Don't bless me father for I have sinned
by Volk

Summary

A woman, a priest. I want that angel. I want her to fall from heaven on her knees.

OR

That fic you didn't need about Lexa being a sex addict in treatment and Clarke the new priest of her hometown church.

DISCLAIMER
The amount of blasphemies in this fic is huge (only for smut purposes). If you're religious you probably should not read this.

Notes

This is only an idea I had while watching Dexter after my Sexuality class, which should be a hint on how this is going to develop. I've a lot of papers and exams so I do not attach to any uploading schedule. I'll post the intro and the first chapter together so you can take it as a one shot until I upload more.

I don't have a beta reader so if you find typos or wrong structured sentences I'd thank you a
lot if you told me.

See the end of the work for more notes.
When I was a kid my parents used to take me to this little park with some patches of grass and rusty swings in front of the church. We lived in a little town called TonDC, a place full of old people and hicks — and goats, there were a lot of goats — basically in the middle of nowhere. It was like technology and medical advances had never arrived to that town. A place frozen in time. Almost like an Amish ville but with better clothes and less of stable’s whiff.

Every single boy or girl would be brought by parents, grandparents or brothers or sisters to that tiny park to play in the afternoon and after the Mass on Sundays. It was a very pretty space, actually, the only thing in that town that didn’t seem ugly for looking old and rusty. A perfect circle of trees surrounding the swings, the sledge, the sandboxes… I’m still in awe that there’s any sand left there since my cousin Anya might have made me eat it all in our journey to the teen years. I had a fine group of friends when I was little and we called ourselves the Trikru — Lincoln, Indra, Gustus, Roan, Anya, Luna, Caris and I. We used to play a lot on the rocking chair. Godammit, I loved the rocking chair. That’s where it all started. It was a Sunday (holy day) after church, and we were, of course, playing in the park while our relatives talked and laughed on the benches. The old priest, Marcus, had just finished talking about mercy and turning the other cheek when Gustus and Lincoln thought it would be a very good idea practicing it, so they started slapping each other. The girls, Roan and I were playing on the rocking chair — Indra, Caris and him in front of me, Anya and Luna behind my back. When the noise alerted the adults, my friends jumped off the rocking chair and it fell, taking me along with it.

I was six, almost seven, and it was only needed a knock and a rub in the right place and time to send shivers to my spine. What a wonderful and unexplored sensation it was for my little me. I remember staying still for a few seconds, trying to figure out what had just happened. Then I did it again, although this time it wasn’t so cool so I just dropped it.

I was eight when this kid who wasn’t trikru and, for that reason, whose name I didn’t judge relevant enough to remember, hit me with a ball in my thigh. It hurt. A lot. Gustus and Anya defended me while Lincoln, Luna and Caris took me home all wet and red from crying — I don’t remember where Indra and Roan were that evening but it’s not really relevant. What’s indeed important is what happened later. My mom and aunt sat me on my bed and rubbed my thigh while singing charm for it to heal. I have this memory of myself lying down in my bed that night in silence, only the moonlight illuminating the room and my leg still aching a bit. The hit had not been precisely soft; in fact, the next day I’d discover I had a massive brush, so I started rubbing like mom had said to ease the pain. My touch was at first very focalized but then it started spreading in a great radio and my fingertips finally caressed my crotch. It was interesting. A few weeks later I tried it again, once my leg was healed. It was exploratory more than pleasurable, I must say. What? I was really curious, I had never wondered what was “down there”, as adults liked to call it. And as I discovered new things, I had the need to share it, at least with Anya. Three weeks later their parents caught her redhanded and talked directly to mine. I will always remember the burning feeling in my face after my mom slapped me and the pain in my tiny hand as my father hit it hard while shouting: “A lady doesn’t touch those things, that’s dirty, that’s a sin!” It took me a lot of fight with myself not to forget those words and keep my hands away from my ‘private parts’. Actually, I promised myself I’d keep them away from everyone’s, for that matter, and I achieved that goal. Or so I thought.
When I turned fifteen my 'urges' became unsustainable. There was this girl in my parish, her name was Costia. She was two years older than me but she had those glorious lips that drew immediately my attention — however, what I remember the most is her legs. Gosh, those tanned, long legs under the long skirt were going to kill me. At that age I was so blind and naïve yet so thirsty, that at some point I thought I was just attracted to knees. Damn, sexy knees. One day, she caught me looking at her legs while reading some psalms in one of the youth's meetings in church. I thought she would get horrified but instead she blushed a bit and put her skirt a little further up her legs, revealing more gorgeous skin. I've never understood the 'getting flustered' thingy people always fall into but I like it, it makes girls’ skins glow with a special light. Not long after that, we started seeing each other in the cabin next to the park to make out. It was great at first, a new and exciting adventure. The soft touches of her mouth and tongue against mine fed the savage throbbing in between my thighs — but soon it wasn’t enough, I needed to touch her and then I craved to taste her. She played tough the first few times but before the end of the week she was all wet and splayed for me. And the view — oh, the view — was breathtaking, intoxicating. I just wanted to devour her whole, I needed it physically. The skirt thrown on the floor like trash, her ruined underwear hanging from one foot, her shirt wide open and her bra under her chin heaving with her breathe, showing two breasts of erect nipples and glistened with sweat. She was waiting. Waiting for me. I explored her taking my time the first couple of times, drowning in her sweet scent, memorizing her weak spots, those that made her produce the sounds that fed my throbbing center until it wasn’t enough (again) and I needed more. I touched her a lot of times in that cabin, and she came gloriously all of them. I was amazed! Her moans, her orgasm, what would that feel like? I never let her touch me, not the first year at least because I was still afraid of something bad would happen to me, and until the day I turned sixteen I didn’t go down on my knees either. The result was better than my mother’s carrot cake. That day was double special: not only I did discover the ambrosia but also decided to explore myself while tasting it. That day I didn’t have my first orgasm, but it was revealing as well as relieving.

No, my first orgasm came way too late. Costia had already left for college, leaving me behind. It was hard but I didn’t mind it like that, I had never felt any connection with her to an emotional level — with her or anybody till this very day for that matter. My concerns about her not being in my life anymore had to do with some different stuff. For two years I had gotten used to having sex at least one time a day and touching myself a bit more. Just to feel the pleasure, never to orgasm, I may remind you. It kept the thoughts away and left me time to focus on my studying. Nevertheless, when Costia left it all went out of control. I couldn’t stop thinking of it, of my tongue running through a wet slit, of a dripping pussy opening for me. Remembering, fantasizing. The ache between my legs took over and those parts didn’t even have to have a face attached, I just wanted it. I just needed it like food to live and the obsession beat in my crotch and it hurt and it was always there begging me to touch it so I did. I did because I needed to do my homework, I needed to study for my finals, I needed to shut it up to be able to be in the same room with my family and friends and not worrying about if I got too wet or touched myself in front of them unconsciously and got punished or beaten up for it. It was a hell of a year, I was seventeen by then and I remember starting doing my homework in my bed on my belly, my pillow under me, and just grinding on it slowly while doing math. At some point every time I was in class doing math or listening to a History lesson I couldn’t help crossing my legs to release some pressure.

It was one of those afternoons doing math, in March I believe, that my cousin Anya came to mine without phoning first. I still cannot believe my luck: I was waist down naked, doing integrals carelessly in my bed and the door opened but it wasn’t my mother. Luckiest person ever, I’m telling you. Anya stared at me for some long seconds, wide eyed and door still open, and I just prayed under my breath for her to shut it. Not even now I know what she was doing in my house — maybe bringing some jam that my aunt would like my mother to have or perhaps she just wanted to chitchat a bit, but once the door clicked behind her and she came close to my bed, it didn’t really matter. I was so nervous my hands were sweating and my head felt heavy. I sat on the mattress and hurried to
grab my discarded underwear, previously tossed under the bed, but she stopped my shivering hand with a wide smile that made those sharp cheekbones rise (oh, those cheekbones could cut diamonds) and she kneeled in front of me. Her expression when she parted my legs was priceless, and it was the first time in my life someone leered at me that way. She ran her hands up and down my thighs, like she needed to turn me on more — I was already drenching the sheets underneath me. Her lips faintly touched my inner thighs and I used my elbows to support me just in time for her tongue to appear. She lapped, licked me up and down and it was intense and tickled and it was warm. Yeah, it was hot in all of its meanings. Warmth spread in fading waves through my body, glistering my skin. It was explosive and I remember thinking that if that was what Costia had been feeling the whole time, what I’d been producing to her body all those nights in the cabin, I was fucking awesome. I felt proud of myself, very proud, and drowning into that feeling and that pleasure I came, hard and fast, and I had to close my teeth around my hand not to alert the whole damn house. I remember the sound of the notebook and the pencil falling from the bed as I fell from grace and it rolling until stopping its way down the bed. Anya’s face appeared again from in between my legs, nose and cheeks covered in me, a smug smirk drawn on her lips. She had no clue what she had done. Not even then was it enough. Even after that experience I had to lay her on my bed and ride her face once and again under the concern and excitement of the possibility of my parents walking in on us. Yeah, at least four times until I could feel content, but never satisfied. I didn’t reciprocate that afternoon, but I did the following night under those trees at the park and then again inside the cabin. It had definitely become the official love nest of TonDC.

I need to clarify something, or at least I feel like I have to. It wasn’t like I wanted to fuck anybody. I mean, I wanted to fuck a lot and I was a very, VERY easy chick but that wasn’t something that girls my age didn’t think of all the time, the others just never verbalized it nor acted on it. It was so obvious to my eyes that it was utterly ridiculous. I saw the girls in town looking at Lincoln and Roan, who had gone all brawny, or Gustus, who was growing a fine beard — I heard them giggling when we passed by in high school. They would have totally sucked their cocks if they had asked them, but not without a little fake fight, of course. Me myself, I had never had any interest in that, though. That was something that somehow guaranteed me I wasn’t crazy, that I wasn’t out of control.

I did it, though, eventually, not long ago. Sucking a dick, I mean. This teacher in my faculty would stain my perfect outstanding marks on Poli-sci so he suggested it and I was… curious? That’s a naïve way to say it, coming from me. Not anymore after that, anyway. Dicks look funny, that was the first thing I didn’t like, but once it’s in your mouth you couldn’t tell, right? No, my problem is not all with cocks, it’s more with what is connected to them. Men are the most anti-erotic things ever. Their bodies, their sounds like asthmatic bulls… I’d prefer to fuck an asthmatic bull, even a jellyfish. But well, we all got what we wanted. He got a blowjob, I got my 100% and his wife and the Dean got a not very good photo of him doing the nasty with a student. Harvard commission don’t seem to like such indiscretions from one of their pre-law teachers, at least not if it comes to light. We all won at the end. Plus, I finally got something that turned me off, after 21 years of rough sex, orgies, vampiric sects (only once, never again, it was quite exciting but I’m not fond of scars) and A LOT of exercise, men moans seemed to be my ultimate turn off. I’m too gay for that.

So I downloaded a shitload of kinky straight porn and extracted the audios, and for the rest of the year I only had to put it on my iPod and listen to it when I needed it. It was the first time in ages that I could really be only studying or reading a book or going for a walk without this throbbing sensation and the soft tickling of my skin. I was good and I was more in control of myself than I could have ever imagined.

My family didn’t agree, though.

 Funny how after all the rough partying and the practicing sex with an indecent frequency, amount of girls and in places that it should be (and actually is) illegal, what made me come out as a sex addict.
was the men moans tape I used precisely not to be horny as fuck, right? Funnier thing? My parents enjoyed shouting the word at me, one that I actually feel somewhat offensive. Nymphomaniac. Doctors don’t even still call it that, they call my disease “hypersexual disorder”. It’s classier. These doctors — a lot of them — they sent me to some sort of AA group for sexaholics. I even had a sponsor, like a mentor who was meant to support me and lead me through the long way to recovery. Her name was Raven Reyes, she was only three or four years older than me but the girl had been in the program since she was thirteen or so and she had been having a normal life for five years. It was inspiring.

However, it didn’t work, as I already knew it wouldn’t. Throwing my gorgeous me to a bunch of addicts was like claiming for an orgy. Don’t worry, that didn’t happen. The first time I got there I remember thinking that almost no one of whom were there was attractive nor good looking enough to have a real problem with sex and people, which possibly was awful of me but in my experience you have it too easy to fuck if you’re nice looking and man, that’s a problem when you have an hypersexual disorder. Curiously, most of the people in the group were men, what reduced the danger of relapsing significantly — that wasn’t something my parents knew, of course, although they found out when their plan crumbled to pieces. Which takes me to the present moment.

I’m back in the rusty, old TonDC. As my feet touch the gravel of the ground, making that annoying noise that I didn’t want to remember, I feel weak, itchy, I would even dare to call it ‘anxious’. You wouldn’t tell by my appearance, no one has seemed to notice and a lot of grandmas have already come to say hi after almost 3 years without a clue of what I am doing or how I am. Who I am. No, nobody could tell I’ve just spent the worst-ass week of my entire life, even worse than that one time I had rash… which was totally not my fault… Well it was my fault because I didn’t take any kind of protection but you know how lesbians are and she swore to God she was clean, which obviously she was not. I don’t believe in any god, specially not after this week tied up in my bed in a very unsexy way, unable to get any kind of release. ‘The hard way’, my father called it, and I swear it was driving me insane. I may have slept four hours in the whole week and I truly feel like dying. But finally that week has ended and it’s Sunday, church day. Yay...

Actually I feel fine, at least regarding my problem, not doing so well with my insomnia. This might be the longer time I’ve gone without sex, longer even than during therapy (I told you it didn’t go well), and being this the first of July, everyone needs a summer project. Mine is dropping this addiction. What can I say? I’m bored.

“Lexa, that skirt is too short to church, you should have changed”, mother’s voice says and I look down. The white skirt is down my knees, I haven’t worn one so long since high school. Goodness, I’ve removed firefighter’s uniforms that were shorter than this skirt. Nooo, Lexa, no, focus. People here have three different kinds of looks for me: the first one, curiosity; the second one, jealousy (what can I say? I’m fucking beautiful and they know it) and the last one, the one in the men eyes: lust. Coming from them is sort of disgusting but God forbid in this shithole to be any queer women…. And that’s positive, Lexa. You’re in treatment and you ought not to even think of women. I check out the surroundings as we approach that intimidating stone building. Mother has found herself some neighbors to gossip with while waiting for our turn to enter. There it is, the park. The rocking chair. My clit is beating again, yesterday night — or this morning — I thought it had finally stopped but it didn’t, it was just asleep and now it’s awake again and I force my hands to turn into fists to avoid touching it over the skirt’s fabric. Annoyed, that’s what it makes me feel now. The fact that I’m not so wet but still there’s that tiny throbbing spot between my legs asking for release is unbearable. I try to recall the moans, men moans, in my head but as a lot of other stuff it has gone and I can only hear soft, arousing lady moans begging me to fuck them, whispering in my ear the
ungodly ways they’d fuck me.

“Fucking Christ”, I curse under my breath and receive a little nudge in the ribs from my mother as we walk.

But as come from heaven, the noise of the church shuts it up and I can finally have some peace. My eyes run to my mother, she looks so much like me and yet we’re so different. I haven’t heard her having sex with my dad in years, not even when I lived there. Maybe if I had heard or seen them it would have traumatized me and let me to hate sex or at least not liking it so much and all I’d be doing would be hanging out with some girlfriend, eating ice cream on the kitchen island. Of her skin… Lexa for fucks sake! I look around, all of this old people reek to a severe lack of sex, which I probably shouldn’t interpret as something wrong. Probably.

The church is small, but wide enough for our footsteps to create their very own echo while hitting the ground, and we sit in the first row like mother wouldn’t like to miss a word. I get back a snort and just take a sit in that uncomfortable bench. There are big stained glass windows at both sides of the church and over the altar, all religious scenes but no figures or other kind of imagery but crosses. I recalled it less modest but I’ve not been here for over four years so I could perfectly be wrong. I like the flowers, though, dainty lilies, and the piano looks new. Nice, I was already afraid of having to put up with that old, flat monster. There’s a paper stuck to the lectern that says “Inspired to Grow. Philippians 1:3-11, Luke 1:26-38”. Shitty. It’s totally unfair that dad and the little fuckboy can stay at home but I have to come here to listen to nonsenses. I can’t remember how much this shit lasted. Half an hour? An hour? I hope not much more, hearing this nonsense will make my mind drift and I don’t want it sailing dangerous waters… Damn, I’m so wet already…

Suddenly, all the noise ceases and the altar boys come in drawing a perfect bee line, and after them an angel. A long, golden waterfall falling on her shoulders almost till her waist, and two piercing blue eyes that take my breath away. The Venus is dressed in that white tunic that I had never found so erotic before but it is true that there's no comparison between that woman and Kane. I knew Father Marcus was old but not that he had been replaced by this goddess. A woman, a priest. I almost expect one of the altar boys to start singing in any moment like in those modern big churches with a choir. Is this even legal? Or whatever that the anglican Church goes by these days, my mind has been very preoccupied with other more pleasurable topics these last years to retain stupid, useless information. She starts talking and everyone stands up only to sit down again. Stupid move, it’s only served for my pussy to hit the bench stronger that it should have. Like the rocking chair. Can I be assisting to my rebirth? My reinvention? The husky voice of the woman sets a fire under my skirt and I have to swear in my head because mother wouldn’t let me cross my legs and I can feel the heat already burning my skin. According to my mother's orders, my legs have to be shut but one next to the other and I’m going crazy here. I shouldn’t look at her but I do, I do and instantly know that I want that angel. I want her to fall from heaven on her knees and eat me whole and holy. Holy fuck, I'm basically picturing myself with her beside that altar, tearing her robes and pinning her against it to fuck her hard and make her visit the Olympus… I think I mixed religions but the main idea stays. That hair is a sin itself. I want to see it over her naked breasts. A priest with boobs, sounds like a challenge somehow, or it's just my sick mind being wicked but still I can’t help smiling. Our eyes lock for a couple of seconds and I’m not listening to anything she’s talking about but I get the hint. ‘Ok, Lexy, this is the last one. This one and you’re not having sex in a year.’ That’s what I tell myself but somehow it sounds as empty as those moments when I’m touching myself to physical exhaustion and I promise myself it’s going to be the last time but it never is.
My wrists hurt and the sensitive, white skin looks all red and irritated. This hadn’t happened to me since last summer when I engaged that hardcore bondage course with Harper and Fox. It was nice, at least at first, but after a couple of days it turned a bit boring. That should have been the first signal, when I started to grow unimpressed by any kind of sexual practice. I’ve done too many unspeakable things and this need would remain here while its excitement is quickly disappearing. There’s no perversion kinky enough for me all of a sudden and it’s frustrating, infuriating. However, for the first time in months I am really excited about something. About someone. A girl with clever blue eyes and a long, long mane of blond hair...

“Ouch!” My fingernails are so long I’ve scratched my thigh. I wasn’t even aware I was touching it.

“Lexa!” My father hits the door repeatedly. Just like a cave man. “Open the door, you know you can’t close it even in the bathroom!”

Stretching myself all I can to reach the doorknob, I unlock the door without abandoning my position in front of the sink and dry my lips with the back of my hand. I definitely have to do my fingernails before I go all in to fuck her or all the fun will turn into the massacre of Texas. Plus, dad’s at the threshold looking at me with a severe scowl on his face, his shaved head shining under the soft sun shines of the morning. Maybe there’s no time for massacres and I’ll be murdered first. It would be lame, being killed for wanting too much sex is not a valid end for me. It would be like, I don’t know, taking a random stray bullet out of the blue. His eyes check me from the top of my head to the tip of my toes before turning around with a forced movement, showing me the massive tattoo on his nape and head and going to the kitchen. I follow suit, I know that’s what he wants me to do. My mom’s still in bed, it’s way too early for anyone to be awake. I don’t know what he wants from me at this ungodly hour.

“No breakfast yet”, he says before I get the chance to sit down. “Get ready, we’re going out.”

“For what?”

Of course I find out soon enough. Jogging. He wants me to blow some steam, something I’ve been doing for a long time before they took over in my treatment process. It’s not like they invented the wheel. They think they’re so clever making me put up with all this inhuman shit. They think it’s my fault. Nevertheless, that’s the deal, isn’t it? I take responsibility for my problem and what I’ve done and will do with my life and they keep paying my bills. At least I’m on a full scholarship in Harvard, that is something they can’t take away from me now I’m an adult. Let’s just say that having to find a job to pay rent would be… inconvenient.

“Come on, Lexa!”, he shouts, a few steps ahead.

We’ve been running for almost three hours and while I’m an athletic person and a good runner, my father believes I’m one of his army soldiers. I’m sweaty and I reek, and my lungs and body burn in a completely non-sexual way. Woah, he may have done it. I don’t feel sexual arousal, I wouldn’t even fuck myself right now. It pains me to death to admit it but it’s a fact and that encourages me to run a bit faster. No, bad idea, this sucks, I just want to die right now. Oh, he’s stopped. Dad’s before me, his hands on his knees and his bald head glistening with sweat, shining under the sun. Now I’m glad I’m only wearing my sports bra and shorts, I’m drenched and gasping for my life. Damn, I think I even feel a little dizzy.

“You… ok?”, he says and takes a deep breath.

No breakfast, no sleep, no sex and a lot of exercise. No, I’m not fucking ok.

“Yeah…” How am I even still alive? I don’t know, I don’t feel the air circulating to my lungs.
“Tomorrow I won’t be able to move.”

“Start walking, come on.” That’s easier to say than to do but I do it. I’ve spent a lot of times on my knees in the past but they had never hurt like this.

Finally, we get to the church square and find some roof to guard us from the sudden powerful sun. That’s it, I’m done, and I lay against the wall levering myself with my legs not to fall to the ground.

“You have to stretch first, soldier, come on!”, he shouts and I huff. Not so long ago I wasn’t a soldier, I was the Commander.

But I give in and follow his orders with a deep growl. I still don’t know how my limbs respond to my wills but they do and soon I start feeling my body again… which is not a good thing. Everything hurts from head to feet and I positively think I’ve got my shoulders and cheekbones sunburned. I hate this place, I could be sunbathing in Santa Monica’s beach with a hottie still eating me out since last night but instead I’m covered in my own sweat, nasty sweat, and hungry as fuck. I want a waffle drowned in chocolate syrup.

“Good morning, Titus!” Right when I thought this morning was hell, a husky voice from heaven comes to save me.

Coming from the church’s door, the voice arrives to my ears like a cavalcade of music and goes down through my harmed body to stay in the only point of my anatomy that doesn’t really hurt. Or it didn’t until know. Shit. Dad turns around before I do, which gives me the time to put a straight face. I’ve been thinking about this particular little game of mine all night long and I’ve reached the conclusion that if this is going to be my farewell, it has to be HUGE. There were so many options to approach this… a lot, but of course only one could be the chosen one and how could I resist playing the innocent, naïve and naughty girl that seduces the weak mind of the faithful priest? The mere thought of it is finishing ruining my shorts. I don’t even bother to wear underwear anymore, my parents have seized my lingerie and most of the rest is ruined because of my persistent flow. Yeah, I’ve run out of pants. If I were wearing any right now, they would be ruined too.

“Good morning, Mother!” It’s weird to hear my father calling her that when she’s on her late twenties or early thirties. “Out for a walk?”

“Yeah.” She nods and is finally so close I can distinguish her piercing blue eyes. Damn, was the weather colder, that white shirt could show her nipples. “Out for a morning run?” The priest smiles, sending shivers to my spine. I’m too gay for this.

“Just training a bit with my kid”, he answers and dries the sweat drops of his wide forehead. “Lexa, meet Clarke Griffin, our new, promising priest.”

Her blue eyes leave my father and finally lock with mine. Even in my exhaustion I feel like I could perfectly handle fucking her against the wall I’m leaning on. Focus, Lexa, the game has started already. My tired hands leave said wall and turn into fists.

“I’m sorry”, I say with a shy smile, averting her gaze to look at them. “I’d give you a handshake at least but I’m kind of…” And I sigh, just an innocent breathe but enough for her look to wander from my face to my neck, “… wet.” I offer her a charming smile, though, I don’t want my dad to get suspicious. With my fingertips, I brush some drops from my pulse point to my clavicle, enjoying it when I notice that she’s fighting not to follow their way with her eyes. I’ve got her. See? It’s not even my fault, people are always so easy to dazzle it’s almost ridiculous.

“It’s ok.” Mother Griffin clears her throat and I peep my father’s expression looking for any sign of
suspicion. None, good. Really, if I'm going to have the hots for someone, what makes he think that
damn goddess is out of the menu. Is he blind? “Well, I’ll let you keep going. See you in church,” she
adds as she starts turning around and I realize she has totally shaded my dad. I have to have this girl.
“Nice to meet you, Lexa.” Oh, dear, I promise you it’s going to be way nicer very, very soon.

Like that every single day. Every morning of this week is the freaking same. Dad undoes my
bindings before the sun rises, I wash my face and get ready for hell. We run three hours and come
back home where I’m forced to take a shower with the door wide open, even if fucking Murphy
(dad’s protege) is wandering around to see me naked. Disgusting little virgin rat. Then I can finally
have breakfast and it’s mom’s turn to take me wherever she goes. This has a good side, however. I
have not seen Clarke in the mornings again, but mom’s spending a lot of time with her parish gang to
organize the Summer Festival on TonDC, and she, as the head of the Choir, of course is there.
We’ve talked a bit, joked mostly about the fact that I have to call her “Mother” when she’s basically
my age. She’s finally given up and asked me to call her by her name and God, I love the way it
twists my tongue, it sears it. Clarke. Clarke. Definitely a name to shout while getting off, in the spur
of the moment. Clarke. Clarke. I’m also pretty sure that the way I say it turns her on too. The winsome priest
tries to hide she has the hots for me but, baby, I wasn’t born yesterday and it’s me who you’re talking
to. I feel it in my fingers when her husky voice whispers next to my ear, I see it in her beautiful blue
eyes — she’d love to lure me to her bedroom up the stone stairs and make me see God itself.
However, that’s not how it works, this little game has its own rules and it’s me who makes them. No
touching, not even myself, not even if she wants to slide her hand under my skirt and... Shit.

I’m actually struggling quite a bit with this whole preparation thing, like I’m teasing myself to death
with no possibility on sight of getting my so desired release. I swear to whatever that my vagina
is becoming a sentient organ and has its own life because I feel it opening and closing and doing all
kinds of weird things lately. Any day now, I’ll find her separated from me and watching telenovelas
in the living room. But now I have a major goal so I have to be patient, only two more days to make
my move. I’d wait until Sunday but in case my first approach doesn’t work I want to have it as a
back-up plan, and in case it does work I want to have another day to fuck her till she blacks out
before starting my real treatment on Monday. Everything must start on Monday, that’s why it’s the
first day of the week. Anyway, I’m positive and think I’ve fooled the priest well enough to make her
think I’m a naïve, provincial and virginal girl, and as I said I’m sure the thought of taking my v-card
makes her wetter than I am now. The throbbing increases. I bet she touches herself thinking of me...

“Lexa’s thinking about sex”, Murphy laughs and my mother hits my nape.

“Ouch! Mother!” I rub the zone, it itches like hell now. I can smell the pancakes already but I can’t
think of them right now, I’m too busy glaring John and trying to focus on him enough to make a hole
in his dumb little head. The upper one. “I wasn’t.”

“Yes, you were”, fucking teenager. “Who were you wetting your pants with now, huh, Nympho?
That girl from SAA that you screwed?” Sure you’d want to know. What an innocent boy, still living
in the past. I don't think he's ever going to be popular or sex active enough to understand that lays are
only that: you lay as many times you can in one night, you move on to the next. He snorted and put a
whole slice of bacon in his mouth. “Only you from all those whores could fuck it up…”

“Dad…”

“Murphy, shut up.” That's what he says, but he’s too busy reading the newspaper to defend his
daughter.

“But it’s true! They caught her in the bathroom banging that Blake girl…”

“And my sponsor”, I add in a bored tone and put some syrup in my pancake tower. I only raise my
head to look at him with a smirk in my lips to say: “At the same time.” And I receive another hit. ’Damn, mother!’

“That’s nothing to boast of, Lexa.” I look at Murphy. He’d like to smile but he won’t, and he won’t because he knows what’s coming next.

“I’m not boasting, I’m just feeding the virgin teen boy’s curiosity, mother”, that’s been an arrow full of poison and I’m enjoying seeing it sink in his chest. However, I don’t like it so much to suffer again mom’s slaps. I have certainly not missed it.

“Like what you do could be even considered sex. No plastic penis could ever…” I know where he wants to go, he wants to tickle me but he’s not going to get to me, not even if my parents are doing literally nothing to shut him up. Straight team, always together, none of my parents will stop him because they have already chosen sides.

This situation repeats a lot, I may say. If they weren’t so religious and thought I’m an abomination I’m not even sure they’d care enough to perform any kind of treatment on me. Because, of course, we lesbians don’t fuck. Now I could play jerk and say that I’ve never had to put or receive a complaint, although I’ve given and received a lot, but that would lead to unpleasant stares and more surveillance and I have to be good. Or as good as I can.

“That’s right”, I interrupt him and he shuts up. “We girls can’t do anything sexual, we only clean each other’s auras. In fact, I don’t know what am I doing here, I don’t have any addiction. I think I’ll pack and spend the rest of the summer in LA as I had planned…”

“Try again”, says dad from behind the newspaper. Only Murphy catches my sarcasm, which is a big irony.

“Fucking junkie whore…”, he whispers under his breath and takes another slice of bacon.

“Y’know, you’ll never get Emori to give you even a lame, sad-ass handjob with that attitude.” Just like that, I get up followed by everyone’s eyes. My parents are going to say something but John’s already red and furious and his tongue’s quicker and mightier.

“What have you just said, fucking teacher-fucker?!”, he shouts and dad opens his mouth. Now.

“You’ve heard me”, I surround the table, my plate of pancakes soaked in maple syrup and my fork in hand. “I’ll be in my room until you need me, mom. Open door” and before I leave. “He should let it open too, his sick asthmatic noises and grunts while he fucks his own hand... or pillow kill my libido.”

As I cross the threshold I heard some loud noises. The fucking teen has tried to follow me and dad has grabbed him. Finally, thank you. I know that they’d rather put up with a slutty hetero girl addicted to sex than doing it with a lesbian one. They don’t get me, they don’t really see me. In this couple of weeks I’ve wondered a lot if they’re trying to heal my sex addiction or my lesbianism. For some reason, that thought only makes me want to fuck their beloved priest more. I’d do it in the middle of the mass, in front of everyone, on the altar. I’d make her moan and cry, I’d make her thank to God while all those fuckers admire my piece of art. I’d make her pray for the salvation of her soul while see Heaven and then fall to the delicious land of Hell. Damn, I’m wet as fuck again. Well, at least I have pancakes.

I eat them trying not to build a vagina with them and play with the syrup as that depraved thought slips my mind repeatedly. Only when there’s one last bit left I’m safe and a sigh escapes my throat. Why am I even doing this? Oh, right, it’s my preparation, these are the rules. I have to play the
innocent part.

Saturday. Glorious, damn Saturday. It’s finally here! Oh my goodness, I’m excited, I don’t even know how the fuck I can still move but I’m super nervous. Today is the day — after more than two sexless weeks, not even touching myself, today is the fucking day. Sorry for my language but I’m really thrilled about this. Sex addict getting laid after what seems like another whole life? Yeah, I may pee my pants now. Although wet, I’m already.

This morning I’ve put extra effort in running and after my well deserved shower I’ve spent at least an hour picking my clothes. Mom and I are going to church to keep arranging everything for the festival and although we still have around three weeks left it’s a lot of work. I’d love to help her more but I have my own work here. Looking at my reflection into the mirror, I smooth out the creases of the skirt of my knee-high dress, black and white for the occasion. It’s too long for my taste and has no cleavage but it will have to do because it looks like I can’t wear a bodycon dress for church. People are too boring but I’m having my fun today. A lot of it, if everything goes as planned.

“Let’s do this, Lex” I tell myself in the mirror and I’d love to put on at least some mascara and eyeliner but I cannot. It will have to do. Damn, I’m hot even if I look like Sandra Dee from Grease at the beginning of the movie. “Mom, I’m ready!”

Running downstairs is rather tricky. Stupid, actually. You have to put your feet in every single step so you don’t fall and kill yourself and it looks ridiculous, so that’s something you won’t see me doing. Ever. Not even today, and that’s what exasperates my mother. She’s waiting for me in the base of the stairs, pursed lips on ward. She hasn’t liked that I’ve taken so long, she’s suspicious.

