only nod when you lie.”

“Aden…” Lexa said, looking at the boy.

“Okay,” Clarke said with a sigh, “whenever someone has surgery, there is always a risk that something will go wrong. With this kind of surgery, the risk is really small. Your Grandma is really good at her job, she’s really good at fixing people. So I think that Ontari is going to be just fine.”

“But she might not be…” Aden said, his lower lip trembling a little.

“I’m thinking it might be a good idea to get Raven to come and pick him up.” Lexa said.

“No.” Aden said, shaking his head, “I want to stay.”

“Ontari was asking to talk to you.” Clarke said to Lexa, “why don’t you go do that while me and Aden have a talk?”

“Sure,” Lexa said with a sigh and a nod.

Lexa left Clarke and Aden in the cafeteria and made her way back to the room where Ontari was. As she walked in she could hear Abby talking to the younger girl.

“Hey.” Lexa said with a soft smile as she walked over to the bed, “you still look like shit.”

“Thanks.” Ontari said with a laugh, before grimacing, “don’t make me laugh.”

“Sorry.” Lexa replied, as she sat down next to the bed.

“I’ll be back in a minute.” Abby said, walking out of the room.

“Did Abby explain everything to you?” Lexa asked as Abby closed the door.

“Yeah,” Ontari said with a nod, “she said it’s a pretty simple surgery, really low risk.”

“I think Clarke is trying to explain that to Aden right now,” Lexa said with a small smile, “why didn’t you tell us sooner that you were in pain?”

“Cause we were having a nice weekend.” Ontari said with a shrug, “I didn’t want to stop that, didn’t want to be a burden.”

“You remember when Clarke told you that you were family now?” Lexa asked, causing Ontari to nod a little, “that means that could never be a burden. You need to start telling us things, kid, we’re not mind readers.”
“Guess I’m still get used to… stuff.” Ontari replied.

“Well next time you’re in pain, or something isn’t right, talk to me,” Lexa said, “can’t help if we don’t know about it.”

“You guys don’t have to hang around, you know,” Ontari said, “I mean, Aden probably isn’t liking it too much here…”

“Don’t even,” Lexa said, arching her eyebrow a little, “we’re not going anywhere.”

At that moment Abby walked back into the room, with Jackson.

“Ontari, this is Jackson, he’s going to give you something that will make you sleep.” Abby said.

Lexa moved to stand up.

“Lexa,” Ontari said, making the older brunette look at her, “can you stay, you know, just till I’m asleep?”

“Of course.” Lexa replied with a nod, sitting back down.

Jackson picked up a needle, moving it to the IV that Ontari had in her arm. The girl gripped Lexa’s hand.

“Don’t like needles.” Ontari said.

Lexa smiled a little, her thumb rubbing softly over Ontari’s hand.

“Let’s see how far you can get counting back from 100.” Jackson said, a small smile on his lips as he looked at Ontari.

“100, 99,” Ontari said, as Jackson injected the anesthetic into the IV port, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, “98, 97, 96, 95, 94…”

“Okay,” Abby said, placing her hand softly on Lexa’s shoulder, “she’s out. Why don’t you go back to the cafeteria and find Clarke and Aden, I’ll take good care of her, I promise.”

“Thanks, Abby.” Lexa said, with a nod, before she looked back at Ontari, “see you soon, kid.”

x-x-x-x

When Ontari woke up again, she was surprised to see Lexa asleep in the chair next to the bed, with Aden sleeping cuddled up to her. Looking around the room a little she could see Clarke sitting on another chair on the other side of the small room reading a book.

As the blonde heard movement from the bed she looked up from her book, a soft smile on her lips.

“How are you feeling?” Clarke asked quietly, not wanting to wake either Lexa or Aden.

“Feels like my head is full of cotton balls,” Ontari replied, “or fluffy clouds.”

Clarke laughed a little.
“That’ll pass once the anesthetic wears off.” The blonde said, “my mom said everything went really well, they want to keep you in for a day or two, just to make sure that your appetite is fine and there’s no risk of infection, but after that we should have you home.”

“Home…” Ontari said with a small smile, “do you know something, I think I’m finally starting to understand what having a home really means.”
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Short-ish update, but I just wanted you all to know that I haven't forgotten this one.
Hope you enjoy.

It had been a little over a week and a half since Ontari got out of hospital, Clarke and Lexa had agreed to keep her off school for a while just to make sure that everything was fine, she would be going back on the coming Monday. It was now the Friday night and Clarke and Lexa were having a very rare night out, Ontari was babysitting Aden, and the two women were planning on being home no later than 10:30. They had left money for pizza, reminded Ontari that if anything happened that she had to call them, and agreed that a friend of hers could go over.

They had just finished dinner when Lexa’s phone started to ring, looking at the caller ID she furrowed her brow a little as she saw it was the house.

“Hello…” she said answering the phone.

“Can you come home?” Aden sniffled down the phone.

“Aden,” Lexa said, causing Clarke to look at her, “what’s the matter buddy?”

“Tari’s friend is mean,” Aden replied, “he said that Tari didn’t want to hang out with me, said she didn’t like spending time with me and she only did it so she could live here… please come home.”

Lexa’s heart broke as she heard the sorrow in Aden’s voice, she had no idea who Ontari’s friend was but if he was still at the house when they got home he was definitely going to be getting a piece of her mind.

“We’ll be there soon, I promise.” She said.

Aden didn’t say anything else, he just hung up the phone. Lexa took a couple of bills from her wallet and put them on the table with the bill.

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked as the pair stood up.

“Aden’s upset,” Lexa replied, putting her jacket on, “apparently the friend Ontari has over is a total fucking asshole.”

x-x-x-x

When Clarke and Lexa arrived back at the house, Ontari looked shocked to see them, it didn’t take either of them long to realise that the guy who was there was a lot older than she was, and from the way they were sitting on the sofa it was pretty obvious they weren’t just friends.
“Neither of you move.” Lexa said, looking at the pair before she went upstairs to find Aden.

As she neared the boys bedroom she saw that the door was closed and Bear was lying outside the door, his head rested on his paws. He lifted his head as Lexa got closer.

“Hey boy.” Lexa said, scratching his head a little before knocking on Aden’s door, “Aden, it’s me, can I come in?”

They had recently added a new house rule, if a door is closed you have to knock and wait for an answer before entering, it was basically there because Aden had nearly walked in on Clarke and Lexa one morning, but Lexa knew they couldn’t expect Aden to follow rules if they didn’t as well.

She heard a muffled ‘come in’ before she opened the door and walked into the room, to find Aden lying on his bed, his legs pulled up to his chest and his arms wrapped around his stuffed T-Rex.

“What happened buddy?” Lexa asked, sitting on Aden’s bed.

“We were going to watch a movie,” Aden said, “Tari let me pick, then her friend got back with the pizza. While Tari was in the kitchen putting the pizza on plates her friend told me to go away. I told him no, told him I was watching a movie with Tari. He said that she doesn’t really like me, she doesn’t like spending time with me, and she only pretends to so she can live here.”

“Did you have any food?” Lexa asked.

“No,” Aden said, shaking his head and sniffling again, “I got sad and came up here. I don’t like Tari’s friend.”

“Neither do I, buddy, neither do I.” Lexa replied with a sigh, “I’m going to go downstairs, make him leave, then get you some more pizza, okay?”

Aden nodded a little.

Before leaving the room, Lexa softly kissed Aden on the head.

“I love you.” She said.

“I love you more.” Aden replied.

“Not possible.” Lexa said with a small smile, before leaving the room and going downstairs, Bear following behind her.

Ontari and her ‘friend’ were still sitting on the sofa, Clarke was sitting on one of the chairs, obviously not very happy about what was happening.

“Can you order Aden another pizza?” Lexa said, looking at Clarke.

“We left money for pizza.” Clarke said, looking over at Ontari.

“We got pizza,” Ontari said with a sigh, “Aden said he didn’t want any.”

“Was that before or after your little friend here made him cry.” Lexa said, her eyes flicking from Ontari to the guy.

“What?” Ontari asked, looking at the guy.

“Who you calling little, lady?” the guy asked, moving to stand up.
“You,” Lexa replied, “stay sitting down.”

“How old are you?” Lexa asked in reply.

“19.” He said.

“And she’s 15, move your fucking hand.” Lexa replied.

“Consensual isn’t the word I’d use.” Lexa said, stepping back a little as she didn’t trust herself not to hit the idiot.

“Oh yeah,” he said, standing up, “and what would you call it?”

“Statutory rape,” Lexa replied, as Bear growled at the guy, “get the fuck out of my house.”

“You’re not her mother, neither of you are,” he said, looking between Lexa and Clarke, “you don’t have any say over anything she does.”

Clarke could see that Lexa was coming close to losing her grip on her temper so she stood up and walked over to the brunette, resting her hand on Lexa’s lower back.

“You might want to leave.” Clarke said to the guy, “and I’d advise you not to come back.”

“Are you coming?” he said, looking at Ontari.

“You can leave if you want to,” Lexa said, looking at the younger girl, “nobody is forcing you to stay.”

“I don’t want to leave.” Ontari said, shaking her head a little, before she stood up, “and I don’t want to see you again. Aden means a lot to me, you can’t just come in here and make him cry.”

“Whatever,” the guy said, with a sigh and a shake of his head, “your loss.”
As the guy left the house, Lexa sat down on the sofa, taking a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

“I’m really sorry,” Ontari said, looking between Lexa and Clarke, “I had no idea he’d upset Aden, if I knew I’d have kicked him out already.”

“You might want to go and talk to Aden.” Lexa said, her jaw clenched as she focused her eyes on a spot on the floor.

“What did he say to him?” the younger girl asked, Clarke shrugged.

“He told him you didn’t like him, that you only spent time with him so you could stay living here.” Lexa replied.

“That’s bullshit,” Ontari said, “total bullshit.”

“Is he gone?” Aden’s small voice asked from the doorway.

“Yeah,” Ontari said, walking over to the small boy before she crouched down in front of him, “he’s gone. I’m so sorry, Aden, I didn’t know he’d upset you.”

“It’s okay.” Aden said, looking down at his T-Rex that was still in his hands.

“No,” Ontari said, “it isn’t, and he was wrong. I love spending time with you.”

“Really?” Aden asked, looking up at her.

“Yeah,” she replied with a nod, “really.”

x-x-x-x

Later that night, Clarke was putting Aden to bed as Ontari and Lexa sat downstairs in the living room.

“Where did you meet that idiot?” Lexa asked, glancing over at the younger girl.

“He was part of a group I was friends with when I was at the home,” Ontari said with a shrug, “I thought he was pretty cool, obviously not.”

“Did he ever force you into anything?” Lexa asked, honestly not sure if she wanted to hear the answer.

“No,” Ontari said, shaking her head, “he’s one of the only ones who didn’t pressure me into anything… but I’ve been sexually active since I was like 13, you know how it is.”

“Yes,” Lexa said with a sigh, “unfortunately I do. Look, me and Clarke aren’t going to stop you seeing your friends, but maybe you could be a little more careful about who you bring here, around Aden.”

“Definitely,” Ontari replied, “and don’t worry, I meant it when I said I didn’t want to see him again. And I’m sorry your date night got ruined.”
“Don’t worry about it.” Lexa said with a small laugh, “I think we’d both rather have been here anyway. Looking forward to going back to school on Monday?”

“Oddly enough, yeah,” Ontari said with a nod, “I mean, don’t get me wrong, it’s been awesome spending time with you and Clarke while Aden has been at school, but I’m looking forward to actually doing something. Plus, I’m going to have a pretty badass scar to show off soon enough.”

Lexa laughed a little as Ontari lifted her t-shirt slightly to look at the well healing scar.

“Think I can get away with saying I got stabbed or something?” Ontari asked, causing Lexa to roll her eyes and shake her head, “appendicitis just doesn’t have a badass ring to it.”

x-x-x-x

Lexa had finally drifted off to sleep when she heard a quiet knock at the bedroom door, she untangled herself from a sleeping Clarke and got out of bed to open the door.

“Hey bud,” she said as she saw Aden standing there, clutching his T-Rex and his blanket, “bad dream?”

“Monsters.” Aden replied with a small nod.

“Do you want me to come and make sure they’ve gone, or do you want to sleep in here?” Lexa asked with a soft smile.

“Can I sleep here?” he asked.

“Of course.” Lexa replied, moving aside and letting him in, leaving the door open a little as Bear followed him in.

Aden climbed up onto the bed, laying down next to Clarke, Bear took up a position on the floor next to the bed. Lexa got back into bed, Aden now between her and the sleeping blonde, she turned onto her side so she was facing Aden.

“Sweet dreams bud.” She said, softly kissing his head.

“Love you ma.” Aden said sleepily.

“Love you too.” Lexa replied, a small smile on her lips as she started to drift off to sleep.
Lexa was sitting in the office at the house going over some emails and paperwork that she needed to complete, she’d been putting it off for a while but Marcus needed replies to the emails and he needed copies of the paperwork within the next few days so she knew it needed to be done. Clarke was out with Aden and Ontari was doing her homework.

“Lexa,” Ontari said, knocking on the open office door, “can I talk to you for a sec?”

“Sure,” Lexa said, looking over at the younger girl, “what’s up?”

“You know I mentioned my friend Echo from school,” Ontari said as she walked into the room, causing Lexa to nod slightly, “well you know I said her dad had skipped town a few weeks back and her mom is not paying her any attention?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said, “that’s why you’ve been getting extra money for lunch at school.”

“Well her mom has a new boyfriend,” Ontari said, “the guy moved in a week ago, and all he and Echo’s mom do is drink all the time and she thinks they’re doing drugs… the guy is a total creep too…”

“Has she told anyone?” Lexa asked.

“No, well she told me, but I don’t think she told anyone else,” Ontari said, “she’s trying to get in touch with her dad, her grandma knows where he is…”

“What do you need from me?” Lexa said.

“I was wondering if maybe she could stay here for a few days,” Ontari replied, “just till she talks to her grandma again.”

“You’re going to have to talk to Clarke,” Lexa said, “this is her house, it wouldn’t be fair for me to say yes and her to feel forced into it.”

“Can you talk to her for me?” the younger girl asked.
“Not this time, kid,” Lexa said with a small laugh, shaking her head a little, “you’re going to have to do this one yourself.”

While Ontari started into what Lexa assumed was a very well-rehearsed speech to get Lexa to talk to Clarke, Lexa’s attention was grabbed by her computer as she received another email. This one had nothing to do with the center or any of the kids, this was TriKru related.

“You okay?” Ontari asked, seeing that Lexa was distracted.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “yeah, I’m fine.”

“What time is Clarke due back?” the younger girl asked.

“Not sure,” Lexa said, not looking away from the email she had just got, “about 4 I think.”

x-x-x-x

Ontari was sitting downstairs in the living room when Clarke and Aden arrived back. Clarke knew from Ontari’s face that something wasn’t right.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, sitting down next to Ontari on the sofa.

“I think something’s going on with Lexa,” Ontari said, “I was talking to her about a friend of mine staying here for a few days, which she said I needed to talk to you about. Then she got an email and went really quiet…”

“Where is she?” Clarke asked.

“Still upstairs in the office.” Ontari replied.

“Okay,” Clarke said with a nod as she stood up, “I’ll go and see what’s going on, then you can talk to me about your friend staying here, okay?”

Ontari nodded and Clarke went upstairs to see what was going on with Lexa. When she walked into the office Lexa was reading through some emails. She walked up behind the brunette, putting her arms over Lexa’s shoulders before placing a soft kiss on her neck.

“Hey.” Lexa said, resting back in the chair as she turned her head and kissed the blonde.

“Hey,” Clarke replied, “everything okay?”

“Not really…” Lexa said, “we had a small team in Syria, they were working at a medical clinic. I’ve heard nothing from them in over a fortnight. Gustus is in the area, I emailed him last week and asked him if he could check in on them…”

“Gustus being the guy that paid you $10,000 to pass on a missile?” Clarke asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, “he just got back to me and said that the clinic had been attacked a couple of weeks ago, locals are saying that the people who worked there were taken by militants.”

“Which would explain why you haven’t heard from them…” Clarke said.
“Yeah it would.” Lexa said.

“So what happens now?” the blonde asked.

“I don’t know,” Lexa replied, “Gustus has said he has the contacts to find out where they are, who took them…”

“But…” Clarke said.

“But it’s going to cost me.” Lexa said, clenching her jaw, “I’d have to pay him for his services, which in itself isn’t a problem, with the funding we have from your mom I can pay what he’s asking without costing any of our other groups anything, but he wants me to deliver the cash to him in person…”

“No.” Clarke said, shaking her head, “no…”

“Ryder and Nyko are out there, Clarke…” Lexa said.

“Why can’t you transfer the money; why do you have to deliver it to him?” Clarke asked, stepping away from Lexa.

“Technically a money transfer to Syria would raise suspicions,” Lexa said, turning the computer chair around and looking at Clarke, “I could be arrested for funding a terrorist group…”

“I thought you said he worked for a private security firm.” Clarke said.

“He does,” Lexa replied, standing up, “they’re basically guns for hire.”

“If you go out to Syria…” Clarke said, “how would you even get into Syria?”

“I wouldn’t be meeting him in Syria,” Lexa said, stepping closer to Clarke, “I’d be meeting him in Turkey, or Jordan. Clarke, I need to do this. I’m the one who sent Nyko and Ryder out there, I need to bring them home.”

“Transfer the money to Turkey or Jordan then,” Clarke said, taking another step back from Lexa, “I need you here, Lexa. Ontari needs you here, Aden needs you here. You promised him you were staying, Lexa, you…”

“I know,” Lexa said, “I know, but I need to do this Clarke. I can’t stay here and do nothing.”

Clarke didn’t say anything else, she just shook her head slightly and left the room.

Lexa knew what she needed to do, of course she understood where Clarke was coming from, but she also knew that Ryder and Nyko were out in Syria because she had asked them to go. She sat down and picked up her phone, calling Anya.

“Yeah.” Anya said answering the phone.

“I have a problem…” Lexa replied.

x-x-x-x
Clarke had tried to act like everything was normal when she went back downstairs. She’d talked to Ontari about Echo staying for a few days, agreeing that she could as the other girl obviously wasn’t in a safe environment. She’d cooked dinner and made sure that Ontari had done her homework, and ignored both Aden and Ontari’s questions about what was going on.

When Anya arrived at the house, Clarke wasn’t too surprised.

“Where is she?” Anya asked as Clarke let her in.

“Upstairs in the office.” Clarke said as she closed the door behind Anya.

“And what’s going on?” Anya asked.

“You should probably ask her about that.” Clarke said with a sigh as she walked back into the living room.

Anya went up to the office to find Lexa sitting behind the computer.

“Okay,” Anya said, walking into the room, “I’m here, talk.”

“I need to make a trip.” Lexa said, turning the chair around to look at Anya as the other girl sat on the other chair in the room.

“And I’m guessing that’s what’s got Clarke pissed off.” Anya said with a sigh, “where are you going?”

“Middle East…” Lexa replied.

“I’m sorry, that sounded like you said the Middle East.” Anya said.

“I did.” Lexa said, “I haven’t heard from Ryder, Nyko or any of the team out there for over two weeks. I asked Gustus to check in on them, as he’s in the area. The clinic they were working at was attacked and they’ve been taken by militants.”

“Okay,” Anya said with a nod, “and what is you going out there going to achieve? We know how those people work, Lex, if they haven’t made any ransom demands or anything by now it’s not going to happen.”

“I know,” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair, “but I need to know what happened to them, their families deserve to know what happened to them. Gustus has the contacts to find out what happened to them, to find out who took them…”

“I know,” Lexa said, running her hand through her hair, “but I need to know what happened to them, their families deserve to know what happened to them. Gustus has the contacts to find out what happened to them, to find out who took them…”

“Of course he does,” Anya said, rolling her eyes, “what does he want?”

“I’d have to pay him for his time,” Lexa replied, “$10,000…”

“Right.” Anya said, “and what does that have to do with you going out there?”

“I can’t transfer that kind of money to that part of the world,” Lexa said, “I’d have to take it myself.”

“Now I’m seeing why Clarke is pissed off,” Anya said, leaning back in the chair, “this is probably the most ridiculous idea you’ve had in a while.”

“They’re my people, Anya,” Lexa said, “I sent them out there, I…”

“They knew the risks, Lex,” Anya said, shaking her head a little, “we all knew the risks every time
we went out somewhere like that.”

“And you think that makes it any less my fault?” Lexa asked.

“We always had a choice,” Anya replied, “we always had that choice to say no. You didn’t force
them to go.”

“It’s somewhere that I should’ve gone myself,” Lexa said, “but I didn’t, I didn’t even think about
going myself. I decided to stay here.”

“So you’re beating yourself up because you took the chance to have a normal life,” Anya said, “you
took the chance to be happy?”

“I need to do this, Anya.” Lexa replied.

“Is there anything that I can say that will change your mind?” Anya asked, causing Lexa to shrug
before she shook her head a little, “then I’m coming with you.”

x-x-x-x

Later that evening, just after Anya left, Lexa was standing in the kitchen. Ontari and Aden were in
the living room watching tv. Clarke walked into the kitchen to see Lexa deep in thought.

“When do you leave?” she asked, causing Lexa to turn and look at her.

“Anya and I have a flight in two days.” Lexa said.

“And when will you be back?” the blonde asked.

“I don’t know.” Lexa replied honestly.

“You’re going somewhere?” Ontari asked from where she was now standing in the kitchen
doorway.

“Yeah.” Lexa said with a nod, “Anya and I have something that we need to take care of.”

“Where are you going?” Ontari asked.

Lexa didn’t say anything; she knew the minute she told Ontari where she was going it would cause
problems. The younger girl looked at Clarke, who had her gaze fixed firmly on the floor.

“Okay, what the hell is going on?” Ontari asked, looking between the two of them, “ever since you
two talked about that email that Lexa got earlier you’ve barely even talked to each other.”

“It’s… it’s complicated.” Lexa said.

“One thing you promised me when I came to live here was that we’d talk about everything that was
happening,” Ontari said, raising her voice, “now all of a sudden it’s complicated, that’s bullshit.”

“Why are you yelling?” Aden asked, walking up behind Ontari.

“Ask Lexa.” Ontari said, folding her arms across her chest as she looked at Lexa.
“What’s going on ma?” Aden asked, walking into the kitchen.

“I need to go away for a little while.” Lexa said, crouching down in front of Aden.

“You said you were going to stay.” Aden replied, clenching his jaw as his eyes started to fill with tears.

“I know, Aden, but something has happened and me and Anya need to…” Lexa started to say.

“You promised.” Aden said, walking backwards away from Lexa, “you promised you were going to stay.”

“Aden…” Lexa said.

Aden ran from the kitchen. Lexa let out a sigh as she looked at the ceiling.

“And that is why you don’t make promises that you can’t keep.” Clarke said, “excuse me.”

Clarke left the room, going after Aden, leaving Ontari and Lexa alone in the kitchen.

“Where are you going?” Ontari asked.

“Turkey.” Lexa replied.

“Why?” Ontari asked.

“A team of my people have disappeared in Syria and I need to know what happened to them.” Lexa said, “a guy who was in my unit in the marines is going to help me find them.”

“Okay,” Ontari said with a nod, “and when do you get back?”

“I don’t know.” Lexa said.

“Of course you don’t,” Ontari said, shaking her head a little, “I thought you were different, Lexa, I thought when you said you were going to stick around, you actually meant it. But you’re not different, you’re just like everybody else.”

Lexa stood there and watched Ontari turn around and leave the kitchen, before she picked up the first thing that came to hand, a plate from the draining board, and threw it against the wall. As the plate shattered Lexa couldn’t help but think this was why she never let anyone in, she always hurt those people closest to her eventually. She had kept everyone at a distance for so long, never letting anyone get close for this very reason.

x-x-x-x

Lexa was sitting on the sofa in the dark when Clarke walked back downstairs. The blonde didn’t say anything as she sat down.

“How is he?” Lexa asked.

“Asleep,” Clarke replied.
“This is the exact reason that I shouldn’t have stayed,” Lexa said, furrowing her brow a little, “I should’ve left, I… I always find a way to fuck everything up.”

“You remember that night on the roof of the club,” Clarke said, “when we talked about what this was, what we were… I said that if you were in this I needed you to be all in…”

“I remember.” Lexa replied.

“This is what I was talking about.” Clarke said, “I’ve literally just had to watch Aden cry himself to sleep, I have never seen him hurting this much, not even when my dad died…”

“I need to do this, Clarke.” Lexa said, dropping her head into her hands as she rested her elbows on her knees.

“I know,” Clarke replied, “this is who you are, and I’d be lying if I said this part of you isn’t part of the reason I fell for you. But right now there’s two kids upstairs who don’t understand why you’re leaving. We love you Lexa, you know that, but the risk of you not coming back is too much…”

“Are you saying…” Lexa started to say, looking at Clarke.

“I have to think about Aden, Lexa,” Clarke said, “he’s my priority, and right now he’s hurting.”

x-x-x-x

Lexa was lying on the sofa after getting a pillow and blanket from the hallway closet, she couldn’t sleep, her mind wouldn’t quieten down. Bear was lying next to the sofa, having not left Lexa’s side since Clarke had gone back upstairs. The sound of small footsteps caught Lexa’s attention as she tried to sleep.

“Lexa…” Aden said.

Aden calling her by her name again after months of calling her ‘ma’ was enough to almost break her heart.

“Hey buddy…” Lexa said, sitting up on the sofa.

“Can I ask you something?” Aden said, walking up to the sofa.

“You can ask me anything, you know that.” Lexa said.

“Are you leaving cause you don’t love us anymore?” Aden asked.

“No, Aden, no,” Lexa said, shaking her head, “come here…”

She patted her knee, indicating to Aden to climb up. He hesitated.

“Please…” Lexa said.

Aden slowly moved to where Lexa was sitting and climbed up on the sofa, before moving across to sit on her knee.

“There’s something that you need to know,” Lexa said, wrapping her arms around Aden’s waist, “I
couldn’t love you anymore than I do, you and your mom are everything to me…”

“And Tari?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, “and Ontari.”

“So why are you leaving then?” Aden asked.

“Something bad happened to Ryder and Nyko,” Lexa said, “I don’t know what happened to them, but I need to go and find out.”

“They’re your people.” Aden said with a nod.

“You’re my people too, you know that right.” Lexa said.

Aden nodded a little.

“Are you coming back?” the young boy asked.

“I’m going to do everything I can to make sure I come back,” Lexa replied honestly, “and I have a really important job for you while I’m not here.”

“What?” Aden asked, turning his head and looking at Lexa.

“I need you to take care of your mom for me,” Lexa said, “make sure you tell her every day that you love her, okay, can you do that for me?”

Aden nodded again.

Chapter End Notes

Don't give up on Lexa just yet people, the story isn't over yet.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

The comments on the last chapter were pretty intense, I'm really hoping that you guys don't give up on this fic as it's one of my favourite to write. I'm asking that you trust me. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think of this part.

The flight to Turkey took just under 12 hours, it felt like the longest 12 hours of Lexa’s life. She kept running over everything in her head, she couldn’t help but think she had made a massive mistake. Though another part of her couldn’t help but think that she had done the right thing, Ryder and Nyko had been part of her team, her unit in the Marines, her family. They had been through so much together that Lexa couldn’t bring herself to just sit around in the US when there could possibly be something that she could do to bring them back home, she knew that they’d do the same thing.

She also knew that Aden was too young to understand, Ontari was too angry, and Clarke was upset about it. Of course she understood why Clarke was upset about it, but she had hoped that Clarke would understand why she had to do it. Raven was angry because she thought that Lexa was dragging Anya into her shit, when Lexa hadn’t even asked Anya to go with her. Lincoln was pretty irritated as well, because both Lexa and Anya had both refused, point blank, to him going with them. Octavia was pregnant, there was no way either girl was going to take Lincoln with them.

When Lexa and Anya arrived at the airport, and finally managed to get through customs, Gustus was waiting for them. He loaded their bags into the back of the car before they all got into the car.

“So where are we going?” Lexa asked as Gustus pulled the car away from the airport.

“I’m dropping you two off at the hotel you’ll be staying at,” he said, “you two are going to stay there while I travel back across the border and find your friends.”

“You expect us to play tourist?” Lexa said, glancing at him.

“That’s exactly what I expect.” Gustus replied, “I’m not going to be able to find out anything with you two trailing behind me.”

Lexa rolled her eyes and sighed as she looked out of the window of the car.

“So we stay in the hotel and you do what?” Anya asked from where she was sitting in the backseat of the car.

“What Lexa is paying me to do.” Gustus said.

“Are you going to tell me who you’re working for in Syria?” Lexa asked, looking at him.

“Does it matter as long as I locate your friends?” Gustus asked in reply.

“It matters to me.” Lexa replied, “it’s pretty important to know who I’m hiring.”
“You already know who you’re hiring, Lexa,” he said, “or you wouldn’t have contacted me.”

When they arrived at the hotel, a pretty expensive one as far as Lexa could tell from the way it looked, they checked in and Gustus helped them take their bags up to the room. As soon as they walked into the room Lexa took a bag out of her backpack and handed it to Gustus.

“It’s all there.” She said, sitting down on one of the beds.

“You won’t mind if I count it then.” He said, opening the bag and emptying the contents on to the unit next to the television.

“Knock yourself out.” Lexa replied.

It didn’t take long for Gustus to count the cash, and as Lexa had said, it was all there. He took a satellite phone out of his pocket and handed it to Lexa.

“I will contact you daily on that phone,” he said, “as soon as I locate them, I’ll let you know.”

“You’re so sure you’re going to find them.” Anya said, narrowing her eyes as she looked at him.

“Anyone can be found if you know the right place to look.” Gustus said, glancing at Anya before he looked back at Lexa, “someone will be dropping a package off later, and someone else will be collecting it in the morning.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me.” Lexa said, rolling her eyes.

“I’ll be in touch.” Gustus said before he turned and walked out of the room.

Lexa laid back on the bed, her feet still on the floor.

“I need to call Raven.” Anya said.

“Go right ahead.” Lexa replied, not taking her eyes off the ceiling.

“Aren’t you calling home?” Anya asked.

Lexa looked at the time and calculated what time it would be back in the US.

“Clarke’s at work today…” Lexa said with a sigh.

Anya shook her head a little before getting her phone and calling Raven.

“Raven Reyes, mechanic extraordinaire and all round awesome person.” Raven said as she answered the phone.

“Dumb-ass.” Anya said with a small laugh.

“Hey,” Raven said, “guess you landed safely then.”

“No need to sound so thrilled about that.” Anya replied, “we’re at the hotel. Everything okay there?”

“Clarke’s in a bit of a weird place right now,” Raven said with a sigh, “Ontari went to school this morning but never arrived so she’s out looking for her.”

“I thought Clarke was at work today.” Anya said, looking across at Lexa, who was doing her best to ignore the look.
“No, she’s not at work again till next week,” Raven said, “why would you think she was at work?”

“Because someone is being a stubborn asshole.” Anya replied with a sigh.

“Tell her to check the lake down by Roans.” Lexa said, “if she’s not there then she needs to check the park near the school.”

“Raven, text Clarke and tell her to check the lake by the home she used to live in, and the park near the school.” Anya said to Raven.

“Will do.” Raven said, “Is Lexa okay?”

“I honestly have no idea.” Anya replied.

x-x-x-x

“So what do you think it is?” Anya said, looking at the box that some had delivered to the room.

“I think it’s probably best that we don’t know.” Lexa replied from where she was sitting on her bed, “can you call Raven again?”

“You call her.” Anya replied, picking the box up.

“She’s your girlfriend.” Lexa said.

“You want to talk to her,” Anya said, as she put the box back down and walked over to her bed, “so you call her.”

“I only want to know if Clarke found Ontari.” Lexa said.

“So why not call Clarke and ask her.” Anya replied, “and don’t give me the bullshit of she’s working because we both know she’s not.”

“I can’t call Clarke.” Lexa said.

“And why not?” Anya asked, “I understand that she’s upset about this whole thing but…”

“She told me not to call her,” Lexa replied, “so I’m doing what she wants. She thinks that me calling would just upset Aden.”

“You two are useless.” Anya said with a sigh as she shook her head.

“Thanks for your masterful input.” Lexa replied.

“I’m serious,” Anya said, “the amount of crap that you two have been through and this is what breaks you?”

“It hasn’t broken us,” Lexa said, furrowing her brow a little, “it’s… complicated.”

“If you want to know if Clarke found Ontari, you make the call.” Anya said, grabbing her bag, “I’m going to take a shower.”

Lexa watched as Anya walked into the bathroom before she picked her phone up from the bedside
table, as she heard the water start in the bathroom she looked through her contact list. She clicked on Clarke’s name, her finger hovering over the call button before she simply decided to call her.

As the phone rang and rang she realized that Clarke wasn’t going to answer, and as it went to voicemail she decided not to leave a voicemail.

Instead of calling Raven she decided to call Ontari. It didn’t take long before Ontari answered.

“What?” Ontari said.

“Are you at home?” Lexa asked, knowing from the way that Ontari answered the phone that the younger girl knew who was calling.

“Why do you care; it’s not like you’re here.” Ontari said.

“You know I care,” Lexa said with a sigh, “why didn’t you go to school?”

“Didn’t feel like it.” Ontari replied, the tone of her voice letting Lexa know that she shrugged, she could just picture the girl in her head.

“Look, kid, I know you’re pissed off at me okay,” Lexa said, “and I get it, I really do, but taking it out on Clarke isn’t going to change anything.”

“Nothing is going to change anything is it,” Ontari said, “because you’re still going to be wherever the fuck it is you are.”

Lexa could hear another voice in the background.

“Is that Lexa?” Aden asked Ontari.

“You wanna talk to her?” Ontari asked in reply, “here…”

There were some muffled sounds before Aden came on the phone.

“Lexa?” Aden asked.

“Hey buddy.” Lexa replied.

“Where are you?” he asked.

“Right now I’m in Turkey.” Lexa said.

“You’re in a bird?” Aden asked, making Lexa laugh a little.

“No buddy,” she said, “Turkey is a country.”

“Oh,” Aden said, “when are you coming home?”

“I don’t know yet,” Lexa said with a sigh, “did you do what we talked about?”

“I did,” he replied, “but she’s really sad…”

“I know buddy,” Lexa said, “but it’s really important that you tell her every day.”

“I know.” Aden said.

“I’m going to have to go buddy,” Lexa said as Anya walked out of the bathroom, “you behave for
“Okay,” Aden replied, “you behave for Anya.”

“I’ll do my best.” Lexa said with a small laugh, “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Aden said.

Lexa hung up the phone as Anya looked at her.

“I take it she’s home.” Anya said, causing Lexa to nod.

“Yeah,” Lexa said, “and she still hates me, so at least she’s consistent.”

“She doesn’t hate you.” Anya replied, “she’s just angry.”

“And she has every right to be,” Lexa said with a sigh as she laid back on her bed, “I mean I told her that I’d be there, and I’m not, so…”

“She’s just being difficult.” Anya said, “she’s a lot more like you than you realise.”

A knock at the door stopped the conversation as they both looked at each other.

“I’ll go.” Lexa said as she stood up and walked to the door.

Opening the door, she found a guy standing there.

“You have something for me.” The man said in a heavily accented voice.

Lexa could see his hand in his pocket, and she could tell from the shape of the object that was now pointing at her that it was a gun.

“There’s no need for that.” She said, motioning down to his pocket before she turned her head, “Anya…”

Anya grabbed the box and walked over to the door, handing it to Lexa, who handed it to the guy at the door.

“Did you open it?” he asked.

“No.” Lexa replied.

The man looked at the box before he nodded and walked away.

“Well wasn’t he a peach.” Anya said, causing Lexa to laugh a little as she closed the door.

x-x-x-x

Clarke was sitting in the living room, attempting to focus on the television which was playing some movie, she had no idea which movie it was as the last time her attention had been on what was playing on the television it had been a news update. She had tried to go to bed, but she just couldn’t sleep, every time she closed her eyes she saw Lexa.
Deep down she understood why Lexa had gone, as soon as Lexa had told her what was going on she knew what Lexa was going to say to her, because she knew Lexa. Part of the reason she was so upset about it was because she was well aware of how dangerous the area was, and one thing that she was afraid of was Lexa not coming back.

“Do you think she’s okay?” Ontari asked, making Clarke jump a little as she hadn’t heard the younger girl walk into the room.

“From what Raven said she’s in Turkey,” Clarke said, “while she’s in Turkey she’s safer than she would be in Syria.”

“You don’t think she’ll stay in Turkey?” Ontari asked, walking over to the sofa and sitting down.

“I don’t know,” Clarke replied with a sigh, “I want to say that she’ll stay there, but I know Lexa, and if she thinks that she can do more for Ryder and Nyko in Syria, then she’ll go to Syria…”

“I don’t get it, why did she have to go there to help them, surely she could’ve done it from here.” Ontari said.

“Did she tell you about her time in the Marines?” Clarke asked, turning the television off and looking at Ontari, who nodded, “well Ryder and Nyko were part of her unit. They went through a lot as a group, which made them really close.”

“She’s coming back, right?” Ontari asked.

“I really hope so.” Clarke replied, “I’m honestly not sure what I’d do if she doesn’t.”
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Lexa and Anya arrange entry into Syria with Gustus but a call from Ontari changes everything.

Chapter Notes

This part totally kicked my ass. You were all expecting a nasty twist, have one, though not the one any of you were expecting. I expect to read all about how much you all hate me in the comments, so don't forget to let me know.

Two days after Lexa and Anya had arrived in the city, Gustus was back at their hotel room. He had a map laid out on the small table in front of them.

“We can cross the border here,” Gustus said, pointing to an area on the map, “I can have a vehicle waiting half a day’s walk from the border with a small team. From there we travel south.”

“How far do we travel south?” Lexa asked, looking at the map.

“From what I could find out, your friends are being held in a small village a few hours from the nearest major city.” Gustus replied, pointing at another location on the map, “here.”

“How many civilians in the village?” Lexa asked, running her hand through her hair.

“There’s no way of knowing exactly how many.” Gustus said.

“I want to know.” Lexa said, “if we’re going in there armed, I want to know how many civilians there are.”

“They’re likely to use any civilians as human shields.” Gustus said, “anyone there is a threat.”

“That’s why I want to know.” Lexa replied.

“You were a Marine,” Gustus said with a short harsh laugh, “and now you’re worried about possible civilian casualties?”

“Unlike you, I can accept that a single civilian casualty is one too many,” Lexa said, her jaw clenched as she looked at Gustus, “I’m not in the business of killing people.”

“Anymore.” Gustus replied.

“Okay you two,” Anya said, shaking her head, “enough. We’re not here to figure out who has morals and who doesn’t, we’re here to figure out how to get Ryder and Nyko out of there and home
“I’m not planning on going into the village shooting anyone that moves,” Gustus said, “it would be preferable if there is no loss of civilian life, but if that’s what needs to be done… It wouldn’t be the first time you’ve taken a life to save your people, Lexa.”

“I had no choice.” Lexa replied, her eyes narrowed as she looked at the map on the table.

“I can go in with my team and get them out without you two,” Gustus said, looking at the pair, “you don’t have to come with me.”

“We’re coming.” Lexa said with a sigh.

“Your choice.” Gustus said.

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Lexa and Anya agreed that Gustus would pick them up two days later, which gave him time to put everything into motion, and it would also give them time to change their minds. Both girls knew how dangerous it would be, they’d heard many horror stories about what happened to people who crossed the border between Turkey and Syria, many didn’t return.