“Were you touching yourself already?”, John says with a mug of coffee in his hand.

“Ain’t you too young for coffee, virgin Mary?”, he is, I just hope he gets a tachycardia and kicks the bucket. Was that a bit harsh? Nah.

“I’ll install the locks today in case she decides to rape us all”, he comments while going upstairs and I feel tempted to trip him up. I want to hear the ‘crack’ of his skull breaking against a step, but I don’t do it. I’m good, I’m just crabby because I’ve not had sex in weeks and today FINALLY, I’m getting some. I’m so excited I don’t even care that mom doesn’t reprimand him because she totally buys that I’d rape them all. Maybe that’s one of the reasons they tie me up at night, who knows.

Today. Today is the day. Today. Today. Today. The morning in church surrounded by old ladies talking about flower arrangements and pennants is pretty dull, and having to help them bores me to death. However, she appears at noon, as hot as always or maybe even more. Perhaps it’s just my imagination. I want to bite her, I want it so bad but I can’t, I have to behave a bit more. We chitchat a bit as we’re getting use to lately, and the whole time I do my best to fix my eyes on hers and not looking at her lips, her exposed neck or her tight butt. Oh, gosh, her butt. And I’m partly thankful for that shirt that doesn’t give me a little hint of her boobs. Zero cleavage for the best. You know what? I’ve got her to give me piano lessons after mass on Sundays, just in case I feel like falling into my little addiction, which, don’t worry, I’m not likely to do once I’ve fulfilled my little fantasy with her. It’s a bit sad the way I know I’m going to lose interest so fast after this weekend. Shit happens. Maybe next summer when I’m recovered and living a normal life I can pass by to visit.

My clit is throbbing hard, really hard. I know the end is close and soon the noises of these women
will be substituted by moans and cries to heaven, by pleas and groans and gasps of lust and desire. I’ve thought a lot about this, about the places I want to do it. Certainly, I cannot let this opportunity pass without fucking her hard on the altar. A smile appears on my lips unavoidably when I look at it. It’s a bit tight but it will do. My eyes drift until they find the wench in question, talking to Mrs. Sydney. That mole up her lip will be mine… Should I take off her clothes or rip them? I wonder if that’s a unique uniform, I don’t want to cause any more trouble than necessary. Damn everything, I’m ripping it off, it’s too ugly and I want to see her breasts. I bet they’re big. Now my mouth is dry and my fingers feel itchy so I have to lace my hands.

“Alexandra”, my mom calls me and I walk to her slowly. “We’re over for today, come on…”

“Actually, mother.” She quirks an eyebrow. Damn, I’ve to be careful here. “I was wondering if you didn’t mind if I stayed a bit longer.” She’s suspicious so I quickly add: “You can wait outside if you want…”

“For what reason?” She narrows her eyes and crosses her arms in front of her chest. Bad thing. Come on, Lex, you can do this.

“In fact I wanted to… do a confession”, her eyes go wide and there’s a shadow of fear in them. Oh, she’s not worried about me or whatever happens to me, she’s afraid of what would happen if anyone in this shitty town knew about me, about my disease. “I need it mother, I think…” I take my time to play my role and I fucking deserve an Oscar. “I think that receiving a penitence, as hard as it’s going to be, will make me be in peace with Him and cleanse my soul. It will really… help my recovery.”

A blank stare in her face for a few moments and then it appears, smudged all over her face. Pride. I feel a bit disgusted, because of her not because of me, of course. Why doesn’t she leave already? I have work to do, orgasms to receive and provoke… Out of the blue she hugs me tight and I have to use all my willpower to fight back a snort and hug her back.

“After all what I’ve done this could take a long while…”, I say not waiting for her to release me, but she doesn’t answer until she’s again a step ahead of me.

“When you’re finished I want you to go straight back home, understand?” I nod but it’s bullshit for so many reasons. The main one: I don’t do anything straight. I’m about to do something very gay, though.

Only when mom’s completely out of sight and gone I dare to turn around. Fortunately she’s already staring at me (or my ass, I’ve not decided it yet) and I don’t have to call her or anything. I only have to signal her to go to the confessional. She looks confused, even from that far I can tell. She shakes her blonde mane and enters the priest space of the gigantic, wooden confessional while I do the same in the prayers spot. My cubicle is really tiny, quite tight, something I hadn’t counted on — but it shouldn’t disturb my plans. I still can move after all. At long last she opens the solid window of the partition and I can see her face through the screen of the confessional. Damn, I’m dripping already due to the expectation.

My breath has turned a bit heavy and ragged at the nerve-wrecking wait, knowing that the end is so close I can practically touch it with my fingers — and even if I’m trying with all my strength to keep it quiet I must look breathless and anxious. Maybe I can consider this state of mind a happy collateral damage because I’ve drawn all Clarke’s attention. I know how this goes, I’ve done it before. Confess my sins, I mean. The good Marcus was innocent enough to buy my lies back when I was an exploratory teenager. He got lucky; I doubt he could have handled so much information all at once. Just like him, Clarke stares into my eyes, trying to see right through me, to figure out what this innocent, christian girl could have possibly done to be so nervous before a confession. What could be so terrible to earn me an eternity in Hell? The final deep breath and I’m ready. Let’s start the game.
“Bless me father for I have sinned”, I babble, committing a mistake that is not such a thing. “Mother… Clarke… Woah, this is awkward…”

“Lexa”, she giggles and it’s beautiful. “Clarke’s ok if it’s easier for you. How long it’s been since your last confession?”

“Mmmm… Since I got here, two weeks now”, or more like 5 years and around another 3 more of fake testimonies. I’m such a politician, I realize.

“Well, it’s not much, what has you so agitated then?”, she asks, obviously curious. “What are your sins?”

“You see, Clarke, I always have God in my prayers”, or I’d have it if I prayed… or believed in a god, “and never miss Mass on Sundays as you can see”, or more like I’ve not missed it these two weeks. “I always try to bring peace into my home and obey and make my parents proud”, that’s… not so much of a lie. I’m on it anyway.

“Then what is tormenting you, my sweet child?” Oh, I have to bite back a guffaw, she’s so invested. I brace myself trying not to run my hands through my thighs. This is turning me on much more than I can resist already. Two fucking weeks without any kind of release, fourteen days. It’s too easy to say.

“Clarke…” I gasp unintentionally, I’ve moved my leg and the unexpected friction has done the rest. Careful, Lex, careful.

“Tell me, Lexa.” I can feel her through the partition. Waiting. I’m so ready…

“My sins belong to the… carnal kingdom.” Carnal kingdom? What the fuck? I’ve seen far too many bad movies lately. I fight back a laugh that goes out as a heavy sigh. “I… don’t know how to start.” Actually, I know. I do know perfectly how to do this, but she has a confession manual and that’s the way I want this to be. I want her to start. I want her to play. “I’ve been a bad girl.” Not even I can believe I’ve said that in that sexy-damn innocent voice. It's been a total cliché but come on! I couldn't not say it in this unique situation.

She clears her throat and I swear I can almost hear her thoughts. I can practically feel her heat, the warmth of her core spreading through her body. Clarke’s been thinking of this and I’m aware of it. I expected it. I’ve drawn her into this. She’s the object of my desire and I’ve become hers, now she cannot run, she cannot hide it anymore.

“Are you single or married, Lexa?” What a dull way to start. I honestly expected more of her.

“I’m 21, Clarke, of course I’m single.” That’s gone out more violently than I wanted.

“I just have to make sure.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m sorry I’ve gone defensive, this is just…” I try to go back like a hurt animal and her deep sigh shows it has worked.

“I understand.” The noise tells me she’s repositioning in her chair. She clears her throat again and I know the good part is about to start. “Have you ever engaged any sexual activity, Lexa?”

This is where I wanted to get to. I’ve been giving this a lot of thought because my original act was the ‘innocent virgin’ but now I realize it doesn’t make a lot of sense if what I want to do is her to desire to fuck me like a fucking animal in heat. I want her to crave me, not to treat me like a pillow princess. This is the point everything changes for the greater good or disappears like nothing. Critical
point here, I need to stay calm and give my best performance.

“Yes”, I answer, almost hesitant.

“How many?” The atmosphere suddenly feels cold. She’s judging me but she’s a priest after all, isn’t she?

“These two weeks? None.” The first sad and complete truth of the session. She stays quiet some long seconds before continuing.

“How have you ever engaged any kind of sexual activity with someone you weren’t committed to?” Way too long way to ask if I’ve ever had casual sex. What should I say? Yes or no?

“I… have, Clarke.” I’m really trying to sound repentent here but it’s very difficult when you’re trying not to laugh and/or touching yourself at the same time. Fucking throbbing, I can’t focus.

She lets escape a breath and repositions again. Is she getting aroused too? Has it been the way I’ve pronounced her name again? Very likely. This is getting to a really fun situation.

“How many strange men have you laid with, Lexa?” Damn it, that sounds more like an accusation than a question. She’s even gone out of the manual. Let’s see what happens if I…

“None, they were… all women.” Well, that’s not entirely true, but I don’t think that letting her know my blowjob adventures with my teacher would set the mood I want her right here and right now.

At this point I can tell she’s breathless. There’s a sound inside the confessional, like she’s hit herself with something in her surprise. I only hope it’s not been the hands, I’m going to need those fingers ready for battle in any minute now.

“Then you have had sex with women that you weren’t committed to.” Now she’s back on track. I only hum. “Were these women single?”

“Most of them”, ok, that’s just slipped my mouth. Lexa, you need to focus, we’re almost there.

“And married women?”, she sounds surprised.

“Maybe, I didn’t always know their civil state.” Come on, this needs to flow.

“Prostitutes?” If there were hookers in any of my sex groups I’d not really know, so I just answer negatively. I want to groan, I’m running out of patience. “How many women, Lexa?”

“I’m afraid… a lot,” I wouldn’t be able to count them, possibly more than a thousand. Yeah, I’ve been busy these past few years.

“How many a month?” I’m afraid I’m disclosing too much but she seems so eager to ask more and more that I can’t help myself.

“How many days does this said month have?”

And just like that, silence invades the church. I’m glad there’s nobody here right now, I’m pretty sure she’s raised her tone and she’s only yelling at me. I may have fucked this up with my impatience, so much preparation for nothing. I close my eyes hard and press two fingers against my nose bridge while cursing myself in my mind.

“If these are your sins of these last months...” I can hear her gulping, a bit overwhelmed by my sins. The precise fact that she has any saliva left to swallow shows what a fail this has been. “... I don’t
understand what could possibly have you so wrecked right now.”

“I’m cleaning my sins, Clarke.” I make an extra effort to pronounce it as hard as my tongue can. That special turn on of her is the only thing I can cling to. “I’m cleansing my soul and body but there’s something…”

“Tell me then.”

“I’m not supposed to be…” How did she call it? “…engaged in any sexual activities? Let alone thinking of it but…”

“But?” Now she sounds interested! A tiny smile curves the edge of my mouth.

“There are these thoughts constantly assaulting my head.” I bite my lower lip. “Leading to this urge of…”

“Of what?” Look who’s eager to know now.

“Of sinning again…” Hell, I cannot bear it anymore, I cross my legs and the pressure is delicious, so much that a tiny moan escapes my throat. “It’s leading me to… masturbation.”

A familiar noise. It’s been me or it’s been her? A moan, a sweet, sexy lady moan. Is she touching herself while talking to me? Jesus fucking Christ. The only thought of it is making me drench the chair and it’s dripping down my thigh. I can’t fight it any longer, two weeks have been way too much. So I raise slowly the skirt of my dress, separate my legs till the colder air of the church hits me and run a tender hand up my inner thigh to find my soaked crotch. Hello, my friend, long not to see you.

“How…” She clears her throat and I can see her closing her blue eyes and shaking her head from the other side of the partition. “How frequently do you have these thoughts?”

I run a finger through my wet slit and another sigh escapes. I’d almost forgotten how amazing this feels. Damn my fucking need of detoxing, this is amazing.

“Day and night, Clarke.” Yes, I enjoy saying her name, especially in this situation. I don’t think I can be wetter than now. “It’s more persistent in the mornings.”

“In the mornings?” I hum and lean my head against the wood. She’s staring at me again through the screen.

“Tell me about these thoughts, Lexa.” Clarke sounds like she’s suffocating slowly and I love it almost as much as the sensation of my finger circling my clit. Fuck, I forgot to cut my fingernails! Well, they’re not so long, it will have to do. I only hope not to end up in the ER, mom and dad wouldn’t be very proud of me. “You think about a person while you feel this need?”

“Oh, yes.” I’m not very sure if that has been my answer or some spontaneous cry to match this warmth. My head is getting clouded. “I think about her and all the things I’d love to do to her, Clarke, all…” I slip a finger inside of myself and I have to gulp. “The things that I’ll let her do to me.”

I know I’m pretty out of myself in this moment but I can distinguish her ragged breath from mine. If she’s not touching herself right now, she’s fighting like a fucking hero. Another noise that I like to interpret like her legs splaying inside the cubicle and that damn husky voice comes back.

“Wh… What kind of things, Lexa?” She’s so masturbating inside there, oh my goodness. “Tell me.”
“I…” A second finger goes in and I swallow my cry and clench my jaw as they work inside of me. How much I wish they were theirs you have no idea. Normally, I would not finger myself but after fifteen days I honestly don't give a shit. “First, I would tear her clothes off, I need to contemplate her body, bare and exposed, that only would sear my flesh whole. Then, I’d worship it like a diamond, I’d taste it like chocolate all the way down to her core and I’d run my fingernails...” Ouch! I need to put them out, I’m hurting myself, so I just touch my clit, “...through her thighs, teasing her, driving her crazy.”

“Insane…”, she groans in between ragged breaths and I wonder why the fucking fuck she’s still there. Should I go? Should she come? I mean, she will come but, y’know what I mean.

“Then I’d kiss and bite… all the way up to her slit and I’d… I’d…” I can’t even keep it up without moaning, and I cannot moan out loud, that would break the spell.

“Keep going”, she pleads and I clench my jaw in frustration.

“Holy fuck, Clarke, your voice is brutally arousing already.” A loud noise against the wood, she didn’t expect that. “I need you…”

“Fuck…”, she whispers with so much desperation I can’t hear anything else. I don’t even know if she’s still touching herself or everything has gone to hell but I don’t care anymore.

“Clarke, I’m so close already...” My moves are turning frantic and it hurts. This wasn’t the plan and those fucking fingernails are tearing me but I’m not able to stop. “I need your mouth, Clarke, please, I beg you… I’m ready, Clarke, taste me…”

These are the only words she needs to finally cry and moan louder than I ever could have pictured in my mind and again I’m glad we’re all alone here because the echo makes her voice and gasps deafening. Clarke Griffin has gotten off before a half-month-sexless sexaholic, that’s a fucking merit. Well, she’s a priest, come to think of it she must be very sexless too although she can always masturbate like right now. If only she recovered and came here… I don’t think I can move right now nor I could get off without her smoothening tongue easing the mess I’ve done of my lips and clit. Fucking fingernails, I’m having her cut and polished first thing when I get home. The door of the confessional opens and closes abruptly, and I retire my hand to wait patiently and completely willing to the priest in question. She’s taking her time. I wait a few more seconds before acknowledging the painful reality. No, she’s not coming, this is not possible. I put down my skirt, fix my dress and come out of the wooden space only to find an empty church. I cannot believe this. She hasn’t got off and left me all worked up, this things doesn’t happen to me. I’m Lexa fucking Wilde, the fucking lesbian mistress of the whole USA and she, a fucking priest of a small town full of hicks, hasn’t left me wet and disheveled inside a fucking confessional after two weeks of zero fucking sex and a week preparing this. My jaw and fists clenches and I start trembling with rage. I’m so going to fucking destroy that woman.

"Bitch...", I mutter through my teeth.

With a heavy move, I turn around and look at the chair I've been sat only a few moments ago. It's wet and my thighs' shape are drew in dark sweat and other fluids. There are a couple of droplets going down the chairleg and I know perfectly where they come from. It only makes me angrier. I could clean it, of course, but I won't. No. I want her to come back and see what she's done and left behind. I want her to know this is NOT over yet.
Her actions can lie but her eyes cannot. She's reading the Philippians in a loud, steady voice but she's ogling me from the lectern. A humid tongue wets her lips and those blue orbs wander again up my exposed leg exactly when my mother reprimands me for crossing them. She's just like a hungry coyote watching her pray from afar, it's hilarious. What will I do now? I have to give the people what the people want, otherwise I'd be terribly selfish, wouldn't I? So I just let my thigh fall aside and open subtly my legs, inviting her and only her to my pleasure and she chokes a bit, heroughs echoing in the silence of the stone building. Clarke's trying to ignore me, averting my gaze, focusing on her task. Failing miserably, much to my enjoyment. I'm glad mom's so devote she always insists on sitting in the front row, where the action takes place or so she says. Some action is taking its place here, there's no doubt of it. Maybe I'll fuck Clarke there too, as a symbolic and rebellious act against this mother that sees me only as a sick whore — because I'm deathly horny already and I'll fuck her today. I didn't finish myself yesterday and it was highly uncomfortable, I must say — however, this holy Sunday is going to be an entirely different experience. Today she does not have anywhere to escape from me. Also, I've done perfectly my fingernails, this is going to be all in.

As she turns the page of her book and flicks through it briefly, I reposition my hands to lay on my lap, softly caressing the skin above my knee. This doesn't pass unadverted by her, of course, she'd have to be concentrated in her task for that to be possible and she's not, I'm drawing all her attention right now so I bit my lip and she mimics me. Why is she even trying to fight this? Because of her religion? Because of God? It wouldn't mind it, I can assure her, it would like people to be happy and if we fuck on that altar we'll be the happiest people in this damn shithole in the middle of nowhere. Only a few more minutes, my folds are dribbling already.

"Finally, brothers and sisters," she says and her voice raises to the end of the building. "Whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable—if anything is excellent or praiseworthy—think about such things." Sure she's thinking about some praiseworthy things, what I'm going to do to her is going to be legendary and worth of admiration and worshipping. "Whatever you have learned or received or heard from me, or seen in me—put it into practice." I'm trying, beautiful, I'm trying. "And the God of peace will be with you."

Everyone stands up and I do the same, smoothing out the creases of my red sundress down the waist belt. Clarke clears her throat and shakes her mane like only she does. Her hair looks so soft, I can't wait for my hands to lose in it, for it to itch my cheeks and chest. I will not let my hunger fuck everything I've worked for again, I'll stay calm and be conscientious this time. I can do it, I'm Lexa Wilde and no queer girl can resist to my charm.

The Mass is over at long last and people start exiting the church. My mother's going to grab my arm but stops herself in the last moment, there's no need for me to remind her that I'm technically staying for my piano lessons. I guess that after arriving home all angry and destroyed yesterday she's starting to trust me and my will to recover from this disease. Yeah, I could feel bad about it, I could but I simply will not. She's waiting for me, toying with the flowers, leaning to a box of long matches to light the candles beside the piano. It's almost like she's setting the mood for a romantic date and something inside of me twists. No, Lexa, don't feel sick now, breathe and stay calm. The church is almost empty but I won't do anything until the last altar boy is gone. Exhibitionism has never been my thing, you know, at least not in front of minors.

"Did you want anything?" She's trying to play fool, that's kind of a pathetic move, she's not even trying.
"You promised to teach me how to play the piano, Clarke." I approach cautiously. Maybe somewhere deep inside of my head I'm still waiting she ran away from me. "Or did you lie to me here, in front of God itself?"

"Himself", her soft smile's challenging me. Holy shit, how can she be so sexy? Damn her and this ache that is killing me already.

"Himself...", I'm finally there and I run my fingers through the piano keys, enjoying the smooth feeling.

The light of the candles almost illuminate more the building than the sun coming through the windows. She offers me to sit beside her and does the proper thing. Clarke says something, she may be explaining the melody or the notes to me, she could be talking about God or confiding me the secret recipe of her mac&cheese and I wouldn't know because I'm not listening to any single word that husky, sexy as fuck voice forms. No, I'm way too busy looking at her long, strong fingers pressing the keys alternatively and maybe there's some music sounding? Fuck, she's skilled... I wonder how those fingers would feel against the most sensitive parts of my skin. Before I can even notice she's stopped playing and I realize my hand's on her thigh, dangerously advancing her way up her crotch. Shit, I'm a horrible person, my animalistic instincts are so developed and used to be on display I don't even realize I'm overstepping here. I've not been given any kind of consent word or sign yet but she's not acting like she doesn't want this. Far from complaining, Clarke's looking silently at my hand creasing the fabric of her tunic, only gulping every once in a while. How could I make this annoying robe go? She's wearing far too many (ugly) garments for my taste.

"Lexa." I'm not sure if that's a plea or a warning but I'm tired of this game already so I just lock my eyes with hers, green meeting blue, and keep going up.

She doesn't even need to avert my gaze to grab my hand and separate it from her, and although things must look not really favorable for me and my case, I'm not giving up today. This time I'm in total control of the situation in spite of my urges and this throbbing sensation that is starting to soak my sundress. I grab the closest of her hands and not leaving her eyes even for a second I lead it directly to my crotch, where I've been needing it the most for the last two weeks. The hiss that escapes her throat when she realizes I'm not wearing pants is delicious. Fortunately, her hands are not cold, or at least not enough for me to care, and the contact with my dripping folds is overwhelming for all the right reasons. I let a soft moan escape my lips and steady myself with the opposite arm to the long stool delighting myself with the echo of my own noises mixed with her heavy breathe. Clarke's hand is frozen but she's not resisting my commands at all. That's why I start moving it against my swollen clit like a puppet, like a student that needs to get the move before start doing it by themselves, like a kid trying to learn how to ride a bike. Even if it's me moving them, the foreign sensation of her fingers against this sweet bundle of nerves feels so good I can't help throwing back my head in between sighs and buckling my hips in search of more friction. Only then our gazes break their connection. Only then she starts moving her fingers. Clarke circles my clit with a professional skill and I'm almost surprised. I mean, I kind of already guessed she was not knew in all of this lady sex thingy (and not only fucking herself) but for fuck's sake, she's a priest.

This only practise feels amazing after all the time of abstinence but she's not even touching me more than my crotch, and although I wouldn't care in a different occasion, this one is somehow special. I pass my leg up the stool, straddling it, leaning back to give her full access to my body. I do feel exposed but not defenseless because I know I have the power here, I have control over her, over her desires and fantasies and we both are very aware of that, which I have to admit is amusing. Oh, fuck. She strokes my folds and goes back to my clit alternatively, teasing my entrance. Despite that serious face of hers she's absolutely enjoying this and the worst part is I'm having fun too. Maybe too much because we're only starting this and I'm already so close I can feel my pelvic muscles clenching. I try
to take a deep breath and make this last longer but it's only a patch, I'm getting off in any second now and my hips start to buckle frantically in front of her. This is embarrassing. Shit, I used to complain because it was taking me too long lately and I'm complaining now because I'm already there. I can never be content. Damn, I shouldn't even be doing this, this is acting out. When the electric current strikes me, I just don't care anymore.

"Clarke... fuck!" My back arches and my legs tremble, but she doesn't put her hand away until I've ridden my orgasm. That's very nice of her considering the lack of manners she showed yesterday.

The electric flash thumps my body, searing everything on its way and consuming it to the marrow of my bones. Fuck, I missed this so much. We both can perfectly realize I've totally drenched the stool with my cum. Woah... this is a lot and still it only feels like the very beginning, like the prelude of our deadly symphony. A tender finger strokes my entrance for the last time, collecting all the juices it can and the priest observes them sliding down her finger for a few moments. I really want to know what she's thinking about, her face won't disclose anything but her severe rictus of concern. Biting my lip, a mischievous idea slips my mind. I grab her hand and suck her fingers clean, slowly, minimizing but not avoiding the wet sounds, fixing my eyes on hers. Under my spell, she can't look away. When I finish I do it with a smug smirk, I want her to know this is my little revenge.

"You didn't want to taste me yesterday, so..." I lean to her and lick her lips, asking for an access that I immediately get, followed by a deep moan that escapes her throat.

Her tongue feels warm and eager against mine and her lips very, very soft. Excuse the cliché but it's true. There's something off in her kiss, though, something that isn't quite the same than other kisses I've received. Is it softer? Is it warmer, hotter, more desperate or skilled? Is this because my own taste is still filling my mouth? Or is it because she tastes different, like chocolate and mint? The kiss is good, really good, gradually turning into a bruising one. Nevertheless, this sensation is getting on my nerves easily due to my incapability of placing it. Finally I start feeling dizzy and have to separate to breathe, moment that she chooses to stand up in front of my confused stare. She wouldn't dare to... and yet she turns around and walks again through the gate to the tower. For the second time I'm dripping, horny as hell and utterly confused in a church with no one to take care of my mess. Fucking great.

"She's done it again..." The animalistic grunt that sounds in my chest startles even myself.

This makes absolutely no sense and it's not fucking funny anymore. Even though at least this time she has had the minimum decency of getting me off before leaving like this had nothing to do with me, she's still going to suffer and cry for this. Blood must have blood.

Chapter End Notes

How was it? Did you like it?
Let me know in the comments :)

You can ask me things and follow my nonsense here: http://lesbianmistress.tumblr.com/
I had always been a righteous woman, virtuous ever since I arrived at this holy house. I was finally a woman in peace with myself and the universe, a woman I could be proud of. What am I now?

Sorry for being so late, it's been a crazy month and I'm super stressed out. Now I have a beta, yay!

You can contact me on http://lesbianmistress.tumblr.com/ and I'll try to answer as soon as I can ^^
to the shadow, let it take control over my soul again — it’s tempting, it wants me, I would just let it asphyxiate me. However, this doesn’t have anything to do with that, for a change.

The shampoo runs in between my fingers and it mesmerizes me and horrifies me at the same time. Quickly, I shake my head and start letting the water wet my hair again. I shampoo it under the flow burying my fingers between my locks, massaging carefully trying to clear my mind. Several drops start invading my face, they take the place of my bitter tears and the only thing I can think about is her. Lexa, the devil. It’s been her who has come into my life to ruin it all, it’s been her who has made me betray everyone and break every promise and oath I made based on so much grief and so much gratitude. It’s been her who has made a disgrace of me. I don’t even know who to pray to, no one listens to me anymore. One week, that’s the time it has taken her to destroy my life and everything I believed in. I had always been a righteous woman, virtuous ever since I arrived at this holy house. I was finally a woman in peace with myself and the universe, a woman I could be proud of. I was the teacher of the misguided, the shepherdess of the flock of sheep in need so abundant in this small town, someone people could look up to. What am I now?

My mind tries but can’t understand how this is possible, why the mere sight of her sitting there in the front row, looking at me with that avid green stare makes the blood boil in my veins and just like a mirror cracking into a thousand pieces I start losing every bit of control over myself. Even if I’m not looking at her I can feel her, I know her luring eyes are on me like two little fares looking inside my soul and I know she can see me. Really see me — right through me. My deepest fears and desires, my passions and shame. Then she comes to me, she shoves that silky hair of hers and wets her soft, sweet red lips and that’s all the devil needs to tear my soul apart. What is she even made of? She’s fire, languid at first and then she turns into hungry flames that insist on consuming me. She’s the deadly, mortal sin that incinerates my soul and drags the ashes to Hell. Lexa’s a burning desire that won’t disappear. She’s poison.

Those eyes and when she sees through me. Those lips and when she bites them in lust. Her sweet laugh that seems to be permanently mocking me. The sharp and delicate jawline making the way to her neck, pale and dainty, as if it was the way through which I have to make my pilgrimage.

It’s not my fault. That stranger girl is the devil who has lit this flame inside of me against my will. She’s the only one to blame. I do not want to sin, it is her fault not mine. She’s the one who makes me crave her sweet mouth and lures me to her warm skin. Maybe, I wonder, maybe it is actually not my fault and this is just God’s way. He, who helped me so much this few past years. He, without whom I would still be lost and hurt and who knows what else. No, no, no. I can’t betray Him; neither Him nor father Kane for that matter — because that’s what this would be: an absolute and disgusting betrayal.

And yet.

I open the screen and wrap myself in towels. One for my hair, another one for my body tied above my breasts, and get out of the warm shower to be received by a cold breeze. It’s impossible for me to contain the shiver that runs through my spine and I hurried to dry my body and put some clothes on. Only the white shirt and the black straight pants today, it’s way too early to wear the clerical collar or the cassock on a Thursday and I’m not really in the mood. I brush my hair and dry it a bit with the head towel and just let it be, I don’t bother to get it done in a fancy way — it’s way too early and I expect no one to come to church, not even the lovely ladies that are organizing the festival, they have been working non-stop and everything is going smoothly. I don’t even expect her anymore, she hasn’t come by since Sunday. I hold my breath and get out of the bathroom, wet towels in hand to hang them under the sun, and despite all my efforts not to think of her, the moment the warmth of the first sunshines of the morning touches my fingertips I can’t help seeing green eyes and feeling an itch on my hands at the memory of velvet skin. She was so beautiful. She looked so innocent. How did I
even lose control that way? First, on the confessional. I still flush red when I remember her voice and panting coming from the other side of the partition. At some point that confession stopped making any sense and everything turned into the most inappropriate of conversations. However, I couldn’t stop myself. I could argue she took me by surprise — the revelation of the depraved nature behind her mask of innocence confused me and everything just turned into the most surreal and immoral of the situations. When I snapped back into the real world, I left. I had to run away, I had to break the connection with those wizarding eyes and getting out of her siren chant. Then I came here and cried and prayed until my eyes and lungs burned. It wasn’t all that wrong, the blasphemy was huge but sure I could pay the penitence as hard as it was.

Was that what fooled me into thinking I could resist her after the Mass? Maybe I did convince myself once I had resisted the devil’s temptation I was immune to it. I was arrogant and she was stronger. Even now I can remember vividly the feeling of my fingers against her moistened slit, I can recreate the motions against her swollen clit and I’m embarrassed to admit I do get soaked at the memory of her lips brushing my skin and her tongue, hot and furious, fighting against mine. I shudder and cover my face with my hands. Shame on me.

No, I don’t know who to pray to anymore to erase these thoughts and this guilt. Maybe it’s too late for me.

“Mother Griffin?”, I hear someone calling me from the nave.

“Yes?” I walk at a brisk pace but still Mrs. Azgeda’s aquiline head appears through the aisle door before I get there.

“I’m sorry to bother you so early in the morning but I’m going to be out of town for the rest of the week and I couldn’t leave without making my weekly confession.”

Here we go again. As always, I draw a gentle smile and step up, closing the door behind me and I lock it while uttering my cordial and usual “of course”. This woman won’t let a week pass without coming to my church and trying to make me spill the beans about any of the members of the parish. There must be a respectful way of telling an old lady to go fuck herself and stop coming to make an immoral use of confessions but I’m still pondering it.

“Excellent”, she says and a wicked smile appears on her lips. “I’m going to light a candle first, I have some time.”

A deep sigh escapes my chest in the quietest way I’m able. For sure it wasn’t going to be a short conversation. I start my slow walk to the confessional, my head bowed, looking at the floor as if there was something magical in it. I haven’t got enough sleep lately and my mood reflects it perfectly.

Maybe if I just…

The echo of a noise breaks the impenetrable silence of the building and when I raise my gaze I get struck by a green lightning. She’s back. Of course she would be back, how could I have expected otherwise? For a moment the time seems to stop and my breath gets caught in my chest while looking directly at the face of the devil. Her eyes shine with the intensity of the sun, illuminated by the dim light of the morning that makes them look like luscious emeralds fixed in every movement I make. Her long, chestnut hair is unusually retired of her face, braided maybe. She looks like an angel, glows with the purity of St. Lucia’s life and wilderness and yet… And yet the smug smirk in her face grows wider and my stomach twists. What is she planning to do this time? It would be an immense lie if I denied I’m terrified of this girl. She’s going to say something, greet me quite possibly, but I won’t let her enchant me with her voice and kind words again. My feet move almost by their own and I restart my way. Lexa’s wearing a tall, red skirt with a sleeveless, white, lacy shirt that makes her shoulders look neat… Not that I have paid that much attention, it’s just painfully obvious. I have never been so eager to engage confession with Mrs.
Azgeda before.

The wooden door opens with a moderate squeak that echoes in the nave, I must remember to put some oil in those hinges later — and when I’m going to get in, a violent force shoves me inside. Fortunately, I’m quick enough to extend my arms and avoid hitting the chair, that would have been quite painful. The door closes behind me and before I can turn around to find out what is happening two hands land on my hips. My whole body stiffens at the realization. No, she can’t do this.