While Lexa was taking a shower before calling it a night her phone started ringing. Anya picked it up to see who was calling, her brow furrowing as she saw Ontari’s name flash across the screen. She knew that Lexa hadn’t been able to get hold of anyone the previous day, Clarke still wasn’t ready to talk to her, though Anya knew from conversations with Raven that Lexa had been texting her. Random texts about things they were up to, or texts reminding Clarke that she’d be home soon, and that she loved her.

Anya had never known Lexa to open herself up to relationships, she’d known the girl since Lexa was 17, she knew all about Lexa’s childhood and she totally understood why Lexa didn’t open up. Lexa firmly believed that if she opened up and let someone in it would only hurt more when they left, in Lexa’s experience everyone leaves eventually, whether they want to or not, so it was easier to just not get too attached in the first place. But Anya had also seen the relationship between Clarke and Lexa develop, she’d been out at the camp when they met, and she’d seen the way Lexa pretty much crumbled in on herself when she had taken Abby’s offer.

Though she knew about Lexa’s reservations about people and emotions, she also knew that the younger girl had a massive heart and when she did love, when she opened herself up to it, she loved so completely. It had taken Anya a while to break through the tough exterior, it had taken her weeks to simply get the girl to relax around her when they had first met. Over the years she had seen Lexa form relationships with Lincoln, Indra, Ryder, Nyko and the rest of their unit, she had seen the way that Lexa would fiercely protect anyone she cared about, going so far as to risk her own life to do it on multiple occasions.

She knew Lexa loved Clarke, an idiot could see it, from the way that Lexa looked at Clarke like she was the very thing that kept her secured to the planet. When Aden was added to that mix, Anya knew that Lexa’s life wouldn’t be complete without both of them. She had been worried when Lexa and Clarke took Ontari into their home, into their family. Ontari reminded Anya so much of a young Lexa, so she understood exactly why Lexa herself felt the need to help her, she was a great kid.
Anya contemplated answering the phone herself, but she knew that Ontari wouldn’t want to speak to her, and if she was calling Lexa she knew that it must be important. So, with Lexa’s phone in her hand, she walked to the bathroom door.

“Lexa,” She said, knocking on the door, “Ontari is calling you.”

She could hear the water turn off in the bathroom before the door opened and Lexa walked out of the bathroom, grabbing her phone from Anya and answering it as she walked over to her bed.

“Hey kid,” she said as she sat down, “sorry I didn’t answer sooner I was in the bathroom, what’s up?”

“You need to come home.” Ontari said.

“Ontari, what’s happened?” Lexa asked, her voice filled with worry as Anya furrowed her brow and sat down next to Lexa on the bed.

“There’s been an accident,” Ontari replied, “Clarke’s in hospital, you have to come home.”

“How…” Lexa started to say.

“Please, Lexa,” Ontari said, interrupting her, “you need to be here, we need you here.”

“I’ll be on the first flight home I can get, okay.” Lexa said, “I’ll be there.”

“What’s going on?” Anya asked, as Lexa hung up the phone and dropped the phone onto the bed.

“I need to go home.” Lexa said, blinking rapidly before she stood up and walked over to her bags, and started packing everything away.

“Lexa, what the hell is going on?” Anya asked again.

“Clarke’s been in an accident,” Lexa said, her attention fully focused on the task at hand, “she’s in hospital, I need to be there, I…”

“I’m going to call Raven,” Anya said as she watched Lexa, “find out what’s going on.”

Raven answered the phone almost immediately.

“Hey…” she said.

“What’s happened, Rae,” Anya said, “Lexa just got a call from Ontari, something about Clarke being in the hospital.”

“Car accident,” Raven replied, “we’re at the hospital now, I was going to call her but Ontari said she’d do it. We don’t know exactly what happened yet, but it doesn’t look like there was another car involved. She hasn’t been sleeping, Abby thinks she may have fallen asleep at the wheel, I guess we’ll find out if she wakes up…”

“If…” Anya said, not finishing her sentence as Lexa’s head snapped up at her words, “how bad is it, Raven?”

“They’re operating now,” Raven replied, with a sigh, “nobody can tell us anything yet, it’s bad, Anya, it’s really bad.”

“Okay,” Anya said with a nod, keeping her emotions in check so she didn’t freak Lexa out more
than she already was, “we’re packing up all our shit now, then we’ll head to the airport, get on the first flight we can. Message me when you know something, okay?”

“Oh okay,” Raven said, “have a safe flight.”

“Who’s looking after the kids?” Lexa asked before Anya hung up.

“Where are the kids, Rae?” Anya said into the phone.

“Here,” Raven said, “at the hospital. Octavia, Lincoln and Bellamy are here with us, we’re looking after them.”

“Good,” Anya replied, “see you as soon as we can.”

Anya hung up the phone and looked at Lexa who was now sitting on the floor near her bags, staring at nothing.

“Hey,” Anya said, quickly moving to sit near her, “the kids are with Raven, O, Lincoln and Bellamy, they’re okay.”

Lexa nodded but didn’t say anything, she just clenched her jaw as her eyes remained fixed on something that Anya couldn’t see.

“Raven said they’re operating on Clarke right now,” Anya said, knowing that Lexa would need facts, “she’s going to message me as soon as they know something. I’m going to pack my shit, then we can go to the airport.”

As Anya stood up and started throwing her stuff into her bags, Lexa stayed sitting on the floor.

“What happened to her, Anya?” Lexa asked, “Ontari didn’t tell me.”

“Car accident,” Anya replied, making sure she had her passport, “from what they know there wasn’t another vehicle involved… where’s your passport?”

“Next to the TV…” Lexa said, “I shouldn’t have left, I…”

“It was an accident, Lex,” Anya said, glancing at her friend as she grabbed her passport, “it’s not your fault.”

Anya decided to leave out the fact that Clarke hadn’t been sleeping, Lexa’s mind was having a difficult enough time processing what was going on without throwing that little bit of information at her. Anya knew Lexa had hardly slept while they had been away, she assumed that Clarke was having a hard time sleeping for the same reason, they hadn’t spent a night apart since the party they’d had at Raven’s when Anya, Lexa and the others had gone back to the city for a few days.

x-x-x-x

The flight back to the US had cost three times as much as their original flights had cost, and seemed to take four times as long, though Lexa knew that it was exactly the same flight time. Anya had tried to get her mind off everything by pointing out that they may as well take advantage of the fact that they were flying business class, but no matter how much she tried, Lexa couldn’t stop thinking about the fact that Aden and Ontari were trying to deal with something without her.
It was almost 7pm when the plane landed, it took another thirty minutes for them to get out of the airport and into a cab. Raven had messaged them while they were on the plane and told them that Clarke was out of surgery, she didn’t really give any more details than that, which Lexa was irritated about. She had so many different scenarios running around her head, not knowing anything was the worst thing.

In the cab on the way to the hospital Lexa couldn’t help but think she would give absolutely anything to have Clarke be okay, after everything that she had seen and done she didn’t know if she believed in a higher power, but at that very moment she was willing to give anything a try.

When they pulled up outside the hospital Anya told her what ward Clarke was on, told her to go, and said she’d grab their bags and deal with the cab fare. Lexa didn’t need telling twice as she ran into the hospital and over to the elevator. As soon as she reached the right floor she rushed over to the reception desk.

“I’m looking for Clarke Griffin.” Lexa said as she tried to catch her breath.

“Visiting overs are over I’m afraid.” The receptionist said, not even looking up from the magazine that she was reading, “you’ll have to come back tomorrow.”

“I get that visiting hours are over, okay, I do, but I’ve literally just spent the last 12 hours sitting on a fucking plane after getting a phone call telling me she’d been in an accident,” Lexa said, trying and failing to keep her temper, “can you please put, what I’m sure is a really fucking interesting magazine down, and tell me something, please…”

“Are you family?” the receptionist asked, looking at Lexa.

“Legally, no…” Lexa started to say, before another voice caught her attention.

“Ma!” Aden yelled, causing Lexa to turn and look at him as he pulled his hand away from Raven’s and ran towards her.

Lexa dropped to her knees and caught him as he threw his arms around her neck.

“I’m here buddy…” she said quietly as Aden buried his face in her neck as she stood up, her arms wrapped tightly around him.

“Can you page Abby and tell her that Lexa’s here.” Raven said to the receptionist as she walked up to the desk.

The receptionist nodded before picking up the phone.

“How was the flight?” Raven asked as she looked at Lexa who was still holding Aden, she knew Aden wouldn’t be letting go anytime soon.

“Long,” Lexa replied as she looked at the other girl, noticing how tired she looked, “how is she?”

“It’s probably better if you wait for Abby.” Raven said.

“Raven,” Lexa said, “tell me something, anything, please…”

“She’s…” Raven said with a sigh, “it was a nasty accident, Lexa.”

“How bad?” Lexa asked.

“Bad.” Raven replied, “really bad.”
When Abby arrived in the waiting room she found both Lexa and Anya there, from the look of it she could tell they had come straight from the airport, though she had expected nothing less. Her heart ached as she saw Aden sleeping gripping onto Lexa, the young boy hadn’t slept since the accident, it didn’t surprise her that he crashed as soon as Lexa arrived. Ontari was also asleep with her head on Lexa’s shoulder, the older girl had her arm around Ontari’s shoulders and her chin resting on her head.

As Abby cleared her throat everyone who was awake looked at her.

“Well, Abby,” Abby said with a soft smile, “do you want to come with me?”

Lexa nodded a little before gently waking Ontari.

“I’m just going to talk to Abby, okay?” Lexa said as she looked at the girl.

“Oh.” Ontari said with a small nod, “I’ll take Aden.”

With a little bit of effort, Lexa pried Aden’s hands away from her shirt without waking him, and put him on Ontari’s lap before she stood and walked over to where Abby was waiting.

“How was your flight?” Abby asked as they walked out of the room.

“Long, expensive,” Lexa said with a sigh, “just tell me what’s going on, Abby.”

Abby lead Lexa to a small side room not far from the waiting area.

“It was bad, Lexa,” Abby said, fighting to separate the two parts of herself, the doctor who Lexa needed her to be, and the mother and grandmother who was fighting to come out of her and just pull the brunette into a hug, “from what the police have told me she either fell asleep at the wheel or lost control of the car. The witness reports say she was travelling at approximately 50km an hour when she crashed.”

“Is she in there?” Lexa asked, motioning to the room.

“Yes,” Abby said with a nod, “I need you to know that they have spent 6 hours operating on her. She is in a medically induced coma because of severe bleeding on her brain. There are machines helping her breathe, it’s still touch and go right now, okay?”

Lexa tried to take in everything that Abby was saying, but her brain was just refusing to understand it fully, but she nodded anyway.

Abby slowly opened the door and stood by as Lexa walked into the room.

“Jesus Christ…” Lexa said as she saw Clarke.

Bad wasn’t a word that Lexa would use for how bad it looked, she’d seen wounded soldiers in warzones look better than Clarke did at that moment. The beeping of the machines and the sounds in the room took Lexa’s mind to another place as she fought to remind herself that she was in America and not back in Afghanistan.
Abby slowly walked over to where Lexa was standing as she saw the younger girls jaw clench and her eyes lose focus. Softly she placed her hand on the small of Lexa’s back, snapping her out of whatever she was seeing.

“Sorry… I…” Lexa stuttered as she shook her head a little.

“It’s okay.” Abby said with a soft smile.

“Have Aden and Ontari seen her?” Lexa asked, clenching her jaw as she looked back at the blonde in the bed.

“No,” Abby said, shaking her head, “though they have both wanted to. Aden wouldn’t understand, and I don’t know how Ontari would deal with it. Everyone decided to wait for you to get here before deciding if it was okay for Ontari to see her.”

“I don’t know,” Lexa said with a sigh, her eyes burning with tears as she looked at Clarke, “I don’t know what to do, Clarke would know what to do… she always knows what to do… what do I do, Abby?”

“I don’t know.” Abby replied, pulling Lexa into a hug, “whatever you think is best.”

x-x-x-x

After spending some time sitting with Clarke, Lexa slowly made her way back to the waiting room. She hadn’t wanted to leave the blonde, she wanted to stay sitting next to her bed until she woke up and told her how much of an idiot she was for leaving in the first place, but Abby mentioned that Aden and Ontari would need to go home soon. That had snapped her out of it, no matter what she was going through at that present moment, both of them needed her. They needed her to be there, to be present.

The first thing she noticed when she walked back into the waiting room was that nobody other than Ontari would meet her eyes. From the look in Ontari’s eyes, Raven and the others had explained to her how bad the accident had been. While Ontari had been asleep earlier while they waited for Abby, Lincoln had told her that the younger girl hadn’t cried yet, she had just built huge walls around her emotions for Aden’s sake.

“Come here…” Lexa said to her.

Ontari stood up and walked over to Lexa, who pulled her into a hug. That was all it took for the dam to break and for Ontari’s emotions to pour out.

“You should have been here.” She sobbed.

“I know,” Lexa said, blinking back her own tears as she looked at the ceiling while the younger girl cried in her arms, “I am so sorry…”

“Are we going home now?” Ontari asked quietly.

“Do you want to?” Lexa asked in reply.

Ontari nodded, her arms still wrapped tightly around Lexa.
“Okay kid,” Lexa said, placing a soft kiss on her head, “we’ll go home.”

Ontari backed out of the hug, wiping her eyes on her sleeve before turning back around and walking over to the chair she had been sitting on. Lexa walked over to Aden who was sound asleep on Anya’s knee.

“Home?” Octavia asked, looking at Lexa.

“Yeah.” Lexa said with a nod.

“We can take them if you want to stay,” Lincoln said.

“As much as I don’t want to leave,” Lexa said, picking up Aden from Anya, “I can’t be in two places at once, and Clarke would want me to take them home.”
As anyone who follows me on tumblr will know, I had to get a new laptop, my tablet was screwed. That means I lost all my writing, which means that it's taking me a little time to get back in the flow with the updates, but I'm working on it. Hope you all enjoy this, drop me a comment, let me know.

It had been two days since Lexa and Anya had flown back from Turkey after Clarke had been in a car accident, the brunette had hardly slept, spending all her time either at the hospital with Clarke or making sure life remained as normal as possible for Aden and Ontari. She had given Ontari the option of staying home from school, but the younger girl had said she wanted to go, saying that it kept her mind off everything else. They had yet to talk about whether or not Ontari wanted to see Clarke, Lexa had decided that she would wait for the girl to bring up that topic. Aden was struggling to understand what was going on, he understood that his mom had to stay at the hospital, but he didn’t know why.

Anya and Raven had been staying at the house with them, Anya knowing that Lexa would be struggling and both she and Raven agreeing that it would probably be easier on both Lexa and the kids if they stayed. Anya had known Lexa long enough to know that she would be very good at making everything appear normal, make it look as though she was fine with everything, but she knew that deep down Lexa would be having a hard time just functioning.

She knew that Lexa blamed herself for the accident, knowing that if she had stayed, instead of going to Turkey, then Ontari would have gone to school and Clarke wouldn’t have been going out looking for her. If Lexa had stayed Clarke wouldn’t have had any issue sleeping so wouldn’t have gotten behind the wheel when she was exhausted, though they had yet to find out if that’s why the accident happened. They didn’t know if Clarke had fallen asleep at the wheel or if she had simply lost control of the car for a split second, they had to wait until the blonde woke from her induce coma to find that out.

As Lexa rushed around the kitchen making sure everything was turned off, before getting Aden in the truck which Marcus had given her to use until she could get a new car and taking him to school, she noticed that Ontari was making no effort to leave the house.

“Everything okay?” Lexa asked as she finished her coffee and put the cup in the sink to wash later.

“Are you going to the hospital today?” Ontari asked in reply.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a small nod, “I need to go to the center first, sign some papers that Anya can’t do, but after that I’ll be going to the hospital.”

“Can I come with you?” Ontari asked.

“You want to see Clarke?” Lexa asked, seeing how nervous Ontari was to simply ask that question.

The younger girl nodded slightly.
“Okay,” Lexa said with a nod of her own, “I’ll call the school and let them know.”

As the school were aware of Clarke being in the hospital, they had been pretty understanding when Lexa had called them and told them that she would be keeping Ontari home from school. After dropping Aden off at school, Lexa took Ontari with her to the center while she signed some paperwork that needed taking care of, before driving to the hospital.

When they arrived at the hospital and went up to the floor where Clarke’s room was, they saw Abby standing by the nurses’ station, she smiled softly when she saw Ontari with Lexa. Lexa had sent Abby a text before leaving the station, letting her know that she would be taking Ontari with her, and asking her if there was any chance she could meet them there to help explain everything to Ontari before the younger girl went in to see Clarke.

“Good morning girls.” Abby said as Lexa and Ontari walked over to her.

“Hey.” Ontari said, her voice and body language giving away the nerves she was feeling.

She had wanted to see Clarke since the accident, but everyone had told her that she had to wait until Lexa got back from Turkey, so she waited. Once Lexa got back Ontari didn’t want to add any more stress to the older brunette’s life as she knew that Lexa must be having a hard time, she had no idea that Lexa had been waiting for her to ask. Ontari had also been very worried about what would happen if the worst happened, would she still have a home and a family, or would Lexa simply send her back to the group home.

“Why don’t we go and get a drink,” Abby said as she looked at Ontari, “then we can talk you through what to expect before you go in and see Clarke, is that okay?”

Ontari nodded a little before Abby motioned for her to walk ahead of her and Lexa.

“Has there been any change?” Lexa asked quietly as they walked.

“She had an MRI scan early this morning,” Abby replied, “the swelling on her brain has started to reduce, which is a good sign.”

Lexa nodded a little.

“We’re going to monitor her over the next 48 hours, if they swelling continues to go down then we’re going to slowly bring her out of the coma,” Abby continued, “but before that happens we’re going to run a PET scan, which will show us whether her brain has sustained any damage.”

“What kind of damage?” Lexa asked.

“When the brain swells it’s possible for blood to be cut off from certain areas of the brain,” Abby said, trying to explain everything the best that she could so Lexa wouldn’t be overwhelmed by the information, “it doesn’t take very long for those areas of the brain to die. With the injuries that Clarke sustained, and the way her brain swelled, we’re not anticipating any long-term damage, but we won’t know for sure until we run the tests.”

“Okay.” Lexa said with a nod, taking in what Abby had just told her.
“Are you doing okay?” Abby asked, “I know this is probably all very difficult for you, and with two kids…”

“We’re doing okay,” Lexa replied, “Aden knows that Clarke is sick, but he doesn’t understand why she has to stay here and can’t come home. Ontari’s been great though. Anya and Raven have been staying with us, which has been a big help. I’d probably be freaking out about this more if the kids weren’t there, I’ve got to concentrate on them though, make sure they’re okay, it doesn’t leave me with much time to think about much else.”

“That’s good.” Abby said with a nod as they arrived at the staff cafeteria.

x-x-x-x

“Why does she have machines helping her breathe if there’s no damage to her lungs?” Ontari asked.

“She has bruising on her ribs,” Abby replied, “from where she was wearing her seatbelt, us using the machines to help her breathe just means that she doesn’t have to do as much work herself.”

“So they’re not keeping her alive?” the younger girl asked.

“No.” Lexa said shaking her head, “after they first operated on her, they were, but the human body has an amazing capacity to heal itself if you give it time and a little help.”

Lexa could confidently say that the machines that were helping Clarke breathe weren’t helping to keep her alive as she had been in the room the previous day when they had turned them off and the blonde was breathing by herself, Abby had explained it as a brain activity test. They turned the machines off, with a time limit of 4 minutes, if Clarke hadn’t started breathing on her own within that time they would’ve reconnected the machines and tried again at a later point. Lexa was very aware that if she hadn’t started to breathe by herself that was an early indication that she was brain dead, which would’ve meant anything else would have been a total waste of time.

It hadn’t taken Clarke very long to start breathing on her own, Abby told her it had been a matter of seconds, but for Lexa it had felt like a lot longer.

“Okay,” Ontari said, swirling the straw in her glass around, “so she’s not going to die, right?”

Lexa clenched her jaw and looked down at the table as Abby looked at her, they both knew there was no definitive answer to that question.

“The signs are a lot more positive than they were,” Abby said, wanting to be as honest as she could be with the younger girl, without making her worry too much, “there’s always a risk that something could go wrong, but I would say that her chances of survival are higher than her chances of dying.”

“What happens if that does happen though?” Ontari asked, looking between Abby and Lexa, “what happens if she does die? Am I going to be sent away?”

“No,” Lexa said firmly, swallowing hard as she looked at the younger girl, “that isn’t going to happen, nobody is sending you away, okay. And Clarke’s a fighter, she’s going to get through this, everything is going to be okay.”

“You can’t know that for sure.” Ontari replied.
“No, I can’t,” Lexa admitted, “but I believe it, and I need you to try and believe it too.”

“I’ll try.” Ontari said with a nod.

“Are you ready to see her?” Abby asked with a soft smile.

Ontari nodded and finished the soda that was in her glass.

x-x-x-x

Lexa stood by the door as Ontari walked closer to the bed that Clarke was lying in. The bruises around the visible injuries were starting to darken, which actually meant they were healing, but it also made it look a lot worse.

“If we talk to her, do you think she can hear us?” Ontari asked, glancing back at Lexa before she looked back at Clarke.

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Lexa replied, walking over to the girl, “I like to think so.”

“Have you been talking to her while you’ve been here?” the younger brunette asked.

“Yes,” Lexa said with a nod, “I told her about what you and Aden have been up to in the last couple of days, told her about Bear thinking he could jump over the fence…”

Ontari laughed at the memory. Bear had taken a run at the back fence in the yard before jumping and face planting into the wood of the fence, which had stunned him a little and the look of utter confusion on his face had caused them all to laugh at the time.

“We should’ve got a video of it so we could show her when she wakes up,” Ontari said, “unfortunately I don’t think he’ll do it again.”

“I hope he’s a little smarter than that.” Lexa said with a laugh.

The beeping of the machine that was monitoring Clarke’s heart rate increased slightly as the two were laughing, causing them both to look over at it before looking back at each other.

“That happens every now and again,” Abby said from the doorway, “it happened the first time Lexa held her hand when she was sitting next to her. I like to think it means that she knows what’s going on around her.”

“I need to go to the bathroom.” Lexa said, looking at Ontari, “you going to be okay?”

“Yes,” Ontari said with a nod, “I’ll be fine, I need to tell Clarke how much of a bitch you’ve been.”

“Thanks kid.” Lexa said with a laugh, shaking her head a little before she left the room.

“Can I ask you something?” Ontari said, looking back at Abby.

“Of course.” Abby replied with a nod.

“I know you said that she’s probably going to be okay.” Ontari said, “but if she isn’t, are you going to take Aden away from Lexa? I mean, I know that you didn’t like Lexa at first, and I’m not stupid, I
know that legally she isn’t his mom, but…”

“It isn’t something I’ve even considered.” Abby replied honestly, “Lexa and I had our issues when she and Clarke first got together, but I like to think we’re past all that. Legally or not, she’s family. I wouldn’t take Aden away from her, or from you.”

“Good,” Ontari said with a nod, “that’s good, because I think losing Clarke would be hard enough for her to survive, if you took Aden away from her, it would destroy her…”

x-x-x-x

After spending most of the day at the hospital with Clarke, Lexa and Ontari picked Aden up from school before going back to the house to get Bear, before the three of them took the dog out to the local park.

“When is mommy coming home?” Aden asked from where he was walking next to Lexa, holding her hand.

“I don’t know, buddy,” Lexa replied honestly, “your grandma said she’s slowly getting better though.”

“Can I go see her?” he asked, “I miss her, maybe she misses me too…”

“I’m sure she misses you,” Lexa said, holding the dog leash out for Ontari to take before she picked Aden up and continued walking, “you remember I told you that they had given your mommy special medicine to help her sleep so she can get better?”

Aden nodded a little.

“Well, your grandma thinks they’re going to stop giving that to her soon,” Lexa continued, “so she’s going to wake up. When she’s awake and we know she’s getting better, I’ll take you to see her, okay?”

“Okay, ma.” Aden said, resting his head on Lexa’s shoulder as she carried him.

“What do you want for dinner?” Lexa asked in an attempt to get the young boys mind off things.

“Can we get pizza?” he asked.

“Didn’t we have pizza last night?” Lexa asked in reply, furrowing her brow as she tried to remember what they’d had for dinner the previous night.

“Yeah,” Ontari said, “we had pizza last night, though you didn’t eat any, said you weren’t hungry.”

“Right.” Lexa said with a nod, remembering.

She hadn’t been very hungry at all in the previous few days, she’d attempted to keep that information from both Ontari and Aden though, because they had enough to worry about without adding her lack of appetite to the equation. She knew it was because she was worried about Clarke, and she felt unbelievably guilty about having not been there, it was eating away at her. But she didn’t need the kids to know that.
“What do you want for dinner, ma?” Aden asked, lifting his head from her shoulder and looking at her.

“I don’t mind what we have.” Lexa replied with a small smile.

“Are you actually going to eat any of it?” Ontari asked, her eyebrow raised a little as she looked at Lexa.

“Yes.” Lexa said, “I’ll eat.”

x-x-x-x

Later that night Lexa was sitting on the sofa in the living room after putting Aden to bed, when Anya and Raven got back. They’d both been at the center, basically doing Lexa’s job for her as she couldn’t focus when she was there, and it would mean that she’d either have to take Aden with her or leave him with Ontari, and she wasn’t sure if any of them would want that.

“Do those kids ever run out of energy?” Anya mumbled as she dropped down onto the sofa next to Lexa.

“Nope,” Lexa said with a small laugh, “doesn’t happen.”

“They all miss you by the way,” Anya said, glancing at Lexa, “I’ve explained to them the best I can what’s going on, and they are making Clarke a get well soon card.”

“That’s sweet.” Lexa said with a small smile and a nod.

“Any news from the hospital?” Raven asked, walking into the living room carrying a bottle of beer.

“Where’s mine?” Anya asked.

“In the kitchen, waiting for your lazy ass to go and get it.” Raven replied, sitting down and taking a drink from her bottle, “did you want one, Lexa?”

“No.” Lexa said with a laugh, “Clarke had an MRI scan this morning, it shows that the swelling around her brain is going down. Abby said they’re monitoring her over the next 48 hours to make sure it keeps going down, then they’re going to bring her out of the coma.”

“That’s a good thing, right?” Raven asked.

“Yeah,” Lexa replied with a nod, “but before they do that they need to do a PET scan or something, it’ll let them know if there’s any long term damage to the brain tissue…”

“Did Abby say what the chances of that are?” Anya asked.

“She said with the injuries that Clarke suffered, and the way her brain swelled, they aren’t expecting any long term damage.” Lexa said, recalling what Abby had told her earlier that day, “Aden asked me when he can go and see her.”

“I’m assuming you told him that he can go and see her when she’s awake?” Raven said.

Lexa nodded in reply.
“I don’t think he’d understand if I took him to see her now,” Lexa said with a sigh, “he’d freak out and that wouldn’t be a good thing. Once she’s awake it’ll be easier.”

“You look exhausted.” Anya said, a sympathetic look on her face.

“It’s been a long day.” Lexa replied, “Ontari wanted to come to the hospital today, she asked me what would happen if Clarke didn’t make it, she asked if I was going to send her away…”

“Poor kid…” Raven said with a sigh.

“I told her that isn’t going to happen,” Lexa said, “but it got me thinking about what would happen if the worst does happen. I mean, I have no legally rights in Aden’s life, the only person that would have any legal say over what happened to him is Abby. She could take him away from me and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“She wouldn’t do that,” Raven said, shaking her head, “I know that you two had your issues at the start, but that’s all in the past now. She knows how important you are to Clarke, she knows how much Aden loves you…”

“She also knows that I wasn’t here when Clarke needed me to be.” Lexa replied, “she knows that I wasn’t here for Aden and Ontari when I should’ve been. If I hadn’t gone to Turkey…”

“There’s a chance it would’ve still happened,” Anya said, “this didn’t happen because you weren’t here, it didn’t happen because you went away. It was an accident, Lex, by definition that means that nobody was to blame.”

“Yeah…” Lexa said with a sigh, running her hand through her hair before she stood up, “I’m going to try and get some sleep, see you two in the morning.”
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

As promised on Tumblr, here's the next update of this. I think we might be coming to the end of this one soon. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

Lexa hadn’t been able to sleep, she had laid awake staring at the ceiling until she was sure that Anya and Raven had gone to bed, then she had made her way to the office. There was always some kind of work that she needed to do, whether that was related to the center or it was the financials for the Trikru Foundation, there was always something. While she was reading through some proposals from the ground teams at the camps that Trikru were currently running, approving most of them, she got a notification about a new email from Gustus.

Before they had left Turkey, Anya had called him and told him that they had to head back to the States, he had told Anya that he would stick to the plan they had come up with to try and get Ryder and Nyko back. Though Lexa’s mind was pretty much taken up with worrying about Clarke and what was going to happen, Ryder and Nyko had always been at the back of her mind. Part of her felt guilty that she had left, but a larger part of her knew that she had no choice but to go back to the States, she knew where she needed to be. She also knew that Ryder and Nyko would totally understand, which made her feel a little less guilty about it.

The email from Gustus said that he had found them, and got them both out, taking them to a UN camp in Jordan so they could get the medical attention that they needed. It also said that the people at the camp would let her know when they were ready to return home. As she read the email she couldn’t help but let out a sigh of relief, knowing they were safe. She didn’t want to think about what they had been through, but at least now they were okay, it was one less thing for her to worry about.

Lexa was so caught up with reading the email that she didn’t notice that Anya was standing in the doorway.

“Thought you said you were going to get some sleep.” Anya said, causing Lexa to jump slightly.

“I said I was going to try and get some sleep.” Lexa replied once her heart rate had returned to its normal rhythm, “I got an email from Gustus, he got Ryder and Nyko out of Syria. He’s taken them to a UN camp in Jordan.”

“Niylah’s camp?” Anya asked.

“I don’t know,” Lexa said with a sigh, “I’ll drop her an email later and ask her.”

“So they’re okay,” Anya said with a nod as she sat down, “that’s good.”

“Yeah.” Lexa replied with a nod of her own.

“None of this is your fault, you know that,” Anya said, “what happened to them isn’t your fault, what happened to Clarke isn’t your fault…”

“Two really shitty things happened, and I’m the only common denominator between the two,” Lexa said as she ran her hand through her hair, “so reason would disagree with you.”
“Your reasoning would disagree with me,” Anya replied, “but it always does. You can’t blame yourself for everything that happens, Lex. The world is a shitty place, bad things happen, that isn’t your fault.”

“You know as well as I do that if I had stayed Clarke wouldn’t have been too tired to drive…” Lexa started to say.

“We don’t even know what happened,” Anya said, interrupting her, “we don’t know if it was because she was tired, or if she simply lost control of the car for a split second. Either way that was not your fault.”

Anya knew she was fighting a losing battle with trying to get Lexa to see that it wasn’t her fault, the only person that was going to be able to do that was Clarke. Until the blonde woke up and told Lexa that it hadn’t been her fault, Anya was going to just have to keep telling her, and when Clarke did wake up and tell her, Anya was going to have a great time saying ‘I told you so’.

“When’s the last time you got any sleep?” Anya asked.

“I got a couple of hours last night, I think…” Lexa replied.

“Let me rephrase the question, when’s the last time you got a healthy amount of sleep?” Anya said, already sure that she knew the answer.

“Depends on your definition of a healthy amount of sleep,” Lexa said, causing Anya to roll her eyes, “a healthy amount for me, last night, a healthy amount for normal people, about a week ago.”

“Before we left for Turkey.” Anya said with a knowing nod.

“I’m fine, Anya.” Lexa said, “I’ve survived on less sleep than this.”

“When it was only you that you had to worry about,” Anya replied, knowing that she was probably about to cross a line, but also knowing that the line needed to be crossed, “it isn’t only you that you have to worry about anymore, Lex, you’ve got two kids who are currently asleep that need you. They need you to be here, to be present, okay, I get that you’re worried about Clarke, I get it, I do, but right now there’s nothing you can do for her but take care of those kids.”

Lexa didn’t say anything, but Anya did see her clench her jaw slightly.

“To be able to take care of those kids, you need to take care of yourself,” Anya continued, “you need to eat regularly, you need to get some sleep.”

“I can’t…” Lexa said, shaking her head a little.

“And why not?” Anya asked.

“The nightmares are worse when she’s not here.” Lexa replied honestly, “I can’t do this without her, Anya.”

x-x-x-x

“Are you both ready to go to school?” Anya asked after making sure that both Ontari and Aden had eaten breakfast.
“Where’s Lexa?” Ontari asked.

“She’s asleep,” Anya replied, “she had a bit of a difficult night, so I’m going to take you both to school today.”

Ontari nodded a little, she was all too aware of how little sleep Lexa had been getting, she’d got up to go to the bathroom and seen the office light on more times that she could remember.

“Did you take Bear for a walk?” Aden asked as he jumped down from his seat, “Ma always takes Bear for a walk before she takes us to school.”

“Yes,” Anya said with a nod, “I took Bear for a walk. Is there anything else I need to do?”

“Make sure everything is turned off,” Ontari said as she grabbed her jacket, getting Aden’s jacket while she was at it, before helping the young boy put it on, “but that’s probably not that important as Lexa and Raven are still here.”

“Why do I have to make sure everything is turned off?” Anya asked, her brow furrowed a little.

“Cause the other day while we were all out, Bear pulled down the waffle maker and started chewing through the wire,” Ontari explained, “nearly electrocuted himself and shorted out everything else in the house, so Lexa makes sure everything is off before we go out, because she doesn’t like the idea of shutting Bear away.”

“Okay,” Anya said, shaking her head a little, “makes sense I guess. Do you have packed lunches or does Lexa give you lunch money?”

“Aden’s lunches get paid for weekly, which Lexa did already, and she usually gives me cash.” Ontari replied.

“Who knew looking after two kids could be so stressful,” Anya said, getting out her wallet, “how much do you need?”

“$6,” Ontari said, “she gives me extra incase Echo’s mom forgets to give her lunch money.”

Anya handed Ontari a $10 bill.

“Right, is that everything?” Anya asked, looking at both of the kids who nodded, “good, let’s go.”

x-x-x-x

Anya was back at the house by the time Lexa woke up, the brunette had freaked out at first when she realized what time it was, wondering why her alarm hadn’t woken her up, or why Aden hadn’t woken her up. But Anya explained to her that Ontari and Aden were both at school, and she had turned the alarm off on Lexa’s phone once Lexa had fallen asleep.

Lexa knew that she should be grateful that Anya had taken the kids to school and let her sleep, but part of her knew it was up to her to do that, it was up to her to look after Aden and Ontari while Clarke wasn’t there. Before Lexa could leave the house and head to the hospital, already being late for the start of visiting time, Anya and Raven reminded her that she needed to shower and eat something. Anya kept hold of the keys to the truck until Lexa took a shower and at least had toast.
Just as Lexa made it back downstairs after getting a shower she heard her cell-phone ringing. She picked it up off the coffee table where she had left it, as Raven handed her a coffee. While concentrating on taking the coffee cup she failed to look at the caller ID.

“Hello.” She said as she answered the phone and sat down.

“Lexa, it’s Abby,” Abby replied, “are you coming to the hospital today?”

“Yes,” Lexa said, “I am, Anya turned my alarm off on my phone without me knowing so I slept in today. Is everything okay?”

“She’s waking up, honey.” Abby said, causing Lexa to actually drop her phone.

So many thoughts were running through Lexa’s head, Raven was completely confused about what was going on as she expected Lexa to pick the phone back up again, when she didn’t Raven picked up the phone for her.

“Abby?” She said, looking at the caller ID before talking, “did something happen?”

“Did Lexa just drop the phone?” Abby asked, amusement in her voice.

“She did,” Raven replied, taking the amusement in Abby’s voice to mean that nothing bad had happened to Clarke, “no idea why though.”

“Clarke’s waking up.” Abby said.

“Wow, okay, I’ll snap Lexa out of whatever shit she’s in right now and me and Anya will get her there asap, okay?” Raven asked, waving her hand in front of Lexa’s face and getting no reaction.

“See you soon.” Abby replied.

x-x-x-x

Once they were at the hospital, Lexa’s mood changed again, she was anxious, Anya could tell by the way she kept clenching her hands into fists as she clenched her jaw. She stopped them walking, earning herself a ‘what the fuck’ look from Raven, before motioning to Lexa. As soon as Raven looked at Lexa she understood why Anya had stopped them.

“I’m going to go and grab a drink from the vending machine,” Raven said, “you guys want anything?”

“No thanks.” Anya replied, Lexa shaking her head as well.

As Raven walked away towards the vending machine, Anya moved so she was standing in front of Lexa.

“Talk to me, kid.” She said.

“What if she doesn’t want to see me?” Lexa asked, her brow furrowed, “what if she still hates me for taking off and doesn’t want me here?”

“She’ll want to see you,” Anya said, “she loves you, you know that. Maybe she’ll chew your ass out
about leaving, maybe she won’t. Knowing Clarke, she’ll save that for when you get home, she’s going to make you suffer before that.”

Lexa laughed a little, knowing that Anya was probably right.

“Everything okay?” Raven asked, walking back over to the pair.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “yeah, everything’s okay.”

“Then let’s go and see your girl.” Raven said with a small smile.

x-x-x-x

Lexa stood in the doorway of the hospital room, Abby was standing one side of the hospital bed, another doctor was standing on the other side, they were talking to each other about needing to run some more tests. Nobody that was in the room had noticed Lexa come in, so she just stood and watched the interactions.

“Can’t you wait before you run some more tests?” Clarke asked, “I’ve got a feeling all you’ve been doing is running tests.”

Lexa laughed a little as the blonde rolled her eyes as she spoke, which caused everyone to look over at her.

“Hey…” she said as her eyes met Clarke’s.

“You’re here…” Clarke replied, sounding surprised.

Abby and the other doctor shared a look before walking towards the door, before Abby left she stopped by Lexa’s side.

“She’s going to be just fine.” She said quietly, gently squeezing Lexa’s hand before she left the room.

“When did you get back?” Clarke asked as she struggled to sit up.

“About 12 hours after you had the accident,” Lexa said, rushing over to the bed to help Clarke, not knowing if her help would be welcomed, “Ontari called me…”

“Thanks,” Clarke said with a soft smile as Lexa nodded and pulled the chair closer to the bed, “how are they kids?”

“Worried,” Lexa replied honestly, “Aden doesn’t understand what’s going on, he knows that you got hurt, but he just couldn’t get his head around why you had to stay here, and why we couldn’t take care of you at home… he misses you. I told him once you were awake and we knew what was going on, then he could come and see you, I didn’t think it would be a good idea for him to see you like… well, you know. I know that wasn’t really my call, I have no right to make any decisions in his life…”

“Hey,” Clarke said, reaching across and taking Lexa’s hand, “it was your call, and it was the right one.”
Lexa felt her eyes burning with unshed tears as she looked at the blonde, her head not really believing that she was awake.

“How’s Ontari dealing with everything?” Clarke asked.

“She has been awesome,” Lexa replied with a small smile and a nod, “she came in to see you yesterday, actually, I figured she was old enough to make that choice. She was asking your mom all kinds of questions, asking me all kinds of questions. She was worried for a while that if… if you didn’t get better, that I would send her away.”