“Lexa, get out of here”, I mutter but her lips are already in the back of my neck caressing the skin still wet from my shower. Damn, she can be so soft... It feels great. A low snarl leaves my throat when her hands start unzipping my pants. “I mean it, get out.”

I really wanted it to be a warning, a terrifying one, but the only thing coming from her is a giggle while she pulls my pants and underwear down in one single movement. Well, that was a bit impressive but... No, wait, Clarke, focus. However, I don’t have the time before she abruptly turns me around and shoves me against the chair. Damn Lord... My back hits the wood but that’s not where the pain I feel comes from. My left arm, it has hit the armrest and it’s going to leave a bruise. It really hurts, what is she thinking about? The anger and the hatred in my chest only grow at the thought of her plan. I’ve never been so sure of anything but her purpose in life is destroying my existence, in this reality and the after-life. What have I done so wrong to deserve this fate? I try to lean and get my clothes back but she’s unexpectedly stronger than she looks and pushes me back to my place. Woah... That’s before she grabs my thighs and I’m forced to move forward on the chair to give her full access to me. This is not happening. She can’t do this. I won’t allow this depravity, I won’t let her corrupt me again. I won’t fall into the devil’s claws again. My soul won’t be tainted with this sin, I swore it to God.

Or at least that was what I truly believed before observing the view in front of me. Lexa, beautiful and strong, kneeling before me with a lustful smile on her lips, ogling at me down on her knees — so submissive looking, so eager to please me and at the same time the one in charge. She is in charge of this situation, in charge of my desires and cravings, in charge of this throbbing and warm sensation that grows under my belly and spreads through my body. Lexa runs her tender fingers up and down my thighs, approaching more and more to the inner skin. She’s teasing me and she’s achieving every goal. My hips buckle and her smirk grows. Damn.

“You have no idea of how long I’ve been waiting for this moment, Clarke.” My name twists in her tongue again and I have to conceal the moan that gets out of my chest turning it into a gasp. Not subtle enough because she has noticed and wets her lips. “Or maybe you do. How many times have you daydreamed about this, Clarke?” I gulp and despite all my efforts I cannot hide the guilt on my face. “How many times have you craved to have me between your legs?”

Then she leaves a soft kiss and a nip on my thigh, up to the border with my center and I have to claw my fingernails in the armrests not to squeal. It’s over, I’m done and I don’t care anymore. Really, I just need her to... The sound of someone opening the door next to us makes us both stiffen and hold our breaths. Fuck, she’s already here. I give Lexa the most serious and murderous warning look I can produce but she’s enjoying this. Damn her, of course she is enjoying this. Quietly, she stands up to my ear and runs her slick tongue through its edge sending shivers to my spine and warming the tiny bundle of nerves in my crotch that is slowly growing harder.

“If you had behaved like a good girl the last time”, she whispers in a way that makes me want to cry and arouses me at the same time. Is she upset?, “I would behave today.”

“No, no, Lex...” I try to fight but she covers my mouth with her hand. Mrs. Azgeda is sitting on the bench, inches away from us. Well, shit.
“If you don’t want her to catch us, you better shut up and keep a straight face”, she whispers in my ear for the last time.

This is the moment I actually realize and believe Lexa Wilde is the devil incarnated. She moves faster and nimbler than a panther and sets herself between my thighs. Then, her hands start moving from my bare calves up to my knees, two slender fingers worshipping my skin with their electrifying touch, driving me insane already. I gulp and clench my jaw, this is not going to end well.

“Bless me mother, for I have sinned.” Mrs. Azgeda’s voice is calm and does not show any kind of awareness of my delicate situation. Good, good… I look at Lexa out of the corner of my eye. She has her devious smile plastered on her ungodly beautiful face while staring at me but she hasn’t done anything yet. “My last confession was a week ago.”

“Tell me your sins”, I say, maybe too fast and Lexa’s smile grows wider before burying her head in me. Her first deep nip on my thigh is exasperating.

“See, mother, lately I feel like my husband…” The second one takes my breath away when the teeth behind it grab some flesh so close to my folds. She’s taking her time, enjoying my uneasiness, the possibility of being caught and making of me the object of all the shame of that community. “… and he gets on my nerves…” The first stroke of her tongue is wide and warm. She caresses the whole length of my folds before placing some open mouth kisses, slowly going up and finally (finally) gets to my clit — then she circles it with the tip of her tongue and sucks tenderly. *Fuck!* I almost hit my head against the wood wall behind me. “… stupid and I know it’s not…” I turn my face off the partition and bit my lip to stifle a moan. My greater mistake? Looking at her. Lexa’s so damn sexy on her knees (*oh my God*) that I have to hold my breath again not to pant as loud as I want to. This is only getting wetter and wetter and I’m really worried Mrs. Azgeda’s going to hear the dirty sounds coming from her. “… mother”. My head spins so quickly to face her that I’m again on the verge of hurting myself.

“What…” My clit is so hard by now she’s only playing to bump it with her tongue once and again and I feel like dying. “What else do you have to confess, Nia? I’m sure you… have come here with more than shallow sins.” I can’t help looking back again. Lexa has listened to my words and now she’s leering at me, a bit surprised by the double meaning that my words may or may not have. Well, they do, I can’t deny I’m craving it.

“No, mother, actually I’m a bit worried about my son. He and her girlfriend are coming here at the end…” And just like that she gives it to me. She grabs my thighs tightly and slips her tongue inside of me. *Oh my fucking God!* My head spins and I have to camouflage my loud moan with a strong cough. “… together… Are you ok?”

“Yes, yes”, I answer coldly, contrasting with the warmth spreading through my body as I bury my hand in chestnut hair, unintentionally undoing the beautiful braids. “Please, continue.”

Her hot breath on my skin, her nose booping the stiff bundle of nerves throbbing between my legs, her hands going up my pelvic bone, her fingers clawing my skin, steadying me and preventing me for buckling my hips. Her warm tongue moving inside of me, taking every single bit of my sanity on its way. I can feel it all, I can feel everything at once. My fingers close in a fist grabbing her hair, guiding her on her conscientious work and I purse my lips to conceal the grimace my beating center insists on drawing on my face.

“… the girl…” I don’t know how Mrs. Azgeda isn’t noticing everything happening inside this confessional. Every sinful moan, every wet thrust. I can’t even keep a straight face anymore and I thank to God and this holy partition for covering my face well enough. “… my Roan was such a good boy, you should meet him when he comes, mother.”
“O… of course.” Lexa snorts softly at something and my voice trembles. I give her a little tug to reprimand her although her only and direct answer is going back to suck my clit. *Fuck*... My legs move and hit slightly the wall of the confessional.

“You’ll like him a lot, he’s a very handsome young man”, the woman boasts but I’m so close I don’t really get the meaning of her words. *Fuck, Lexa, faster*, I want to moan but I can’t. I tug her hair a bit harder and she doubles her efforts. *That tongue is not nearly normal, oh my God.* “… Titus’ girl and my Roan were childhood sweethearts, and secretly I’m a bit worried that the girl may suffer when Ontari and he come here. Wouldn’t you happen to know something about it?”

The wolf has already shown its ears but I can barely think of that because the vibrations of Lexa’s muffled guffaw send me over the edge and an electric current sears every single piece of my body on its way. My muscles clench and I have to stick my head to the wall behind me and bite my hand not to cry out this ode to the pleasure trapped in my throat. Fucking devil, she won’t stop sucking my folds and clit until I explode again.

“Are you ok, mother?”, Mrs. Azgeda asks, her voice full of worry.

“Yeah, yeah…” I pant and I can’t help it. Lexa won’t stop as much as I try to separate her. That tongue seems to exist to lick my clit, *oh my God*, and the spasms won’t stop coming. “I’m clumsy…sy today… and I’ve hit my thumb.” For someone whose only thought right now is a certain girl collecting their juices with her fucking damn skilled tongue between their legs, my excuse is pretty plausible. At long last, she stops and my body relaxes, ready to have some rest — only then I take a deep breath and turn my head to face the woman. “Nia, you have committed no severe sins. Don’t worry about your husband nor your son.” Even I can feel the stupid smile appearing in my face. I breathe out quietly. “Men are more simple creatures than we might think and they know they can count on you to support them.” Of course I’m not gossiping about Lexa, especially when she’s right here, kneeling on the floor, with her lips still attached to my skin.

“You are too kind, mother”, she says bitterly and disappointed. “What’s my penitence?”

“Just ask God for mercy during your daily prayers, no especial penitence today.” I feel so generous this morning.

After a brief moment of hesitation, finally the woman seems content enough to say goodbye and leave. One, two, three, ten, fifteen, twenty… Thirty seconds of silence until the church door shuts with a loud noise and tells us we’re finally alone. At long last. I can realize now I’m panting and steaming. Even after having had a shower my skin is sticky with the thin layer of sweat that accompanies a good orgasm. *For God’s sake*. I’m definitely going to Hell.

“I think I’m kinda regretting eating you out so well after the bullshit you’ve just told her”, Lexa comments while struggling to stand up, using one hand to steady herself and the other to clean the edges of her mouth. Her knees must hurt from being on that position for so long in a tiny space and yet, she manages to get up and straddle my lap. Far from seeming inappropriate as it is, her mockingly tone is quite refreshing, actually.

“It’s just what they want to hear and what they expect me to say”, I explain myself, not because I feel I have to give her an excuse but because it’s true. I may be a priest but I’m not stupid — or at least that was what I thought before meeting her and falling right into one of the worst and most serious sins I could have ever committed. “Also I haven’t listened to anything she was talking about because someone…” Lexa exhibits a fake innocent face and sits for a bit to readjust her position. I can feel her moist center on my skin, *oh God*. Damn, she’s drenched, “…thought it was a great idea making me come during a confession.”
She places her arms around my neck and it may be just the oxytocin running in my blood but this kind of proximity feels oddly good. There’s a special warmth in this stupid chitchat I hadn’t judged suitable for Lexa but... Soon the fluffy bubble pops and I’m right back under her thumb.

“Do you feel dirty, Clarke?” She leans forward and I eagerly wait for a mouth that never comes. Instead, she starts nipping and biting the column of my neck, sucking carelessly to leave a mark. Just for a second I had forgotten she’s a jerk and I’m just her stupid game.

The happy relaxation my body had drowned in quickly returns to its state of uneasiness and the anger burns once again in my chest, hotter than ever before. How have I been so fucking stupid? What the Hell was I thinking? I wasn’t thinking, that’s the problem, I wasn’t thinking at all. She creeps on my head and poisons my mind and I just let her. That’s the freaking hell that is my life now and that my after-life will be.

Her hands undo only three or four buttons of my shirt, slip under my garments and push aside my bra so easily it’s actually impressive, finally baring my breasts under the fabric. The moment she grabs them, a gasp escapes her throat and I can feel a wide smile against my neck. She starts massaging them, softly pinching my nipples and it’s been so long since someone did that I have to yelp. Damn, slender fingers...

“Holy fuck, Clarke”, she whispers in my ear, twisting her tongue around the ‘k’ like only she can do. “I know they were going to be nice but not this huge.” Her teeth close softly around my earlobe sending shivers to my spine. “Take this ugly shirt off now or I’ll fucking tear it off.”

All of a sudden, everything feels like a punch in the face. I can’t. No, I can’t. I try to shove her off me but she’s attached to me like a leech. Her laugh this time is not sexy, not erotic nor joyful. This time it’s cruel and impersonal and I don’t like it.

“No again.” The voice that comes out from her throat is so cold I get goose bumps.

Saying that I’m not a bit scared about how things are turning out in a second would be a lie. Her jaw makes a strange movement and her green eyes don’t avert my scowl. However, her grip relaxes and her body raises a bit, enough for me to be able to get up should I need to. Suddenly I get it, suddenly I see further than her cold expression and discover the pout she’s hiding to show dominance. Lexa’s being childish and her only resource to get what she wants is trying to play with my mind and possess me. For a second she really fooled me but she’s just a spoiled little girl. I move forward to reach to her lips and she leans back to avoid my kiss. Again. Is she punishing me? If this is how it’s going to be, let’s be it. I grab her thighs and pull her closer to my body. Her legs are so soft it’s frankly both annoying and arousing. A drop falls from her to my upper thigh and fuck, she’s totally wet for me.

“Do you ever wear underwear?”, I ask and she responds with a loud snort.

“Not my fault, my parents took my lingerie and I am not wearing some white grandma cotton panties.” A spoiled little girl, as I said.

My hands slide under the red skirt and run up and down her inner thighs as slow as I can — I really would love to torture her for all the eternity. If she wants this she’s going to suffer for it. Although there's something about her that baffles me a little bit yet — I cannot really picture Titus or Tara wanting to know about their baby girl’s underwear nature or purpose.

“Why would they do that?”

Far from answering my question Lexa only snarls and guides forcefully my hand to touch her where
she needs it the most before I can stop her. Her lips part and several soft moans come out from them with each movement, more intoxicating than I remembered them. She’s so close to me I can feel her breath on my neck, she’s all around me, I can hear every single tiny noise of pleasure she makes, she’s all over me. Her heat, her gasps, the moisture between her legs so slick and ready for this. Holy Jesus… Her clit is so swollen I bet I could only touch the base and she would still come gloriously. I bury my head in her shoulder for a second — that shoulder that drives me crazy, and lick the soft valley of her clavicle. She smells so good for a second I just feel like staying like this. Then she groans again and I can’t help wondering: What if…?

Lexa cries out and moans louder than I’ve ever heard her before, her right hand sliding out of my garments and going to land on my throat, adding some pressure. She’s trying to get her power back and it’s hilarious. Her flustered chest and face betray her.

“You look so needy, badass girl.” I’m a bit too smug but it was about time I broke her wall.

The only thing I’ve done has been rolling slightly her clit between my index finger and my thumb adding a bit more pressure on my way to the tip. That has been all I’ve needed to make a mess of her just like she makes a mess of me. Revenge is so fucking sweet I think I’ll get diabetes.

“Don’t do that.” She gulps and I do it again. Her head falls back for a tiny second and she cries out. “Don’t!”

“Why?” I thought coming by her mouth was awesome but this… I could just get off again seeing her like this. Her loose waves of brown hair falling messily over her right shoulder and her back, her neck and cleavage exposed and rosy, her enigmatic green eyes tightly shut and those forbidden lips slightly parted. Yeah, I perfectly could.

That’s why I gradually feel like I need more. I want to see her rocking over me, twisting insanely, glowing with that aura of pleasure. I’m going to break her sanity and destroy her just like she destroys me and it’s going to be beautiful. I chuckle and roll it once again but this time she responds by tightening a little her grip around my throat and sinking her teeth on the crook of my neck. Ouch! It’s not a zombie kind of bite but it’s a bit too hard to be pleasurable.

“Clarke!”, she actually pleads. "It’s just too shallow, it only… It doesn’t…” Again and her hips buckle violently. “Fuck, Clarke, stop!”

“Why? I thought you liked teasing.” A smile appears in my face when I see her expression while I do it once more. This time, her hips start moving rhythmically. “You need me to touch you like this?” I leave my hand flat and she herself starts grinding against it, faster every time she moves forward. So, so needy. “Or maybe you need me to press like this”, I don’t tease this time, she’s more than wet enough for two of my fingers to slide abruptly inside of her and curl without resistance. Her jaw clenches and her other hand lands on my shoulder. This is not quite the reaction I expected but she seems to like it, especially when I start touching that spot. Lexa arches her back and the thought of her finally kissing me slips my mind… I guess dreaming is just dreaming. With her forehead pressing on my shoulder, she releases my throat and grabs the armrest of the chair, looking for something to steady her.

“Your palm”, she pants loud enough and for some reason I decide to give it to her. I’m a generous lover by nature, I had just forgotten it I guess.

The same moment the rest of my hand touches her clit, she starts grinding frantically, drowning in the double pleasure of the pressure on her clit and my fingers penetrating her. The hand on the chair slams against the wall next to my head and she steadies herself again, twisting until she finds the most satisfying position. Her breathing is getting so ragged in between her moans for a second I’m
worried she’s going to start with a respiratory alkalosis and faint. Now, this is the reaction I wanted. I try to get to her mouth but she avoids my lips once again. *What’s wrong now?* For some reason Lexa definitely won’t kiss me, it doesn’t look like it anyway, so I just attack the exposed skin on her chest, running my tongue from her cleavage to the column of her neck. I have barely started nipping it when a noise echoes in the nave and she almost falls from my lap, hitting the wood when trying to find something to hold on to.

“Mother Griffin?” When we hear her mom’s voice we freeze in place. “Are you confessing?” There’s no doubt, it’s Tara Wilde.

As soon as I hear the sound of the next door opening again I button up my shirt while Lexa closes the partition to hide herself from her mother’s sight, only showing her my flustered face. Lexa’s stiff body barely allows her to steady herself pressing each arm against one wall. Her eyes are wide open and fixed on the infinite, showing an emotion I hadn’t seen before in them. It’s almost like she’s scared. More than that, terrified. Why? I get that nobody wants their parents to walk in on them having sex, especially in weird places like this, but I am the one risking my throat. As much serious as Titus and Tara might be, Lexa’s already a grown woman. Because she is, right? I mean, she has to be at least old enough to drink alcohol legally, right? I was told she is attending Harvard Law School next year, she has to be at least 20, otherwise she would have been in town when I arrived. 20 years old minimum, yeah. Yeah, yeah! I think she mentioned she was 21 or so before. *Oh, God, my fingers are still inside of a girl almost 10 years younger than me.* I’m absolutely going to rot in Hell for all the eternity.

“Y… Yeah, right here”, I stutter and the face of a middle-aged woman with big green eyes appears on the other side of the partition.

“Hello, it’s me”, Tara smiles. Lexa definitely takes after her mother… and this situation is the most violent one I’ve ever been involved in. What kind of shitty decisions have I made in my life to end up like this? Oh, wait, I know the answer perfectly. “Is my daughter around?”

I look at Lexa out of the corner of my eye. Her expression is now blank, a bit tense but stoic, her jaw clenched tightly and her breath ragged but quiet. She can see the hesitation in me so she nods slowly; urging me to speak out and I fake a cough.

“Sorry, I think I’ve caught a cold.” Tara’s still looking at me silently. Like mother like daughter, people say. “Yes, she’s been helping me a lot fixing some stuff and… Yeah… She’s meditating and praying for her soul right now, she must not be disturbed.”

“Of course, of course, I wouldn’t dare.” I have to conceal it, but Lexa does release a sigh of relief. However, instead of leaving her mom takes a seat. Why hasn’t she left already? What does she want? Is she going to make a confession? My heart rate is getting really pathological today. “I’m so thankful for what you’re doing to her”, at this, Lexa and I can’t help looking at each other utterly confused. Both our stares fall to my hand still under the red skirt. If Tara’s grateful for this I think I’m going to give her the church. “You’re helping her so much to overcome her problem, mother.”

“Her… problem.” I look back at Lexa and her straight face takes me aback. She’s not even looking at me anymore, she’s looking at some lost point behind me again.

“This sinful addiction of hers was truly destroying our lives.” I feel a gust of wind on my cheek and I don’t need to turn my head to know Lexa’s trying really hard to be quiet right now. “This girl… what did we do wrong with her, mother? She couldn’t even be addicted to game or cocaine like normal people are.” I cannot believe what I’m hearing. “No, she had to be a sex addict.”

*Woah!* That… actually makes a lot of sense. I don’t know how I can have been so stupid, I should
have realized before. Of course she’s an addict! Hypersexual disorders are tricky illnesses, though, that I can say in my defense. Plus, she isn’t a typical sex addict, I don’t think so. I peep on her direction and catch her staring at me once again with those huge green eyes, like wanting to elucidate my opinion. Why does she even care?

“This is horrible to say… You’re helping her a lot, I mean it.” I fight back a snort. This is so twisted I feel the need to let go the burst of wind quivering in my chest — but of course, I can’t. “Yesterday I was passing by her room and she was highlighting and studying the Bible!”

“Really?” No way, this must be a trap, she must just be plotting something.

“I’m telling you, mother, she’s making a great progress’, she insists and then the atmosphere changes a bit. “Look, my relationship with my daughter has never been the most… the closest one. She has always been a bizarre kid, I don’t know what we did wrong when bringing her up, maybe I was too permissive and maybe Titus was too invested in the army, but she was and she is.” Lexa stiffens on top of me and out of the blue my chest feels heavy. “When I talk to her… Like yesterday when I asked her what she was doing with the Bible, she just stares at me blankly and answers in a dead voice like… like she doesn’t even see me, like I’m bothering her. I… What did I do to deserve that, mother?”

Actually, I can think of a couple of things but I’ll better shut up, she hasn’t noticed anything strange here yet and I don’t want to draw her attention too much. This is not the time nor the proper situation to start walking my shiny armor.

“You seem to have a great problem of communication.” I clear my throat. “Have you thought of talkkk…” I can’t finish my line, Lexa’s fucking pinching my thigh. I’m not surprised she’s not a big fan of talking.

“Mother? Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Yes, yes, sure. It’s just my cold, I may take the afternoon to recover.” I curl my fingers inside of Lexa and she has to hold her breath and bite her lip not to make a noise.

“Yes, please, do that.” It’s weird how the woman seems more affectionate with me than talking about her daughter. “I really hope you can heal her, mother. We have tried it all.” I nod only once and she seems to believe me. Now I’m not only a fornicator and an abomination to God’s eyes but also a liar. And I thought I belonged to the sky… “Perhaps… this can finally bring her back to the right path and make her forget that lesbian nonsense that has led her to promiscuity.”

The wave of homophobia hits me like a wrecking ball right in the face. Contrary to what I expected up to this point, Lexa’s still beside me, immobile and quiet. She doesn’t make any attempt to snort or huff. Maybe she has run out of sass. No, maybe this is a really delicate situation. Another noise signals that the woman has stood up.

“Thank you again, mother”, she says staring at the partition for the last time. “Please, tell Lexa to be at home in time for lunch. We’re having a barbecue.”

“Of course I will”, I reassure her. “Send my regards to Titus and John.”

“I’m sorry they haven’t been attending to Mass lately…”

“It’s ok, it’s ok”, hurry I interrupt her. “Go in peace, Tara.”

Until the very second we hear the door of the church again we don’t dare to move. This has already gotten way out of hand, so much it’s almost funny. Almost. I release all the air remaining in my lungs
and turn to face the girl. *Lexa*... There’s a shadow of anger on the fine line her lips have become and
her eyes can’t hide the… pain? Is that pain? She’s trying to be stoic and she’s succeeding, that’s for
sure, but her eyes don’t lie. Before I can even realize what I’m doing, the back of my free hand is
already caressing her cheek and my head has tilted to one side — only then her lost stare comes back
to my eyes. She looks so vulnerable. So lost. For the couple of seconds we stay like this Lexa is only
a fragile and real human being for the first time and it’s beautiful and sad and... and then everything
changes abruptly. Just like that her pursed lips turn into her usual mischievous smirk and she shoves
off my hand unceremoniously.

“Where were we?” She leans forward and adjust herself on my fingers one more time — however, I
don’t move. I just don’t. This is not ok, not only for me but for her too, she’s not in the right state of
mind nor mental health to do this. It doesn’t take her too long to realize I’m not collaborating and
when that happens her smile gets substituted by a furious grimace. This time it’s not a childish fuse,
this time it’s wrath. It is when she grabs my hand and takes it out of her. It is rage what, right when I
thought she was going to fix her clothes and go, impulses her to steady my hand and start a series of
rampant grinds on it. I don’t know why I don’t even try to move. Maybe I’m sorry for her or maybe
I’m too scared of what she's doing or why or what this means to her and to me. Maybe I’ve already
given up trying to save my soul from an eternity of anguish.

Lexa buries her face in my neck and sinks her fingers in my shoulders but she doesn’t even produce
moans anymore. She’s trying to be quiet, now, but it’s not because she’s afraid of being caught
redhanded. No. She doesn’t want to give me that. Me. Why me? I don’t care. I don’t care because
she finally gets off with a high pitched cry that escapes through her sealed lips and she doesn’t even
stay for a bit to catch her breath. The girl stands up and smoothes the creases of her lacy shirt before
opening the door and exiting the confessional not giving me a single look. For some reason I feel
empty and immensely sad. There’s this pressure and unpleasant release in my chest that leaves me
hopeless and alone, missing her contact and regretting ever having had it. I feel… used like I haven’t
possibly felt since high school. As I listen to her steps echoing in the nave I realize. This is definitely
not ok.

I grab my discarded panties and pants and don’t bother to zip them again before start running through
this sacred place, now tainted by my unforgivable sin.

“Lexa!”, I shout but she won’t even turn. “You’re not welcome here anymore.” Nothing. I can’t
believe her, I… No, actually I can. *I’m so stupid, oh my God.* I’ve fallen into the devil’s trap and this
is not nearly my punishment. But this is not over. “I’m not a pole you can grind on when you’re
horny!”

Finally, she stops, right in front of the main door. Yeah, she stops, and then rolls her eyes and she
looks at me with what I could define as a true, cruel smile on her face.

“See you at the Mass on Sunday, Clarke.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry guys but I'm not uploading until June, I have 10 exams in 8 weeks + a final of the
whole year (my career is not human). I hope to read you then!
Chapter Summary

She’s a jerk, she’s immoral, she’s the Devil. And yet. Why is there always a ‘but’ with Lexa? Maybe because she’s here on top of me looking like a cruel although flawless goddess — her brown waves falling messily over my skin, tickling it with every move that she makes, her succulent lips caught between some teeth I wished were mine, that firm body in which I’d happily drown right now bare before me and her damn beautiful eyes ogling at me like she wanted to eat me. She might. She might and the mere thought of it makes me gasp and gulp. I cannot lie to her, I just can’t. I’m totally and undeniably under her spell.

Chapter Notes

I’ve been revising and thinking about this chapter more than I’ve done with any of the others. I know I said I’d post it on June but I had a few days and moments so here we go! Enjoy it!

DISCLAIMER:
- Blasphemy, blasphemy everywhere. Really, if you have a deep religious sentiment don’t read this.
- I mention of suicide. Still, if you think it can trigger you DON’T READ, please. Be safe.
- Did I hear fluff? Sort of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s quite likely that I’ve already lost my mind. Perhaps my schizophrenia has finally debuted and this is just a hallucination… No, wait, that would be only possible if I were hearing voices, not seeing evil goat shapes in the stone ceiling. Maybe this is worse and there’s something really bad happening in my brain because I swear to God that’s a goat and I know a lot of registered psychotic episodes are about religious idols. Or… or it is possible that someone has gone on a two days rampant research on Theology to find a way to redeem themselves for their nasty sins and their sleep deprivation is toying with their head. There’s no way out, that’s a goat and I’m doomed. Well, shit.

It’s 7 AM already, I should be doing my routine — lighting the candles (there are A LOT), praying, cleaning a bit around… Also the women of the parish are coming to keep organizing the festival at 8 o’clock and I have to be there. I’m not in the mood to get up, though. There’s just no point. God, I’m a disgrace. I’m not even afraid of her coming anymore. Lexa knows she’s banned from this church, I don’t want to see her around anymore. It’s been two days and it seems like she’s obeying my orders, or that’s what I like to think but actually she told me she was coming back on Sunday and I’ll see her again tomorrow at the Mass for sure. Why am I so anxious? I don’t know anything anymore.
The sheets are slick underneath my body. The heat has become unbearable these days or that’s what I hope it is — I’ve been having these dreams again. Nightmares. Yeah, nightmares. Horrifying motion pictures of her eyes leering at me, her lips claiming mine, her hands searing my body and I could feel so neatly her silky skin on mine only thinking about it sends shivers to my spine. Blame my crazy hormones; if anything could be worse, I’m ovulating and pretty doomed. Should I go to the gynecologist? But maybe I cannot just put all the blame on my cycle, even I know I can’t be so reductionist. After our last and quite violent encounter I held the hope this brain of mine would finally be rational and erase her from my mind. Obviously it hasn’t and it’s really frustrating. I’m nothing to Lexa. I’m nothing but a sexual insentient object to her and still some corner of my mind seems to have attached to her. I know what part it is and that’s one of the most painful things, I thought I had already buried that. My virtue and my reason have been beat up and I can’t understand how just a pair of dazzling green eyes and a skilled tongue have been able to do that. I’m stupid, that’s why. I’m stupid and weak and for that I will burn in Hell. I can’t keep doing this after what has happened, I can’t… I must talk to Marcus, he will know what I should do.

There’s a buzz inside my drawer, in my nightstand. I stretch lazily, feeling my tank top running up my body and exposing my belly to the fresh breeze outside the sheets; then I roll to my side and blindly search my cell phone. It’s an iPhone and I know what you’re going to say, “priests should be an example of poverty and humbleness” but this is my only guilty pleasure… or it was. I guess that a priest shouldn’t have sex with their parish’ wenches either, especially if by doing that they taint a sacred space like a confessional and it’s a deadly blasphemy if we also take into account it happened while attending confession. I’m such a disappointment to Kane, to the Church and to God I can’t even believe we didn’t get caught. Oh, talking about disappointments! I have a text from my mother. What does she want now? I positively thought that after two months of ignoring her phone calls and emails she would have already given up. Apparently she hasn’t.

**Abby [7.23 AM]:** Call me, please

After the cell phone falls beside me on the bed, I finally gather the energy I need to sit up on the mattress and run a hand through my messy hair full of knots. Great… For some reason my stare catches the shine of the old, wooden chest’s lock, right in the opposite corner of the room. I know what’s inside and I’m also aware it’s a possibility; however, I haven’t really taken it into consideration to use it in my penitence. As serious as my sins may be that’s more a Catholic thing, I believe. Furthermore, I’m not so desperate. I still trust on my capability to make it up to God and Father Kane in a different and healthier way. My soul can still be saved, I must stay optimistic. God’s merciful and understanding, and He loves me as immensely as He loves all His children — so I’m sure if I repent and do all the good things I can, He’ll give me my redemption and forgive me. I just can’t allow myself failing Him again.

Talking about failures, my phone’s vibrating again. I look at the texts and let go a deep sigh.

**Abby [7.34 AM]:** I’m calling you if you don’t text me back

Another buzz follows the previous one.

**Abby [7.34 AM]:** I know you’ve read it

My phone goes off and the soft voice of Adele starts sounding in my hand. What could possibly be the best way to proceed now? Normally, I’d just ignore it and repent later before God exposing my arguments in my prayers but now I’m not really in the right position to do that. Not to God, not to my mother — that’s what I realize looking at her name in the huge screen and I want to vomit. We’re so alike it’s disgusting. I drag the green icon and activate the speaker to talk.
“Abby”, I greet her. I should probably be nicer to her but let’s go step by step.

“Hello, Clarke, how are you?” Tricky question, not a simple answer.


“Clarke…”

“Is your toy teen there with you?”, I blurt out and I know I’m being unfair because she may have had an affair with a girl more than 30 years younger than her — God, younger than me! But I’m doing that too, aren’t I? Not… 30 years, that would be super weird, but Lexa and that girl… they’re both in their early twenties. But it’s not comparable, my cougar mother has actual intentions with that girl. If she doesn’t stop this I may have a step mother that was practically still eating baby food when I started high school — and what happens between me and Lexa is not… It’s just a wicked game of hers to screw up my life.

“No, she’s not”, she makes a pause and I know she’s concealing a sad sigh. She’s not going to guilt trip me. Mom always had so high expectations of me I could never meet… I won’t feel sorry for expecting something similar from her. “That… that ended a few weeks ago, I’ve tried to contact you but…”

“I’m sorry.” I’m lame. “I’m sorry you’re hurting although not so much about this affair getting to its end.”

“Thank you, Clarke”, she says and I know she’s being honest. “I… she had problems, you know? I just… I just want you back, honey.”

There’s a long silence only interrupted by our breaths before I give her my final answer.

“I’m not going back, mom, I told you,” I say and I gulp because my world may be crumbling but I’m going to hold onto it until the last brick falls down. “This is my home now.”

“Clarke, you’re throwing away all your work, your family, your friends and your career for… for what?” Here we go again. “For a lifetime of what? Praying to God in a little town in the middle of nowhere?”

“I’ve got to go now, Abby.”

“No, Clarke, please, ok...”

“I’ll call you next week, I promise.” I rest my finger on the red icon and don’t let her reply. I know how that conversation would end, anyway.

I throw the phone to the messy bed and only check that it has landed well. Yes, I could have just left it carefully on the pillow or the night stand but I just… Dammit! It’s super late, the women of the parish are going to come, I’ve done nothing and I’m still in my tank top and boyshorts. Trying to rush to the closet I almost smash my head on the door. Almost, thanks God. I can’t be thinking of my mother, I have to focus, I have to prepare. Today is Saturday and I only wear the alb, which makes it very easy for me to get dressed after the quick shower. Now, that is not it, and I don’t realize until the spot still perfectly visible and dark bruise on my neck comes to my attention. Fucking girl… She did it on purpose, I’m so sure it almost hurts my pride more than makes me angry. I’ll have to cover it with make up. Tons of it.