“I hope you told her that wasn’t going to happen, ever.” Clarke said.

“I did.” Lexa said with a nod.

“Good.” Clarke replied with a nod of her own, “and how are you?”

“You’ve just woken up from a coma and you’re asking me how I am?” Lexa said with a laugh, shaking her head, “better now…”

“You look tired.” Clarke said, squeezing Lexa’s hand a little.

“It’s… been a weird week.” Lexa said with a nod, looking down at their hands, furrowing her brow a little as she tried to stop the tears burning her eyes, “Clarke, I am so sorry…”

“For what?” Clarke asked, using her free hand to reach over and lift Lexa’s face so she could see her eyes.

“For leaving,” Lexa said, the tears starting to fall as she blinked her eyes, “for not being here when you needed me, for not being here when Aden and Ontari needed me… I fucked up, and I’m sorry. I don’t know why I…”

“I do,” Clarke said with a soft smile as she interrupted the brunette, “I know why you left, I get it. I’m not saying it wasn’t hard, and I didn’t hate the decision that you made, but I get it. Ryder and Nyko are your people, you had to go. That’s a big part of who you are, Lex, it’s a big part of why I fell for you in the first place… Did you find them?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, using her free hand to wipe the tears from her face, “Anya and I were supposed to go with Gustus to get them out the day after Ontari called me. He emailed me last night telling me that he got them out, he’s taken them to a UN camp in Jordan where they can get medical attention.”

“That’s good.” Clarke said with a small smile and a nod.

“I missed you,” Lexa said, “it’s crazy because I’ve been in here every day, sitting in this chair, right next to this bed, and I still missed you so much. I can’t do this without you, Clarke.”

x-x-x-x

Anya and Raven were sitting in the hospital room with Clarke when Lexa got back from picking Aden and Ontari up from school.

“We’ll give you guys some space.” Raven said as Lexa and the two kids walked into the room.
Lexa was carrying Aden, partly so he didn’t run at Clarke and throw himself at her, and partly because the little boy was still very clingy with her and still didn’t understand exactly what had happened.

The brunette smiled a little as Ontari wordlessly walked over to Clarke and hugged her, before sitting in one of the chairs that Raven and Anya had vacated.

“You need to be really careful, okay,” Lexa said looking at Aden as she walked over to the bed, “mommy is still getting better, so be gentle.”

Aden nodded as Lexa sat him down on the bed, he immediately climbed onto Clarke’s legs and put his arms around her neck, Clarke didn’t hesitate returning the hug.

Lexa sat down on the other chair, leaving Aden with Clarke.

“Can you come home now, mommy?” Aden asked as he sat cuddled up to Clarke’s side.

“Not yet,” Clarke replied, “I need to stay here a little longer, but I’ll be coming home soon. Have you been behaving for Lexa?”

“Yes,” Aden said with a nod, “but you need to tell her that she needs to eat, and sleep, cause she hasn’t been doing that too well.”

Clarke looked at Lexa who just sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Sold out by the kid,” Ontari said with a laugh, “at least it saves me from telling her.”

“I’m fine.” Lexa said, looking at the three of them, “my body just doesn’t really deal well with stress and issues and…”

“You need to eat.” Clarke said as she looked at the brunette.

“I know,” Lexa replied with a nod, “I’ll work on that.”

“You’d better, I’ll know if you don’t,” Clarke said with a smirk, “I have two very well placed spies.”

x-x-x-x

Lexa walked out of the hospital room and over to the small waiting room where Anya and Raven were sitting, as she dropped herself down onto an empty chair both girls looked at her.

“You okay?” Raven asked.

“Yeah.” Lexa replied with a nod, before putting her head in her hands.

All the emotions that Lexa had been pushing down since Clarke’s accident came rushing to the surface all at once, everything that she had been trying to hide. Anya quickly stood up and walked over to her friend, sitting down next to her, she put her arm around Lexa’s shoulder and pulled her closer.

“Let it out, Lex,” Anya said quietly, “she’s going to be fine.”
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the massive delay, my life has been really busy recently. I made myself a little emotional writing this part, it's shorter than most others, but hopefully worth it. Drop me a comment, let me know what you think.

It had been nearly a week since Clarke had woken up, and everything had gone so well that the hospital had allowed her to go home, with the promise that she wouldn’t try to do too much and if she had any persistent headaches then she had to go back immediately. Clarke knew that if she had so much as a tiny headache, Lexa would be taking her right back to the hospital. The accident had made Clarke think a lot about her life and the way she wanted it to go, as a doctor she’d obviously heard her patients talk about how one incident can change the entire way you look at the world, she had thought she understood what they meant, after her accident she realized pretty quickly that she didn’t really have a clue at all.

She knew that Lexa felt guilty about not being there when the accident had happened, she knew that the brunette thought that if she had been there then it wouldn’t have happened at all. Clarke was quick to tell her that it wouldn’t have made much difference, she hadn’t fallen asleep at the wheel, she had simply lost control of the car for a split second, that could have happened if Lexa was there with her.

Clarke had always believed that life was short, it was a lesson that she had learned the hard way when her father died. She had always been one of those people who believed that life was for living and she always tried to do that. While she had been in the hospital she had thought a lot about the things in her life that she didn’t want to lose, things that she knew that she couldn’t live without, she had also taken the time to make sure that all her legal affairs were in order, just in case. She had updated her will to make sure that if anything ever happened to her then Lexa would have full legal custody of Aden. She knew that her mom wouldn’t have a problem with that, as they’d already talked about it while the blonde was still in hospital.

When Lexa had first told her that she was going to Turkey, Clarke had been hurt, beyond hurt even. But she had quickly realized that she had no right to be. Sure, when Lexa had decided to stay, Clarke had thought that was it, she’d always be there. But the blonde knew that Lexa wouldn’t be able to just sit by and do nothing if her people needed her. It didn’t take her long to realise that she wasn’t angry so much as scared. She was so scared that Lexa wouldn’t make it back, that’s what had driven her feelings, though she knew she couldn’t let Lexa, or the kids, know she was scared and it had come out as anger instead.

For a long time Clarke had believed that she would never get another chance to be with Lexa, back when the brunette had taken the money from Abby, back before Aden was born. Her father had once told her that sometimes the people who make the biggest impact on your life are those who are only in it for a short time. For 5 years, that’s what Lexa had been to Clarke. The person who had made the biggest impact on her life. The blonde never thought that their paths would cross again, but she had been very happy when they did. So, the very idea of losing Lexa, of losing that part of herself, terrified her. Because that is what would happen if she lost Lexa, it would be like losing part of herself.
Clarke was sitting on the sofa when the front door opened, she knew that it would be Lexa back from collecting Aden and Ontari from school. Lexa, obviously, already knew that Clarke was home because she had picked her up from the hospital, but neither Aden nor Ontari knew.

“Well what do you want for dinner?” Lexa asked, as she glanced behind her to Aden who was currently clinging onto her back.

“We could have mac and cheese.” Aden replied, “or maybe we could have like marshmallows and chocolate.”

“I’m really hoping that isn’t what you’ve been feeding the kids.” Clarke said with a laugh as the three walked into the living room.

“Mommy!” Aden yelled, making Lexa grimace as his head was right next to her ear.

“Ouch.” Lexa replied, putting the boy down.

Lexa shook her head a little to try and get her hearing back, as Aden ran over to the sofa and climbed up next to Clarke, immediately cuddling up to her side.

“Hey little man.” Clarke said, kissing her son on the head.

“Are you staying?” Aden asked, looking up at Clarke.

“I am.” Clarke said with a nod, a small smile pulling at her lips as Ontari looked like she didn’t really know what to do with herself, “you doing okay, kid?”

“Yeah,” Ontari said with a nod and a smile, “yeah, I’m good.”

“I actually think I might be deaf…” Lexa said, shaking her head again.

“Did I yell in your ear?” Aden asked as he looked at Lexa, the brunette nodding a little, “I’m sorry, ma…”

“It’s fine,” Lexa replied with a sigh, walking over and kissing the young boy on the head, “just please don’t do it again.”

“I promise.” Aden said making a small ‘x’ across his heart, which made Lexa smile again.

“Oh,” Clarke said, causing everyone to look at her, “before I forget, I have a question. What happened to my waffle maker?”

Aden and Ontari looked at Lexa, who in turn looked at Bear who was sitting in front of the sofa wagging his tail, as soon as Lexa looked at him he let out a little whining sound before dropping onto his stomach and putting both his paws across his nose.
When Anya and Raven arrived back from the center, they were extra quiet, knowing that Clarke was back from the hospital and expecting her and Lexa to be in bed asleep by that time. They were both surprised to find the blonde sitting on the sofa watching a movie, with Lexa’s head in her lap, the brunette fast asleep with the blonde softly running her fingers through her hair.

Clarke looked over at the pair as they walked into the living room, smiling softly as Raven walked over and kissing her head.

“Good to see you home, Clarke.” Raven said.

“It’s good to be home.” Clarke replied, a soft smile on her lips as she looked down at a sleeping Lexa.

“I see that the accident didn’t knock any of that cuteness that makes me want to vomit out of you, huh?” Anya said.

When Clarke looked at Anya she could see something that surprised her in the older girls eyes, there was a softness there which hadn’t been there before.

“Good to see you too, Anya.” Clarke said, “there’s food in the kitchen if you’re hungry.”

Anya and Raven shared a look, Raven nodding a little before walking into the kitchen as Anya sat down on one of the chairs.

“I need to know something,” Clarke said, glancing down at Lexa again before she looked back at Anya, knowing that Raven had left the room so that the two of them could talk, “how has she really been?”

“Honestly?” Anya asked, causing Clarke to nod a little, “it’s been bad. She hasn’t been sleeping, I think I’ve seen her eating something twice in the entire time you were in the hospital. Having the kids to focus on meant that she obviously had to function, but if they hadn’t been here I hate to think what would’ve happened.”

“Did she tell you why she hadn’t been sleeping?” The blonde asked.

“She said the nightmares were worse when you weren’t here.” Anya said with a soft sigh, knowing that Lexa would probably kick her ass for telling Clarke, “Lexa’s been through more than any one person should ever have to go through, when she was a kid and then when she was in the forces… she carries a lot of guilt, which she really shouldn’t, but she does. Adding your accident on top of that… I’m not sure how much more she can take before she breaks.”

x-x-x-x

Lexa had no idea where she was, she looked around the room and didn’t see anything that she recognized. She felt something warm on her hands and looked down to find them covered in blood. She could hear shots and explosions, the ground shaking with each blast. The smell of smoke filling her senses. The room around her fell into darkness, and the next thing she knew she was back at home, the subtle smell of smoke still floating around, the blood still coating her hands.
The house was quiet, too quiet. She wondered around the house, looking for Clarke, Aden or Ontari, she couldn’t find any of them. The house was cold, the warmth that usually filled its walls long gone.

“It’s your fault, Lexa,” a voice said, causing her to look around, though no one was there, “it’s always your fault. Why put them through this when you already know how it’s going to end. You destroy everything you touch.”

“Shut up…” Lexa said, bringing her hands up to the side of her head to try and block out the voice.

When the voice, which she didn’t recognize, kept repeating that it was always her fault, Lexa ran from the house…

She sat up with a start, struggling to breathe.

“It’s okay,” Clarke said, her hand resting on Lexa’s back as she sat next to her, “you’re okay, it was just bad a dream.”

As the air finally returned to Lexa’s lungs she looked down at her hands, finding them free from blood, she swallowed hard.

“Hey…” Clarke said, placing a soft kiss on Lexa’s shoulder, as she took one of Lexa’s hands in her own, “you’re right here, with me, where you’re supposed to be…”

Clarke was surprised when Lexa looked over at her, to see tears building in the brunette’s eyes.

“I’m sorry…” Lexa said quietly, so quietly that Clarke almost missed it.

“What for?” Clarke asked, softly wiping the tears from Lexa’s face, “you have nothing to be sorry for.”

“But I do,” Lexa replied, shaking her head a little before she pulled away from Clarke and got out of bed, “I left, I said I wouldn’t, and I did…”

Clarke furrowed her brow a little as she moved over on the bed so she was sitting on Lexa’s side, close to where the brunette was now pacing up and down next to the bed.

“I thought I could do this,” Lexa continued, “I thought I could be the person you need me to be, but I don’t know if I can… and that terrifies me. You needed me to be here, and I wasn’t. I wasn’t, and then you crashed the car, and… I wasn’t here…”

Clarke stood up from the bed and stepped in front of Lexa, stopping the brunette’s pacing, she softly cupped her face.

“I thought I could do this,” Clarke said, looking into the green eyes that she loved, “do you remember you said you couldn’t do this without me?”

Lexa nodded slightly.

“Well I can’t do this without you either.” Clarke said, “I need you, Lexa. You are exactly the person that I need you to be.”

Clarke pulled Lexa into a hug, the brunette wrapping her arms around the blonde like her life depended on it, like she needed the blonde to even breathe.
Lexa felt herself calm down, she felt all the pieces of her world that had seemingly been spinning out of control just moments before all fall back into place as she stood in Clarke’s arms.

“Marry me…” she said.

Clarke pulled back slightly and looked at Lexa.

“Are you serious?” Clarke asked, feeling her heart pounding in her chest.

“I’ve never been more serious about anything in my entire life.” Lexa replied, “marry me.”

Clarke didn’t say anything as she softly kissed Lexa.

“Can I take that as a yes?” Lexa asked as she backed out of the kiss, her forehead resting against Clarke’s.

“Yes,” Clarke said with a small smile, “you can take that as a yes.”
I know this is another shorter chapter, but it's cute and fluffy so that has to count for something right. I'm considering setting up a Patreon account, and I was wondering if any of you would be interested in supporting that. Anyway, drop me a comment and let me know what you think of this part.

“You did what?” Anya asked as she and Lexa sat drinking coffee in the yard while Bear was running around like the lunatic he was growing to be.

“I asked Clarke to marry me.” Lexa mumbled.

“I’m sorry, that sounded like you asked Clarke to marry you.” Anya replied, a smirk tugging at her lips.

“Shut up.” Lexa said, focusing intently on the coffee mug in her hands.

“Well, did she say yes?” Anya asked, causing a smile to tug at Lexa’s lips.

“She did.” The brunette replied with a nod.

“Wow,” Anya said with a sigh, sitting back against the wall, “you’re getting married. Does that mean you’re going to be wearing a dress?”

“Ahn,” Lexa said with a small laugh looking at the older girl, “I think the last time I wore a dress was when I was about 5.”

“Well it’d make a nice change then.” Anya said with a laugh of her own.

“I was actually thinking about wearing a suit,” Lexa replied, “and I’m thinking that maybe we could get Aden a matching one.”

“That would be adorable as hell.” Anya said, groaning a little when she realized what she said.

“What would be adorable as hell?” Clarke asked, walking out of the big double doors and into the back yard.

“Aden and Lexa in matching suits at your wedding.” Anya replied honestly.

“That would be pretty adorable.” Clarke said with a smile.

Lexa reached up and took Clarke’s hand, guiding the blonde to sit down in front of her, as she put one leg either side of her, before putting her coffee mug down on the floor and wrapping both arms around Clarke’s waist.

“That’s my cue to leave.” Anya said, standing up and walking back into the house.
“So, what colour were you thinking for the suits?” Clarke asked, leaning back in Lexa’s embrace.

“I don’t know,” Lexa replied, resting her chin on the blonde’s shoulder, “do you have a particular colour scheme that you’re interested in?”

“A colour scheme is going to depend on when we have the wedding,” Clarke said, her fingers lacing with Lexa’s as the brunette held her close, “you have any thoughts about that?”

“Not really…” Lexa said, making Clarke laugh a little, “what?”

“Do you have any thoughts on any of it?” Clarke asked, turning her head and looking at the brunette.

“My only thoughts on the wedding would be, whatever would make you happy.” Lexa said, kissing Clarke softly, “is there anything that you always dreamed of for your wedding? Like any specific location, anything like that?”

x-x-x-x

Anya and Raven were standing in the kitchen, looking out at Clarke and Lexa.

“What are they talking about do you think?” Anya asked.

“Probably colour schemes for their wedding.” Raven replied with a laugh.

“Who’s wedding?” Abby asked as she walked into the kitchen, causing both Anya and Raven to jump as they hadn’t heard her come into the house.

“Clarke!” Raven yelled loudly, “your mom’s here.”

“Raven, who’s getting married?” Abby asked.

“Pass,” Raven said, “I plead the fifth, oh is that the time…”

“Raven…” Abby said.

At that moment, Clarke and Lexa walked in from the yard.

“Hey mom,” Clarke said with a smile, before noticing that Raven and Anya both looked slightly terrified, “what’s going on?”

“Raven and Anya mentioned someone’s wedding, but they wouldn’t tell me who’s getting married.” Abby said, looking at her daughter and Lexa.

“Well, see, the thing is…” Lexa said, rubbing the back of her neck a little.

“We are.” Clarke said, taking Lexa’s hand.

“Okay,” Abby said, a small smile tugging at her lips, “have you put any thought into where you’re getting married, what type of wedding…”

“We need to talk about that,” Lexa replied, “I mean, I haven’t even got her a ring yet.”

Raven and Anya were currently trying to decide between leaving or standing and watching.
“Well are you thinking about getting married this year?” Abby asked, “because if you are you’ll have to decide on a venue pretty quickly, all the best places get booked up pretty quickly.”

“I was thinking maybe somewhere small…” Lexa said.

“There are a lot of people we’d need to invite.” Abby said, continuing on as if Lexa hadn’t mentioned a smaller venue.

Lexa looked at Clarke with a wide eyed ‘what the fuck is happening’ look on her face, Clarke simply smiled and shook her head a little.

x-x-x-x

Lexa was sitting on the sofa going through some paperwork when Aden got home from school.

“Hey ma.” Aden said, running into the living room and jumping on the sofa.

“Hey, bud,” Lexa replied with a smile, “did you have fun at school?”

“I did,” Aden said with a nod, “Gramama said you and mommy are getting married.”

Lexa couldn’t stop the sigh that left her, she wanted her and Clarke to be the ones to tell Aden, but for some reason she knew that Abby was going to beat them to it.

“Yeah, we are,” Lexa replied with a nod of her own, “is that okay?”

“It’s the best thing ever,” Aden said, laying down on the sofa and putting his head in Lexa’s lap, “that means you’ll be my ma forever right, like forever and ever?”

“Forever and ever.” Lexa said with a smile and a nod.

“Awesome.” Aden said grinning up at her.

“I was thinking, when me and your mom get married, would it be okay if I adopted you?” Lexa asked, looking down at the young boy.

“What does adapted mean?” he asked in reply.

“Adopted,” Lexa said with a laugh, “it just means that legally I’d be your other parent.”

“Are you gonna adopt Tari too?” Aden asked.

“Me and your mom need to talk to Ontari about that,” Lexa replied, “she’s older than you are, she might not want to be adopted.”

“Pretty sure she will, I mean she likes it here, right?” Aden said, causing Lexa to nod a little, “and if you adapt… I mean adopt her too that means that legally she’ll be my big sister.”

“Well, yeah, I’m pretty sure she likes it here, but whether she legally becomes part of this family is her choice,” Lexa said, “it isn’t going to stop her being your sister though, you know that right?”

“I guess.” Aden said, “can I be the flower boy at your wedding.”
"You wanna be the flower boy?" Lexa asked with a small smile, "you don’t want to be the ring bearer?"

"What’s the most important job?" Aden asked.

"Well they’re both pretty important jobs," Lexa replied, trailing her fingers through Aden’s hair, "the ring bearer has a really important job though, they have to keep the rings safe."

“What are you two talking about?” Clarke asked with a small smile as she walked over to the two of them, lifting Aden’s feet up before she sat down, putting his legs over hers.

“Aden is trying to decide whether he wants to be the flower boy, or the ring bearer at the wedding.” Lexa said with a small smile, “your mom told him.”