Tomorrow Lexa will come back, I can't fool myself thinking otherwise. Tomorrow the Devil will try to drag me to Hell for good. Tomorrow she will predictably ignore my warning and attend the
Mass — but today is not tomorrow and thinking of what can happen in the future is useless. I have too many things to do.

The first book of the Bible says that an enemy of God appeared in the Garden of Eden. Although it calls it “the snake”, it was never a simple animal — the last book of the Bible identifies it as someone who is called the Devil and Satan, whose goal is misleading or playing the whole inhabited earth. It’s also known as “the original snake”, and it’s in fact a powerful angel, an invisible spirit that used a snake as a means to speak to Eve, just like a ventriloquist. An angel that was present the moment God prepared the Earth for the human beings. The Devil was created perfect and pure, like everything the Lord does, but made the choice of becoming the source of evil.

The Mass is over and somehow I haven’t still laid on the floor and started a very personal fuss. They’re all up now, making a bee line to communicate and thanks God I’ve lost the sight of her in the multitude. I’m so weak, I’m so, so weak… So much it’s pathetic. I’ve been having this flushing sensation during the whole Mass and I’ve never been so glad of ignoring church’s rules and wearing makeup today — I can’t allow my parishioners to see me all horny and blushing while talking about pure and holy matters. However, there’s a reason that doesn’t have all to do with my teenager-like ovulation hormones. Lexa (the Devil itself) has come to church wearing the most inappropriate outfit and I knew she was going to do something but I still didn’t expect those denim shorts to fit her so well, making her beautiful, firm ass stand out. However, what has definitely buried me eight feet underground has been those white knee socks. WHO ON EARTH WEARS KNEE SOCKS TO GO TO CHURCH?! I have to wipe the thin layer of sweat covering my hands in my light green cassock and give the altar boys the indications to bring me the sacred wafers and the holy wine. These are the two most valuable items of faith, maybe not economically but spiritually these two elements symbolize the compromise and the devotion of parishioners to God. One at the time, every single person takes the wafer in their mouth and a sip of wine and I offer these two icons to them only hoping none of them have the mononucleosis. To everyone but her.

When the parishioners have already taken the communion and start exiting my church I realize her mother has taken the wafer and the wine but she hasn’t. Even more important, I don’t see her anywhere. I’m well aware she has a total absence of religious sentiment and faith (which only makes more inappropriate her presence in this holy place) but I thought at least she would pretend to follow the flock given her mother’s control over her actions… when she’s looking. Maybe she has just given up? Maybe my warning actually was useful and she has decided to let me and my soul be? This is what I wanted and I hate this odd cold feeling in my chest more than anything else in my life. When the altar boys have finally left, I walk to the frontal door and lock it like every Sunday. This is also my day to rest and I’ll not be attending confessions or petitions today. No, today it will be just me, my prayers for forgiveness and…

The noise of the metallic bar sealing the door hasn’t let me hear her steps approaching me. She has been waiting in the shadows like the demon she is until I was left alone, until I had my guard down. She’s intelligent and vicious and I shouldn’t have underestimated her — now she’s going to attack. I can feel my blood pumping in my temples, the deafening echo of her black boots while she wanders around me, observing me, synchronizes with the beating of my heart. Somehow, it’s still steady although I think if I touched my chest I could perfectly feel it hitting my hand. The thrill I shouldn’t feel. I move back to the holy water rock pile and lean over it, hiding my face like a kid who hides under the sheets for the monsters not to find them. The thing is this time the monster knows perfectly where I am, who I am and what I’m thinking of, and that makes her the most dangerous creature of
them all.

“I told you not to come here.” My voice comes out quite raspy and its grief gets impressed in my reflection in the water.

“What can I say? I’m a naughty girl, Clarke”, she hisses and I can hear her only a few steps from me. “Just…” The echo of her step sounds so loud in my head it’s painful, “like…” Another one and my head is going to explode, “… you.”

First I feel her hands on my hips and after that her reflection sums up to mine, her wicked grin corrupting all good and pure in the water. Then she buries her face in my hair and sniffs quietly while her left hand goes a bit up to my waist and the other holds on to the pile. My body, stiffen and shivering before hers, seems to be on the verge of collapsing. Her warmth is overwhelming, her scent intoxicating, and the mischievous sound of her voice, enthralling. She can’t do this. Not here, not again. I cannot let her corrupt this sacred place with her lust and disgusting sinful ways. Still, for some reason the logical part of my brain is not able to process I let her put my hair over one shoulder and get closer to me.

“Why do you even try to fight this, Clarke?” Everytime she says my name the way her tongue tastes every letter makes me weak at the knees and of course she has noticed, that’s why she uses it at every chance. I could drown her in holy water. I should do it, for my torment to end and this church to be purified again. For her soul, it’s too late. “You crave me too much.” The tip of her nose drawing a tender trail along my nape sparks the skin on its way and why the hell am I really waiting for the moment she places a kiss there? “My tongue inside of you, my breath on your skin, my lips against your gorgeous neck”, and as she says this, she wets her hand with holy water and cleans my neck from all the makeup I had to apply to cover the proof of our sin. “You can lie to them, you can lie to God but you cannot lie to yourself, Clarke.”

The worst part? Lexa’s right and she’s very aware of that. She knows it for the way my body leans against hers, seeking contact with her warm skin, for the hum that leaves my chest the moment her luscious lips caress the back of my neck and because I just obey when she commands me to walk down the aisle to the altar and start taking my clothes off. The green cassock ends up tossed on one of the wooden pews of the last row, the stole dumped on the corridor. She enjoys taking off my girdle and amice on our way and yanks them over her shoulder before almost ripping my alb off and letting it fall on my feet, beneath the holy altar under Christ’s cross. Lexa takes her time to leer at me, checking me up and down, biting her ludicrously sexy lower lip, delighting herself with my nudity and humiliation. I didn’t expect otherwise. Besides, I don’t deserve any different for this shameful act I’m committing. Shame on me.

“But I say to you, that whoever looks on a woman to lust after her has committed adultery with her already in his heart…” That speech rings a bell, actually. However, my mind soon gets occupied by something else and I definitely can’t think straight right now.

Out of the blue, her shirt and bra are out and only her denim shorts and her white knee socks cover her body. My mouth dries and my head spins, if I don’t touch her soon I’m going to faint. She does it to torture me. Of course she has caught me looking at her thin legs and pert butt, of course she has seen the desire in my eyes in those moments it hurt so much that I wasn’t able control them anymore and I couldn’t help drooling in my mind about the suggestive patch of tanned skin between them and the denim. And damn those abs of hers, sculpted by the flames of the Hades and lots of exercise. If only I could run my tongue…

Shit. Damn her. Shame on me.

“So I say, walk by the Spirit…” Wait, I know this, “and you will not gratify the desires of the flesh.”
The proximity of her body makes me lean a bit back on the altar. Like my bare skin wasn’t tickling enough at the thought of her sinful touch. *Lame*. This devil is twisting my soul and my mind and she’s carefully prepared all of this. Her mother told me — Tara told me she was highlighting the Bible and I didn’t understand her purpose at first but this is clearly why. Lexa doesn’t only want to drag my soul to the purgatory, she also wants to break it in a thousand little pieces. Slowly, a tender finger hooks on my hand and leads it to the button of her shorts. She’s asking me to undress her. She’s asking me to touch and enjoy those new objects of desire so carefully offered by her. And of course I do it. I actually try to take pleasure in the moment, to take in every single new patch of suntanned skin revealed. I hear a gasp and I’m pretty sure it’s mine. This war was lost before it even started, I can’t fight this any longer. Shame on me.

“But each person is tempted when they are dragged away…”, she continues and the moment can’t be more appropriate. I go on my knees and slowly roll down the first sock, afraid of being shoved or rejected if I dare to touch her. I can’t keep wondering why I don’t dare if that’s what I’m supposed to want, being free of her spell. But that never happens, “by their own evil desire and enticed.” When the last sock is gone and she has shoved them off with an elegant kick, her index under my chin makes me go back to my standing position and languidly turns me to face the altar. Finally, the feverish heat of her body warms my back and my jaw clenches in an unsuccessful intent to conceal a desperate whimper. The feeling of her soft skin and her nipples take my breath away in the most disgusting way. “Then, after desire has conceived, it gives birth to sin.”

Her lips on my shoulder, her hands running down my spine, around my waist, up and down my belly. I’m melting against her. One of her hands lands on my breast and I am very surprised she hasn’t played with them before given that she actually seemed to be obsessed with my boobs the last time we… She pinches my nipple and rips a moan from my throat. *Damn girl!* Yeah, damn girl, sometimes she seems to know exactly how to touch me to reduce me to nothing. Her tongue initiates a trail from my shoulder to my ear, nipping hard on the unbruised pulse point while the hand that is not playing with my by now oversensitive breast is caressing the skin of my mound, ghostly tracing my folds. A plea fights for escaping my mouth but I won’t let it, I won’t under any circumstance.

“And sin, when it is full-grown, gives birth to death”, with these last words she spanks me and turns me around, not losing a second to turn the faint touch into a steady stroking on my sensitive button and not even my sealed lips can conceal the high pitched moan that her touch elicits.

Her free hand is back on my breast as well as her charming eyes, and soon her mouth closes around one of my nipples. *Fuck!*, I want to shout. I want to tug Lexa’s hair and hold her there but I don’t. Instead I hold onto the edge of the altar to prevent myself from touching her. I’m already melting against her skin. Instead of fulfilling my secret desire her head detaches to look at me and the only thing that can ease the pain of this loss is the heat spreading from my center. Her fingers take it gently to add some pressure afterwards, only for a moment, and as soon as they do it an intense sensation runs down my swollen clit — never getting too deep, never being enough, and I can’t stifle the whimper forming in my throat for much longer. Lexa wets and tugs on her delicious and forbidden lower lip and slowly caresses the bay between my breasts with her free hand. As many quiet whimpers as I can be caught hiding, she never stops rolling my core. Lexa’s getting her revenge, she’s enjoying this more than anything. Her gaze doesn’t bother to hide the devil behind that angelic face anymore — it’s there, before me, and it abruptly adds pressure to my clit with a plain hand. Shame on me.

“You’re so soaked I can even…” She gathers some of the wetness smeared on my folds and teases my entrance, making my breath hitch in my throat.

“Lexa…”, I whine and it’s embarrassing and pathetic but I can’t help it. Shame on...
Her eyes check every portion of my skin before tilting her head and leaning forward to my ear to bury her face in my hair once more, the pad of her hand hovering over my clît. I don’t even dare to buck my hips searching for some friction, she’s capable of the worst and I don’t want to learn what that may be. Suddenly, she grabs me by my thighs sinking her short fingernails in my skin and pins me up the altar. Some of the candelabra fall and crash the floor with a deafening noise but I don’t care. I don’t care because her hand is pressing the swollen bundle of nerves between my legs just like I wanted at long last and I have better things to deal with like this hellfire that is searing my skin, reducing my mind to ashes. Several uncontrollable and obscene moans leave my throat before I start feeling dizzy and maybe pathologically hot and realize I have stopped breathing at some point. *God, how have I ended up like this…? Oh fuck, Lexa!* I cannot hold back a snarl, she’s softly pinching and rolling my clît again and I really feel like I’m going to faint in any moment. Shame...

“Are you thinking of Him while you’re getting closer and closer to cum, Clarke?”, she teases in my ear, despicably biting my earlobe and tearing a whimper from my chest. “Or are you thinking of me here in God’s holy house?”

She’s a jerk, she’s immoral, she’s the Devil. And yet. Why is there always a ‘but’ with Lexa? Maybe because she’s here on top of me looking like a cruel although flawless goddess — her brown waves falling messily over my skin, tickling it with every move that she makes, her succulent lips caught between some teeth I wished were mine, that firm body in which I’d happily drown right now bare before me and her damn beautiful eyes ogling at me like she wanted to eat me. She might. She might and the mere thought of it makes me gasp and gulp. I cannot lie to her, I just can’t. I’m totally and undeniably under her spell.

“You.” At first I’m not sure if my voice has come out or I’ve just articulated my answer. However, I immediately know for sure I’m definitely doomed. Not that any other response would have been better.

Our eyes meet unexpectedly and just for a second she stops her motions and an innocent and pure thought crosses my mind: *I’ve dismantled her*. One single second before her stare turns dark and dangerous and falls to a point behind me. The smile on her lips should be frightening but right now I must admit not exempt from the sharp stab of guilt that I would take everything she has prepared for me, whatever that be. She hovers over my smoldering body and I can’t help myself any longer, I start nipping the skin above her clavicle and she delights me with a soft humming that I’m not completely sure she was willing to disclose. If I looked at myself from the distance right now I’d feel utterly disgusted of the horny mess I’d see. However, as always seems to happen when Lexa is involved, it can only get worse. The sound of some sort of liquid being poured into a glass muffles the desperate noises of my ragged breathe and soon the girl goes back to her original position, sitting me up along with her, straddling my lap. She’s showing me something in between her fingers — little, irregular and white. *No, she wouldn’t…*

“Well…”, she says, moving it in between her slender fingers. I can’t believe she’s doing this. “That’s a huge sin, Clarke.” Her voice is innocent, pure mockery of my beliefs and the virtue she’s tainted. When her look goes back to me the mischief in it makes me catch my breath. “You seem to have lost the right path, Clarke. We’ll have to get it fixed.”

She does. She takes the piece of wafer between her lips and leans forward to my mouth. And of course I take it, I take it and I moan at the thought of her lips finally touching mine but they don’t. *Why on Earth doesn’t she kiss me?* Although the right question to make me here would be why I am more bothered about her negative to give me her lips than the huge sacrilege (we) she is committing under God’s gaze, in His house. Why am I allowing this horrendous blasphemy? Yet I cannot stop thinking of those pink, thick lips while they are so close to me, tempting me. If only I could gather the courage to take the initiative and capture them despite the colossal power she holds over me right
now. Lexa’s teeth make the wafer crack and finally break it in two pieces, taking only a small bite with her before retreating to grab… *That's the holy chalice.*

“Then he gave it to his disciples, saying ‘take and eat; this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me’”, she says slowly and takes a long sip from the cup. “Then, Jesus took the cup in his hands and he gave it to them, saying…” Her middle finger starts stroking my clit again and I can’t conceal the pleasure nor the series of whimpers that follows it. I feel so good and so sickened of myself at the same time I didn’t think this was possible. She’s playing hard with my sanity and I can feel it slowly fracturing. “… Drink from this, this is my blood, which is poured out for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.” Lexa moves the holy chalice to my lips and tilts it, filling my mouth with bittersweet wine so fast it starts spilling like a waterfall down my neck and chest — but of course this is no accident. “Amen”, is the last thing she says before throwing the golden chalice carelessly over her shoulder and leaning to my breasts, from where she gathers every single drop of wine she can find.

Her hand circling my clit in perfect motions; her mouth sucking my nipple, teeth softly grazing the flesh and then her tongue following the red trails of wine up my collarbone and my neck. The short lick on my lips is the most similar gesture to a kiss I’ll get from her.

“Lexa…” Maybe it’s just a moan, I don’t even know what could I tell her now. She smiles against my neck and bites my ear, eliciting a louder moan in between those I have already given up trying to stifle. Her index moves slowly, caressing my inner folds on her way and starts teasing my entrance once again. I’ll either die or kill her, but the heat consuming my body is just too much. “Lexa… please.” No, that’s been even more pathetic if possible.

“Do you want me inside of you, Clarke?”, she asks as if she didn’t know the answer. Asshole… I nod energetically as the lame being I’ve become but far from giving me this she just nips my neck. “But you still have God inside of you, Clarke, you can’t have both of us”, the truth of her words is so overwhelming for a second I think of shoving her off me. However, she seems to notice my brief change of mood because, again, her motions stop and her fingers kindly pinch back my engorged core over the hood.

“Ah, Lex!” My hips buckle hard even under her weight as I scream in a mix of anguish and pleasure. A teardrop runs down my cheek to my chin leaving a wet and acid path of torment. Lexa intercepts it with her free hand and observes how it dances on her finger, surrounding the nail, hanging on her fingertip. She’s musing and I don’t like it, not a little bit.

“Clarke, were you to let me take the place of God for this very moment, you should repent for your sins first, don’t you think?” She brings the finger to her rosy lips and sucks it, tasting the bitter flavor of my despair. I just hope she has enjoyed it because I feel there are a lot more tears to come. Her expression changes again and her voice is low and cruel when she says: “Pray.”

I know how this is going to go and I’ll take of the shame that comes with admitting I need it like water, like air to breathe. That’s why I don’t even try to fight her. Nevertheless, my willingness seems to take away some of the fun of the moment for her because Lexa gets pissed the moment my submissive and desperate voice starts uttering ‘our Father’. When that happens, her forehead creases in a frown and she turns me around on the altar with quite lacking tenderness. I’m looking at the marble, cold beneath the tip of my bare nipples, Lexa’s arms are around my abdomen to set me just where and how she wants me — I don’t know how we end up like this but she’s setting a knee between my legs, burying one hand in my hair to stick my back to her front and the other passes over my leg to work on my center again.

“Clarke”, she whispers again in that way that she knows for sure that makes me weak at the knees.
“Lift your heart, look to God, Clarke.” I gulp and before I can react she’s tugging my hair only hard enough to make me look at the giant cross that crowns the altar, hanging on the wall. I observe the forms of the wood, meaning of salvation — Christ bore our sins upon the cross and died in our place so we could be reconciled to God and receive eternal life and now here I am under the object of his sacrifice, His divine authority being overtaken by my deadly sin.

Because I don’t find the words to start, Lexa spansks me, leaving the red print of her hand in my butt cheek and my throat produces a loud moan. Why can’t I stop needing more of her? A cascade of tears starts pouring down, this time uncontrollably, just as wild as my heart rate right now.

“You are worthy, our… Lord and God.” My mouth is a bit dry, eyes fixed on the crucifix, but as soon as I start praying she puts two fingers inside of me and nothing, not even the revolting blasphemies committed in this very morning, means anything to me anymore. I can’t even breathe, the only thing my body seems to process is the eternal pleasure coming from my center and the need of buckling my hips to meet her thrusts. “Oh, fuck, Lex…a… T-to receive glory and honor and power… Fuck! Harder,” I plead but she stops.

“Pray.” Lexa tugs my hair back and bites the crook of my neck. Oh dear God…

“For you… oh, gosh… created all things and by your… will they existed and were created.” I don’t think I can bear this any longer, I can feel the Heaven and Hell starting to build at once inside of me. As both of her hands are busy in other matters, I use one of mine to assure my stability and the other trails a path from my abdomen to my own breast, fingers pinching my nipple whilst massaging it softly. “Therefore, we lift our… voices to praise you, saying… Damn, Lexa, more, more, please.” This time, she doesn’t tease and thank God she doesn’t. No, she just slips the third one and readjusts herself to increase the power of her fingers pumping in and out me. At first it was a bit tight but when she starts curling them right in that spot, I start seeing black. When did I stop breathing? I can’t remember, but her hand releasing my hair and closing firmly (but not too much) around my throat certainly doesn’t help. “Holy, holy…”, my vision is getting blurry, a few dark spots appearing on the image of the wooden cross before me. My head feels heavy but my body cringes of such pleasure at the same time… I feel like I’m dying and rising from my ashes. “Holy is the Lord God Almighty!!”, I cry feeling it coming so fast, “who was, and is, and is to com… FUCK!!”

If I’m ever going to know Heaven, this must be the feeling. The detonation that created the universe, the beginning of the world. The dense bewilderment that clouds my head pairs momentarily with the oddly pleasant feeling of my soul leaving my body and every single one of my cells imploding. Although I’m not going to experience that in eternity, am I? No, I’m not and this is like I’ve been electroshocked for my crimes against God and the Church of England. Every single muscle fiber of my body contracts in the most intense and lasting pleasure I’ve ever felt in my 29 years of life. I can’t breathe, I can’t see, I can’t hear anything — the only thing I can do is feeling and oh!, yeah, I’m feeling so much. A blast on my fall from the sky. It seems like it anyway. She’s everywhere — every inch of me, every pump in my veins is her. When it finally stops there’s such a relaxation in my body and my mind I can’t help letting go a few more tears.

“Careful”, the echo of a gentle and perhaps unknown voice seems to say.

My back touches something wet and cold. It’s the marble of the altar. A cool breeze refreshes my body, a thin layer of sweat covering it whole, laying on the back in the middle of a pool of tears mixed with pinky blood and the drained residues of my soul. Fallen from grace, surrounded by this thick smog of dust, wine and sex. My lungs burn with every agonic intent of filling themselves and my blood pumps frantically in my temples bombed by the energetic and frenetic beats of my heart. Definitely, there’s no possible penitence for what has just happened here. No redemption to my crimes.
I feel a weight on me again and it’s not like I could shove it off, my muscles are like jell-oh right now. Of course it’s Lexa, coming to laugh at me, my ecstasy and my misery, victorious after getting to permanently corrupt my soul and destroy every single thing in my life that was good and pure. When I can focus my eyes again I observe that she’s straddling me, giving me a weird look I can’t quite decipher. Her hand, oddly soft and tender, wipes my tears and caresses a path from my sternum to my navel. Her chest heaves as she takes a deep breath. I bet her hand hurts. I hope her hand hurts.

“You look so euphoric”, she mutters under her breath and makes a brief stop. “Gorgeous…”

Oddly enough, my chest warms with every strange whisper that comes from her lips. Her gentle touch sparks my skin and suddenly all of it hits upon me. She’s not. Lexa’s not the Devil. Lucifer, a powerful angel created perfect and pure but who chose to become a monster. I did make that choice, I know I did. I tried to resist her the moment I landed my eyes on her but the temptation was just too much and my faith too weak and I decided to just let go. I’ve chosen to fall from Heaven and for some reason there’s no guilt in my heart, not anymore.

Her thighs look so soft at both sides of my body I need to touch them, I need to caress that silky skin and make her quiver on top of me. I physically and mentally need to make her revel in the pleasure and this enthralling feeling of rapture. So I do it. Somehow I get my arms to move and I run the tip of my fingers along her legs — the texture is even smoother than the last time or maybe it’s just me that I’m in a blissful high state, determined to drink every single part of her. I want to drown in her. Lexa stares, she just follows the trails my hands draw on her skin and grinds her warm and drenched center against my belly. That’s not how this works.

“Clarke?” The confusion in her voice makes the edges of my lips curl up and I pull her legs. Fortunately, she takes the hint very quickly and hurries to climb my body, setting her knees at each side of my head. Our eyes keep fixed in each other’s for a moment before I decide to enjoy the view in front of me. Damn Lord… I can’t understand how it’s possible that I always find her more and more beautiful every time I look at her. Her rosy, soaked folds open, a few drops of lust running down her inner thighs and buttocks due to the position, her swollen clit waiting for me, peeping under the hood and a bunch of dark curls. After the time passed, and I’ve given this maybe more thought than I ought to, this can’t have another explanation: she did it with laser. Lexa rocks her hips in desperation and probably I shouldn’t be thinking of this right now but I have to remember to ask her because hair follicle… anyway. I make her wait a bit more, though, I want to see her reduced to ashes by that delicious anguish. I creep a bit down and pull her with me — my legs hanging from the altar and leaving her the space on the marble to support herself if needed. Right when she was going to give up and practically fuck my face, I squeeze her ass and suck hard on her clit, my teeth slightly grazing it. The response is immediate; she roars and arches her back, almost falling forward. Good thing that I foresaw that, right?

“Holy fuck, Clarke!” I suck on her folds from the end to the top and circle the engorged button. “So eager…”

Her moans don’t take too long to come and oh, God I had been waiting for them for what seems like centuries. As I lap, caress, kiss, lick and suck, Lexa creates her unique and thrilling symphony of pleasure that I honestly don’t want to ever stop listening to. The perfect alternation of moans, gasps, ‘fucks’, endearing high pitched squeaks and snarls every time I stimulate some especially nice spot. She’s the Mozart of erotica and I, what am I? I hear my name coming from her lips and I have to squeeze her thighs harder to match the sensation in my chest and stomach. Her hips start a frantic race and I know she’s close so I start humming and sucking on her clit more and more often. When she arches her back again to hold something to steady herself our eyes meet and her orgasm strikes her.
“Clarke!” She doesn’t avert her gaze or closes her eyes, not immediately at least. Lexa only parts her lips, her eyes scrutinizing mine and the moment her muscles start relaxing over me she hides her face in her arm.

Her hips still grind on my mouth even when she has ridden her orgasm and her high has passed. This is not over, she doesn’t want to and I don’t either. I place my hands on her hips, scratching the skin underneath, and keep worshipping her with my mouth. The moment my tongue slips inside of her, her sighs go back to her rampant concerto. This time it’s rougher, the sounds of the wild. She straightens herself and tugs my hair, fucking herself on my tongue that curls and twists to get to every spot that drives her crazy. Snarls, roars, groans and growls — and 'Clarke's that cloud my senses and make me only want to drink her soul. Lexa tastes sweeter than I thought, especially after she has come the first time. I don’t know, I thought that being naughty bitch from Hell she would be bitter but no. It’s not like I can compare that much, I have only been with another girl in my life but these are definitely different flavors.

“Fuck, Clarke, faster…”, Lexa pleads and of course I’m going to please her.

Her second ecstasy takes longer to come than I first thought it would, hitting her with incredible power for what I can observe from beneath her body. She cries out, her muscles clench and her back arches back — however, her hips never stop rocking my face. I’m comfortable here, if she’s comfortable up there and wants to keep going I’m not going to complain. I’m having my fun too. However, after a while shorter than I’m willing to admit, a numbing feeling of exhaustion starts filling my tongue.

“Lexa.” I separate my mouth from her and wipe my cheeks with the back of my hand. I hear her whining but still she looks at me. Damn, she’s stunning, truly gorgeous. A frown in her face, her lip under her teeth, her hands massaging her breasts and her chest and cheeks all blushed for me. “Lift your hips for a sec.”

Her initial hesitance doesn’t last too much before she decides to obey my orders and separate a bit from me as much as it pains her. I quickly readjust my position only a bit upper her body and cover my fingers in the several trails of juice that go down her thighs before putting two inside of her. Lexa catches her breath but still lets me put her down back to my mouth. I allow myself biting a little on her mound before sucking again on her clit and she almost falls from the altar, obliged to support herself in all fours. Her ass ends up a bit higher than I’d like but I can still eat her out in a sort of comfortable way. Damn, I’m getting old. When I start thrusting and curling my fingers inside of her to touch that spot she enjoys and worshipping her button again with my tongue, the bucking of her hips helps a lot.

Damn, I’m getting old. When I start thrusting and curling my fingers inside of her to touch that spot she enjoys and worshipping her button again with my tongue, the bucking of her hips helps a lot.

This time her breathe is more ragged but her sounds don’t reflect pleasure, not really. It’s the intense despair on her whines what draws my attention. Her eyelids are sealed, her lips showing her teeth and at some point I realize she has caught her breath and never lets it go. The short cries she gives… Am I hurting her? My fingers have been touching harshly inside of her for quite a bit but she doesn’t seem to care, she only moves her hips to meet them faster and harder.

“More?”, I dare to ask when my hand starts hurting.

“No, no, two feel great”, she pants but her voice gives off an agony that only grows and grows every minute she hasn’t come.

Maybe she needs some rest. Maybe her body has had enough for the moment and she only needs some more minutes — it would be pretty normal after two intense and so close orgasms. Then why does she want to keep going? Is she still horny? I am! But I don’t think I can move my legs yet, or take her again in. Actually, I’m pretty sure I’ll be pretty sore tomorrow. The fact that she keeps going
and trying only fascinates and scares me alike. But wait.

I take my fingers off her and squeeze her buttcheek, pressing my mouth against her folds again. Just like that she comes. She comes and I’m surprised Lexa’s not dehydrated by now because somehow she’s wetter every time and she doesn’t seem to want to stop. Nevertheless, for an exercise’s hater, old lady like me this has been just too much. I drag my exhausted body up to her face level. Her eyes are still closed after her orgasm and only open when I try to kiss her. Of course she doesn’t let me, not even after ridding my face like a freaking cowgirl for… I don’t know how long, not even if I thought she’d like to taste herself on my mouth. No, Lexa only pushes me down slowly, my back again against the cold and sticky, wet marble, and buries her face in the crook of my neck before she starts grinding against my thigh. More, really?

“Lexa”, I try but she starts nipping my neck and cupping my crotch. “Ah…”

She starts touching me again, testing the waters, checking how aroused I am. Well, though tired I’m still drenched, it’s very difficult not to be when a girl is riding your face and your thigh as if you were what keeps her alive. When she has my core throbbing fiercely again she drives her hand to my breasts and her leg between mine, touching my center every time she rocks on me. I know what she’s doing, I know it, but I can’t help grabbing her ass to increase the pace and the friction. It feels so awesome and yet so wrong, I just want her to…

“Lex…a…” I come before her. I didn’t expect anything different and neither did her, that’s why she keeps just grinding and I follow suit, feeling the pleasure spreading through my body in almost a feral way.

It strikes me a second time and she can’t stop, maybe she’s finally close. When I’m finally down my second high in a row I feel something wet in my shoulder. Is she crying? I hadn’t grasped something before now, before taking this quiet time to look at her and see her, before having her in my arms bare and exposed, every layer of haughtiness and wickedness gone. She did want to drag me, she wanted me to fall and sink in this immorality — she wanted to tear my soul apart and make my world go off for sin’s sake. Nevertheless, that’s never been the main objective of her desire. I have. Hadn’t I ogled at her that first day in church during the Mass when I couldn’t help fantasizing with lifting her skirt and having her senseless on that bench, she would never have dared to come to me. It wouldn’t have been worth the danger of her mother noticing her attraction but her torment was powerful enough to take the risk when I wasn’t able to conceal my lust. Because she may be malicious and arrogant but she’s also ill and suffering and I am her only way to ease the pain. Maybe even if I’ve tried to run away from myself it’s still my duty to heal her.

That’s why I hug her. I surround her with my arms and stroke her soft hair. I embrace her until she finally gets off and even after, while she catches her breath. No doubt she exercises; I have never met someone with such resilience before. Only a few seconds later, perhaps when she comes back from her ecstasy, she shoves my arms in a quite brusque way and turns her head, never meeting my eyes.

“I want to eat you out in the front row”, she says in a low although steady voice.

“I… I don’t think I can move right now”, I pant and fight a yawn. I’m feeling cuddly and sleepy. Damn oxytocine…

Lexa doesn’t feel like that, though. Not at all. She climbs off the altar in absolute silence and moves around, searching for her clothes, gathering them to dress up. I sit up a bit in the altar, surrounded by sticky and stinky wine and cum and only God knows what else and I get that emptiness, that remorse again. When Lexa spots her bra behind the altar my words won’t even come out, I can only look at her trying to find out what she’s feeling, why she’s acting that uncannily despicable way, somehow different from the girl on top of me. She’s looking at her t-shirt to check if there’s a stain or it’s clean
before going home.

“Lexa, stay, please”, I blurt out rather hastily and her head spins to look at me. I don’t know what I was thinking about.

“With what purpose, Mother?”, she says, putting the t-shirt up her head. “I don’t do the after-sex cuddle thingy, sorry.”

“I just want to talk.” She has found her knee socks under one of the pews and snorts. I’m not sure what the cause is.

“About?” She’s trying to spot her shorts but I don’t know where those ended either.

“Are you ok?” Lexa looks at me and the smug grin in her face disappears. She stops moving and I realize why her abrupt rush. She’s trembling, really trembling. Her hands hold each other on her back to try to hide it but it’s so evident the sight of her feels like a pang on my chest. “Come here.”

It’s barely noticeable but as my words come out her eyes widen and her lips part. Under her serious and uncaring mask she looks taken aback and I cannot do anything but wonder what has just slipped her mind. Even if I got to TonDC only two years ago I already know my parishioners possibly more than it should be considered normal (clearly) — but I am their confessor, their trustworthy person in this little town full of goats and the faint memory of the 21st century. Because of this, I can say without any doubt that Titus and Tara are neither the most communicative parents nor the most caring or tolerant ones but something is sure: they love Lexa. They have always boasted of their brilliant daughter, the one who goes to Harvard to become a judge. The same daughter that just fucked me senseless and rode my face… My point is that I can get and even identify somehow with the feeling behind Lexa’s eyes. The lack of affection boiling under her skin.

I inspire deeply waiting for her to move or say anything and I realize I reek. Everything reeks and I shouldn’t be surprised. I’m sitting on a pool of cum, sweat and wine after all. I would feel utterly grossed out were this a different situation. As she doesn’t say a word or even blink, I stand up and grab her hand, guiding her to the tower.

“You can’t go home like this”, I say but her only response is silence. “Let’s take a shower.”

“Shower sex?” At this point it doesn’t shock me at all that she only speaks to be a jerk.

“No, just a shower”, I answer adamantly and can only hope for her to respect that.

The rock steps feel like ice against my bare feet and yet for some reason I’m more concerned she’s going to catch a cold. I make for my wardrobe to grab some towels while she stays nervously in the threshold of my bedroom, scrutinizing every single corner with curious eyes. I purposely take my time to choose the softest towels I can find and let her wander a bit and relax. It’s not like I have many things, especially pictures or more than a Bible and a couple of Harry Potter books out to people’s sight either so there’s not much she could pry into anyway. She does, though, open my book of ‘Harry Potter and the Globet of Fire’ and starts flicking through it while I try to grasp a dark blue towel deeply trapped into a drawer. By the time I finally do it, Lexa’s again at the threshold and I lead her to the bathroom. However, this time my hand falls flat at my side.

Whereas she starts taking off the few garments she had put back, I open the screener and turn on the shower. Lexa’s visibly trying not to make a noise — she hasn’t even yanked her denim shorts; on the contrary, she has folded them and left them resting on the sink. There are no words needed. The bathroom is pretty small, so in order to open the cupboard and grab a comb I have irremediably to lean over her. It does surprise me that she just stays still and waits until I step back again, not trying
to make a move, not snorting or saying something sassy but I’m really glad she doesn’t do anything. I like it because that means Lexa’s not playing anymore, because she’s being serious and paying attention.

Once I’ve checked the water’s refreshing but not cold, I open wide the shower screen and let her in first, entering right after her. The water pours over her first and then we change our positions carefully to let it wet my hair. The shower’s small but we are too and fit good enough to move, even to grab the shampoo without much trouble. It doesn’t pass unnoticed to me that she has taken the opportunity to turn the shower off and save water while I turned to grab the bottle and I don’t even try to fight the smile that curls up my lips. Lexa only observes me, every move I make, every dense drop of shampoo pouring my hand, that curious look still in her eyes even after I start burying my hands in her hair and massaging softly to spread the soap. My hands stroke tenderly her forehead and the top of her head, her temples, behind her ears and, after she turns around, also the back of her head and her neck down her shoulders. For some reason I’m afraid of hurting her if I apply too much pressure, especially after noticing her shoulders and back muscles are insanely tense and contracted. Her calm breathe tells me it’s not because of me, it’s not because of this, and I gladly receive the relief that fills me.

“Close your eyes.” I make a few more bubbles and cleanse the sticky tips of her hair before grabbing the shower head and washing it down, making sure I don’t leave the tiniest amount of soap on her hair. “Do you want to use hair conditioner?” She hesitates; I can see it even though she’s giving me her back. I just put a bit in my hands and smear it to the tips of the chestnut hair before combing it gently. Then, I grab her mane and hold it in a bun with a big hair clip. “It needs to settle.”

There’s a low splashing followed by a tap when I wet the sponge and pour the soap. Lexa turns to face me and I offer it to her. Of course I’m not going to lather her up; first of all, because I’m trying to reassure her and make her comfortable, and secondly, because I don’t trust her and I don’t trust me touching her body either. I know this is not that kind of moment and my mood has synchronized perfectly with the atmosphere of the situation. Nevertheless, I also know that Lexa is Lexa and despite her confusion she only needs to notice a wave of mine to go back to her animal, horny self and that’s not what my unhinged mind nor my current goal need. Neither my vagina, to be honest — I already feel some spikes of pain when I move too much.

Lexa grabs the soaped sponge cupping my hand and looks at me in the eyes. If that’s been intentional and she’s trying to cloud my senses again, she is hiding it all too well. No, it’s not that. I’ve seen this look before, only for a second when she was on top of me and I was almost passed out from the intensity of our blasphemy on the altar. I retire my hand carefully, pour a bit of shampoo on it to wash my hair and turn around to give her some privacy. Now, I know, after fucking each other ridiculously good it may be way too late for formalities but... You know what? I should probably stop thinking of this. Really, my crotch hurts more when I do it. *I will be so sore tomorrow...* The feeling a tender touch on my shoulder warms my back and I realize it comes from the sponge. Lexa’s soaping me up.

The sponge moves slowly. From one shoulder to the other, to my bruised neck, down my spine and goes around to my belly. I look down, the sponge is immobile over my navel and I’m not sure if she’s thinking of what to do next or waiting for me to grab it. My hand decides to clutch around the sponge but her hand doesn’t disappear from my view. No, it only goes up, leaving a trail of bubbles and soap that ends up in my breasts.

“Lexa.” I manage to sound determined and turn around. She’s back to normal, it was all too beautiful to be true. Her eyes leer at me as she slowly falls down on her knees. Before her lips dare to touch the skin on my hips I turn on the shower and direct the stream right to her face.
“What… the… fuck?!”, she yells in between coughs.

“It’s time to wash down the conditioner”, I raise my hand and take the hair clip, her mane falling on her shoulders and the rest of the product sliding down her back and disappearing through the drain. “Grab a towel and don’t take too long dressing up or you’ll catch a cold. I just need five more minutes.”

I find her laying on one of the lateral pews, her brown and humid hair being touched by the strong sunshines that filter through the stained glass windows representing biblical scenes. Her eyes are closed and her expression so relaxed she could perfectly be asleep. I can’t deny she’s truly attractive. To be honest, despite my persistent conviction of her coming from Hell to annihilate me, I’ve had more than once this accurate thought extracted from one of my nightmares. Lexa glows with the ferocious beauty of Mother Nature — chestnut hair, color of the fertile earth, skin toasted by the sun, eyes green and savage like the jungle, red lips like roses and strawberries and blood and a strong body representing the power of life. Her presence is blinding like the sun, beautiful like the moon and searing and dangerous like fire. She’s it all and I’m getting really scared of this feeling of absolute fascination building up in my chest whenever I observe her.

She must know I’m already here, yet neither Lexa nor me do anything to acknowledge this is the end of her visit. I should clear my throat or call her name and still here I am, quiet and delighting myself with the stunning view in front of me. Her arm moves to the back of the pew and she shifts a bit, laying carefully on her side to look at me.

“So”, she yawns and I try not to think it’s really cute. I lack in success, obviously. “What’s my penitence? I’ll take it on style.”

My steps fill the nave with their echo and I lean on one of the pews a couple of rows from her. Her penitence. There’s not such thing, she’s going right back to Hell where she belongs. Nevertheless, thinking this aggressive way now is quite inappropriate, isn’t it? I turn my head to look at the profaned altar, dirty and sticky. Even from here I can catch the intense whiff of wine and sex. How did I even manage to screw my own life so much in such a short time? Two weeks, only two weeks. *Fuck.* The very first time I saw her I was already a goner. When I talk again, the knot in my throat makes my voice come out husky and low.

“I don’t believe we would ever get redemption, not if we prayed more than 307 ‘Hail Mary’s and fasted for 100 years”, and I sigh at the truth of my statement. *What a disgrace…*

There’s a little pause. A pregnant silence. She stares at me while I look everywhere else but her to avoid getting dazzled by her peaceful beauty. This is not the time nor the place, nor even the life. When the silence breaks I really wish it had lasted forever.

“I still want to eat you out on that bench.” Her pungency is back, I guess.

“Nope.” This time I have to look at her to let her know I’m serious. She’s just having fun.

“You sure?”, Lexa sits up on the pew and that smirk appears on her face. THAT sexy grin of hers. No, she’s not luring me back, not this time. I clench my jaw at the stupid feeling of unease when I realize that I wouldn’t be able to enjoy that even if (IF) she ended up winning again, which is not going to happen.

“That would be wrong.”
“You didn’t mind it earlier.” The annoyed furrow of my brows only seems to amuse her. She catches her lip in between her teeth and I’m sure it’s because she knows how insane that gesture drives me. She may not be the Devil but she’s still an evil creature from Hell. “Come on, Clarke. Don’t be like that.” She steps closer to me and I stiffen on the wooden pew. Probably I should tell her to step back but the sad and pathetic reality is I couldn’t if I tried, I’m frozen in place. Lexa’s only one row away and her moves make her look like a panther approaching her frightened pray. “Your faith was too weak and I’m way too hot, these things happen.”

Do you want to know what do I do with panthers? I start walking to the aisle through the files of pews, shoving her on my way only hard enough for her to stop on her tracks and lean back. Unbelievable… I can’t process the disappointment and the anger she always seems to bring back to my heart.

“Fuck off, Lexa!,” I shout at the nothing, looking at my feet, trying not to totter and fall. I’m so done with this. “Why do I even bother...?”

“Oh, Clarke, Clarke.” She runs and easily intercepts me. Damn, she’s fast and nimble. “You fucked a girl on the altar so what?” Yeah, so what? Maybe for her. For me, for God, for the Church… what I’ve done is atrocious and I don’t seem to believe that fully yet. I couldn’t be so stupid to screw my life up for…. “There are thousands of priests who molest kids and the Church of whatever faith it is just forgive them and protect them, don’t be so worried”… for her.

I can’t believe she has just said that. WHAT’S HER DAMN PROBLEM?! WHAT DOES SHE WANT?! MAKE ME ANGRY UNTIL I FUCKING KICK HER ASS OFF AND SEND HER TO HELL WHERE SHE BELONGS?! No, Clarke, breathe, I remind myself. She’s trying to get on my nerves, that’s what she’s trying to do. That’s her damn hobby and I’m not going to be her damn pastime again.

“Get. The fuck. Out. Of here. Now!”, I roar but my rage only seems to entertain her more.

“Oh, burn! You’re so sensitive, Mother.”

“And you’re a mischievous little brat!” I step into her personal space and I don’t care. She wants to play to hurt? Let’s play. “You must be so pleased acting out like a…”

“Like a what? A nymphomaniac?” She snorts and I can’t believe she seems even haughty. “Was that what you wanted to talk about?” There’s a coldness in the way we stare at each other I could only define as burning ice. Despite Lexa being a little taller, I can still feel her annoyingly relaxed breath in my chin, smell the scent of my conditioner in her hair and I wonder why I did even think I could help her. This is not worth my time or rage.

“Not now, I don’t care.” I just deflate and turn around. No, this… this is not worth my inner peace, this has gone way too far already and it’s going to end right here right now. “Get out of my church!”

“Okay, okay, Clarke.” She seems to agree, oddly enough. ‘Seems’, key word. Not even if I turn to face her it means that I trust her. Not a single second, ever. I just want to close this monstrous chapter of my miserable life once for all. “So for you know, this is not acting out. I’ve done way worse than… this.” Again, she boasts of something that is so inappropriate I don’t even know if I should bother to explain it to her.

“Like what?”, by now I honestly would believe her if she told me she has slept with a relative or something.

She runs a hand through her long and beautiful hair, taking it away from her face while walking in
my direction. She’s so smug I honestly want to punch her in the face. I might, why not? It’s not like not doing it would save me from Hell now. Also, I think I would be quite happier if I did. Yeah, I may punch her… or slap her… Damn, that face is too beautiful and I’m too lame.

“Oh, those are not things that the pure ears of a priest must hear.”

“I’m not a priest… technically.” \textit{And will never be because of you. Bitch.}

“Beg your pardon?” Now she’s interested in something. Although I feel pretty reticent to let her know anything about me maybe knowing how she has ruined my life may bring to her rotten and necrotic heart a bit of the heavy weight of a guilt I don’t deserve to carry alone. I cross the arms before my chest and lean on the nearest pew.

“I’m about to start the last year of my theological training to become a vicar… or was”, I release the deep sigh caught in my chest. I’ve finally said it out loud and reality is bitter and obliges me to hide the tears slowly coming to my eyes.

She steps up to me, a sharp furrow in her eyebrows and pursed lips, probably trying to understand the meaning behind my words. Not so difficult: you ruined me, fucking little girl. Finally, she leans on another wooden seat in front of mine and makes a disgusted grin.

“Booo, so boring!” She shrugs like a kid whose favorite toy has been taken and now she has to resign herself to play with her second favorite. I’m definitely going to punch her. “You have a unique talent to turn kinky things into dull stuff, don’t you?”

“You didn’t seem to mind it before”, I spit out bitterly, my hands grabbing fists of fabric to fight back the desire to strangle her to death. Not in the house of God. I want at least leave one sin not committed here. If I can, which I really doubt.

“Oh, Clarke, I’m VERY addicted to sex.” She lets out a guffaw and imitates my position. “In my worst times I’d fuck a rock.”

“Gee, thank you, very flattering.”

“Hey, you’re a super sexy rock!”

When she looks at me with that stupid, light smile on her face, challenging me with her eyes, I can’t help but bursting into laugh at the absurdity of the situation and she joins immediately. Is she for real? Is she just joking? Lexa’s just trying to pick up fights with me as a way to enjoy seeing me mad and it’s annoying and stupid and… ughh!! She’s such a child! Her laugh, though, is damn heavenly music.

“So,” she seems to start again and comes to lean beside me. Her proximity is more tolerable now and I’m not stupid enough not to see she wanted this from the very beginning. Sometimes it scares me how much she gets me to underestimate her intelligence even after showing it to me again and again in little doses. “How a gorgeous goddess like you ends up in a shithole like this… and in a church?”

Probably I shouldn’t overlook the gesture of disgust she makes while talking about this sacred place but her unexpected compliment has short-circuited my brain. A heated blush spreads through my skin from chest to the tip of my ears and it’s too much to bear. I feel dizzy and foolishly happy. \textit{Oh, God, someone hit me and talk some sense into me… This is just stupid. She’s stupid. With her stupid shinny smile and her stupid perfect skin and stupid soft hair and… her angelic voice that makes my skin tingle. Ok, I’m ok, I’m ok…}

“It’s a legit question”, she insists like she hasn’t noticed my fluster. Maybe she hasn’t. No, she has,
there’s no way she hasn’t.

“Well, it’s a long story…”

“My hair has still to dry a bit before I can go home.”

Lexa makes a little grimace and tilts her head towards me. Then, she gives me a little nudge and the way her expression softens gives me an extrasystole. No, really, I’ve just looked for my radial pulse and it’s actually bigeminal. I’m not ok.

“Let’s just say… a lot happened in a short time. I was under a lot of pressure.” This is really not something I want to think about right now. The knot in my throat makes it impossible to gulp and my mouth dries way faster than I expected. Then there they are, those feelings I got to push away looking at me from the window of my mind’s yard. I built this imaginary house to let them out but they’re still there and will never leave. The soft trembling of my hands starts being more noticeable and I have to take a deep breath and hide them behind my back, grabbing the pew so hard my knuckles turn white. “Long story short, I failed in every aspect of my life: professionally, romantically… My mmmm…” Breathe, Clarke “father died short after and it was just too much.” I need to make a little stop and swallow the lump in my throat. She doesn’t say anything, not even a sorry. How unexpected. “I tried to kill myself.”

The pregnant silence that fills the nave makes me oddly uneasy and comfortable at the same time. I don’t really want her to say anything; I didn’t even want her to know. Then, why have I told her? I’m so irresponsible… the pressure in my chest intensifies at the thought of looking at her. I know she’s staring, I can feel her eyes on me, her breath faintly touching my skin. I can hear her jaw making weird moves and her slender fingers scratching a point on her chest. Finally, she gets closer to me and her voice is so innocent I don’t know what to think when she says:

“Dang, what a… rollercoaster!”

For a second I stay quiet, turn my head to face her and her big green eyes lock mine. There’s no hint of mockery in them, although neither sadness nor guilt nor pity. Just the purest sincerity I’ve ever seen. It just comes from my belly, runs through my throat to my mouth and I can’t stop it. It’s such a loud laugh the echo deafens me for a moment while all my torso muscles contract involuntarily and make me gasp for air. Maybe I should be mad at her? At her odd insensibility? At her uncaring tone? Maybe, I don’t know. She’s just so… atypical it just seems like a coherent answer to her and it’s completely absurd that I find it so funny. At some point it’s so difficult to breathe I have to undo a button and loose the shirt I’m wearing.

“It’s a way to see it, yes.” I giggle, and nudge her in the ribs, looking away from that green stare. “You’re weird.”

“And you were dating someone, huh?” She comes a little closer till her arm is brushing mine but I don’t care. I like this, this easiness, this relaxation that I’ve never found out talking about this topic. The spontaneity of a light conversation, an odd comfort I never expected feeling with her.

“Yeah… I had a 8 years boyfriend and we were finally going to tie the knot but… you know…”
Lexa turns a bit and places her arm on the headrest of the pew behind me.

“I will ignore for your own good that you used the expression ‘tie the knot’ and get surprised and a bit repelled by the fact that you were with the same guy for 8 years.”

“We broke up a couple of times during that time but… I thought Finn and I belonged together.” Afraid of our finding her eyes again, my gaze drops to my shoes and my jaw tenses. Finn has never been a topic easy to talk about, not even when we were together and happy. Or ‘happy’. No, Clarke, you’re not going to go through this again. He’s been out of my life for almost two years and still I feel this pang in my chest every time I think of… “I thought we were soulmates.”

Neither of us adds anything else and again Lexa surprises me. Not a sarcastic comment, neither a snort nor a guffaw mocking my romantic and idealistic feelings. Not even a disgusted grimace. What’s even more extraordinary, her arm moves closer to mine and I wonder if she’s trying to soothe my pain with the warmest gesture she can produce in this uncommon situation. The confirmation comes in the form of a tender gaze that locks mine for longer that it would be considered appropriate. You have to understand me; suddenly she looks so normal! Not… normal-normal, I mean she finally proves to be a sentient human being with a heart. At this thought I can’t help the tiny smile that curls up the edges of my lips.

“What?”, she’s so rude.

“I expected you to say something impolite about me dating guys and girls.” At this, Lexa finally gives me the snort I had been waiting for.

“Clarke, do you really think I’m someone that would judge someone else regarding their sexual orientation or kinks or whatever?”

She got me. Probably I should start thinking of her as a multiple-dimensioned being and not so much as an evil entity whose only purpose is destroying my life. I know she’s not an spiritual being… and maybe the fact that she ACTUALLY destroyed the life I had put so much effort into building here has made me forget that she’s only a kinky 21 year old girl spending her summer holidays with her family in her hometown.

“I guess not.”

“Love is love.” She keeps saying and it looks like she’s enjoying my face. I don’t even want to know what my expression is like. “That men for me are as sexy as moldy bread doesn’t mean I cannot understand some people don’t feel like I do.”

“That is… the most sensible thing I’ve ever heard you say.”

“Well, we don’t talk a lot, do we?”, she mocks me, closing the gap between us a bit more in her usual flirtatious style. Instead of achieving that, though, she starts laughing like a kid and I immediately follow suit.

“No, we don’t”. I giggle and I have to remind myself who she is not to lean my head on her shoulder. That was close.

“It’s nice… I guess”, and like that she goes back to her position against the pew, arms crossed before her chest. She’s so transparent.

“Still horny?”, I raise an eyebrow and for a second she looks truly surprised.

“As Hell.”
“This is acting out.” This time, she sighs deeply and tightens the position of her arms, fingers digging in her ribs.

“I’m not sure how do you know that term but trust me, this is not”, she answers trying unsuccessfully to hide her bitterness.

“Don’t you feel guilty about this?” I don’t even know why I ask a question whose answer I know perfectly.

“About seducing a wannabe priest and fuck her in a kinky way on the altar desecrating the church and religious spirit of my hometown?” And right when I thought we were getting to a good point, destiny or God or whatever is here to remind me she’s a freaking jerk and that’s it. “Not at all, I quite enjoy it.” That’s all she is.

“You’re impossible! Get out already! I don’t want you to step inside this holy place ever again!” I’m so done with this and with her and… The only thing I want now is to escape from this sex and alcohol whiff and lay on my bed for the rest of the afternoon.

Right when I try to stand up and make for the altar, I hear her giggles. However, this time it’s not like the previous one. No, this time she laughs to make fun of me — this time there’s no happiness or comfort in her voice, only mischief and a playful pitch that I’ve learnt to hate. She grabs me lightly by my wrist and stops me.

“See you around, Clarke”, and then she leans slowly and leaves a soft kiss on my cheek.

Her long mane moves like silk on her back with every step she takes to the back door of the church, across the nave, crossing the corridor to the pantry. Should I be concerned about her knowing the way? Doubtless — although everything I can do now is trying with all my strength not to touch my face on the point her lips touched me. That jerkface… When I finally lose her sight I release all the air in my lungs and turn around to look at the unholy mess we’ve done on the altar. And I have to clean it all by myself.

I walk towards the great cross trying to avoid stepping in the small puddles of wine that cover the floor. The image of the crucifix is somewhat different now, there’s a shadow covering it, hovering over my deadly sin and staining everything I believed and lived for. No, wait. When I realize, I stop dead on my tracks.

“Where are all the candles?”

Chapter End Notes

NOW. The next one won't FOR SURE be up till summer, June-July (possibly June), because I have my last finals and a "dieyouunworthystudentsIdon'tcareaboutyourmentalhealth" last exam of the whole year and if I don't pass it I don't pass the year :) Isn't :) college :) great? :)

Chapter End Notes
3rd week - Uriel

Chapter Summary

A pregnant silence falls into the room, heated by the warmth of so many candles. I have to give my unbiased opinion and say her bedroom looks beautiful. We could easily die in a fire but this beauty is undeniable as well as hers under the dim light. Clarke’s hand leaves my hips and goes down to my leg. She’s not lusting over it, though, she’s… I turn around by myself, we have a lot to do yet and it’s my turn to ask.

Chapter Notes

Ok, I’m sorry for the delay but it’s very difficult to write sexy things when you're on antidepressants. Really, all the sin gone, a true tragedy.

Anyway, shout out to my amazing beta, Miss justarandomclone, because this chapter wouldn't be nearly ready without her great effort (x118)

Devastation. That’s what I feel: devastation. Somehow I’ve made it halfway this dreadful week alive. Yeah, somehow. Well, it’s not that I don’t know what has kept me fighting for my life while my innards were skinning themselves and coming off my vagina in the most painful and gory way possible. On the one hand, dad has let me rest in peace. He came to my bedroom on Monday morning and attended to the bloody spectacle my early period had made of my bed. And my pajamas. And myself, because I was crying in my sleep and once he untied me I curled up into the fetal position I wouldn’t leave until the next day in the afternoon, when mother knocked my door. She brought me some food, my beloved Ibuprofen and something even better. Which brings us to the second reason I’m quite optimistic despite feeling like I’m going to die from blood loss.

“Mother Griffin has asked after you”, she said while opening my curtains for the sun to pour down on me, increasing my headache. I swear I thought it had been my imagination. Why would she even care? Was she horny again? I wasn’t, for the first time in several months, even if it was only because I was in too much pain. “She hopes you’re ok and said that making some confessions to God in your night prayers might help?” Mom looked confused for a second and then shrugged. “She’s probably right. Repenting may make you feel better.”

Because of the massive headache that completed the pack of pain sent from Hell I was suffering, I didn’t grasp it at first. It wasn’t until mother left my bedroom and closed the door that I caught Clarke’s drift and I had to bury my face in the pillow to muffle my laugh. Of course I already knew masturbating eases menstrual cramps but hearing that coming from her in that witty way was hilarious. What a fucking shitty priest, I thought and then realized she’s not, technically. Clarke is not a priest, which takes away most of the kinky appeal of me seducing her; however, even after fulfilling my fantasy of fucking on the altar I don’t seem to have lost interest in her. Not yet at least. I know it’s to come, it’s always that way. And still, sex addiction aside, there’s something still compelling about Clarke. She’s hot, for sure. Really, really hot… Really hot… Yeah… Oh, yeah! She’s gorgeous and intelligent and mysterious. That might be it. She’s a mystery I want to solve. I need to. After all, I’ve always been a fan of Agatha Christie’s novels. What can I say? Poirot is my
“Honey, how…?” My mother opens the door and stops dead on her tracks. Her eyes widen and I don’t quite understand why, she has caught me doing weirder things before. “Why are there so many candles here?”

“I like candles”, I answer motionless.

“Are you…?” She squints and frowns. She looks like an alligator, or Scratch from Ice Age. No acorns here, though. “Are you carving them?”

“…Yes”.

We look at each other awkwardly. It’s not like we normally do it otherwise. Mother and I are strangers, we have always been and with every passing year it is more and more blatant there’s no connection between us and has never been beyond the womb. The same moment the nurse cut my cord everything that linked me to this woman disappeared, she knew it then and I do now. What has been the point in keeping trying to mother me? A lazy intent to keep me under her yoke that I, willingly or involuntarily, have slowly stretched through the years until the only factor that I could never remove is the one that still stands. Money.

How many songs about money are there? Thousands? Millions? Don’t worry, I won’t start philosophizing about money now, it’s just my period that makes me sappy and melancholic. Mother steps up and looks into my bowl. *Don’t look at my bowl, it’s mine.* She tries to grab it but I’m faster.

What the fuck does she think she’s doing?

“They’re just pieces and bits of wax, I was going to throw them away!”, she excuses herself for meddling into my stuff. If we can consider that an excuse.

“It’s not just wax”.

“What do you want it for?”, she almost screams. I annoy her, I’ve always had. Every little thing.

“Making more candles”, I answer plainly.

Again an awkward moment. She thinks I’m crazy, I know I’m just sick and a bit eccentric. I don’t follow their ‘traditional’ and boring way of thinking. I don’t match in this family. This is not my place. I have no home, I don’t belong. God, I said I wasn’t going to philosophize, I just need to get laid.

Mother retreats and folds her arms before her chest. For a second I have this nasty feeling of being looking at myself in a mirror. I take after her and I hate it, I hate that people know I’m her daughter because we’re so similar. I hate she expected me to be her second chance in life. Her opportunity to get a good degree, to get out of TonDC, to marry another man that didn’t make her suffer all the longing and the uncertainty of whether he’s going to come back on foot or in a coffin. I hate that she wanted to live that through me, that she delights herself showing our visitors pictures of how creepily alike our kid and teen selves are. I hate that she tries to erase my identity as a person. I hate that she tries to erase me. I’m neither her nor her possession. I’m me. I am Lexa, a different human being.

The moment she discovered her perfect depiction of a younger self was a sex addict was really nice — when she found out I’m gay it was priceless. I had been so, so afraid of telling them, of them finding out, but when they walked in on Octavia, Raven and I in the bathroom… I never thought I could ever feel so much joy. So much that I came.

The whole scene was quite funny, actually. Or maybe my definition of ‘funny’ is not like everybody
else’s. However, we were working pretty well together in such a small space. Octavia already told us she was very flexible — I thought she only referred to liking boys and girls and people in between, quite innocent of me. In that very moment Raven was propped on the tank of the toilet, splayed before me, her underwear discarded long ago but her red jacket still on. That jacket was dangerous, what a weird turn on. But it would be stupid saying the jacket was the only hot thing about Raven. She was one of a kind. Her chestnut hair, her plump lips, her sass, her ass (oh my goodness, her ass), her abs... those strong, swarthy legs... My head feels heavy only remembering it. Raven had come a couple of times already and her taste was so sweet while I was eating her out with all my dedication, I had to keep those helpless moans coming. So sweet, really, you have no idea. I was sitting backwards on the toilet, with Octavia on my lap. Going down on Raven over her shoulder was rather uncomfortable but, as she said, she was very flexible. We were fingering each other, Octavia and I. Only because I was already really sensitive and much more focused on giving them pleasure than getting off myself I let her do it not minding that she wasn’t stimulating my clit like I needed. Octavia was another strong beauty. A wild one, but really cute. She took longer to come than Raven, it was very obvious which one of them had spent years on recovery. When she finally came, she did it hard and I didn’t stop there. Maybe it was a sick reaction of me, maybe it was just stupid, but I really wanted it to be enough for her. I really wanted to satisfy her, to satiate her, even if I knew I wouldn’t be able to as well as they wouldn’t be enough for me either. Just a patch, maybe less. Still I wanted to try, so I kept curling my fingers inside clenched walls, stroking her clit with my palm feeling her wetness spill down to the toilet cover. It wasn’t enough, of course, never enough and still pleasurable. Their juices kept coming and our needy moans echoed in the bathroom, unable to contain them. That’s how we got caught. It was our noises of pleasure what alarmed the other sponsors and the reason why they intruded the restroom, followed by all the relatives of the other addicts that had come to participate in our ‘healing process’. Mr. Jaha was the one who opened the door; however, it was my mother’s face the first one that I saw. Her horrified expression sent me over the edge.

“Are you coming to church today to finish the arrangements of the festival?” she asks me, looking at me with those same eyes.

Yes, definitely I hate her.

“I’ll attend my piano lessons later, I still feel a bit sick,” I say and roll the knife in my hand. I’m still surprised she hasn’t taken it away from me. “I want to thank Mother Griffin for her concern too, maybe I should bring her a bun or something. Don’t you think, mother?”

The pie my mother has prepared as a present to thank Clarke for all she’s doing for me feels hot against my hand. Not as hot as Clarke’s soaked crotch while I’m fucking her but hot anyway. Quite hilarious, huh? A pie! I’d have brought her Starbucks’ frappuccinos and muffins instead but I don’t think anyone in this shithole even knows what a macchiato is. Anyway, we’re all very thankful for the… hand she’s giving me… with this… Sorry, I had to.

I thought I had gone late enough not to bump into any of those blabbermouths my mother has as friends but… no. Not many people can escape the devious gaze of Mrs. Azgeda, after all.

“Lexa!” she shouts from the door of the church. Her feet make that sound against the gravel on the ground that annoys me so freaking much. She must have stayed behind talking to Clarke, praying, confessing or something. I don’t really care, although I pity Clarke quite a bit.
The blue, inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Azgeda soon find mine and start an indiscreet scan of me, a silent judgement of every bit of my appearance and attitude. At least she has had the decency to remember how I want to be addressed. That’s more than mother has ever done, or cared to do. But, please, don’t misunderstand my words — from all the vipers in this little town in the middle of nowhere, Mrs. Azgeda is the most poisonous. The difference between her and the other annoying ladies that surround my mother is that she knows how to pretend normalcy very well. Also, she likes to play, and people are her favorite game.

“Nia, how are you?” I remember how much I used to fear her. Her and that thin evil smile of hers that never hides anything good. We were all afraid of her.

“Good, thank you, hon. We have missed you in our meetings.” Here we go. “How have you been?”

“A bit sick, actually, thanks for asking.”

“That’s what I heard.” Then why do you ask? I keep my tight smile and change my position. The bag in my other hand starts to feel heavy but getting rid of her so soon would be highly reckless. Not what anyone needs in this town.

“There’s no need to worry, I promise, I’ll be joining you again soon.” I don’t like the look on her face, not even a little bit. “How’s your husband?” The great human-sized lettuce. The person with less of a personality I’ve ever met, I swear. It’s like a bizarre alien extension of his wife.

“Fantastic, thank you for asking.” Oh, goodness, when every line starts being finished by a ‘thanks’ it just makes me dizzy. “Do you know Roan is coming back in August?” Oh, Hell, no.

“Yeah, I’ve heard something.” She seems surprised so I hurry to clarify… or lie. “You know, no secrets can be kept in such a small town.”

Well, that’s not technically a lie but of course I’m not telling her I was fucking her confessor while… Not a good line of thought, Lexa. The ache between my legs is starting a pulsating rhythm only thinking of the feeling of my tongue on Clarke’s folds, of her tight grip on my hair when I sucked on her clit. Lexa, think of zombies, dead animals, Murphy jerking off… Ew! Yeah, enough.

“I suppose it’s rather impossible to have secrets in TonDC.” I don’t like neither her tone nor the slight lift of her chin, there’s something off there. ‘I’m sure he’s going to be very happy to see you.” I don’t understand this woman.

“Yeah, me too.” Not at all.

Suddenly, Mrs. Azgeda’s eyes fall to observe the pie in my hand and her smile widens for a second. She always had a sweet tooth, I guess.

“Is that one of your mother’s delicious apple pies?” Yeah, and it’s not for you.

“It is.” I offer her the tenderest smile I can articulate given that she’s making me waste so much time. “It’s a present for Mother Griffin, to thank her for all the… stuff she’s doing… with the festival.” I’m not the quickest mind in the West when I’m horny and on my period, ok? I don’t even know if she has bought that but I don’t care because she has finally made a move to leave stepping aside.