“Of course she did.” Clarke said with a laugh, shaking her head.

“Can I do both jobs?” Aden asked, looking between Clarke and Lexa.

“You could,” Clarke said, “but I have another really important job for you. How would you feel about you and your Grandma walking me down the aisle?”

Aden looked a little confused at what Clarke was saying.

“Well, usually, when a girl gets married, her dad walks her down the aisle,” Clarke said, “but my dad isn’t here anymore, so I’m going to ask my mom, and I was hoping you’d help me.”

“I can do that,” Aden said with a nod, “can I still be ring bearer and do that?”

“Sure you can.” Clarke said with a small smile.

x-x-x-x

“So you really have no preferences about where we get married?” Clarke asked as she looked down at Lexa, who had her eyes closed as her head rested on Clarke’s legs, the blonde running her fingers through her hair.

“I’d prefer it to be somewhere small,” Lexa replied, “close friends and family, but I don’t think your mom is going to let that happen. So, no, I really don’t mind. As long as you’re there, and I’m there, that’s all that matters.”

“I can’t believe Aden wanted to be the flower boy,” Clarke said with a little laugh, causing Lexa to open her eyes and look up at her, “I mean it’s usually a flower girl, not a boy.”

“There are no rules about it being a gender thing,” Lexa said with a small shrug, “and I think the fact that it wasn’t a gender thing with him proves how much of a great job you’ve done with him. You’re an amazing mom, Clarke, he’s an awesome kid.”

“How would you feel about a white suit?” Clarke asked, causing Lexa to furrow her brow a little as she looked at her, “I just got this image in my head of you and Aden dressed in matching white suits.”

“Is it a good image?” Lexa asked.
“It is.” Clarke replied with a smile and a nod.

“Then a white suit it is.” Lexa said with a smile of her own, “whatever makes you happy, Clarke.”
Another shorter chapter, but we're moving forwards. As you can see by the chapter counter thing (my brain is totally failing me when it comes to what it's called) I now have an end date for this one.

Two months later...

Lexa groaned as she dropped herself down on the sofa, Ontari looked up from her laptop where she was sitting on one of the chairs.

“Bad day?” she asked with a smirk.

“Long day,” Lexa replied, resting her head back on the sofa and closing her eyes, “I feel like I’ve been dealing with wedding shit for about 18 hours non-stop.”

“Closer to 12 hours.” Ontari said with a laugh, shaking her head a little as she put her laptop down on the coffee table, “Are you regretting the whole thing yet?”

“Not a chance,” Lexa said, shaking her head, “I’m regretting agreeing to let Abby get involved though, that woman is possessed, I swear. ‘Well we’ve got to invite so-and-so, which means that we’re going to need to have this and that on the menu, they don’t eat meat you know’. I don’t even know who half of these people are.”

By this point Ontari was laughing so much that she had to hold her stomach.

“I’m glad my pain is so amusing to you.” Lexa said, rolling her eyes as she dropped her head back against the sofa.

“You could always elope or something,” Ontari said, “just run off and get married somewhere else.”

“I’ve spent too long trying to get Abby to like me to do that.” Lexa said, “as tempting as it might be.”

“This morning over breakfast, Abby mentioned that I should go for a dress fitting,” Ontari said, grimacing a little, “do I really have to wear a dress?”

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head a little, “I wouldn’t ever force you to wear a dress, that would be ridiculous.”

“Can I ask you something?” Ontari said, causing Lexa to open her eyes and look at her, “you don’t have to answer it, I’m just curious.”

“Ask away.” Lexa replied.
“How long did you and Clarke wait before you… you know…” Ontari said.

“How long after you stopped thinking she was a spoilt rich brat.” Ontari said with a smirk, making Lexa laugh.

“It was about 10 days after she came to the camp,” Lexa said, “the day before Abby sent the email offering me more money on the condition that Clarke went home that day.”

“So, you didn’t just agree to take her mom’s money, you did it the day after you two first slept together?” Ontari asked, “how the hell did you get her to forgive you for that?”

“I don’t know,” Lexa laughed, “things were pretty intense out there at the camp, I knew I was in trouble the day that she actually turned up. But as the days passed, I was fighting with myself, constantly trying to remind myself that she was only there for two weeks, and the chances of us seeing each other again were pretty slim. When Abby made the offer, I wasn’t thinking about me, or Clarke, or even what we could be. All I was thinking about was how if I didn’t have the funding from Abby, I’d have to close three camps, and countless people would be left with nowhere to go.”

“If you could do things again, but differently, like not taking the money, would you do it?” Ontari said, her brow furrowed a little.

“I don’t think so,” Lexa replied honestly, “I mean, that money helped so many people, it helped us to save so many lives. Plus, if things didn’t happen the way they did, there’s a chance that Clarke wouldn’t have had Aden, and I know she wouldn’t change that for the world.”

“Do you know anything about his dad?” the younger girl asked.

“Nope,” Lexa said, shaking her head, “not a thing, don’t even know his name. From what Clarke told me she was very drunk, she didn’t remember his name the next morning, and hasn’t ever seen him again. Why all the questions?”

“We’re doing this thing in class where we have to write down what we think love is,” Ontari explained, “I’ve already written about what I think a certain type of love is, but I’ve never been in love with someone, so I have no idea what that kind of love is like.”

“You want to know what I think it’s like?” Lexa asked, causing Ontari to nod, “it’s like… finally finding home, that other person makes you complete even if you didn’t know you were missing anything in your life. It’s probably different for everybody, but for me, it’s like that.”

x-x-x-x

Later that evening, Lexa, Clarke, Aden and Ontari were sitting in the living, watching some crappy movie that Aden wanted to watch, when Anya and Raven walked in. They were no longer staying at the house, but still came and went any time they wanted. Anya was carrying a box with her, which she put on the coffee table.

“What’s that?” Clarke asked, motioning to the box.
“I had to go and clear out a storage locker that I had,” Anya said, “I’ve moved most of my shit to Raven’s, but that box doesn’t belong to me. It’s Lexa’s.”

“Why do you have a box of my stuff?” Lexa asked, sitting forward on the sofa and opening the large box, as soon as she saw what was in the box she closed it again before looking at Anya, “I told you to get rid of that.”

“Pretty sure you told me to take care of it.” Anya replied.

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head as she stood up from the sofa, “I’m pretty sure my exact words were get rid of it, I don’t want it.”

Lexa walked into the kitchen and got Bears leash, the dog wagging his tail and running round in circles a few times before he walked over to where Lexa was standing and sat at her feet as she attached it to his collar.

“I’m taking Bear for a walk.” She said.

Everyone sat in a stunned silence as Lexa, and Bear, left the house, Lexa closing the door a little louder than she probably intended to.

“What’s in the box?” Clarke asked, her brow furrowed a little.

“Memories.” Anya said with a sigh, “take a look for yourself.”

Clarke sat forward on the sofa and opened the box, immediately seeing what had set Lexa on edge. At the bottom of the box was her dress uniform from when she was in the Marines. Sitting on top of the dress uniform were a series of small boxes. She picked one up and opened it, her mouth opening a little as she saw what it was.

“She got a Purple Heart?” Clarke asked, glancing at Anya before she looked back at the medal which was sitting in the box in her hands.

“Yep,” Anya replied with a nod, “she also has a Silver Star, a Bronze Star and a Distinguished Service Medal, amongst others.”

“Wow…” Raven said.

“She was a damn good soldier.” Anya said with a shrug, “I’ll admit that she did tell me to get rid of it, but I couldn’t. I know she doesn’t want it at the moment, but one day I thought she might, I guess she’s still not quite ready yet.”

Clarke picked up a pile of photographs, the majority of them had worn edges where they had been looked at many times. She recognized most of the people in the photographs, but not all of them.

“That was our unit,” Anya said, sitting down next to Clarke as the blonde looked through the photographs, “that picture was taken the day before we all deployed for the first time…”

Aden stood up from where he was sitting on the floor and made his way over to the box, obviously forgetting all about the movie he was watching, he reached into the box and took out another of the smaller boxes. His lips forming into a small ‘o’ as he opened the box.

“What’s this for?” he said, holding the box out so Anya could see what was in it.

“That’s a Bronze Star,” Anya replied, “they’re awarded for heroic achievement, heroic service,
meritorious achievement, or meritorious service in a combat zone. Basically, Lexa was really, really brave.”

“Do you have one too?” Aden asked as he looked at Anya.

“No,” Anya said, a small smile on her lips as she shook her head, “I don’t.”

“Why doesn’t she want to keep them?” Ontari asked, “I get that they bring back bad memories, but she earned them.”

“She doesn’t think she earned them,” Anya said with a sigh, “she never wanted to see any of these again.”

x-x-x-x

Ontari was up in her room and Aden had gone to bed by the time Lexa got back from walking Bear. As she walked into the living room she saw no sign of the box that Anya had brought round with her.

“Did Anya take that shit back with her?” Lexa asked as she sat down on the sofa next to Clarke, as Bear plodded through to the kitchen to get a drink of water from his bowl.

“Nope,” Clarke replied, not taking her eyes from the television, “she didn’t.”

“Why not?” Lexa asked, looking at the blonde, “I don’t want it.”

“Maybe you don’t want it now, and I get that, but one day you might.” Clarke said, glancing at Lexa, “you know, when we’re grey and old and the grandkids are running around, maybe then you might want it.”

“Grandkids, huh?” Lexa said, a small smile tugging at her lips, even though she was fighting to keep a straight face.

“Yep,” Clarke said with a nod, “if I remember rightly, someone did say ‘someday’ when we last talked about a baby.”

“Let’s get the wedding out of the way first, huh,” Lexa replied with a laugh, shaking her head, “I’ve got to survive that, without killing your mother, before we talk about babies.”

“I think Aden actually might have helped you out with that earlier,” Clarke said, resting her head on Lexa’s shoulder, “after you left, my mom was still going on about guest lists and seating plans. Aden just walked right over to her and stood there with his hands on his hips, and in his best grown up voice he told her that you don’t want a big wedding, and how guest lists and seating plans shouldn’t be up to her as she wasn’t the one getting married.”

Lexa laughed a little as she softly kissed Clarke’s head.

“I love that kid.” She said.
Lexa glanced at the clock on the wall, she’d been there for 20 minutes, it felt like 20 hours. As soon as she had walked into the building she’d wanted to run, she had no idea why she had agreed to go in the first place, but she also knew that she needed to start to deal with her issues.

“Lexa,” the therapist said, “can you tell me about that day in Afghanistan?”

“Which day?” Lexa asked, in reply, “there were many days, which one are you talking about?”

Of course, Lexa knew exactly what day the therapist was talking about.

“Can we start with an easier day?” Lexa said with a sigh.

“Of course,” he replied, “why don’t you start by telling me why you decided to join the marines.”

x-x-x-x

When Lexa got home, she was emotionally drained, she hadn’t really talked about some of what the therapist had brought up. As soon as she opened the door to the house she considered turning around and leaving again as she heard Anya and Raven talking to Abby, suddenly remembering that Raven, Anya, Abby and Marcus were joining them for dinner that night. Taking a deep breath, she walked into the house, ruffling the fur on Bears head before walking into the living room.

“Ma!” Aden said, launching himself off the sofa, obviously expecting Lexa to catch him, which she of course did.

“Hey buddy,” Lexa said, kissing him on the head, “how was school?”

Lexa could feel Abby’s eyes on her as she listened to Aden tell her all about the awesome time he’d had at school that day. Abby obviously knew where Lexa had been that day, as she had been the one to set up the appointment.

A crash and a curse came from the kitchen, which stopped Aden talking and caused everyone else to look in the direction of the noise. Lexa arched her eyebrow a little as she looked at Aden.

“Can we finish this in a while,” she said, “I need to go and make sure your mom isn’t going to destroy the kitchen.”

Aden nodded a little as Lexa put him back down, before she walked into the kitchen.
“You okay?” Lexa asked as she walked into the kitchen, seeing Clarke crouching down picking up the shattered parts of a broken plate.

“I’m fine.” Clarke snapped.

“Sounds it.” Lexa replied, as she crouched down to help Clarke with the plate.

“I can clean up my own mess.” Clarke said.

“I know,” Lexa said with a sigh, not really knowing why Clarke seemed to be in a terrible mood “doesn’t mean that I can’t help though.”

“You were supposed to be here to help me with the food, so why bother helping cleaning up the mess.” Clarke said, causing Lexa to clench her jaw slightly, “Did you forget that you were supposed to be here to help with this? Did something more important come up?”

“I had an appointment, I told you.” Lexa said.

“Which was obviously more important than helping me with dinner,” Clarke said, shaking her head and standing up, “don’t worry about it though, Anya and Raven picked up the meat.”

Lexa had totally forgotten about that. While she was mentally kicking herself for forgetting to pick up the meat, she wasn’t paying attention to what she was doing, and sliced the palm of her hand with a shard of the plate, a hiss leaving her lips.

“Lex…” Clarke said, turning around, rushing over when she saw the blood.

“It’s fine.” Lexa said, shaking her head as she stood up and grabbed the dish towel before wrapping it around her hand.

“Let me…” Clarke said, stepping closer to her.

“I said it’s fine.” Lexa said, pulling away from Clarke.

Abby walked into the kitchen after Lexa had left the room, going upstairs to the bathroom to try and stop the bleeding on her hand.

“What was that about?” Abby asked.

“She cut her hand on the plate,” Clarke said with a sigh, “then wouldn’t let me take a look at it.”

“And the argument we heard?” Abby asked.

“She was supposed to pick up the meat for dinner,” Clarke said, “when I called them about it, they said she hadn’t been there, so Anya and Raven went to get it instead. She had some appointment or something…”

“She was talking to a therapist, Clarke.” Abby said with a sigh.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“About a week ago, she asked me about setting up an appointment with a therapist friend of mine,” Abby replied, “she wants to get a handle on her PTSD before you two get married. The therapist I set her up with has 20 years of experience working with veterans.”

“Why didn’t she tell me?” Clarke said, suddenly feeling really bad for talking to Lexa the way she
“Probably because she wanted to get the first appointment out of the way without being grilled about it.” Abby said, “She was nervous about it, she probably didn’t want you to know how nervous she was.”

“I really should go and talk to her.” Clarke said with a sigh.

As Clarke walked out of the kitchen she saw Lexa walking into the living room, towel still wrapped around her hand, blood colouring the previously light material red.

“Oh, Lexa,” Lexa said, “can you take me to the hospital please?”

“Sure thing.” Anya replied with a nod.

“I can take you.” Clarke said.

“It’s fine,” Lexa said, clenching her jaw, “you’ve got dinner to take care of.”

“Lex…” Clarke said, walking closer to the brunette.

The brunette didn’t say anything before she turned and walked out of the front door.

“I’ll drive her,” Anya said to the blonde, “we’ll be back before you know it.”

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By the time Lexa and Anya got back from the hospital, everyone else had already eaten dinner, so Clarke had put the food for both of the girls in the oven to keep it warm. The first thing that Clarke noticed when they did get back was the bandage around Lexa’s hand.

“How bad is it?” Clarke asked, walking over to the brunette, not hesitating in taking her hand.

“Not deep enough to need sutures, but they did glue it.” Lexa replied.

“There’s food for you and Anya in the oven.” The blonde said, not releasing Lexa’s hand, or breaking the eye contact.

Anya walked through to the kitchen, leaving Clarke and Lexa alone.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke said, “I shouldn’t have snapped at you like that…”

“Well I did forget to pick up the meat.” Lexa replied with a small lopsided smile and a shrug.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you were going to see a therapist?” Clarke asked, letting go of Lexa’s hand, instead putting her hands on the brunette’s waist.

“To stop you looking at me the way you’re looking at me now.” Lexa said.

“I could’ve come with you…” Clarke replied.

“I needed to do it on my own,” Lexa said with a soft sigh, “to prove to myself that I could do it.”
“Are you going to go back?” Clarke asked.

“I have another appointment for next week.” Lexa replied with a nod.

“I’m proud of you.” Clarke said, slowly closing the gap between their lips, not really knowing if Lexa was going to shoot her down.

The way Lexa’s uninjured hand softly cradled Clarke’s cheek before their lips met let the blonde know that she had nothing to worry about.

The kiss started off soft, but it didn’t take long for it to deepen as Lexa ran her tongue along Clarke’s bottom lip, requesting access that she was quickly granted. Before either of them got too carried away with the kiss, Lexa backed away a little, resting her forehead against Clarke’s, both of them with eyes remaining closed.

“I love you.” Lexa said.

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The following day Lexa had collected Aden from school, she was going to get an engagement ring for Clarke and wanted Aden to help her pick it out. They hadn’t been in the store for 5 minutes when Aden spotted a ring that he liked and tugged on Lexa’s sleeve.

“You see one you like, bud?” Lexa asked crouching down next to him and looking at the display with him.

“That one.” Aden said.

The ring that Aden as pointing at was a platinum band, with an infinity symbol made with diamonds, with a large solitaire diamond in the centre.

“That’s perfect,” Lexa said with a nod, “you think she’ll like it?”

Aden looked at Lexa, a sweet little smile on his lips, and nodded.

“She’ll love it.” He said.

Lexa stood back up as the server walked over to them.

“Have you found one that you like?” the woman asked.

“This one.” Lexa said, pointing to the ring.

“That is beautiful,” the server replied, “it actually comes as part of a set, there’s a wedding band that goes with it. Would you like both?”

Lexa looked down at Aden, the young boy nodding.

“Please.” Lexa said.

“What size do you need?” The server asked, “we might actually have it in the back.”
“6 ¼.” Lexa replied, having already gotten Clarke’s ring size.

“We should have that one,” the woman said with a small smile, “will you be taking it today?”

Lexa nodded a little and got out the credit card that she had in her pocket while the server went into the back to get the ring set.

“Can we go for ice cream after this?” Aden asked.

“Ice cream before your dinner?” Lexa asked with a smirk, “I don’t think your mom would like that.”

“We don’t have to tell her.” Aden said with a grin.

“Sure thing, bud.” Lexa replied with a laugh.

After Lexa had paid for the rings, opting to put both small boxes in her inside pocket rather than carry them in a bag, she and Aden turned to leave the store. She stopped in her tracks when she saw a guy walk in with a baseball cap pulled down low on his head, his hand holding something in his pocket. Lexa’s senses went into overdrive as she reached down and took Aden’s hand.

Before Lexa could walk with Aden past the guy, he pulled a gun out of his pocket.

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Lexa’s mind was running at a mile a minute as she sat on the floor of the jewellery store with Aden cuddled up to her, the man with the gun still waving it around as he demanded that the staff empty the safe, even though they had already told him that the safe was time locked and they couldn’t open it. Aden was obviously scared, and because of that he was crying as he cuddled up to Lexa.

“Do you want to shut that kid up.” The man said as he looked at Lexa.

“You come in here waving a gun around, threatening to shoot people, he’s scared,” Lexa said, “how do you expect me to shut him up?”

“You don’t look scared.” The man said, a smirk tugging at his lips.

“I’ve dealt with scarier things than you.” Lexa replied, clenching her jaw slightly.

“Well how about I shut that kid up for you.” The man said, moving round to Lexa’s other side, and pointing his gun at Aden.

Lexa saw red, her training in the Marines coming back to her like it had been yesterday. She grabbed the gun, forcing it away from Aden, as she stood up. The speed in which she moved surprised the guy, he had no answer as Lexa used her other hand to punch him full force in the face, causing him to stagger backwards, letting go of the gun. While the man was cradling his nose, which had spectacularly exploded across his face, Lexa glanced behind her.

“If you have an emergency button, hit it.” She said to the server, who nodded and grabbed Aden, taking him behind the counter where she hit the emergency button which linked directly to the nearby police station.
When the police arrived, the would-be robber was unconscious on the floor, blood all over his face. Lexa was sitting not too far away, looking down at the blood that coated her hands. Two officers went over to the man, the other going over to Lexa.