“You know I’m not the kind of lady who starts a gossip but…” Oh, dear Lord. “… if I were you, I wouldn’t get very close to Mother Griffin.” That’s new. Did she hear something while we…? No, she didn’t… did she?

“How so?” Don’t get fooled by my momentary inquietude, I’m worried about the possibility of Nia
telling shitty tales to my parents.

“Oh, maybe it’s just the imagination of this old woman but I think there’s something off with her. I’ve heard things from a friend who is in the diocese…” Her secretive tone fails at faking innocence, she notices it when her gaze locks mine and she finds the tremulous curiosity and slight fear behind them. Big mistake of mine. *Shit.* “But, oh! I’m sure there’s nothing to worry about.” She giggles and my stomach flips. I’m feeling a bit sick. Gosh, I only wanted to see and play with Clarke, why am I putting up with this shit so early in the morning?

“Well.

“See you soon, Lexa.”

“Bye, Mrs. Azgeda, have a nice day!” Eww, even I want to slap myself right now.

For my own safety, I don’t move until she has turned the corner of the street and I don’t hear the soft echo of her steps any longer. Only then I dare to climb the steps and pass through the church’s wooden door.

Here there’s always a calm I’m slowly getting used to. The smell of candles burning and incense caresses and enlightens my senses and everything is crystal clear out of the blue. I could take a nap inside this church, but I’d have to forget my endless hate towards the place. Not even the organ is making a noise today like I remember it always did when I attended the Mass with my teen parish group. I would have loved to fuck Costia during one of our meetings, here in this church, but I never dared. Yes, I’m very aware of how things change through time and I’m not complaining at all.

My steps sound loudly against the stone floor but that doesn’t seem to disturb the calm of the white-dressed figure rummaging behind the altar. That altar. My core throbs with the memory of the savage sacrilege we committed in that precise place and soon my throat dries, craving to be filled again with the wine spilled through those full, soft breasts of hers. Damn, I’m already wet and on my period, not a good combination, but I can’t help it. She’s there, framed by the soft rays of sunshine that enter through the colored glass windows. Like an angel despite our deadly sin. How does she survive? How could she fall in my sin and still beat my ass? I don’t know if I’m upset, nervous or delighted. This feeling in my gut is confusing and warm and… just stupid.

Clarke doesn’t seem to have noticed me, she has started filling some papers, maybe something related to the festival. I don’t know. I don’t care. Damn… Have I ever mentioned before how much I love her hair? It’s like a fucking gold cascade. So soft, soft damn. Now it’s up in a casual ponytail, exposing her pale neck. *Fuck my life.* A pinching pain makes me realize something. I hadn’t noticed before but I’ve been clawing my own fingernails in the palm of the hand carrying the bag. I’m doing a titanic effort not jumping at her and fucking her senseless on that altar again. The way she came undone in between prayers… it was so sexy, so beautiful. *Focus, Lexa.* I approach the altar slowly. Still unaware of my presence, Clarke keeps writing on those papers like a pray drinking from a river. A smile slips onto my lips as a devious thought does the same in my mind.

“Mother, Mother! There are these girls in my class and I believe they’re…” I gasp loudly and make a dramatic pause. “…liberals. They have even made obscene propositions to me!”

“Do you always have to be so deliberately offensive every time you come here?” she murmurs, not even bothering to lift her head and look at me. Rude. She’s trying to look uninterested but, baby, I know better than falling for such a lame play.
“But Mother! What can I do when desires that can only be satisfied between husband and wife get taken by sinners? What should I do? Be quiet? Because what the Bible says is inconvenient to you? What a nerve!” I leave the pie on the papers she’s writing and she finally dedicates me an annoyed look.

“Lexa”, she sighs, not quite like I want her to but it’s too soon yet.

“Or maybe not.” I smile and sit on the altar besides the apple pie, crossing my legs before her. “You’re young, you’re going through this phase of life where you can feel sexually aroused by everything.”

Clarke sighs and grabs the papers from underneath the plate to fold them and keep them in a key-locked drawer behind her. Then she stops, there’s one missing and it’s right under my beautiful ass. She turns around and looks at me like she wants to hit me. Or hit on me, let’s be real.

“The fact that you get wet while seeing girls doesn’t mean you have any sapphic tendencies,” I keep saying, slightly swinging my ankle. “Besides, everyone knows that attraction disappears as you get older. Of course, there would be people who say that fighting is not worth it, that you must accept and love yourself for who you are. But the Bible says you don’t have to give up and relinquish to your desires.” Clarke rolls her eyes but finally pays some attention to me. Her gaze wanders to my cleavage and my legs. She’s so thirsty she can’t even hide it anymore.

“So cute… or hot, more like hot.” You, Clarke, must be very wary of avoiding acting on those feelings.

“Are you done?” she sounds annoyed but it’s obvious she’s at least pleased with the view.

“And how, you’ll ask?!” Clarke lets out a deep sigh and I can’t help my smile. “Ask God Almighty for help!” Oh, she already did that. The throb between my legs intensifies and I have to press them together harder to try to get some release. “Fill your mind with healthy thoughts.” I dare to grab one of those golden locks and play with it in between my fingers. “Avoid every contact with gay pornography and propaganda.” Her eyes fall to my lips, they always do, she’s so predictable sometimes. How much she craves them is hilarious so I bite my lower lip and… She’s melting. “And never, ever, give up.”

“Done?” Clarke mutters, but she won’t even raise her voice.

“You know, Clarke, when I feel this sexual attraction for another girl I just think of my favorite text from the Bible… and just get wetter.”

She does it again. Her gaze falls back to my lips but this time she just lets out a forceful snort before stepping back.

“Get out.”

“That is so not what you want and you know it…” I step up towards her but hesitate before taking another step. I’ll just say it and God be damned. “Thank you” Clarke’s eyebrows lift to her hair line and then crease in a frown. Yeah, this is not my thing precisely, “for asking after me.”

“I basically told you to masturbate to ease menstrual cramps, Lexa, no thanks needed,” she snorts and tries to turn around but I touch her shoulder ever so slightly. I don’t want to look desperate or brusque or anything. For once.

“No, really.” I know being serious may not suit me after all you’ve seen happening, guys, but it’s just complicated. “It was… nice of you.”

Our gazes meet and lock each other’s. Her eyes are an entirely new shade of blue, nothing I’ve ever
seen before. No, I’m not being a sap, it’s just how it is, I’m being objective, she has beautiful eyes. She gets it, she won’t keep asking, she won’t keep pushing. Clarke has seen right through me again and I don’t know if the tug I feel in my belly and my gut right now is relief, intrigue or fear. Wait… Does it go down? Meh… Maybe… Maybe it’s just my horny self. Never mind.

“Are those my candles?” Clarke’s eyes have fallen to the bag I still carry in one hand. “What are you doing with them?”

“I’m on my period, so I’m just going to use them to fuck you,” I say, plainly.

Well, I don’t know how to interpret that expression in Clarke’s face. It’s something between ‘I’m truly thinking about it’ and ‘I’m having a stroke, what the fuck’. She grabs the bag, taking it from me rather rudely. I guess it was more like the last option. Boring.

“Absolutely not!” she yells at me and opens the bag, rummaging into its content. “What have you…? Lexa, have you carved the holy candles of the altar?” I don’t miss the spike of outrage in her voice. I love it so much.

I know Clarke does it too. She has this secret kink for sacrileges, for corrupting herself and everything in this fucked up place. The feeling of freedom of the spirit. The excitement of doing something very wrong, of breaking the holiest rules in her universe. That’s why I leave the bag on the ground and approach her a little more, until our noses are almost touching. Her eyes fall to my lips. She desires them and I will never understand the reason but still it’s amusing, just like her groan of anger or desperation when my lips run away to her ear and my teeth grab her lobe softly.

“You’ll feel very holy with all of God’s glory inside of you, Clarke”, I whisper and feel her whole body trembling. Even my body is trembling. Dammit, Lexa, what’s wrong with you? I’m literally fighting not to start grinding against her like a dog.

“Lexa…” And she decides to moan softly like that. I’m a goner, I’m going to… Clarke looks away, takes a deep breath and softly pushes me a little away from her. Her touch is searing, oh my god…

“I’ve chiseled it to hit those spots that make you scream,” I try as hard as I can but suddenly her expression changes and her jaw clenches with… anger?

“No, you know what?” She leaves everything on the altar and starts walking down to the tower only repeating: “No, nono, no, no. No.”

Of course I follow her. What else could I do? Praying a bit? I grab the bag and follow her steps. I swear to God someone is going to slip in this tower and break their neck – it’s too tight and curled, and the steps are high as fuck. When I get to her I realize. It’s her bedroom, she has lured me to her bedroom. And still she keeps saying: “No, no, no, No, no. No.” I’m confused. Do you know what I do when I’m confused? I keep it simple and go for the fuck. If I’ve consent, of course. Her blabber doesn’t make any sense so unless she stops me I’ll just go and cross my fingers. Inside of her. Oh, just shut up. Sorry, bad puns are my nature.

“You’re always so eager, Clarke”. And just like that I grab the ends of my baggy shirt and start pulling it up… until I bump a hand, stopping my movements. Damn.

“No.”

“That kinda rings a bell. I think you’ve said that before.” My cocky smile makes her frown sharper but I know she doesn’t take offense at it. Otherwise she would have sent me to Hell a long while ago.
“First off, you’re not going to put stuff not explicitly made for erotic purposes into anyone’s vagina.”

Ok, now the authoritative voice she’s using is only turning me on more. Can she stop existing already? Or can my dirty mind just blow up already? “You could create and spread infections or even risk to a new anaphylactic... Are you listening to me?”

“Yeah, yeah, Clarke. What would you know?” Only for the record, I was listening, just a bit distracted.

“I should, I’m a doctor.”

She’s a what? A meaningful silence invades the room and all I can think about is the multiple times she has said something clinical, she has expressed herself using medical or scientific terms and I never realized she… Of course she’s intelligent as fuck, she’s a damn doctor! She analyzes everything, she... she analyzes me. Has she been analyzing me? Is that what this is? Am I her science project? Whatever, you know? Whatever... A doctor. Damn, I wouldn’t mind having a check-up.

“A doctor!”, I finally shout in awe. “You’re slowly recovering your kinky points.” I want to fuck her with the white coat on.

“Lexa, I can help you…”, she tries to approach me but I immediately step back.

Here we are. That was exactly what this is, I feel a pang in my chest. It hurts… Why does it hurt? It shouldn’t, I should be used to this already. It’s what everybody wants about me, try to fix me. Try. And once they realize there’s no way to heal me they just quit and leave me behind. Always the same shit. Not anymore. I came here with an objective, the purpose of fucking someone senseless with my candles. If she doesn’t feel like it, I don’t know what I am doing still here like a puppet.

“Good bye, Clarke”, I make an attempt at going downstairs but she grabs my hand at a not very normal speed. It’s not a brusque grab, her hand adjusts immediately to mine and it’s... weird. She’s giving me puppy eyes. Why is she giving me cute, puppy eyes?

“Lexa, please, I’m a doctor and I can help you get over this.” The synchronization of our breaths is pretty casual, both of us are basically breathless so… “Just let me.”

“I don’t recall having asked for your help.” I’m trying to be rude, I won’t deny it, but instead of letting me go, Clarke approaches me dangerously, never releasing my hand. No, I won’t fall for that. I’m a badass and I know what’s good for me and this isn’t. “I’m not your little project to remember the good ol’ days, Clarke.”

“No, you’re not. You’re someone who is suffering and I am able to make that disappear.”

Ok, this is getting intense and it’s making me absolutely uncomfortable. Clarke seems to be telling the truth, why wouldn’t she? She’s intelligent, she’s managed to make all these people believe she’s a priest and… she’s a good fuck. Maybe I’ll have more opportunities to drag her to my very personal Hell. I’m a horrible person, I shouldn’t…

“If you let me.” Clarke looks so confident, so excited. She’s like a little cute... thing... Aaaghh!!

“If I hear just once that I have to trust in God and be good for Him like in SAA I’m going to…”

“I promise to give you a secular treatment”, she interrupts me, looking at me directly in the eyes. Damn, they are so blue, have I mentioned that before? “Ok?” And I nod, of course. I’m doomed.

Without a word, Clarke guides me back to her bedroom and sits on the bed, indicating me to take a
seat where I can. What a difficult decision! Pardon my sarcasm but I can only choose between the very likely broken chair and that wooden chest of the corner. I take the wooden, round chest, of course — and because I’m a weirdo and a sex addict that sees opportunities everywhere, I choose to straddle it. The friction is so good, damn it.

“First of all” Damn. Clarke has grabbed a paper and a pen and looks very… professional. “I need to ask you some basic questions to get to know you better.” I can’t help my snort at her sudden attitude, I’m sorry. No, I’m not, she’s a weirdo.

“Hi, I’m Lexa. I’m 21 years old and I speak three languages,” I joke, only to break the ice, I swear.

“No, that’s not… Do you really speak three languages?” I nod and change a bit my position in the trunk. Now it can almost touch directly my… Lexa, focus.

“English, Spanish and I’m not bad at French”, I answer nonchalantly. “I’m attending Chinese lessons too but it’s… complicated, so I don’t count it yet.”

Clarke looks surprised — her grasp on the papers changes as she puts them on her lap and grabs a different pen. She puts a golden lock behind her ear and wets her lips. I wonder if she would be turned on by languages…

“Anyway, can you just answer my questions?” she sighs. “I just want straight answers.”

“Oh, then it’s going to be impossible.” Clarke glares at me and I just offer her a smirk. “Ok, ok. Shoot, Doctor Griffin!” Her gaze goes back to her papers and she’s again surrounded by that aura of professionalism. Quite sexy.

“Do you have any allergies?” I shake my head negatively. “No meds and no chronic diseases, I’m 100% healthy… Well, almost.”

“Have you ever got any surgery?” I shake my head negatively. “Do you smoke?”

“No, I find it really disgusting.”

“Do you drink alcohol?”

“Sometimes but not often” and it’s not a lie. I clear my throat and entwine my fingers. “I… don’t like losing control if I can help it.”

Clarke lifts her head to look right into my eyes for a second before saying:

“Any other substances I should know about?” I shake my head and she nods, taking some notes. It’s a bit annoying, you know, not knowing what she is writing about me. “Have you ever had any kind of heart, pulmonary, digestive, urinary or gynecological condition?”

“You mean sex addiction aside?” Clarke sighs and nods and I really need to think about this. “Well… I had chlamydia once… but nothing else that I can remember.”

“Really?” She quirks an eyebrow and I’m feeling totally offended.
“What do you think? That I’m Miss STIs?”, I chuckle and she makes a stupid grin. “I’m super clean and prudent, Griffin, even if I’ve had a couple of situations in which I’ve been less careful.”

“Oh, Wilde”, she says with a smile and suddenly Doctor Griffin is back. Hell, that’s sexy and the ache in my crotch is starting to be very persistent. “Normally… I mean, the most part of the year, who do you live with?”

“Alone”, I swallow, trying not to start buckling my hips. For fucks sake, can’t you stop for a minute? “I live in a small apartment near the faculty. My parents rented it for me.”

“You exercise.” I smile at the fact that it wasn’t a question and at the way Clarke has to direct her gaze to her papers while saying it. “How do you eat, though?”

“Oh, Mother, I thought you knew that very well already.” I give her a mischievous smile that she despises with as a shake of her hand. Boring. Not even into sex jokes, really? “I’m a pescetarian, I eat everything but meat. And yes, I take the time to cook real dishes, so that’s a mini-point for me!”

“Have you ever suffered from anxiety, depression or any other disorder?”

Oh, that’s a bold question, one quite hard to answer.

“Who hasn’t in this life?” I answer in the most careless tone I can produce but something in her blue eyes tells me she’s seeing more. Damn her. I buckle my hips a bit, searching for release and at the same time trying to hide it from her. I need the friction, dammit.

“Stop doing that, Lexa”, she commands but I just can’t and now I don’t even really want to.

“Stop doing what, Clarke?”

The glare she gives me is not really clarifying enough. Or maybe it’s totally revealing. For some reason I haven’t been able to understand yet, Clarke is very prone to get mad at me — however, at the same time I can see that in her eyes, the struggle not to fall in my delicious web again.

“Stop rubbing yourself against the chest, it escapes the purpose of this therapy,” she says using a cold voice that gives me mixed feelings. She can be the Ice Queen when she wants. Will I be able to melt her?

“Make me,” I tempt her. I go all in and tug my bottom lip while my hips start moving, grinding against the wood. The feeling is incomplete, I’m basically teasing myself and it will make things worse but for this, for the look she’s giving me, it’s totally worth it. That thirst, oh my goodness. How did she even think she could be a priest being such a horny mess?

Clarke stands up. She does. But far from coming and fucking me she puts way too much distance between us. Self-restraint, that must be why. Something I lack of, clearly.

“You are obviously not taking this seriously.” She makes for the exit and opens the door with an angry frown. For a moment, I feel a pang in my chest, my stomach turns and I can’t breathe. For a moment I panic.

“No, no, Clarke, wait!”, I shout with a strangled voice that doesn’t even sound like me.

I stand up and almost trip on the trunk but my reflexes don’t fail me and I get to support myself with a strong hand on the bed.

“I do, Clarke, I do.” Please, don’t give up on me.
At least I get her to turn her head to face me. I feel sick looking so desperate under her gaze and I guess... I’ve just been caught up. I need this really bad, I know perfectly I do and now she does too. This is an uncomfortable exposure I have never felt before and I’m scared, ok? It’s difficult and it’s painful on so many levels... I’m suffering all the time — I’ve lost myself only responding to the throb. It’s a compulsion that makes me its slave. The palpitation of my clit synchronizes with the beatings of my heart and I need the release to live. I can feel them both in my head, in my neck, in my whole body. It is this painful ache that compels me to ease it, that sets my skin on fire until everything left are ashes. I want to ease it but... it never works, it’s never enough. Never enough. It messes up with my head, I don’t even know that I’m acting out, what I’m actually doing, until I’m already doing it and the monster inside of me is being fed. Partially. It’s hungry and every time it’s worse.

I need this and I really appreciate what she’s doing in spite of everything I’ve done to fuck her because... She just needs to understand. Because nobody understands.

“Very well,” it’s her final answer but she doesn’t close the door. She doesn’t trust me, I told you Clarke is very smart. She shouldn’t do it. Ever. “Maybe you could use a break.”

“Don’t want to keep asking me sexy things?” Yeah, when I try to regain my composure I act like a douche. Sorry, I can’t help it.

“Like whether or not your feces are normal-colored.” I love her sass.

“Oh, kinky!” Clarke snorts and sits back on the bed. I don’t, it’s not my place, I’m going to behave this time. Or at least I’ll try.

I don’t know exactly why but the thought of the Harry Potter books I found on her desk slips my mind. She definitely has a good taste on literature. Proud Potterhead here. Had I found a Twilight book I’d possibly have run away not even minding the promise of a good fuck. Just no.

“So,” I say and return to my seat on the wooden chest. This time I sit like a normal person, not seeking any friction even if my innards are starting to burn. Clarke looks at me and it’s so weird that we can have a normal conversation I think both of us feel overwhelmed for a second. “You like Harry Potter books, huh?”

“Problem?” That sounds quite aggressive of her.

“Wow! What a Gryffindor you are, huh, Griffin?” Clarke laughs and it gives me a nice feeling. Like not-searing warmth.

“And you are totally a Slytherin.”

“Joke’s on you, I’m a dementor,” I blurt out.

There’s an uncomfortable silence. It’s the truth but I didn’t mean it to sound that dramatic. *Well done, Lexa, you can’t just shut the fuck up.* I start tapping the trunk nervously, creating a rhythm that is intended to calm me but it’s actually working the opposite way. I need to get myself off. Or to talk. I just... need to say something!

“What’s inside this chest?” I babble. “It looks old and doesn’t suit the rest of your... decoration.”

Before she can answer my question I’m already being invasive, kneeling in front of the trunk and playing with the lock. I’m sorry, ok? My social skills are pretty rusty after the school year and I tend to forget the rules of proper social behavior when I get nervous. What I find there, though, exceeds whatever society might find appropriate.
“Holy fuck, Clarke!” I’m sure my eyebrows are already at the level of my hairline.

She flies at me and tries to close it but I don’t let her. Ok, now I’m shaking with excitement, so much my hand almost can’t grab the whip inside the chest. Yes, it’s a leather whip with multiple endings. So kinky my mouth waters at the thought of all the things we could do with it. All the things I could do to her. The ache between my legs is becoming unbearable and I turn to face her with dark eyes. I never imagined Clarke could be into this stuff but, again, I could never have pictured Clarke as anything else but an innocent village priest until today.

“Don’t look at me like that, you perv.” She pushes me aside to make room for herself almost playfully. Or that could have only been my horny imagination toying with me. Clarke is never playful. Still, I want to pin her up her desk and fuck her with my fingers, with my tongue. Now. Why am I not moving yet? “It was already here when I moved in.”

The realization of what that means takes me a second. A second to turn everything off. EEEWWW! They are Kane’s. I told you, she wasn’t playful, ever. The whip falls back in the trunk and I can’t believe I’ve touched that. I need to bleach my hand.

“Thank you for the warning”, I’m sick to my stomach, which she seems to find hilarious.

“They are not what you think they are, silly.” Clarke giggles and it’s kind of beautiful. “These instruments are used for the mortification of the flesh.”

“What. The. Freaking. Hell?” Not better, not better at all. Correct me if I’m wrong but the last time I checked we we’re already in the 21st century. I extract something else from the chest, something like a wire with spikes. I must be wrong after all.

“That’s a spiked belt,” Clarke explains to me. “It’s… or was used as a garter belt.”

“Sexy…” I say in a plain voice, totally disgusted. “Why would anyone wear that?”

“The mortification of the flesh is a holy act by which the individual seeks to literally put to death their sinful nature,” she explains, and please forgive my expression, in full Hermione Granger style. “It’s part of the process of sanctification.”

“Have you ever…?” I turn to find two blue eyes open wide (wide open). Has she? Fortunately, she hurries to shake her head and for some reason I feel a kind of relief (some kind of relief, a kind of relief).

“No, no, I haven’t”, Clarke assures. “I don’t think Father Kane has either.”

I hum in appreciation and realize Clarke’s staring at my lips again. She’s so damn eager. Suddenly, another mischievous thought slips my mind.

“This is useless, actually.” I use a disaffected tone while closing the chest and turn to face her. “I’ve engaged in a lot of similar rituals and people stick to their guns telling me I’m drowning in sin.”

Clarke cheeks and ears start to acquire a rosy hue and I click my tongue at that cute spectacle. It is cute, yes, and beautiful and so, so funny I can’t even conceal my giggle. Then she nudges me and calls me ‘asshole’ under her breath before standing up and making again for the door. I know she doesn’t mean it like an insult and I love it. Because she can take a joke, of course.

“It’s late, you should go before the old, good gossip starts.”

“Already tired of me, Mother?” I tease her and pin her slightly against the door frame with my body.
“You know, had you let me play with the candles you would never want me gone.”

I can feel the rate of her breath increasing, or maybe it’s mine and it sounds powerfully in my head. There’s this mole on Clarke’s upper lip… it’s cute.

“Talking of which.” Her words bring me back and I feel confused for a second. Gosh, she’s so cold sometimes. How does she even do that being a horny mess as she is always in my presence? “Those candles stay here.”

“What?” She’s so not fun. Damn, I really feel sad, empty inside.

“You heard me.” She’s not ice, she’s fucking steel.

“But Clarke…” Yes, I’m whining like a little kid but… my candles!

“But Clarke nothing.” She takes the candles bag and guides me downstairs. “See you on Sunday, don’t be late for church!”

I swear to God and all of you, sometimes I can’t believe this girl.

Everybody is silent, that’s how family lunch works. More like a cemetery than a dining room. In the end I haven’t been late for lunch so at least my lasagna is not cold. That’s not why I’m playing with the besamel (bechamel) in my plate instead of eating it. Fuck, I’m not hungry at all I just want to go to my room and curl up in my bed. Was Clarke being serious? Will she be able to fix me?

I miss my candles.

I have tones of them in my apartment, you know? My favorites are the aromatic ones, especially those with a soft, sweet smell. I’m thinking of blueberry candles, strawberry candles… Oh, damn, I miss those so much.

“Lexa’s thinking of sex again!”, Murphy yells and laughs out of the blue. What the fuck?

My parents look at me as if I had stolen all their money to gamble in Las Vegas. Really? I wonder if dear little John has a schedule to screw up my days or he just does it how it comes.

“I’m not”, I defend myself not very eagerly, because I know it’s useless. Fucking Murphy… I wonder how much it’d cost to hire a few gangsters and give him a scare. Fuck it, I want to throw him from a balcony in pure Leonidas’ style.

He doesn’t stop laughing until my father glares at him. Asshole. Then my mother stands up, grabs my plate and my glass of water and takes them to the kitchen.

“Mom!”

“You’ve already finished here, go to your room, dad’s going in a minute to tie you up,” she says, ruthless, merciless. Who am I to her?.

“I’m not finished”, dad says, his gaze fixes on the infinite while chewing a piece of vegetable lasagna. Mother glares at him but it has no effect at all.

“Then she stays here quietly until you are.”

‘She’ is here,” I mutter but nobody pays me further attention. I can’t believe this fucking family.
What is this? A clan and I am the pariah? Of course. I sigh and cross my arms before my chest. I have to stay here, looking at them eating their food like pigs and I’m not allowed to say a word. I’m 21, this is embarrassing.

Murphy offers me a devious smile and I swear if there’s someone up there that I’d rip his lungs off and stick them into a place he wouldn’t like at all. Fucking little piece of shit. I hate them, every single one of them. I hate them and I miss my freedom. Being free to be me, to be gay, to be sick, to be Lexa. Weren’t it for the tiny detail of its lack of practicality, I wouldn’t even need to heal my addiction. But, you know, life is hard enough on a normal basis and having any kind of addiction takes way too much time, among other things that I cannot afford.

I wonder how she is planning to fix me. Clarke, I mean. She’s a priest… Sorry, she’s a doctor but I don’t know what’s up there in her mind. I trust her, though, oddly enough. I have only gone to another doctor before and he didn’t even take my problem seriously. Or maybe he did and that was why he sent me to the SAA group. Christian group. We all know how that ended.

They have already finished their lunches. I know exactly what comes now. My parents guide me to my room just like cops and order me to lie in the bed while they get the rope. This is such a violation of so many laws I, as a future judge, can’t even… Ouch! It’s tight. However, were I to go to the real police and say anything I would be left with no money to sustain myself while studying at Harvard. One last year, that’s all. And if it has to be like this, so be it. People need to eat, dress themselves and pay for other expensive shit like electricity, y’know. Dammit! The rope bites my skin again. It had been like three days without the ties and I hadn’t missed them at all, to be honest.

Once they have finished tying my ankles and wrists to the bed posts mother goes downstairs but dad stays a bit longer. The disappointment in the look he’s giving me is almost touchable, I can breathe it. It doesn’t really bother me, I learned not to care a while ago. After a few moments that feel like ages, he finally leaves my room, closing the door behind me. I’m alone. Again.

I hate them.

What on Earth could I have done differently in the past to change my awful present? Maybe I could have stopped playing with the rocking chair. Perhaps I could have distanced myself from Costia and stuck to praying and singing like every other parishioner. Maybe I should have told Anya to get the fuck out of my room when she caught me red-handed, or maybe it was already too late. Despite the bunch of maybes in my past, listen, I guess it’s not even worth thinking about them. What it’s done it’s done, and if I want to get rid of my parents I know exactly what I have to do. How funny is that a wannabe priest is my only chance to get my freedom?

For a moment I close my eyes and picture myself in a beach. The sun caressing my skin, the smell of sea filling my lungs and the soft, salty breeze of the ocean messing with my hair. The sound of the waves crashing on the shore, looking after my inner peace. What a beautiful scene. And then the cherry of the cake: a blonde head in between my legs. Paradise. Ok,ok, wait. I just like blondes, she doesn’t have to be Clarke. Except that she is, now looking at me with big blue eyes. Damn… No, wait, of course she’s Clarke. I’m just imagining her because she’s the last girl I’ve fucked. Damn, and it was a good fuck despite all my problems. Shit, Lexa, don’t go there. The ache in between my legs starts demanding compulsively my attention again. Fuck off, just fuck off!

I buckle my hips a couple of times but… nothing. Agghhhh!!! I can hear dad watching the news in
the living room. I can hear mom washing the dishes in the kitchen. I can hear Murphy in his bedroom playing some stupid videogame and what am I doing? I probably should try to sleep but that’s what I always do, sleep.

I hate them, I hate my life and I hate… *Fuck!* The ropes burn my ankles again and I try to fight with all I have until I can neither breathe nor contain my tears anymore. I knew it would be useless but still, I had to try once more, despite the pain, despite the despair, because I needed to. What the fuck is this existence? It burns like the skin of my ankles and wrists. I take a deep breath and try to calm myself. Maybe I should just start replaying the same songs in my head over and over again. I’m going to start hating music so soon in life…

---

I wait for her after the Mass. After excusing myself with my mother I just wait in the darkest corner of the nave like I always do, far from the curious stares of those indiscreet, fucking hicks. Like a shadow. That’s all I am after all, or that’s what it looks like when I observe the red marks on my wrists, unprofessionally covered with some make up. It will do.

Clarke knows I’m waiting for her and still she doesn’t seem to have noticed me — or at least that’s what I thought until she glances at me in the middle of her possibly uninteresting conversation with Mrs. Arbor. She’s purposefully making me wait. Maybe this is her revenge and it might be a cruel one but I wouldn’t blame her, not after how much I’ve pushed her limits. I guess it’s fair in some way. Perhaps. I lean against the wall, the sharp endings of the stone pounding into my back like tiny nails. I don’t mind it, really, I almost like it. Also, I have no problem to wait, it’s not like I had anywhere better to be. So I do it, I wait patiently while the old woman offers her her last words full of hope and adoration as if Clarke was a divine entity, as if she actually was a real angel worth worshipping. She shakes her blonde head and giggles at something, showing that kind and warm smile of hers that makes you feel important and listened to… I’m just rambling, sorry. You know? In situations like this I really wish my mother hadn’t taken off my cell phone. Maybe I could ask her to give it back. No, definitely not, not after little piece of shit Murphy started his random taltelting about me. *Fucking asshole*…

“Lexa.” Clarke’s voice makes me squint and I blush a little. It seems like it’s time.

I approach her slowly. For some reason I feel that I should be cautious around her — there’s just something in her calm face that doesn’t match the excitement in her eyes and rubs me in the wrong way. I don’t know if I should be scared; however, I follow her to her bedroom like an enchanted fool, through those hallways and dangerous stairs that are slowly becoming so familiar to me. I’m just describing the numb way I move, it’s not like Clarke could possibly have any power over me. That would not make any sense at all.

Clarke hasn’t said a word yet and it’s not until she closes the door behind me that she dares to speak. To give me orders, of course.

“Take off all the clothes you can and lay on the bed on your belly.” Okay, that was very unexpected.

Then she closes the curtains of her single tiny window and starts lighting all the candles distributed around the bedroom. They are everywhere, I’m starting to feel emotional… and hot, very hot. Damn, I’m already drenched. Thanks goodness and U by Kotex for these super absorbent pads.
“I’m already liking this,” I comment while removing my top. I love the smell of fume mixing with incense and slowly filling the room. “Sex therapy?”

“No sex therapy,” she answers in a cold voice and folds my clothes, leaving them carefully on the damaged chair.

Should I remove my bra? Hell yeah! I know what it looks like, I do. However, I am controlling myself so much that I don’t even throw it to her. I just pass by Clarke with only my panties on, lean a bit over her and leave the folded bra on the top of the mountain of clothes. The light of the candles illuminates her in a way that makes my stomach shift and my jaw clench. And I’m wearing these white cotton panties for old ladies. I want to hide into a cave and never come out.

“At least let me dream,” I whisper, almost slurring the words, tasting them, and Clarke has to roll her eyes. I say ‘has to’ because she blatantly does it forcefully. Oh, girl, your thirst is showing, just let it go. She’s so predictable, I know I could get to do her unspeakable things right now.

Nevertheless, I said I was going to behave so I obey her and lay on the bed on my belly, using my arms as a better pillow than hers. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with her pillow, though, it’s comfy and soft, it’s just… it smells too much like her and I’m already struggling to control my impulses and be a good girl. Damn, I can’t stop imagining myself fucking Clarke in this bed. It would be during some Mass or celebration and she would have to bite the pillow as hard as she could to muffle her moans. Shit… shit, shit, shit.

“So,” Clarke starts in between metallic noises that thankfully draw my attention and stop my heated imagination. Who knows what she has prepared for me? If I’m honest with you, guys, I’m a bit… uneasy. Yeah, ‘uneasy’, that’s a perfect way to describe it. “Can you tell me about the other times you’ve tried to… rehabilitate yourself?”

“It depends on how many days you want to spend here.”

“I have all the time in the world,” Clarke answers plainly and I feel the mattress sink under her body. She’s sitting right next to me, close enough but not so much to get to touch me. Come on, this screams sex therapy…

“Lucky you,” I snort. “How much do you earn for your endless work as a priest?”

“Lexa.”

“More than many people for sure…”

“Lexa.” This time her voice is rougher, almost commanding.

“Okay,” I give up. Well, not fully. “I have a brilliant idea.”

“Oh gosh, SOS, I’m terrified,” she jokes. She’s actually making fun of me and I probably should be offended but it’s such a rare situation I just relax and delight myself in its uniqueness. “Please, enlighten me.”

“I want to exchange an answer for another, a question for another. Telling the truth is compulsory.”

“And what exactly makes you think I’d agree to do that?” There it is her sass again. I almost missed it during these few days.

I breathe in and out with some difficulty, not only because of my position. This is going to get intense and I just don’t like drama. I swallow the lump in my throat before uttering those words I hate
for so many reasons.

“Please, Clarke, I’d really feel way more comfortable. ” No, I’m not playing her and no, I’m not trying anything either. I’m just very… bad, plainly bad, utterly bad with feelings and opening myself… emotionally. You’ve been able to see it before, I just... This is so private and sharing feels like I’m taking my skin off and I’m going to get burnt. It doesn’t feel… it’s not easy, ok?

Clarke says nothing for a moment. She must be pondering it, which is a good signal and a great change, you know? Being treated like a human being instead of an illness means a lot. Damn, what is she thinking? I’d really like to look at her right now but something tells me she won’t let me turn around.

“Fine,” she finally says and something lightens in my chest. “You go first, though, answer my question.”

“Fair enough,” I sigh and make myself comfortable on the bed. “Do you want to know about the SAA program? It’s basically it, before that my parents had only sent me to a psychiatrist that wanted to give me some weird meds and… well, he ended up sending me to the program.” I wait for her response but the only thing that indicates me she’s still here is the sudden scent of almonds. “The SAA group I attended, and basically every SAA group, is religious as fuck.” I snort but actually only thinking about it gives me chills.

“What happened?” I can feel her hands on my back. They’re oily and warm and… Is she giving me a massage? Definitely this is so going to be a sex therapy. It feels… very nice, actually.

“They hmmmm…”, I swallow, she’s going to kill me, I can feel it. “The goal when entering the A.L.I.E.’s SAA program was abstinence from one or more specific sexual behaviors. But unlike programs for recovering alcoholics or drug addicts, Sex Addicts Anonymous does not have a universal definition of abstinence.” Her hands caress my back up and down putting the exact pressure my muscles need to start easing up. My clit, though, is not relaxing at all. “Obviously I have no desire to stop being sexual, at all. I’d say it’s not sex itself that I have issues with…” When you have to repress a moan talking about how much of a sex addict you are, you know you’re fucked. “It’s difficult to explain. In SAA they said it was more an addiction to certain sexual behaviors.” Clarke’s hands stop running on my back and I know what she’s thinking. “Yeah, my alarms went crazy with that as well. Anyway, they said they would be able to determine what behavior was addictive and what was healthy.” I can still remember Jaha’s face the first day and I was not wrong thinking that was giving me sect vibes. “However, the fellowship was not supposed to dictate to its members what was and wasn’t an addictive sexual behavior. Each member had to define their own, a.k.a. acting out.” Clarke’s hands start moving again and it feels really nice but at the same time I wish she said something.

“Please, continue.” Is all she gives me.

“We had these steps that we had to learn by heart and achieve and I really hate I can still say them.” I take a deep breath and start singing. “First, we have to admit we are powerless over addictive sexual behavior — that our lives have become unmanageable.” Which is mostly true, but then the bullshit doesn’t take much longer to appear. “Secondly, we have to come to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity. And I’d add here a thank you so much I’m not crazy you fucking child mo…” Clarke spanks me, like really hits me in the ass.

“Keep going.” I want to look at her so bad. I’m getting pissed. I probably deserved th... no, I didn’t. Is she defending them?

“Then we had to make a decision to turn our will and our lives,” and I have to breathe in not to
laugh, “over to the care of God as we understood God.” I chuckle and sit up a bit to look at her over my shoulder. “You’d probably fit there very well.” A strong hand pushes me back down and it hurts but also makes me laugh. *She’s so sensitive.* “The fourth step was making a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves. Of course I fucked up before getting there. I didn’t even reach the third one, I got really busy fucking my sponsor in the bathroom.”

“How did that happen?”

“Wait, I haven’t told you how this ends yet.” I clear my throat and keep reciting the steps like an old religious song or prayer. “The fifth step was admitting to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.”

“Well, you’re kinda doing that right now.” The only thing that still keeps me here is her hands on my shoulders, easing up all the knots, running to my neck. Her fucking hands. I groan in response to her comment, in pain for my ache, in desperation for my life. I don’t know, I’ll just keep going.

“Only then we were entirely ready to have God remove all these ‘defects of character’. Like laser, but even more expensive.” I hear her chuckle, I don’t know why, maybe she has liked my joke? Anyway. “We had to humbly ask God to remove our shortcomings. If I were a doctor like you I would be offended but whatever.” This time she does nothing, she just keeps going with the massage. It’s really good, and if it weren’t for the ache in between my legs, it would be actually relaxing.

Her hands run to my shoulders, up and down my neck. Slowly. They run circular motions around my blades and go down to my ribs, to my hips and up again, finding each other in the middle of my upper back and separating to reach my shoulders again. Every touch, every amount of pressure, every time she gets near my pants line or down my ribs, fingertips caressing the base of my breasts. What is she doing to me? She wants to torture me, that’s what she wants. I can already feel the palpitations of my core and the bed wouldn’t let me get any release. *Why am I even still here?*

“Once we… had that sorted out, we would have to make a list of all people we had harmed and be willing to make amends to them all, like if that was possible.” She puts a bit more oil on my back but nothing else. “We would have to make direct amends to such people whenever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others… I didn’t really understand that part.” I shrug and scratch my nose before continuing. “We had to ‘continue to take personal inventory and when we are wrong promptly admit it’, which is very stupid for a step, and then my favorite one: we had to seek through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God, praying only for knowledge of God’s will for us and the power to carry that out. The last one was basically keep abducting people for the sect.”

“I don’t understand.”

“What exactly?”

“Why did you go there if you are not religious at all?”

Of course she doesn’t get it, she’s TonDC’s priest after all. I don’t answer immediately — instead of that I give myself a minute to enjoy her massage. I allow myself to drown in her touch just a little bit because this situation is mentally exhausting and it’s only the beginning. I knew this was going to be difficult and painful but I never imagined opening myself after all this time would be so dreadful, so devastating. We have barely started ad I’m already on the verge of crying or shouting or turning around and fucking her hard and… *Lexa!* I breathe in and breathe out.

“Did you know that I got a full scholarship to Harvard?”
“That’s almost all your mother has been talking about since I know her”, she giggles but I can’t help my sarcastic snort, I just can’t. “What? It’s true.”

“It’s quite hard to get that scholarship, you must be very brilliant,” my narcissism spikes, ignoring her comments. “However, the real trick is keeping your grades high enough to show the old dudes in the council that you keep being worthy of the scholarship. Doing that in Harvard law school is a bitchy work.” I sigh and shift a bit, trying to focus on the easiness of my muscles more than in her touch. “You need the time you don’t have, the amount of coffee that doesn’t exist on Earth and the resilience of an inhuman entity, and still it’s not enough, especially if you have an addiction that consumes more time like I do.”

For a solid second the thought of having to go back to that routine eventually pushes me to the verge of tears. I girl up, though, and hurry to erase those thoughts from my mind because I still have a beautiful month for me to enjoy my life. Or its leftovers. Dammit, I wish Clarke’s hands went down enough.

“The thing is,” I keep going, pressing my head against the soft pillow, letting my arms go limp on both sides of my body, “during that time you still need to, you know, live and that kind of stuff. You need to buy groceries, books, notebooks, pens, highlighters, clothes… And you also need to pay for electricity and such so you need money.”

“That’s the condition your parents gave you,” she finishes for me and I’m glad she has finally caught my drift.

“Bingo!” I sigh but remain immobile under her touch. “We hmmm… On the A.L.I.E. program we had to define our mmmm… ‘sobriety’ and we had this system of circles. We drew three concentric circles, consisting of an inner, middle, and outer circle. With the help of our sponsor or others in recovery, we had to write down various behaviors in each of the three circles.” Explaining this to others is so… strange. Really awkward, maybe I should sketch it to her but I don’t really want to move right now. “In the inner circle we put the sexual behaviors we want to abstain from, the ones we consider ‘acting out’. These are the behaviors that we identified, with our sponsor's guidance, as addictive, harmful, or unacceptable for us.”

“Can you give me an example?”

“Can you let me finish?” The next time she presses on my shoulders, she does it so hard it hurts. Of course I don’t even cringe; I won’t give her that, not even if I deserved that one for my rudeness. I just don’t feel like going into it right now, it’s not something I’m… Anyway. “In the middle circle we put behaviors that may lead to acting out, or that we were not sure about, and in the outer circle we put healthy behaviors that were supposed to enhance our life and our recovery.”

“That’s actually a really good method of getting some insight.”

“The only good thing in that program, believe me.” I have to agree on this, it was simple and schematic.

“What happened then?” Her hands leave my back and the following thing I feel is a moist towel removing the remaining of the oil from my skin.

“It happened what I knew that would happen.” And seriously, did anyone expect anything different? How callow of them. “As I said we needed the help of sponsors and other SAA buddies and they didn’t count on my sexuality so…”

“Really?” I try to turn around at least enough for her to see me nodding. “You fucked your
“And the other girl.” I can hear all the air coming out from Clarke’s lungs. “It was a foregone conclusion.”

“Do you really think that?” Is that concern in her voice or am I imagining it? I don’t want her pity, I can’t handle it.

“And then mommy and daddy decided I needed to receive a harsher treatment and here I am, on a church.”

“This is ‘harder’ for you?” It’s funny how she sounds even a bit offended.

“No, but being tied up every night and day to stop me from touching myself is indeed.” She seems mute and I feel like I can’t move. I’m really glad to be in this position now because I’m not sure I’d be able to look at her in the eye. Humor is my go-to on these situations. “Rednecks and their rudimentary methods, you know.”

Suddenly, I feel her hand on me again, this time caressing my hips. Is she trying to turn me around? Yes, she is, but I don’t want to. Noooooooo… However, I don’t say a word while my body starts moving like an omelet in a frying pan. I’m hungry, yes. I don’t dare to look at her at first, not until I can gather enough power to offer her my straightest face. Not that I do anything straight but… anyway, you know what I mean. It isn’t until I can close the door to all these emotions that I finally lock my eyes into hers. Not until I feel safe again.

And thanks whatever is there (if there’s something there) that I’ve done it.

Have you ever looked at someone and the only thing you want to do is hug them and melt into them? Have you ever directed your eyes straight to the sun and desired to be consumed? Have you ever seen yourself embraced by the stare of a stranger? How’s this girl even real? Why are those blue eyes looking at me like that? Like she cared, and not with pity but with outrage. True rage. Wait, I feel confused, what have I done now? I must say I feel a bit disoriented and I’m not usually this slow on the uptake, I swear. Shit, I want to disappear inside of her… I have totally not thought that. I should probably take a nap. Hey! I’m braless!

“Is that true, Lexa?” Yet she has to ask. Of course, I’m not exactly a trustworthy person, I almost forgot. Clarke is a smart woman, that’s for sure. Why is she even wasting her time trying to solve this impossible case of corruption, risking herself to get stained in the process? She’s good like that. What am I even doing here? And braless. There’s not enough sex here for my taste. What have I even done to her? I should go. “It won’t happen again, I promise. I’m talking to Tara as your spiritual counselor, they are not going to do it to you anymore.”

“Don’t do things you can regret later. Although I guess it’s already a bit late for that.”

A pregnant silence falls into the room, heated by the warmth of so many candles. I have to give my unbiased opinion and say her bedroom looks beautiful. We could easily die in a fire but this beauty is undeniable as well as hers under the dim light. Clarke’s hand leaves my hips and goes down to my leg. She’s not lusting over it, though; she’s… I turn around by myself, we have a lot to do yet and it’s my turn to ask.

“Well, well…” I cannot conceal the smile on my lips, I’m sure she can give it a guess. “What could I ask you first?”

“Is that a question?” Sass master Griffin strikes again.
“It was just me wondering, relax your vagina.” Clarke lets a huff escape and I can’t help but giggle like a fool. “So, you said you were a doctor.” She hums affirmatively. “Like… a true white coat doctor.”

“Yes, I have a whole Medical degree and several months of Residency on my back.” Those words sound heavy on her lips. I can only imagine.

“That’s impressive, Clarke.” She doesn’t respond but I can feel some shit-eating grin appearing on her face behind my back. “So if you were working and… say… there was an emergency like someone hit by a stray bullet like… in their stomach, would you be able to save their life?”

“If they arrive in time, of course, what kind of question is that?” Oh! Is it pride what I see there showing? That’s a sin.

“Only to be sure, relax your…”

“If you say ‘vagina’ again I’ll put pressure you on some places I assure you you won’t like.” Now, that was scary. I probably deserved that one, I just wanted to pick on her, let’s be realistic. I should probably tone down my mockery.

“Then what could have possibly been so awful to make Super Doctor Griffin quit her wonderful job?” At least I tried.

My question is answered with silence. Fuck, Lexa, you have the sensibility of a delicate brick. No, come on, Griffin. If I’m going to open up I won’t be the only one to do it. You all may be surprised but I’m an astounding listener. Clarke also seems to have a lot of baggage and don’t think I’ve forgotten her happy mention of a past suicide attempt. She doesn’t have to carry this alone, and I truly think her god can only do so much helping her with that. It would be good for her talking to someone, even if that person is fucked-up-Nympho-Lexa. Ok, maybe that wouldn’t be such a good idea. Never mind, it’s just… She’s one of the good ones, you know? The real good ones. The world would be a darker place without her, I don’t need to know her much to know that. She’s one of the indispensables. She’s a doctor-slash-priest, for fuck’s sake, if that doesn’t tell you enough I don’t know what would be able to. Let’s not do that to the world.

“I was finishing my first year of Residency,” she starts, her voice huskier than before. “After all that suffering, after all the pain, the tears, the anxiety, those nights of no sleep, the rushes, the projects, the endless night shifts and the pretentious doctors that treated you either like a plant or like a slave, I had finally got accepted into the Residency program I wanted in the hospital I wanted and I was so close to achieve all my goals.”

Clarke makes a pause and even if I don’t see her I know her mind is being clouded by unpleasant memories right now and she could really use a short break. I’d like to take her hand and reassure her. It’s just an impulse of mine born from human compassion and empathy — somehow I can feel what she had felt all those years.

“I studied at Harvard too, you know?” I don’t know why but it doesn’t surprise me. This is a small world, Clarke is blatantly intelligent and … wait, she must be a bit younger than I thought in the first place. Maybe 28… Boo hoo me, no more cougars on my list. “I had this case only a couple of weeks after my wedding fail.” Of course she couldn’t have waited or gone to her honeymoon trip, no, she’s the workaholic type. Not even a broken heart would stop her; that says nice things of her I suppose. “There was this girl, she was young, 28 years old, and I remember she had a bright smile, the most beautiful I had ever seen.” This is going to have an erotic ending I like this kind of stories. “I must say before everything else that I was an Internal Medicine resident, we receive every kind of patients, you know?” Another pause. Is this one more history of a broken heart? How many times, Clarke?
How many times in a row?

“Like Doctor House?” I dare to ask naively only in a vague attempt to ease the tension on her shoulders.

“Better than House,” she giggles briefly and I join her with a smile I wish she had seen. Then, her voice reflects that sadness again and I feel it deep inside of me, so much that I cringe. “She wasn’t much older than me then. We had seen each other a couple of times because of her chronic anemia and she had also had a risky pregnancy.” Babies always make things complicated. “When she came to the hospital that time I interviewed her like I always did and we even made some jokes about some news or gossip, I can’t remember.” Clarke sighs so deeply I can feel her breath on my nape. I try to turn around, she seems to have some difficulties to breathe, but she stops me again. “That was until I explored her.” Her hand moves to my left shoulder blade and rests there for a while. “Right there.” I don’t understand. “Melanoma,” she clarifies and suddenly every piece falls into its place. Shit. “We discovered she had metastasis everywhere: lungs, rectum, femur, brain, kidneys, liver… Her husband and parents were crushed when I told them she had a month, probably less, and do you know what she was doing during all that time?”

“What was she doing, Clarke?” I ask in a soft voice, almost a whisper, and only because I think she wants me to engage. She needs it.

“While all of them started crying, she only held her 5 months baby girl in her arms and hugged her with a smile because that was the way she wanted her daughter to remember her, with that bright smile on her face.”

We stay still and quiet for a minute. That was a plot twist that I didn’t expect at all. Not erotic conclusion, nope… I want to see her, I want to know if Clarke’s doing ok back there. Clarke? Clarke, are you ok? But my lips are sealed.

“The thing is she won’t,” she finally continues and her voice is so monotonous it’s obvious she’s not fine. “Babies or people, as you prefer, can only keep memories from around age 3 on so the only thing she would ever know about her mother is that she died from cancer because we didn’t catch it in time. She would never know how shiny and beautiful her smile was or how good she was at Sudoku.”

I can hear her sniffing but the hand on my back is adamant and now more than ever won’t let me turn around. She doesn’t want me to see her crying, I respect that.

“These things happen, Clarke, it wasn’t your fault,” I tell her like anybody else had probably done. Not very brilliant of me.

“I know, I just couldn’t handle it and by doing so I betrayed my profession. I had to leave.” Clarke is crying and I’m getting really uncomfortable being half naked and unable to do anything. Something that had never happened to me before.

“So you ended up here and became a priest, just like that.”

“N…no, first my” her hiccups are going to kill me, “my father died in an accident, then I tried to kill myself and finally I met Father Kane through my grandmother. He offered me an exit. He offered me peace.” And that way, kids, is how sects abduct people.

“Cool.” What else can I answer to that. “Big change, huh?”

“You have no idea,” she giggles between sniffs and hiccups. I knew this therapy was going to be
bizarre but I never imagined myself getting to this point. “My turn.” Hell, no. “Tell me about what you consider ‘acting out’.” Hell no, no, no.

If I have to think about all the things I’ve done and classify which ones of them I’m not proud of and which ones I don’t care about I don’t have so many to consider ‘acting out’. That was the conclusion Raven, Octavia and I reached… before we acted out. However, I’m really ashamed of those ones and I’m not even talking about that time I fingered a girl in the movies during ‘Inside out’ because I thought it would be super fun even though we were surrounded by children — don’t worry, everyone knows the last row is for the young adults that cannot let their childhood go. I don’t want Clarke to know, I don’t want anyone to know about the darkest side of my shortcomings. I don’t even know where to start: the cheating, the practically self-prostitution, the pseudo-incest… ? I wasn’t lying when I said I was a bad girl, I just conveniently omitted I was disgusting too. What can I do?

“What? What happened in SAA is not enough?” Sorry for getting defensive but… I don’t want to talk about this!

“Do you feel guilty about that?” Clarke sounds almost snarky. I don’t even like her, what am I doing here, again?

“I put to waste all my sponsor and a friend’s years of recovery, with all the consequences that might have caused. Yes, don’t be so surprised.”

“You actually have a heart.” I can feel that shit eating grin behind my back again.

“A very tiny one.” Clarke chuckles and I don’t find the strength to release the huff inside my throat. “My turn?”

“Go on but this conversation is not even close to being over.” I smile. Like I had expected any less of her.

“So, your husband to be and the Red wedding.”

“It’s not funny, Lexa.” Of course it was, my jokes are always on point. “Well, it’s not a long story, actually. I went to the wedding, Finn didn’t.” Yeah, that was short. “Later I’d discover he had been cheating on me with some bimbo blonde and they had run away. The end.”

“What? That’s all? Your ex was a blind asshole and that’s it?” No answer. “Come on, give me some background,” I beg her. “You said you had broken up a couple of times.”

At this Clarke starts wiping my back with a clean rag and humming.

“Yeah, Finn… sometimes he wasn’t the most reliable person but he had a noble heart.” What a golden boy, I think rolling my eyes. “There were two times we decided to give us a break, and every time there was Bellamy.”

“Oh, new dude!” This is going to be fun, it almost sounds like a telenovela.

“Bellamy was very… How should I describe it?” Opportune, I bet that’s the word that follows. Sorry, that was not the word I was looking for: nice! That’s the one. “Very Alpha-male.” Ugh, that’s worse. I’d like she could see the disgust in my face right now although I’m pretty sure she can picture it. “He had this passion about history and philosophy, also he was very entertaining you know… in bed.”
“Yeah, yeah, revolting, keep going.”

“He wasn’t so bad,” she giggles. “Finn was my forever, or that was what I thought, and Bellamy just… wasn’t enough.”

“Mr. Beachball didn’t get you would never be able to love him,” I complete and she doesn’t even bother to comment on that nick, which is hilarious.

“He was more like a brother to me and I broke his heart, it’s not funny.”

“Nothing is funny with you.” It sounds like a complaint but it really isn’t. “Look at the bright side Clarke, Finn is possibly out there alone and with a raging syphilis.”

I knew she would laugh at that. Her voice echoes in the room like the most beautiful song and for a second I have a terrible thought: I wouldn’t mind if it didn’t stop. But now I can’t stop. What is this? No, no, enough. Shut up! Lexa, shut up!

“That guy was an asshole; if he couldn’t value how freaking lucky he was, he deserves something worse.”

And the laugh stops. Shit. Shit, shit. I don’t even know what would be better now, this intense quietness or the sound of her laugh again, mocking me, laughing at the ‘joke’. Fuck, I need to get laid soon, I’m not thinking straight. Oh! You know perfectly what I mean, shut up!

“Have you ever been in love, Lexa?”

I look up, pretending to give it a thought. Actually the answer is very simple.

“No.” Next question, please. “Hey, Clarke.” It seems like I don’t need much more to draw her attention. “This has been fun but how do you exactly plan to heal me?”

“Well…” I hear another click, like a bottle opening or a laptop mouse clicking. “I’ve been doing some research, contacted a few former colleagues too and a sexologist that worked in the Gynecology department back when I was in my first year of Residency.” There’s a new scent, it smells like cinnamon. I like it, is it more oil? “We all agree the better approach to your problem is starting to change the things that make you anxious.”

“The things that make me anxious?” The fuck?

“Lexa, you can try to deny it but you cannot lie to yourself”, she’s mocking me, this is not fun at all and she’s very rude, I want to go. “Sex is the way you escape from your problems.”

“It’s not.”

“It is.”

“No, it’s not.” We’re going nowhere like this.

“Yes, it is.” If the former doctor says so how can I disagree? “I’m the perfect example of it.”

“Wow, a bit bigheaded, aren’t you?” I snort. “How so?”

“Oh, come on! We both know if you are so invested in fucking me and destroying everything that is holy in this sacred place it’s because you’re suffering being back in TonDC and you need to release that pain by attacking it, which is destroying things that are important to these people, especially your parents. You’re not as complex as you like to pretend, get over it.” Wow, there… That is so… not
true and rude. From all the stupidities I’ve ever heard in my life that has been the most inaccurate argument. Like… ever. Who does she think she is? She’s a priest. No, you know what? She’s not even a priest, which is lame. She’s lame. And stupid too, just like her arguments.

“Excuse me?” Yes, there’s nothing else in the world I’d like more than make my parents realize all the ‘purity’ and the ‘sanctity’ they both worship is a fantasy. I’m childish like that — but between that being a consequence and being the cause there’s a huge difference.

“You use sex as a weapon and as an escape,” she says nonchalantly. She thinks she’s so smart.

“My tongue is a mass destruction weapon, you have had a free trial.”

“Exhibit A.” I’d slap her right now. “Don’t worry, it’s pretty normal between sex addicts. Depression or anxiety is normally the reason behind the compulsion.”

Clarke doesn’t even know me. What the fuck would she know? Sex is a great way to release some tension but it gives me more anxiety! It’s just a nonsense! Yes, I’m internally shouting and I’m not going to… Clarke’s hands are on me again but this time the massage is different. This time her touches last longer, her hands cover a wider space, the pace is slower. If she really thinks this is going to make me accept such a bunch of lies, she’s very wrong.

“What? Now you’re my Psychologist?” I’m not falling for her skilled hands, I’m so not. Fuck her. She thinks she’s to intelligent and so perfect. Fuck her.

“No, I’m not.” Fuck, my clit is pulsating again. “I’m not your doctor either, just a friend who shares some of her knowledge and tries to help.”

“A friend, hmmm?” That has been way too close to a moan. Don’t surrender, Lex!!

“Think about the times you feel needy.” Not a good moment to do that while she’s touching the base of my breasts ever so slightly, at least if I don’t want to go mental. But it looks like that is not her priority, is it? I’m starting to suspect this is just a master plan to get her very personal vendetta and I’ve just fallen for it like a fool. “Tell me exactly what you feel.”

“I thought…” Her hands on my neck, running up my nape. Focus, Lex. The ache intensifies every up and down she draws on my back, my mind starts getting clouded with the cinnamon scent. I’m so fucked… “I thought you had done your fine homework and studied your pretty theory, why would you even need to ask? It’s just what every other sex addict feels.”

“I didn’t mean it like that, Lexa.” Her hands stop and I conceal a whimper. I’m super lame. If Anya saw me like this, she’d never stop laughing at me.

“Every addict is different, I only think your problem resides in your stressing environment since I’ve been listening to you and beholding your actions and reactions during a month.”

That only sounded a little like a stalker’s discourse. Why does she even care, really? It just doesn’t make any sense. Fuck it, she’s just what people call a ‘chaotic good’ person and I’m just not used to those. Normally I’m alone or surrounded by empty vases. That was mean, but it’s what I feel. Or surrounded by my family, a really bad version of the Adams. Yes, I’d be Wednesday and I’d love torturing Murphy. That makes me smile, I shouldn’t even be thinking of this now. Fuck. See? I’m doing it again. What if she’s right? She might be right. Or not. I’m confused. You know what? I’m just going to give her an opportunity and try her method — after all I’ve already tried this will be like a walk by the seaside.

“It’s just like right now when you are touching me,” I start and slowly she puts her hands again on
me, for which I’m grateful to be honest. I’m enjoying it quite a bit. “Or even if I’m alone.”

I’m waiting for her to ask something but she doesn’t. It seems like I’ll have to explain myself.

“Sudden sparkles burning my skin, a tingling sensation everywhere, a pulsation on my clit and my ears, I see red with this unbearable ache.” Her hands reach my lower back and I sigh. “But the worst is not getting turned on just because.” Fuck no, it’s not. “When I get an orgasm whether I do it by myself or someone fucks me it’s… incomplete, and even if it’s unsatisfying I still need more and more and there’s a point I cannot even cum anymore but my body keeps craving it and it’s truly affecting every aspect of my life.” My voice cracks and for the first time in the afternoon I feel more than her hands on me. She’s closer to me, so close I can feel her heat. In moments like these I’m glad she cannot see my face. “I’ve tried everything: BDSM, group sex, sex sprees, sex marathons, every shape and size of toys, rough sex, loud sex, brutal sex, sex with older women, sex with younger (but legal) women, being watched and watching, every kinds of top and every kinds of bottom, vampire sects…”

“Vampire sects?” Of course she would ask about that. Clarke doesn’t sound scandalized, which is nice. You know what is nice too? Her fucking soft hands. This massage is getting really good and I cannot help my quiet moans anymore.

“Oh, Clarke, that beautiful and naïve brain of yours wouldn’t bear it.” She releases an annoyed huff but doesn’t keep commenting on it. I love teasing her, it’s the best hobby I’ve ever had. Also, I think she deserves a little teasing right now, she has been a rather rude for a doctor — and very rude for a priest. Anyway, if she keeps moving her hands like that I’m going to remove the pillow and hit my head against the wall until I lose my consciousness because she’s driving me crazy. “What do you plan to do with all that classified information, Doctor Griffin?”

“That sounds like I have power.” There’s something off in her tone but what I’d really complain about is her putting her hands away again. Hey, this sound is familiar, it’s almost like… I need to peek back but the massage continues before I can even move. She’s sitting on my butt, why is she sitting on my butt? She’s not wearing her trousers anymore, why isn’t she wearing her trousers anymore? “I like it.”

“Clarke…” Yes, that has been followed by a moan. I’m weak and this is way too much for the thirsty part of me… which is basically all of me. This girl is fucking my mind off.

“You have to learn to contain you impulses, that sex is not the solution to every problem and to relax.” Clarke’s husky voice has never been so arousing. Fuck. “This first therapy is called ‘sensibilization’.” She can say whatever she wants, but she’s wet. Clarke’s going to be the death of me, I can foresee it. With every second passing I’m more and more sure she’s here to destroy me. It must be written in the stars or something.

“And…” I clear my throat to prevent more moans to escape. “And how does it work exactly?”

Clarke lifts her ass and accommodates her knees on both of my sides. By the time I feel her lips against my ear I know that everything I was excited for is going to turn into my worst torment.

“I’m going to get off grinding on your ass and you can’t move or turn around.” No fucking way. I know I asked for a secular treatment but I didn’t sign for this.

“That’s not very professional.” I gulp at her giggles making the skin of my neck tingle.

“I already told you I’m not even a doctor in this moment.”
Damn Lord, I know this, It knows this, my clit does too and the damn ache consuming my body right now is aware of it for fucking sure. She wants to kill me, that’s it. *Fuck.* I close my eyes, bite the pillow and clench my fists, I feel the blood pounding in my temples and my ears, I’m seeing red already. Hell, I can’t even breathe properly. My body feels like a bonfire and a thin lay of sweat is starting to appear in my forehead, my arms and is wetting the bed below me. *Fuck.* When I feel her first moist grind against my pants I can’t help crying out. This is not cool, no. This is too much, I can already hear the beating of my own heart.

“Please, Clarke, don’t do this,” I beg, I actually beg like asking for mercy. Let’s be serious, that’s what I’m doing, that’s what I need.

She shushes me, for what I feel absolutely outraged, but most of all it terrifies me. I try to get up and her ruthless hand keeps me in place again. I don’t like this at all. The second hump is longer and in the end I can feel her bare body against my back. She’s not wearing a bra either and I’ve already torn off the pillow with my teeth. She leans down to my ear again and puts my sweaty hair away.

“Lexa,” this time her tone is softer, she exhales a tenderness that comforts me a bit in my agony. “Do you trust me?”

Good question. Oddly enough, I do and so I let her know with a nod and a whimper. Clarke starts grinding against me, quickening her pace slowly, letting low moans and gasps escape her chest as she keeps on with her massage somehow. She’s really skilled with her hands, fuck her. My fists close around the sheets and I almost choke with one of the feathers that seem to be everywhere. This is torture, I’m drenching the mattress with sweat and juices that shouldn’t overflow its barrier. I’m feverish, my head feels heavy and my core hurts and begs for release.

Never trust a priest. I thought I had already learnt that lesson at some point during my life but I was wrong. I was wrong and right when I think anything could go worse it pours, hot and scented, down on my back. The wax of a candle solidifies on my skin and far from burning me, it releases a feeling that only makes this desire inhuman. I just lose it. I don’t know how but I get to turn around without making her fall from the bed and I attack her neck as fiercely as a vampire. Clarke moans and grabs my head, melting into my kisses and nips while I go down to her chest. Those full breasts, *oh my goodness.* I take one of her rosy nipples inside my mouth and suck on it, delighting myself with her whimpers of pleasure, my hand taking care of the other, full of despair. Clarke tugs on my hair, obliging me to go up her lips. I will never understand her obsession with kissing me but I won’t surrender, I find a little pleasure not giving her what she most wants. She tries to capture my lips but I put back with a smile, ghosting them over hers, never quite touching her lips. She makes another attempt to kiss me and I avoid her one more time.

Seeing she won’t be able to have what she wants from me, she forcefully puts me back in my place, my head crashing against the soft pillow. How does she manage to turn me on more and more every single time? It’s me myself who turns around willingly and lets her continue her shenanigans against my butt. Unbelievable.