“Ma’am,” the officer said, crouching down in front of Lexa, “are you okay?”

Lexa didn’t answer him, didn’t even look up at him.

“Ma’am…” the officer said again.

“She suffers from PTSD,” the server said as she walked out from behind the counter, with Aden, “this is her son, he explained to me that she was in the Marines.”

“We need to call my mommy,” Aden said, “she’ll know what to do.”

“Do you know your phone number?” the officer said looking over at Aden, who nodded his head.

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Clarke and Raven had gone to the jewellery store as fast as they could after Clarke had got the call from the police officer. By the time they had got there, the paramedics had already taken the man who had the gun to the hospital, he was in a serious condition. The police had no objections to Clarke taking Lexa home. All through the journey home, Lexa didn’t say a word, she just kept her eyes fixed on the blood on her hands. Raven had taken Aden upstairs as soon as they arrived back at the house, as Clarke walked with Lexa through to the living room and sat her down on the sofa.

“Is she okay?” Ontari asked from where she was sitting on one of the chairs.

“She will be,” Clarke said with a nod, “can you get me the first aid kit from the kitchen, and a bowl of water and a cloth?”

Ontari nodded her head and quickly stood up, going to do what Clarke asked of her.

“Hey…” Clarke said, softly cupping Lexa’s face, “Lex… baby, talk to me…”

Lexa blinked slowly a couple of times before lifting her head and looking at Clarke.

“Did I kill him?” she asked.

“No,” Clarke said, shaking her head, “you messed him up pretty good though.”

Lexa nodded her head slowly.

“He pointed the gun at Aden,” Lexa said, “I couldn’t… I don’t…”

“It’s okay,” Clarke said, moving forward a little and kissing Lexa’s forehead, “it’s okay.”

“Is Aden okay?” Lexa asked.
“Yes, he’s upstairs with Raven.” Clarke said with a soft smile, “he’s fine.”

“Good.” Lexa said with a nod.

Ontari brought the first aid kit through to the living room, going back into the kitchen to get the bowl of water and cloth.

“I’ll go upstairs.” She said as she looked at Clarke.

“Thanks.” Clarke said with a soft smile, “this shouldn’t take long.”

Ontari nodded a little and then went upstairs.

Neither Clarke nor Lexa said another word as Clarke gently cleaned the blood from Lexa’s hands. Once she had finished and dried the brunette’s hands she sat back on her heels and looked at Lexa.

“What were you even doing in the store in the first place?” Clarke asked.

Lexa didn’t say a word as she reached into her inside pocket and took out the engagement ring box. She could tell the difference between the two boxes because the engagement ring box had a soft finish. She opened it and held it out to Clarke.

“Aden helped me pick it out.” She said.

“Lex…” Clarke said, tears burning her eyes a little, “it’s beautiful.”

“Beautiful ring for a beautiful girl…” Lexa replied.

Chapter End Notes

http://www.debeers.co.uk/media/catalog/product/cache/2/image/700x/9df78eab33525d08d6e5fb8d27 The ring set that Lexa gets.
Important note

Explanation time, I’ve been having a difficult time with my illness (bipolar) over the last few months, my moods have been pretty manic and that isn’t a good time to try and be creative. Because of that I’ve had no access to a laptop (I actually smashed up my last one, have a new one now though) and I’ve been forcing myself to stay off the internet because I wanted to literally delete everything that I’ve ever written.

Everything has balanced out again now with new medication (and a lot of help from friends) so I’m posting this note on all of my on-going fanfictions to find out if anyone is interested in me actually continuing them as it has been so long since I updated. Reply in the comments and let me know either way.
Lexa finally has enough of Abby taking control, and decides to say something about it.

Slightly lighter chapter than most of the ones in this story. I know that I said this would be finished in a couple more parts, but I’m not sure it will be, so there might be a little extension. Drop me a comment and let me know what you think of this chapter, hopefully you enjoy it.

Lexa was in the kitchen with Clarke, Abby, Marcus, Aden, Anya and Raven when she heard the front door slam shut. She and Clarke exchanged a look before Lexa walked through to the living room just in time to see Ontari drop down onto the sofa with a dramatic huff.

“Hey,” Lexa said, brow furrowed a little as she looked at the girl, “I thought you were out with your friends today.”

“I was.” Ontari grumbled, “now I’m not, go figure…”

“Okay, what’s up?” Lexa asked with a sigh as she walked over to the sofa and sat down next to the younger girl.

“My friends are idiots.” Ontari said, “they were all talking about what colleges they’re going to go to, what jobs they’re going to get, like they have it all planned out already.”

“And…” Lexa said.

“And I don’t.” Ontari said, shaking her head a little, “I just don’t. I have no idea what I want to do with my life, and it sucks.”

“Let me tell you something,” Lexa said, a small smile playing on her lips as she looked at the younger girl, “when I was your age, I had my life planned out, I knew exactly what I was going to, I knew how everything was going to work out.”

“And did it work out the way you planned?” Ontari asked.

“No,”Lexa said with a laugh, shaking her head, “it really didn’t. That’s the thing about life, you can plan as much as you like, but one day something is going to come along to change everything. Sometimes it’s a good thing, sometimes it’s a bad thing, but there’s always something. You can’t plan for life. Some people plan everything, every single part of their life, from a to b to c and so on, but they’re missing the point. It’s not about the ideal end result, everybody knows what that end result is going to be, you know, we get old and we die, that’s it. But it’s not about that, it’s about the
journey you take to get there.”

“So, me not really having a plan isn’t a bad thing?” Ontari asked.

“No, kid,” Lexa said, a smile on her lips as she looked at Ontari, “it’s the best thing. You want to go to college, right?”

“Yeah, but I don’t know what I want to do there.” Ontari said with a sigh.

“You’ll figure it out when you get there.” Lexa said, “even if you know what you want to do before you go, you’ll probably change your mind anyway, and that’s okay.”

A soft smile played on Clarke’s lips as she watched the exchange between Lexa and Ontari from where she stood in the entrance to the living room.

“She’s come a long way hasn’t she.” Anya said quietly, as she walked up next to Clarke.

“Which one?” Clarke asked, glancing at Anya, before looking back at Lexa and Ontari.

“Both of them.” Anya replied with a small laugh.

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“I know we were looking at planning everything for the wedding to take place in 6 months,” Abby said, walking into the living room where everyone was still sitting, “but that was the venue, they’ve had a cancellation.”

“There’s always something.” Lexa said, a smirk on her lips as she looked at Ontari, the younger girl laughing.

“When, mom?” Clarke asked, shaking her head a little at Lexa and Ontari.

“6 weeks.” Abby replied.

“6 weeks?” Lexa asked, her eyebrows raised in surprise, “that wouldn’t give us a lot of time…”

“We could hire a wedding planner.” Clarke said, looking at Lexa.

“I thought we already had one.” Lexa replied, her eyes flicking over to where Abby was standing, which caused everyone to laugh.

“It’s a beautiful venue,” Clarke said, as she kept looking at Lexa, “it has the high ceilings and big windows, which lets in a lot of light, it’s the perfect…”

Lexa knew which venue Clarke was talking about, she’d commented on how it looked like some grand hall out of a fairy tale. She had already said that she really didn’t care about where they got married, she would go along with whatever made Clarke happy, and from the look on the blondes’ face, this is what was going to make her happy.

“Then I guess we have a lot of work to do…” Lexa said with a sigh.

“I need to make some calls,” Abby said, “we need to make sure that the invites get here with plenty
of time to send them out, and I need to…”

Lexa completely phased out what Abby was saying as she got lost in the look in Clarkes eyes.

“What?” Lexa asked quietly, as everyone else continued to talk around them.

“I love you, you know that…” Clarke said, a soft smile on her lips.

“I would hope so, you’re marrying me.” Lexa replied as a smirk danced across her lips.

“Lexa.” Ontari said, getting the brunette’s attention.

“What?” Lexa groaned as she looked away from Clarke, who simply leaned into her and kissed her head.

“You remember that thing we talked about…” Ontari said, an angry look in her eyes.

“What thing?” Lexa asked.

“The dress thing.” Ontari replied, glaring at Abby.

“I was just saying that I think Ontari would look nice in a dress.” Abby said.

“She doesn’t want to wear a dress,” Lexa said, looking at the older Griffin woman, “so she doesn’t have to wear a dress.”

“Can I wear a dress?” Aden asked, causing everyone to look at him.

Lexa knew that he was just trying to lighten the situation in the best way he could, by being his awesome cute little self.

“If you want to wear a dress, sure, why not.” Lexa said, a smirk tugging at her lips as Clarke buried her head in Lexa’s neck to stop the laugh she could feel bubbling up.

“Is this some kind of joke to you?” Abby asked, “There are going to be a lot of important people at this wedding…”

“Abby,” Lexa said, interrupting her, “please don’t take this the wrong way, but shut up. I get that this is some society event for you, a Griffin family wedding, and that’s great. But the most important people who are going to be there, are the people in this room right now. So, if Ontari doesn’t want to wear a dress, that’s fine. If Aden wants to come dressed as Wonder Woman, that’s great, I don’t care.”

Abby let out a frustrated groan and stormed from the living room into the kitchen.

“I’ll go after her.” Marcus said, standing up and following Abby into the kitchen.

“Wonder Woman?” Clarke asked as she looked at Lexa.

“First thing that popped into my head.” Lexa said as the others laughed, “the point is, I don’t care, all I care about is that you’re there and you’re happy…”

“I’m happy.” Clarke said, softly capturing Lexa’s lips with hers.
Lexa was sitting out in the back yard of the house, throwing the ball for Bear. Aden had gone to bed, Anya and Raven had gone home, and everyone else was still in the living room watching a movie. Abby walked out and stood next to where Lexa was sitting.

“I’d rather Aden didn’t come to the wedding dressed as Wonder Woman,” she said, causing Lexa to smile a little as she threw the ball again, “but if Ontari doesn’t want to wear a dress, I’m sure something can be arranged.”

“I get that this is more than just a simple wedding,” Lexa said, waiting for Bear to bring the ball back, “I guess that’s what I get for falling in love with the only daughter of the world-renowned surgeon Abby Griffin, but all that stuff isn’t important to me. This whole planning thing has been really stressful for me, and my therapist said that if something is stressing me out, I need to talk about it. Which is why I said what I did earlier.”

“I guess I did just step in and take over…” Abby said.

“Apparently that’s what the mother of the bride is supposed to do,” Lexa replied, flashing Abby a grin which caused her to laugh, “and I don’t mind you taking over with most of it, but when it comes to the kids, what they want is important too.”

“I’ll try to do better.” Abby said.

“Thank you.” Lexa said.

“So, how is therapy going?” Abby asked, “is it helping?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “I think it is. I don’t think it’s ever something that is going to completely go away, but I think I’m dealing with it better.”

“That’s good.” Abby replied, “What about the nightmares?”

“Right now, I’m mostly having nightmares about flower arrangements and not bombs…” Lexa joked, causing Abby to laugh, “seriously though, the nightmares have been pretty intense in the last week or so, since the… thing at the jewellery store…”

“Clarke mentioned that.” Abby said.

“He pointed the gun at Aden,” Lexa said, picking the ball up that Bear had just dropped at her feet, “I just… lost it. I could’ve killed him, I know that, that’s what I’m trained to do, but…”

“He threatened your family.” Abby said with a shrug.

“Yeah, he did…” Lexa said with a sigh and a nod, “you know, it’s crazy, when I was growing up, after my parents died, I told myself I didn’t need a family. I didn’t want one. Then my unit in the Marines became my family, and then that got fucked up… but now… everything’s different.”
Clarke woke up in the very early hours of the morning to an empty bed, she ran her hands over the sheets where Lexa normally slept to find them cold. She got out of bed and headed out of the bedroom. She could see the light on in the office, which let her know that’s where Lexa would be, so that’s where she went.

“What are you doing awake?” Clarke asked, walking over to where Lexa was working on the computer, putting her arms over Lexa’s shoulders and softly kissing her head.

“Couldn’t sleep.” Lexa replied with a sigh, “I knew if I stayed in bed I’d wake you up, and I didn’t want that, so I figured I might as well go through some emails that I’ve been ignoring.”

“Everything okay?” Clarke asked, walking over to get the other chair, before pulling it up next to the brunette.

“Yeah,” Lexa said with a nod, “Just funding stuff for the camps, and staffing issues… Nothing really exciting.”

“And the reason you can’t sleep?” Clarke said.

“Flower arrangements.” Lexa replied seriously, causing Clarke to laugh, loudly.
Lexa was laying on the sofa, flicking through the channels, when the front door opened. Clarke was supposed to be at the hospital, and both Aden and Ontari were at school, so she was surprised as she sat up and looked towards the door to see both Clarke and Aden. As soon as he saw her, Aden started walking towards the living room.

“We talked about this,” Clarke said, stopping Aden in his tracks, “what did I say you had to do as soon as we got home?”

“Go to my room.” Aden said with a pout.

Lexa furrowed her brow as she turned the television off and stood up. Clarke sighed as she watched Aden walk upstairs to his room, before she walked into the living room.

“What happened?” Lexa asked as Clarke walked over to her, putting her arms around Lexa’s waist and resting her head against the brunette’s shoulder, Lexa didn’t hesitate in putting her arms around the blonde, softly kissing her on the head.

“He got sent home for fighting.” Clarke said with a sigh, “They called me while I was at work.”

“Fighting?” Lexa asked, surprise clear in her voice, “He doesn’t have a violent bone in his body.”

“He won’t tell me what happened,” Clarke said, pulling away from Lexa and sitting down on the sofa, “that’s why I sent him to his room.”

“Want me to try?” Lexa said, “he might tell me.”

“You can try.” Clarke replied, sighing again as she put her head in her hands, “I just don’t understand why he’s been fighting, he’s not a violent kid.”

“Something obviously happened,” Lexa said, sitting down next to Clarke and putting her arm around the blonde’s shoulders, “maybe he was defending himself.”

“The other kid said that Aden hit him first.” Clarke said, sitting up and leaning closer to Lexa.

“I’ll go up and talk to him soon,” Lexa said, softly kissing Clarke’s head, “we’ll find out what’s
Twenty minutes later, Lexa went up to Aden’s room to try and find out what had happened at school. His door was open, and as Lexa stood in the doorway she could see the young boy laying on his bed, Bear was laying on the floor next to the bed.

“Hey buddy,” Lexa said as she walked into the room, stepping over Bear and sitting on the edge of Aden’s bed, “you want to tell me what happened today?”

“I hit a boy in the face.” Aden said.

“I heard that,” Lexa replied, “do you want to tell me why?”

Aden shook his head, but turned over on the bed and looked at Lexa.

“If you were sticking up for yourself, then it’s not as bad as it could be,” Lexa said with a soft smile as she looked at him, “it’s still not good, fighting never is…”

“You fight.” He said, “you hit that guy at the store.”

“The guy at the store had a gun, bud,” Lexa replied with a sigh, “and he pointed that gun at you. You know that I wasn’t going to let anything happen to you.”

“There’s a girl at my school who has been away for a little while,” Aden said, “her mom has been sick so she had to stay with her grandma, her dad couldn’t take care of her. Her mom went to heaven, like granddad did, one of the other kids was saying bad things to her, making her cry…”

“Why didn’t you tell a teacher?” Lexa asked, unable to find it within herself to be at all mad at Aden for hitting the kid who had made the young girl cry.

“I don’t know,” Aden said with a shrug, “it isn’t nice to make people cry. She’s sad about her mom, she doesn’t need someone saying bad things…”

“I know that,” Lexa replied, “but next time, tell a teacher if you hear someone saying bad things to someone else, okay?”

“Okay.” Aden said with a nod, “are you mad?”

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head before leaning down and softly kissing him on the head, “I’m not mad. I’m going to go down and talk to your mom, okay, let her know what happened.”

“Then can I come downstairs?” Aden asked.

“We’ll wait to see what your mom says.” Lexa said with a small smile, “but probably.”
“Did he tell you what happened?” Clarke asked as Lexa walked back into the living room.

“Yep,” Lexa replied with a nod as she sat back down on the sofa next to Clarke, “a girl at his school lost her mom recently, and another kid was picking on her and making her cry, so Aden hit him.”

“So, he wasn’t sticking up for himself, or causing trouble, he was defending someone else.” Clarke said, causing Lexa to nod.

“Can he come downstairs or are you going to make him stay in his room?” Lexa asked.

“I need to phone the school,” Clarke said with a sigh, “they need to know he wasn’t the one causing trouble.”

“Ma,” Aden called from the top of the stairs, “I think Bear has to go out.”

Lexa looked at Clarke, the blonde sighed.

“Take him with you,” Clarke said, “but no ice cream.”

Lexa smiled, before kissing Clarke and getting Bears leash.

“Come on then, buddy,” She said from the bottom of the stairs, “let’s take him to the park.”

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When Lexa and Aden got back from walking Bear, they could hear Abby talking to Clarke in the living room.

“You can’t reward him for hitting someone.” Abby said.

“I’m going to get into trouble now.” Aden said quietly as he looked up at Lexa.

Lexa crouched down in front of him.

“Why don’t you go and wait in your room,” she said with a small smile, “let your mom and I deal with your grandma, okay.”

Aden nodded before going upstairs, as Lexa walked into the living room. Rather than say anything she just walked over to the sofa and sat down. Abby looked at her.

“Please,” Lexa said, waving her hand a little, “continue, don’t stop on my behalf.”

“I was just saying to Clarke that you can’t reward Aden for hitting someone.” Abby said.

“Mhm,” Lexa hummed with a nod, “I heard, so did Aden, by the way.”

“He was defending someone else, mom,” Clarke said, looking at her mom, “he didn’t simply just hit someone.”

“It doesn’t matter why he did it, Clarke,” Abby said, “violence is never the answer.”

“So, he should’ve just stood by and done nothing when someone was picking on another kid because her mom died?” Lexa asked, “is that really what you’re saying right now?”
'You need to raise him to know that violence is not the answer.” Abby said, her eyes still on Clarke.

“He knows that violence isn’t the answer,” Clarke said, shaking her head a little, “he knows now to tell a teacher before lashing out.”

“You still need to punish him.” Abby said with a sigh, “and letting him go out with Lexa to the park isn’t the right message to send to him.”

“You need to stop criticising the way Clarke decides to raise her son,” Lexa said, clenching her jaw as she stood up, “he is an amazing little boy, she has done a brilliant job raising him. The way she chooses to raise her son isn’t up to you.”

“I’m not criticizing anything,” Abby said as she looked at Lexa, “I am simply saying that he shouldn’t be rewarded for what he did, whether he was defending someone else or not.”

“Going on your reasoning, we should punish him for defending someone else,” Lexa said, “so he’s going to grow up thinking that he shouldn’t defend someone who can’t defend themselves.”

“He isn’t even your son,” Abby said, her anger getting the better of her, “this decision isn’t yours.”

Lexa laughed bitterly, shaking her head before turning around and walking towards the front door.

“For fuck sake mom,” Clarke said, shaking her head, before following Lexa, “Lexa, wait…”

“I’m sorry,” Abby said, as Lexa walked out of the house, closing the door behind her, “I shouldn’t have said that, I let my temper get the better of me, you know I don’t really think that…”

“You really need to start watching what you’re saying around her, mom,” Clarke said, turning back to look at Abby, “we’re getting married, she’s adopting Aden, she is his other parent. You know how long it took her to accept that, and then you go and say something like that… Can you watch Aden for me?”

“Of course.” Abby said with a nod.

“And don’t even think about telling him off for what he did,” Clarke said as she grabbed her jacket, “it isn’t your place. Lexa and I will decide what to do later.”

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Clarke had driven around everywhere she could think about to find Lexa, she’d checked the park that Lexa liked to go to when she needed to clear her head, she wasn’t in any of her usual hang-outs. The last place that Clarke decided to check was the children’s centre.

She went into Lexa’s office to see the brunette sitting behind the desk going through paperwork.

“Lex…” she said.

“I’m a little busy, Clarke,” Lexa said without looking up, “can this wait?”

“No,” Clarke said, walking over to the desk and taking the paperwork out of Lexa’s hand, “it can’t wait. My mom was out of order, and she was wrong.”
“Technically she wasn’t wrong,” Lexa said with a sigh, “he isn’t my son, so it shouldn’t be my decision.”

“We’ve been through this,” Clarke said with a soft smile, “more than once. You’re his other parent, I thought that was so very clear by now. He adores you, I adore you. Any decisions that need to be made with anything regarding Aden will be made by both of us. You know what my mom is like…”

“She’s a pain in the ass…” Lexa mumbled making Clarke laugh.

“She’s… intense,” Clarke said, “but she’s trying, and she’s sorry about what she said. This whole wedding thing is stressing her out.”

Lexa laughed, confusing Clarke.

“What?” the blonde asked.

“A few weeks ago, Ontari said we should elope,” Lexa explained, “I just got this image in my head of how much your mother would freak out if we did that.”

“We can’t do that.” Clarke said with a sigh, sitting on Lexa’s lap.

“I know,” Lexa replied, putting her arms around Clarke’s waist, “there is still one thing we haven’t talked about when it comes to the wedding.”

“And what’s that?” Clarke asked.

“Honeymoon,” Lexa said, “two things, where do you want to go, and are we taking the kids?”

“Do you think Ontari could deal with a week or two with my mother?” Clarke asked, causing Lexa to laugh.

“Okay,” Lexa said, “so we’re going to need somewhere that’s child friendly. Cruise, maybe?”

Chapter End Notes

Remember, you can also hit me up on Tumblr, user name unaligned-valkyrie.
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Clarke and Lexa talk to the kids about the honeymoon and Ontari makes a decision about her future.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, hope you like this chapter. Drop me a comment and let me know. Don't forget you can talk to me on Tumblr about this (or any of my other stories) @ unaligned-valkyrie. Enjoy.

As part of his punishment for fighting at school, Aden wasn’t allowed to choose anything that they were watching on television after eating dinner that evening. Clarke would have just sent him up to his room, but they needed both kids there to talk about what they were going to do on their honeymoon.

“So,” Clarke said, causing both Aden and Ontari to look at her, “Lexa and I were talking earlier, and we were thinking…”

“Sounds dangerous,” Ontari said, interrupting her, “did it hurt?”

Lexa tried her hardest not to laugh, but failed miserably.

“Just for that I don’t think I’m going to tell you what we were talking about,” Clarke said with a small shrug, a smile playing Lexa’s lips, “and I think you’ve also just helped make the decision a little easier.”

“What decision?” Ontari asked.

“Who we leave you with when we go on our honeymoon.” Lexa said, laughing a little as Ontari’s eyes widened a little with sudden realisation.

“No,” Ontari said, shaking her head, “please don’t leave me with Abby…”

“Well, we were thinking about taking you both with us.” Clarke said, “we were just wondering where you would want to go.”

“What are the options?” Ontari asked.

“Right now, we have Universal Orlando, Disney World, maybe Sea World…” Clarke said.

“Not Sea World.” Lexa said, shaking her head, sighing as Clarke looked at her, “remind me to get you to watch Black Fish… I don’t agree with the way they keep their Killer Whales… so not Sea World.”
“Okay, not Sea World.” Clarke replied with a shrug.

“Alaska…” Aden said, causing everyone to look at him.

“Alaska?” Lexa asked, amusement clear in her voice, “why Alaska bud?”

“Wolves.” Aden said with a shrug.

“Maybe for a regular holiday,” Clarke said with a small smile, “but not our honeymoon.”

“You’re being quiet,” Lexa said as she looked at Ontari, “you got nothing to add?”

“Isn’t your honeymoon supposed to be about what you two want to do?” Ontari asked, “Most people don’t take kids with them, they just decide to go away for a while and spend the entire time having sex… you know.”

“Well we were thinking that the night after the wedding, it’ll be just us, at a hotel or something,” Clarke said, glancing at Lexa who was smiling a little, “then we’ll all meet up and go away together for a week or two.”

“Two whole weeks?” Aden asked, his little face lighting up.

“Two whole weeks.” Lexa replied with a nod.

“What about school?” Ontari asked, her brow furrowed a little.

“The wedding is in about 4 weeks,” Lexa said, “the weekend before you’re off school for the break, so it’s not a problem.”

“And then you’ll be my ma forever, right?” Aden asked, looking at Lexa, who nodded a little in reply.

“Sounds like you’ve got the whole thing planned out,” Ontari said, her mood dropping significantly, “I just remembered I’ve got homework…”

x-x-x-x

Clarke knocked on Ontari’s bedroom door and waited for a response from the young girl. She and Lexa had talked, Lexa saying she’d go and find out what was wrong with Ontari as both of them knew she didn’t have any homework, but Clarke decided that she wanted to be the one to talk to her. Lexa was always the go to person when it came to Ontari, they’d had very similar experiences growing up, and Clarke knew that she could never totally understand it as she hadn’t gone through anything like it during her childhood, but she also knew that the heavy stuff shouldn’t just be left to Lexa. So, while Lexa gave Aden a bath, which Clarke was sure would be an absolute nightmare, she went to speak to Ontari.

“Yeah…” Ontari said after a few moments.

“Can I come in?” Clarke asked as she opened the bedroom door.

Ontari didn’t reply, she just nodded her head as she closed her laptop and put it down on her bed.
“What’s going on?” Clarke asked as she walked over to Ontari’s bed and sat down.

“I was just doing my homework.” Ontari replied.

“You remember when you first moved in here,” Clarke said, “me, you and Lexa all agreed that we’d talk about things, and not lie about anything…”

“I just…” Ontari said, “it’s stupid.”

“It’s obviously not stupid,” Clarke said with a soft smile, “if it’s bothering you, it’s not stupid.”

“It’s just… when you two get married, and Lexa adopts Aden…” Ontari said, fiddling with the sleeve of the hoody she was wearing, “I guess I just realised that I’m never going to have that… I watched all these kids get adopted when I was growing up, you know, and I just…”

“That is actually something that Lexa and I have talked about,” Clarke said, causing Ontari to look at her, “when we were talking about her adopting Aden, we thought about what you’d want. We didn’t know if you’d think you were too old for that. Lexa mentioned that at 18 most kids would age out of the system…”

“That’s the age they expect you to be able to take care of yourself.” Ontari said with a nod, clenching her jaw a little as she wondered what would happen to her when she turned 18.

“Well, that’s not going to happen to you,” Clarke said, a soft smile on her lips, “you’ve already said you want to go to college, and we’ve already told you that we’ll take care of that for you. You’re part of our family for as long as you want to be. We just weren’t sure whether or not you wanted to be officially, legally, part of it…”

“And what if I do?” Ontari asked, once again playing with the sleeve of her top, not looking at Clarke.

“If that’s what you want,” Clarke replied, “then that’s what we’ll do. You know you mean the world to both me and Lexa, and you’re never not going to be part of our little family, legally or not, we don’t care. What you want here is important.”

“I want it.” Ontari said, nodding.

x-x-x-x

A few hours later, Lexa was sitting in the office, going through some emails, when there was a quiet knock on the door. She looked to find Ontari standing there, looking a little nervous.

“You can’t sleep?” Lexa asked as she turned her chair around, inclining her head slightly to indicate that Ontari should sit on the small sofa.

“I wanted to talk to you about something.” Ontari said, walking into the room and sitting down.

“Shoot.” Lexa replied.

“I’m not interrupting your work or anything?” Ontari asked.

“This shit can wait,” Lexa said with a small smile, “the emails aren’t going anywhere.”
“Okay,” Ontari said with a nod, “I’m guessing that Clarke told you what we talked about earlier…”

“She did.” Lexa said with a nod.

“While I’ve been living here, you and Clarke… and Aden… have given me something that I’ve never had,” Ontari said, “something that I never really knew I wanted. I think by the time I turned 8 or 9 I figured that I was never going to get a family, not a real one, but now…”

Lexa didn’t say anything, she just moved from the chair and sat down on the sofa next to Ontari.

“I remember when you first said I could come and live here,” Ontari continued, “and I asked you what you wanted from me, and you said nothing… I didn’t believe you at first. People always want something, you never get something for nothing… and when we talked before that, and you said that I didn’t have to end up like my mom, I could be what I wanted to be… I didn’t believe that either. Nobody has ever really believed in me before, so… I guess I just want to say thanks…”

“You don’t need to thank me, kid,” Lexa said, putting her arm around Ontari’s shoulder as the younger girl hugged her, “we just want you to be happy, and safe.”

“I don’t have to call you mom, right?” Ontari mumbled, causing Lexa to laugh.

“No,” Lexa said, shaking her head as she laughed, “no you don’t, Lexa’s fine.”

x-x-x-x

Lexa couldn’t stop the smile playing on her lips as she watched Aden trying to stand still while he was measured for his suit.

“Can you lift this leg for me?” the guy asked Aden, tapping his left leg.

Lexa could see what was going to happen before it happened, as could Ontari.

“He’s so going to fall…” Ontari mumbled into her hand, which she was using to stop herself laughing.

“I’ve got you bud.” Lexa said, walking over and taking Aden’s hands before he fell, shaking her head as she heard Ontari snickering behind them.

“You’re a meanie.” Aden said, turning his head a little and looking at Ontari.

“And you’re a cutie,” Ontari said, with a smile, “you’re going to look super cute in your suit.”

“You think?” Aden said, turning his head a little more, which made his entire body turn.

“Stop moving, Aden.” Lexa said, fighting to stop the laugh escaping her as the man measuring Aden for the suit smiled at his actions.

“Sorry.” Aden said, putting his serious face on, causing Lexa to laugh, a lot, “Stop laughing at me.”

“Sorry.” Lexa said, shaking her head again, “I’ll stop…”

“We should have filmed this,” Ontari said, “Clarke would love it.”
“If I don’t get to see the dress that she’s wearing, she doesn’t get to see the suits,” Lexa said, “that’s the deal.”

“But wouldn’t it be bad luck for you to see the dress before the wedding?” Ontari asked.

“Apparently…” Lexa replied.

“Are you doing the whole not seeing her the night before the wedding too?” Ontari said, a smirk tugging at her lips when she saw Lexa clench her jaw, “oh wow, you’re going to hate that.”

“She’s going to be staying with her mom the night before the wedding,” Lexa said with a sigh, “and you two are going to be keeping me company.”

“We can do that,” Ontari said, “right Aden?”

“Yep.” Aden replied with a nod, “we can eat ice cream and watch movies.”

“Sounds good.” Lexa said.

Lexa couldn’t help but wonder how she actually got so lucky, ever since she was a kid and her parents died, then her uncle Titus, she always firmly believed that the best family you could have was one that you chose for yourself. Even though she’d never seen herself having kids, she knew she could do a heck of a lot worse than the two kids that were now with her.
Chapter 42

I did not realise how long it had been since I updated this one, for that I am truly sorry. This is only a short-ish chapter, but hopefully you'll like it. There are only a couple of chapters left for this one, I think. Don't forget to drop me a comment and let me know what you think.

Hearing the keys in the door Clarke glanced at the clock and saw that it was almost 3am, Bear looked up at her from where he had been sleeping on the floor in front of the sofa. Lexa had been out with Anya and a few of the others from Trikru after they decided that the stress of planning the wedding was getting a little much for her. The fact that it was almost 3am amused Clarke a lot as Lexa had said she’d probably only be out for an hour or so.

Rather than getting up from where she was sitting, Clarke decided to stay sitting on the sofa as the keys continued to rattle in the door. Bear got up from the floor and padded towards the front door where he sat with his head cocked to the side. A few moments later Lexa managed to get the door open, which caused Bear to get excited, his tail wagging so much his entire body started to shift from side to side.

“Shhhhh,” Lexa said to him, patting his head, “people are sleeping.”

Clarke put her hand over her mouth to stop herself from laughing at the sight as Lexa struggled to take her jacket off. She couldn’t stop the laugh when it came time for Lexa to try and take her shoes off, the brunette having to sit down on the floor to do so. Clarke shook her head as Bear started to lick Lexa’s face, as she was on the floor he obviously thought that it was play time.

“Stop it.” Lexa said, huffing out a laugh as she pushed Bear away, which did nothing to stop him thinking it was time to play.

After she finally managed to get her shoes off, Lexa stumbled her way into the living room.

“You are so drunk.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“I am not drunk.” Lexa replied, shaking her head slightly.

“Yes you are,” Clarke said, “so drunk.”

“I am not drunk.” Lexa repeated.

“Can you tell the time?” Clarke asked.

“Yes.” Lexa said, turning to look at the clock, “I am not drunk.”

Clarke laughed harder than she had in a long time as Lexa turned back to her, a proud look on her face, before she walked over to the sofa, flopping down next to Clarke.

“I am so drunk.” Lexa said, with a laugh as she lay down, her head on Clarke’s lap.
“Yes you are,” Clarke said, smile firmly on her lips, “did you have fun though?”

“So much fun.” Lexa said, nodding, her eyes starting to drift close.

“Let’s get you to bed.” Clarke said, causing Lexa’s eyes to snap open again, a smirk tugging at her lips.

“You want to get me into bed…” she said, “we’re not even married yet, but okay.”

Clarke laughed as Lexa stood up.

“You’ll be asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow.” she said.

“Nope.” Lexa said, shaking her head as she staggered towards the stairs.

“Whatver you say stud.” Clarke said huffing out a laugh as she followed Lexa.

x-x-x-x-x

Obviously, Clarke had been right, and Lexa had fallen asleep as soon as she flopped down onto the bed. Abby turned up pretty early the following morning, which had become a common occurrence while they were planning the wedding, especially on the weekend. Other than Clarke, Aden was the only one up. Ontari was still asleep, as was Lexa, which didn’t surprise Clarke at all considering just how drunk she had been the night before.

“Where’s Lexa this morning?” Abby asked as Clarke made coffee in the kitchen.

“She’s still asleep.” Clarke replied.

“She’s still asleep?” Abby said, shaking her head a little, “this is important, this wedding is important, and she’s still asleep.”

“Leave it alone, mom.” Clarke said with a sigh, shaking her head.

“How can you say that, Clarke, she has to be involved in this.” Abby said.

Aden, who had listened to the argument start in the kitchen made his way upstairs. Quietly he opened the door to his mom’s bedroom, and just like Clarke had said, Lexa was still asleep.

He climbed up onto the bed, sitting next to a sleeping Lexa, and softly poked her shoulder. He giggled as Lexa grumbled something that sounded like ‘5 more minutes’.

“Aden?” Lexa said, lifting her head to look at him, quickly groaning as she dropped her head back to the pillow, “what’s up?”

“Are you sick?” he asked.

“Hungover,” Lexa replied, “never drink alcohol bud, it’s evil.”

“You got drunked?” he asked.

“So drunk…” Lexa groaned, “I think my blood is still two thirds whiskey right now. What’s going
“Grandma’s here.” Aden said.

“Already?” Lexa asked.

“Yup,” Aden replied with a nod, “she’s already irritating mommy.”

“I’ll be down in a minute, okay?” Lexa said.

“Okay,” Aden said, quickly kissing Lexa’s cheek, “love you.”

“Love you too.” Lexa said as Aden jumped back down off the bed.

x-x-x-x-x

“So far we’re looking at about 600 people at the wedding.” Abby said as she sat with Clarke at the kitchen table.

“600 people?” Clarke asked, “mom, how is there 600 people, I don’t even know 600 people.”

“We have my side of the family, and your dads side,” Abby said, “we have family friends, some who have known you since you were a baby, then we have…”

“Too many,” Lexa said as she walked into the kitchen and over to the coffee machine, “we have too many.”

“Not everyone has replied to the RSVP yet,” Abby said, “the definite count at the moment is about 220. Is there anyone you need to invite, Lexa?”

“Everyone I need to invite, I have invited,” Lexa replied, “about 20 people.”

“I’m sure we’ll find…” Abby started to say.

“Don’t even say we’ll find space,” Clarke said, shaking her head, “they’ll be sitting at the front.”

“Do they all have appropriate clothes, suits, dresses?” Abby asked.

“As long as they’re not naked then they’ll be dressed appropriately.” Lexa said, walking over to the table and sitting down next to Clarke, immediately dropping her head onto the table, “it’s too early for this…”

“The wedding is in two weeks, Lexa,” Abby said, “we’re running out of time. Do I need to hire someone to help you with your vows or anything?”

“No,” Lexa said, not lifting her head from the table, “I’m more than capable of writing something.”

“Okay,” Abby said, turning her attention to Clarke, “you have a final fitting for your dress tomorrow.”

“I know, mom,” Clarke said, “you told me yesterday.”

“Lexa…” Abby said.
“Wednesday afternoon, 4pm,” Lexa said, before Abby could say anything, “and yes, I’ll take Aden and Ontari with me.”

Abby’s phone started to ring.

“I need to take this…” she said, standing up and walking out of the kitchen.

“Is this my punishment for getting drunk?” Lexa asked, turning her head, which was still resting on the table, to look at Clarke.

“I forgot she was coming round today,” Clarke said, softly kissing Lexa’s cheek, “and I thought you were still asleep.”

“Aden woke me up,” Lexa said, “told me that your mom was already irritating you.”

“I can deal with my mom,” Clarke said with a soft smile, “go back to bed.”

“You sure?” Lexa asked, not wanting to leave Clarke alone to deal with Abby who was well and truly in wedding planner mode.

“Very.” Clarke said, “you’re going to need to sleep that headache off, we have cake tasting this afternoon.”

“Who knew so much went into planning a wedding,” Lexa said, shaking her head as she stood up, “if I knew I would never have suggested it.”

“Yes you would, you ass.” Clarke said with a laugh.

“Yes, I would.” Lexa said with a smile, kissing Clarke.

“You taste like a brewery.” Clarke said against Lexa’s lips.

“I can always just…” Lexa started to say, backing away a little.

“I love you.” Clarke said, pulling her back in before kissing her again.

x-x-x-x-x-x-x

Clarke had woken Lexa up half an hour before the woman who was making their cake was due to arrive, she had to give her enough time to take a shower. The cake tasting was something that Aden was really looking forward to, though Abby had already tried to tell him that it wasn’t going to be up to him.

“Are you feeling a little more human?” Clarke asked as a freshly showered Lexa walked into the living room, her hair still wet from the shower.

“Much.” Lexa said, walking up to Clarke and wrapping her arms around the blonde’s waist, pulling her closer and kissing her, “do I still taste like a brewery?”

“Not sure,” Clarke said with a slight hum, “let me check again.”

“Oh my god,” Ontari said from where she was sitting on the sofa, “you two are acting like horny
“I don’t see any horns.” Aden said, making both Clarke and Lexa laugh.

“They’re well hidden.” Lexa said, walking over to the sofa and sitting down, “where’s the slave-driver, did she go home?”

“She’s in the kitchen,” Ontari said, “she mentioned something about having the decent plates for cake tasting.”

“We have decent plates?” Lexa asked, her lips tugging into a smile as she looked at Clarke.

“Who knew that all it would take to undo all the hard work of getting you and my mom to get along, would be planning a wedding…” Clarke said with a laugh.

The laughter increased as both Ontari and Aden raised their hands.

“Only another two weeks and then we get our lives back.” Clarke said.

“Then you’re stuck with me forever.” Lexa said with a smirk.

“Maybe, maybe not,” Clarke said with a smile and a shrug, “it’s probably easier to get a divorce than it is to plan a wedding.”

“I think your mothers head would explode.” Lexa said with a laugh.

“That, I would pay to see.” Ontari said, rolling her eyes as Abby yelled for Clarke from the kitchen.

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