How can I call this feeling of wanting to rip my skin off? As if it was a suit that makes me utterly uncomfortable. Desperate tears start drenching the mess of feathers under my face. I think I’ve even swallowed one. I can’t do this, my head, chest and core are going to explode and not in a good way. I need to get out of here but Clarke won’t let me arch my back to free myself. Fuck her and her moans that only make me want to sew my ears up or fuck her in a way that even scares me. She doesn’t know what she’s doing but if she wanted to torture me to insanity she has been unsurprisingly successful. I feel the blood pouring everywhere in my body, arteries leading it to the dreadful ache in between my thighs. No, I can’t stand this anymore, *I’m going to die.* Given that Clarke’s hand won’t let me stand up, I raise my hips to make her fall from my butt to my back on her
knees, losing all the searing contact and, fuck, I never thought I’d be so glad to have someone’s pussy away from me. However, I wasn’t wrong when I said Clarke was a Gryffindor. Brave and honorable, yes, but also annoyingly persistent.

She does that thing and not even the destroyed pillow can muffle my cry.

Clarke runs her short fingernails up my thighs to my ass and an electric current sums up to my torment. Thanks goodness it doesn’t work backwards.

“Clarke, “ I supplicate, “please, don’t do that, I cannot…” Of course she does it again and again. Then, she pulls down my ugly underwear and I’ve never been gladder to be in my last day of period. She does it again, she scratches my thighs and butt cheeks with (I’m sure) a devious smile on her face and it all makes my body explode. The wave of pleasure shakes me like the Big Bang. Neither of us expected this reaction and my moan is so loud I can feel the soreness of my gorge. The ripples can’t even be considered that, they are just more waves to add to this tsunami and she’s not even touching me anymore. When I ride out my orgasm I fall numb on the bed and Clarke sits silently next to me.

“How do you feel?” Clarke asks after a couple of minutes, once my breathe has stabilized.

That’s a tricky question right now, with my sweaty body lying in a humid bed full of feathers, which is super gay, in my humble opinion. The thing is I could perfectly use her fingers right now but even if I don’t feel fully satisfied I have REALLY enjoyed it. Wait a second, Clarke hasn’t come yet.

“What?” She asks with her rosy chest heaving and the messy blonde hair falling like a waterfall down her breasts. Or is it red? Anyway, I was right, this is a sex therapy.
Sometimes I realize I’m so intelligent I want to hug myself. Last night I had the perspicacity of setting my alarm early in the morning to get to TonDC in time to have enough witnesses at home so that my parents couldn’t slay me. I can’t believe I’ve said the word ‘perspicacity’ outside the faculty… Anyway, we’re on the road when the sun comes up and the storm has finally stopped. None of us says a word, it’s just too awkward. ‘Is it about last night?’ you’d ask. I wish but, sadly, this morning has been even worse — a traumatic event for us both. Other times I just want to punch myself for my blatant stupidity.

I’ve wanted to get a tattoo since I was probably 14 years old but I was never sure of what exactly I could get. Tattoos are permanent, something you’ll show the world till the end of your days, and in my humble opinion if you are going to get one, you have to find a meaningful design that works for you. You are going to be stuck with it forever after all. I have put a lot of thought on this over the years but until yesterday I didn’t feel that I had found the right one. Of course it had to be by Clarke’s hand — I’ve always told you she’s crazy talented with those. Now seriously, amongst all the good qualities and endless abilities this girl seems to have Clarke’s also very creative and I’m not sure if she’s even aware of it. She’s always doodling and drawing, even if she doesn’t have a pen and a paper to do so, whether it’s absentmindedly on the air or the wood of a pew or a table with her
finger, or over my skin. Yesterday she was playing with the wax on my back and the intricate design she came up with was just perfect, even with that weird, incomplete infinite symbol on my neck that doesn’t seem to fit the whole picture very well unless you truly pay attention to the pattern and its meaning. The feeling of the wax pouring down on me was hot but soon I noticed she wasn’t just smearing it on my back like the other times, and what do you want me to say? I was just too curious. I asked her to show me and we both held tiny hand mirrors to make it possible to see my back. Really, I was so fascinated that for a hot second I completely forgot about our sex therapy. If you can call that ‘sex’.

Ok, you know what? Let’s philosophize a little bit. I mean, she hasn’t touched me, at least not where I wanted her to, and she hasn’t let me touch her — also, she hasn’t tried to get off on my ass again although she has been very wet, drenched even, and I’ve come undone one single time every day and only because she hasn’t allowed me to do it more. Could this be considered sex? Because I’ve come but she hasn’t although I’m pretty sure she has also enjoyed it. But that’s precisely it, right? You don’t have to get off for it to be considered sex, you have to enjoy intimate contact… Although it’s been barely that. Maybe handless masturbation? Orgasming only with my senses and my imagination? It’s also been a deep torture for me, it’s weird. I’m confused, leave me alone.

Talking about torture, I’ve not heard Clarke breathing raggedly behind me in a while. I turn around not stopping my movements for a second and I see her there, glistening with sweat, red as a tomato, panting with difficulty while her chest heaves up and down. The first thing I do? I laugh my ass off, of course.

“Come on, Clarke! We have barely been jogging for half an hour! Move that beautiful ass of yours.” Clarke is breathless, gasping for air leaning against the wall of an old, abandoned house, almost lying on the ground.

“Keep… going,” she manages to say, almost giving her last breath. “I’ll catch you up in a minute.”

I jog to her position at the beginning of the street and offer her a hand. Yes, this might be my little comeback to her wicked and slow daily torture — I knew for sure a lazy ass like hers wouldn’t be able to handle the lightest of the efforts. What an ass, though.

“If you don’t stand up this morning, I won’t be able to stand down this afternoon.” Clarke glares at me, her reddened face makes her look like she’s going to explode any minute.

“It is your therapy, you know?”, she almost yells at me. She would have, had she been able to breathe properly. “Its purpose is to help YOU, I don’t win anything with this.”

“If you say so.” She gets to touch this hot body, what else could she desire as a reward for her effort? Ok, now I’m just being a dick but you know as well as I do that she gets something pretty nice from all of this. “Come on, Doctor Griffin, this is supposed to cheer me up, to give me the strength to keep going despite your evil methods.” I give her my best puppy face. She cannot resist me, gosh she’s so cute…

“And how does exactly throwing up my lungs contribute to your recovery?” Dang, that sass.

“Well, it’s always nice to know one is not suffering alone.” I give her the brightest of my smirks but that doesn’t work so well with her. I’ve noticed she’s a goner for my sexy and cocky self but she’s utterly defenseless before the adorability and the softness. That’s because she’s so kind. Have I ever told you how kind Clarke is? She’s pure like an angel. That’s trouble, that’s weakness.

“You are the worst, you know that?” I can only answer giggling to her bunched up face. She may be
almost 30 but sometimes she’s just like a teenager girl. Clarke scoffs and starts walking on the opposite direction. “I’m done, I’m going to lay in my bed for the rest of the morning, you can keep killing yourself under this freaking, burning sun.”

“See you this afternoon for our class, Mother?” When I see her flipping me off without even turning her head to look at me I just lose it. So mature.

Actually, I’ve gone for a run this morning with dad already and I don’t think exercising so much is even healthy. If I asked Clarke, she would say it’s totally counter-productive to my health, for sure. I didn’t want to go back home but it’s already lunch time when I arrive and before you start wondering, yes, I counted on Clarke giving up before my food got cold. Had it been otherwise it wouldn’t have been a problem; I mean, it’s really fucking hot in this fucking village — also I wouldn’t complain on (about) spending some extra time with Clarke.

“A letter for you.” My father leaves an envelope beside my veg lasagna plate and sits down on the head chair. Of course it’s already open and I’m sure they have read it carefully.

“What does it say?” I ask, putting a good portion of warm lasagna in my mouth. It’s summer, it’s hot as fuck out there but my body is always ready for a good vegetarian lasagna.

“Read it, it’s your letter,” he answers nonchalantly.

“You’ve already read it and I’m eating.” I take another bite of the dish. “Care to resume it?”

“I don’t appreciate your sarcasm, Lexa,” my father argues with a steely tone.

“It’s not sarcasm, I’m just asking you a favor given that you have already read it.” Why is everything I do or say offensive to them? This family has to chillax a bit.

Murphy scoffs and I give him a murderous glare. This family also has to get rid of the scum. Sorry, what am I even saying? This family is scum itself. Yeah, I’m counting me too, thank you so much.

“You gotta go to the city to fix something about your scholarship.” My heart freezes the second my father stops talking.

“What about my scholarship?” I feel dizzy, my stomach churns and I think I’m going to throw up.

“LOL, have you seen a ghost or what?” Murphy mocks me making weird grimaces that I don’t have the mental space to process.

Dad won’t answer my question and my hands are shaking so much my fork has slipped and I think I’ve stained my top. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Fuck, no, please, what? Why? No, please. My mind is a chaos of thoughts and fears and I can’t breathe, my sight is getting blurry. Oh my god… I need to cry. If I have to stay with them all the year because the administration has cancelled my scholarship I’m going to… I need to go. I stand up and grab the letter like I wanted to fuse it with my skin, I can’t let them notice my agitation. My lasagna is almost untouched but, sincerely, I’ve lost my appetite. What do I do? Fuck! What do I do?

“Sit down, we’re not finished,” my father says quietly and takes a bite of his food.

“I’m not hungry,” I excuse myself and try to get upstairs but my mother’s deafening yell stops me.

“Alexandra Wilde, your father has given you an order!”

“I’m not…!” I’m so close to lashing out that I can almost feel the demon behind my mother, the six
heel’s truck from Hell preparing to run me over. However, I’ve already told you my reflexes are outstanding, right? That’s what happens when you are raised in the wild. Yeah, that was a pun with my last name, I’m sorry. I can’t think straight right now. “I’m not feeling really well, mother. Can I have a nap?”

A 21 year old girl asking her mother if she can go to sleep — yeah, that’s me. That’s lame. There’s a slight change of mother’s expression and at first I fear it’s not for the better. Nevertheless, she finally sighs and dismisses me with a movement of her hand. Thank goodness, I’ve been forgiven by the Queen. I practically run upstairs with the letter tightly attached to my hand and do not let it go until I’ve shut the door, right before hearing the shout of “No closed doors!” coming from the dining room. I let it open only by a slit and go back to the letter, opening the envelope with shaking hands. There’s a white, thick paper inside like those I’ve seen before but this time the message is rather brief:

July 20, 2015

Dear Miss Alexandra T. Wilde,

We would like to inform you of the existence of some irregularities in your scholarship formulary. The Administration of Harvard Law School requires you to fix it before the end of the month to complete the procedures of your enrollment for the next academic year.

Sincerely,

Bernard G. Fitzpatrick

Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid

“Well, fuck.” I cover my face with my hands, the letter still crumpling in one of them, and fall back to the bed with the springs squeaking underneath me.

July 20th, they have waited until the last day to give it to me. I’m going to kill them. They have totally done this on purpose to get me to depend completely on them even if they have to pay whatever bazillion the tuition costs. Damn, I’m not even sure if they can afford my tuition. What shall I do? I have to go to a post office and send it as an express mail for it to get there in time. The ‘irregularity’ is likely to be nothing serious, I was more afraid of them denying my scholarship for this year. However, there’s no post office here in TonDC. What the fuck am I gonna do? I have to go to the city as soon as possible… but they have my car keys and my phone and… No, no, fuck. I can’t breathe, my chest feels heavy and the only thing that seems to be escaping it is my heart pounding violently inside. I can feel the blood pumping in my temples, in my belly, in my legs; I curl up in bed and hide the face in my knees trying to muffle the sound of my ragged breath. I feel dizzy, I feel hopeless, I’m terrified, I’m paralyzed, I’m going to die. Come to think of it, my parents are going to put a leash around my neck and control me as they please, maybe disappearing is not such a bad idea. Fuck, I’m choking but I can’t move. A whimper escapes my mouth and my muscles only respond to get the pillow and use it to hide myself poorly, as if I was a little child putting the blanket above their head to hide from the monsters.

“Stop making a fool of yourself, it’s embarrassing.” From all the things I don’t need now Murphy making fun of me is the main one. But this is life, isn’t it? On top of all, he throws something hard at
me that hits me painfully in the leg. *Fucking kid, that’s going to bruise.* “Make sure you give it to me as soon as you’re back.”

I lift the pillow and rub my sore eyes to get rid of the tears that blur my sight. I’m still panicking but the familiar touch of my phone is stupidly comforting. Is this a trap? Why on Earth would this fuckface help me, anyway? Since we first met, Murphy and I have never hidden our dislike for each other. It was so blatant even when he was just a little kid there was no point in pretending otherwise. We had rumbles very often, so much we could barely hide it from my parents, but it wasn’t my fault, it was just him. His inferiority complex was lame, actually — always wanting to be addressed like a son in front of dad, always wanting to be more than me, get more than me, when he didn’t even realize that one of the worst things you could get in this shithole full of hicks was my parent’s attention. He could take them, I didn’t want them, I never did. If he needed to have some parent figures so much he could just have taken them, there was no need of trying to take me down to get that. He never understood it, he’s too stupid to do so, to take his head out of his butthole and realize life is not about him and him only. Therefore, this kind gesture surprises me as well as scares me. This must be a trap, it has to be one.

“Don’t look at me like that, I don’t do this for you,” he says rather brusquely and only then I realize I had been looking at him, disclosing my swollen and reddened face, showing him my grief, my weakness. *Shit.* “I don’t want to have you around the whole year, our life is better without you,” if he spat to me I wouldn’t be surprised, just extremely grossed out. “You only burn everything you touch.” *You can take them, I only want to be free.* That fucking grin makes me so mad… If he doesn’t get out of my room I’m going to break his nose and make him choke on his own blood. “Ask the priest for a ride, she is probably the only one with a car that would give you one.”

The veracity of his words takes me aback for a second. The fact that I can rely on Clarke still feels odd and uncomfortable inside of me, but at least knowing that there’s someone I can go to eases the pressure in my chest and allows me to breathe. There’s always the possibility of asking Nia but, you know, I’m quite sure she might prefer to crash the car or something rather than do me a favor — or what would be worse, she could do it and then I’d be paying for that favor all my life. I put two fingers on my pulse point, it’s (still) too fast yet but at least I have stopped feeling the blood pumping all over my body. What a nice life to live, isn’t it? I guess it could be worse.

I look at my phone and hold the side button to turn it on. Gosh, I have missed that silly music so much it’s hilarious and all kinds of pathetic. When I look back up after introducing the PIN number Murphy has already disappeared, which is cool because I didn’t want to have to think of a way of getting rid of him. He’s prone to stay in the threshold like the creeper he is and make me utterly uncomfortable. Anyway, what’s the plan? Good question to ask myself because I need to think about this carefully and there’s no time to make an elaborated plan. No time. I jump from my bed and change my clothes into something fitting but nothing too fancy, some dark, denim shorts and a loose, green shirt, and hide my phone in the back pocket. *You can do this, Lex, you can do this.* I crawl down the stairs (yes, crawl) and wait until dad leaves the living room to stand up and open the door.

“Where are you going?” I jump in my spot and turn around so fast that for a second the whole house spins around me. Dad’s in front of me, beer in one hand and the portable fan in the other, an unimpressed grimace on his face.

My mind is a turmoil of ideas whose endings are unavoidably a total failure. That and a lot of ‘*fuck my life*’s. Again, there’s no time for hesitation.

“I have to go to the city to fix the thing with my scholarship today,” I answer, plainly and trying to give him my best straight face.
“And how do you plan to do so?” Have I ever mentioned to you that I hate my family? Yeah? Well, again, I hate my family.

“Well…” Asking someone that actually cares about me, not like you fucking… “Given that you still have my car keys and no intention to give them back, I’m sure there must be someone around who has business in Waterbury.”

“Control your mouth, miss,” I hear mom saying from the kitchen.

“You’re not going anywhere if you know what’s good for you,” dad says while sitting back on the couch and opening his beer can at the same time. “Although you clearly don’t.”

I’m about to do something very stupid and I know they are going to make me pay for it later, but I cannot simply disappear without knowing when I’m going to come back. It shouldn’t take me a long time but I cannot be sure either. What if I’m not back and they come to my room to tie me up? Damn, I don’t even want to think about what is going to happen when I’m back… I need to do this. I have to do it, I can’t afford being afraid right now.

“You’re right, I don’t,” I say right before crossing the threshold.

Woodbury, the largest city in Washington County, Minnesota. Part of the Twin Cities metropolitan area, the city’s census estimates a population of 67,855 making it Minnesota’s ninth largest city. This is not that Woodbury. This one has hardly 10,000 inhabitants and I don’t even bother to look outside curiously before exiting it in the time of a blink. I just don’t care.

“Do we really have to be listening to the news the whole time?” I know I sound like an ungrateful bitch but I’m really done listening to the world’s misery. People are dying everyday from wars, intolerance, hate crimes, accidents… I just want to spend this 35 minutes road trip to Waterbury in peace given that I’m not having my relaxation session this afternoon. “We could have saved a few minutes if you had taken the CT-109 E.”

“My car, my rules,” Clarke answers quietly putting her Ray-Bans on to block the sunlight.

She looks pretty cool on the wheel, actually. I can see her riding a bike, like a black Harley sort of motorbike. Her car is pretty nice too, it’s blatant she was a doctor — I didn’t even know there was a garage near the church where she could keep it, to be honest, I was a little worried at first when I asked her. However, the relief came soon when she told me she had some business in Waterbury, priest business. I don’t really want to know, religious issues always make me dizzy and all I can think about now is getting to the post office to end this sudden and totally unnecessary nightmare. That and how funny would it be eating her out while she’s driving.

Don’t worry, I don’t want to die, not today. After all I have done to get where I am I don’t want to throw it all away for my horny self. I have a little self control to spend on this, it’s not much but it’s enough. After all, at this point life is like that, no changes and no refunds. However, it’s not so bad or at least it doesn’t seem like it right now, right here in the car with Clarke. I lean my head against the headrest and observe her out of the corner of my eye. I’m lucky of having met her, or at least that’s how I feel. I never thought I would meet someone like her, especially not in TonDC. That’s luck, isn’t it? I extend my hand and change the dial in the radio. A familiar music welcomes us, erasing the monotone rhythm of the news. How old is this song? ‘Behind these hazel eyes’ by Kelly Clarkson. I
remember listening to it when I was still in school, singing along in my room while… Ok, maybe it hasn’t been such a good idea.

“Oh my god, you are a brat,” I hear Clarke whispering under her breath.

“And that’s why you adore me.” I give her a wide smile, sure that she has seen it even if she hasn’t torn her eyes from the road.

Clarke snorts like the rude person she is and slows down to get a better view of the lake Quassapaug. I don’t choose the names, guys, although I’ve always wanted to name one after vaginas. Vagina Lagoon, a good pool of water… Ewww, that pun! What am I doing with my life? Focus, Lexa, for fuck’s sake. When I try to change back the dial of the radio Clarke hits my hand. Hey!

“Leave it, it’s a great song!” I can’t believe my eyes nor my ears when Clarke starts singing along. “Here I am, once again, I’m torn into pieces…!” Oh, goodness, she’s so extra. I can’t take my eyes off her, what’s going on? Her voice is so nice, all husky and cool. Dammit, Lexa!

Eventually, the song comes to its end and the guy from the radio announces more classics of the 2000s. That explains a lot, especially when Avril Lavigne’s voice starts coming from the speakers. Oh, no. I remember how obsessed Anya was with this song, so much Roan started disappearing whenever she started singing it. It’s funny how I can’t remember everything that I’ve spent hours and hours studying but some songs don’t seem to disappear from my mind. What’s worse, Clarke seems to love it too.

“You’re so fine, I want you mine, you’re so delicious.” Wow, Clarke is putting all in with her performance. It’s quite amusing, actually. “I think about you all the time, you’re so addictive…”

“Don’t you know what I can do to make you feel alright?” Is that me singing? Yes, it is. First and last time I’ll do this in public, you’d better enjoy it.

Clarke shuts up immediately and come on! I don’t sing that bad for the party to be over! She looks at me and… Is she blushing? I quirk an eyebrow at the realization: She is blushing! Clarke’s cheeks and neck have acquired a reddish tone that is absolutely endearing, to be honest. Oh, my little priest, such a perv. I’m sure something far kinkier than her usual perverted self has slipped her mind — she had never been flustered like that because of a thought. Today I’m proud, guys, today I’m proud. They grow up so fast I’m going to tear up.

“Don’t give me that smug grin, you asshole,” she mutters and turns off the radio. She’s so not fun. I didn’t even notice I was smirking, anyway.

“Don’t pretend, I think you know I’m damn precious,” I keep singing despite her ‘I’m 1000% done with the world’ antics.

She can say whatever she wants or make any faces she pleases but the reality is she’s enjoying my company, possibly more that she will ever be willing to admit. I know it and she does too, deep down she’s quite fond of me and not only because she’s in lust with this hot body. I mean, I’m funny, smart and outspoken with her and that’s way more than anyone around that church has been for sure.

“And, hell yeah, I’m the motherfuckin’ princess.” Clarke can’t help whispering the song, what a cutie. However, she stops before the next line and doesn’t part her lips again until we have finally arrived to Waterbury. Neither do I.
She pulls over in front of the post office and I unbuckle my seat belt. I’m already ready to open the door when she stops me with a very sudden, very unexpected tug in my arm. I give her a confused look while she finishes writing some note on the dashboard. When she finally offers it to me I realize it’s an address. I like her handwriting, it’s not what you would expect from a doctor and I mean it as in it’s actually possible to read it. That gives me a good feeling about her and her practice, you know? Sometimes it’s not just only the big picture but also the small things what makes a professional and I get that doctors don’t get much time to check their patients but proper handwriting is basic on their job. Clarke gets it, I know she does, she’s caring and careful like that.

“It’s probably going to take me a while so if you finish within the next couple of hours just come here,” she says and shakes her mane by reflex action while I slip the folded note in my back pocket, feeling like a daughter whose mother gives her a letter for the teacher or something, it’s really awkward. “If you get lost just ask for the diocese.”

I nod silently and get out of the car. It’s not until I’m already in the threshold of the main door and Clarke has already turned the corner that I realize everything would have been easier if I had asked her to give me her phone number. I’m just not used to asking girls numbers, despite what you may think. It’s just not my thing… you know… calling. Anyway, there’s nothing I can do now. Fuck, on the top of everything now I can’t stop singing that damn song in my head.

The post office is rather empty this morning, thanks goodness. I take out the formulary that was attached to the Harvard letter and sit on a chair while selecting a name on my phone and pressing the green icon. The phone holds me on a brief wait before the voice of a young woman greets me from the other side.

“Office of Admissions and Financial Aid, I’m Harper McIntyre, what can I do for you?”, she says in a robotic way that nothing has to do with her real self.

“Hello, beautiful.” I can hear her giggling in her office. Damn, I missed that.

“Lexa! I thought I was going to have to give your photo to the police already.” Harper tries to sound annoyed but she fails miserably. Let’s face it, I’m too adorable for her to be upset for a long time.

“Sorry, girl, you know I’m not good at keeping contact with people during my peace time.” Of course I’m not telling her about my parents or my therapy, I don’t want to scare the hell out of her through the phone. When we meet again I’ll have to inform her there will be no more fun and debauchery for me. “Can you tell me what did I do to fuck up my scholarship?”

“What?” Ok, she knows nothing, this doesn’t look good at all. “Wait a second, Commander.”

When my father called me that I was pretty proud of that nickname, you know? Now, after these couple of months in and out of ‘rehab’ hearing it and knowing what it means for them is awkward. It doesn’t feel right anymore and I know thinking this way is all kinds of stupid but… fuck it! What am I even thinking about now? My main problem now is the uncertainty about my career, my future. Focus, Lexa. I can hear her typing in the office computer; I would be lying if I told you I’m not getting more and more nervous with every second of waiting but I only notice the reality of this when my pen flies to the other end of the room, drawing the attention of a few clients and workers that give me all the ‘kindness’ of their dirty looks. Morons…

“Lex.” I’m squatting to grab the pen and almost fall when I hear again Harper’s voice. “There’s a mismatch with your ID number from last year to this one, someone messed up here.”

I knew it couldn’t have been my fault, I’m really conscientious about my academic business, mistakes are not allowed in my college formularies. I may be pushing this too much, but I don’t think
the mail will arrive in time and I can’t afford losing my scholarship. I really can’t. That’s why I clear my throat and get ready to use my most seductive tone. I’ve shagged Harper enough times to know how to convince her of doing what I desire… although I know it’s a disgusting act that I would never, ever, do if I had another option. Believe me, guys, I appreciate this girl, she’s my friend but I need to do this to survive.


“I see you coming, Lex. Don’t.” The damage a couple of months of distance can do.

“Oh, you will very soon if you do me this tiny favor I’m about to ask you.” I can hear her sighing, defeated by my compelling self. “Look, I don’t want to get you into trouble, I’m sending the formulary via express mail but I need you to fix it now in case it doesn’t arrive in time.” I make a pause and she doesn’t say a word, pondering it. Fuck, I have no choice. “Please, gorgeous.”

“I don’t know, Lex…”

“Harper, Harper.” Please, don’t let me down right now.

“Remember when we went to that creepy dungeon you liked so much? Do you remember how much you enjoyed it?”

“Lex, please, don’t do that…”

“There’s a minute of silence followed by a long sigh. My heart rate is so fast for a moment I think I’m going to have another anxiety attack. When she speaks again I can finally breathe.

“Fuck, ok, give me your ID number.”

Yes, yes!! I unfurl in gratefulness and kind words, whatever it takes for her not to change her mind. The relief comes to me like a gust of fresh wind and when I finish my errands in the post office I feel like a new girl. My pulse is still fast and steady but now I can breathe with all the capacity of my lungs. This might seem dramatic but I feel like I’m reborn, I was already afraid of my future if I fucked up this opportunity right in my last year. That’s it, only one more year and I’ll be totally free, I just need some more months of restless, exhausting and asphyxiating work and I’ll be done. Only a few more months and my life will finally begin. It was about time.

Outside the post office I feel a bit anxious, not pretty sure of where to go or what to do. I look at the clock of my phone and realize I’ve finished way too early. Maybe I should go to the diocese to wait for Clarke. Yeah, I probably should. During all this time I’ve tried to ignore the amount of unread texts I have (more than 400, which is unbelievable because I don’t have such a huge social life), it just stresses me out, and I open Google Maps and insert the direction Clarke has given to me. It’s not so far away, actually, maybe a half an hour walking. You know what have I forgotten that I will never forgive myself? My earphones. I could use some music right now but instead I decide to take my time and try to enjoy my moment of freedom amongst those busy people, feeding off their stress and worries like they do when I’m the anxious mess. I take this little amount of pleasure in people suffering what I do suffer daily and it totally helps me going through this life. Observing the pedestrians, thinking of the lives they’re living, the ones they are hiding, the problems they are bearing… it’s comforting, relaxing almost. There are a couple of moments when the thought of just having a seat on a bench and laying there watching the people passing slips my mind. However, I cannot do that. First of all, it would be weird as fuck, I’m not an 80 year old lady watching the youth and feeding the doves. Secondly, I have somewhere to go, haven’t I?
The diocese is right turning around the corner, a big stone building with an imposing façade. I stand still in front of the big, wooden doors and check the hour again. *Should I go inside?* There’s nothing I would want less than finding myself in an ecclesiastic building surrounded by people who would think I’m an abomination if they knew me but it looks like I don’t have a choice. No, really, it’s hot as hell outside.

“Can I do something for you?” *Fuck! A creepy middle-aged man appears from the nothing and scares the fuck out of me.*

Fucking dude, YOU DON’T FUCKING SCARE PEOPLE WITH FUCKING ANXIETY!! Goddammit, I feel like my heart is going to rip my chest. It takes me a solid minute to convince the irrational part of my mind of my (relative) safety and recompose myself. *Fucking asshole.* I think I’ve lost at least a year of my life today because of anxiety. He accommodates the round glasses on his nose and looks at me with a weird ass grin on his face before holding his hands behind his back. As I said, these people are disturbing.

“Uh… I was looking for Mother Clarke Griffin.”

“The Mother is attending a meeting with the bishop,” he says, never erasing that smile from his face. “If you don’t mind waiting here for her…”

He points at a wooden chair that looks quite uncomfortable, although it’s quite far from him so I’m craving testing it. I don’t run to the chair because I don’t want to make a scene but my body certainly hurries me to do so. Either that or punching him in the face. I’m not a violent person on a regular basis but he’s just too much of a creep and I don’t feel safe at all. How does Clarke do this? Moving in this unsettling atmosphere, I mean. I grab my phone and decide to check out the insane amount of texts I haven’t read yet. Anything is better than feeling the stare of a weird man on you all the time. I don’t know why but I’m quite sure that’s Mrs. Azgeda’s friend. He’s just creepy as fuck.

The last message I received was Anya’s. We don’t talk much, to be honest, but she always texts me when a family meeting is close enough, the same message every time: “*See you soon, Lex ;)*” Do you think it’s cute? You haven’t met Anya. The following texts are mostly Lincoln trying to tell me he’s going to be in TonDC… tomorrow, actually. And he’s bringing his new girlfriend! *When did he get a new girlfriend?* Oh, six weeks ago, around the time my phone was confiscated by the ‘moral police’. Harper and Monroe trying to find out where I am… Wow, no wonder she was pissed, poor thing. I should text them back, something vague just to let them know for sure I’ve not been kidnapped… well… I’m alive. Damn, I’ve lost my practice typing fast.

I also have a few texts from Raven but that one chat I don’t dare to read it.

“Lexa.” I lift my gaze from the phone to find Clarke before me, an odd grimace on her face. Something is off.

“Shall we go?” I stand up and take a few steps towards her, noticing how her body stiffens with my sudden proximity. Definitely, something is not ok. “Do you want to go grab a coffee?

Two beers that I probably shouldn’t have drunk and an hour of pool war later, Clarke is struggling not to touch the black eight ball but still get that striped one inside the nearest hole. I have never been gladder the Church has stupid and restrictive rules that have forced Clarke to wear long, skinny jeans instead of shorts. Seriously, her ass… And those boobs when she leans over the table, tongue stuck out, trying to figure out the best way to hit the ball. Alcohol and boobs are not things that help my addiction at all, and neither are those fitting jeans of hers.
I start walking around her at a predatory pace and distance, trying to make her nervous and lose her concentration. This place is awesome; low chill music, dim light, classic wooden seats and tables imitating Irish pubs, a billiard table and no smoking politics. I can fairly say that I’ve fallen in love with this place. But do you know what’s the most amazeballs thing of this whole situation? It’s been Clarke the one that has brought me here. Priest Clarke Griffin knowing about the existence of this kind of places, what a great surprise. Yeah, a surprise. While it’s true that I never went to the city much when I lived in TonDC, I have spent my fair time in this city but never, ever, did I know a place like this one. It’s like a dream… an odd one but a dream nonetheless. I’m low-key waiting for a gang to step here in any moment.

“Dang it!” The black ball isn’t in the hole, but her shot has left the striped one way further than she wanted.

Her bunched up face and her annoyed antics put a smile on my face that I try to hide sipping on my beer. I fail miserably, especially because I’ve run out of beer like ten minutes ago, and she has noticed. Clarke gives me a dirty look and grabs the chalk.

“Come on, Princess,” I say in a guffaw and get my last ball to hit hers and slip smoothly into the nearest hole. Only the black eight ball left, the tension starts being palpable. “You are pretty good at this, you know? You never stop surprising me.”

“First off,” she whispers in my ear, making me fail the shot and laughing at my sad face. That’s cheating! “You call me ‘princess’ again and I’m going to end you.”

Clarke finally gets rid of the striped balls and now it’s us one on one for the black eight. Right when she’s going to make her movement I sneeze and she fails; and before you say anything, it’s been completely unintentional because I’m not a nasty cheater like she is. Clarke gives me a dirty look but doesn’t comment further on it. It would have been rather hypocritical after her doing a similar thing. But completely intentional. Because she’s a fucking bad loser and a freaking cheater, that’s what she is.

“Secondly,” she starts again when I’m positioning myself. “I would play pool with my dad in my spare time when I was in high school. He loved it.”

I had gotten the perfect position but I can’t help straightening up and looking at her face in case she needs something. I may look genuinely interested in her well being and I know what this looks like because we have been sort of having sexual intercourses but let me tell you that I care about Clarke, I cherish her. As a friend. I don’t do feelings, I thought you all had picked up on that months ago. Just shut up, I can hear you thinking and I have to concentrate to beat her sorry ass at the game she loves because she used to play with her beloved father.

Yeah, I miss the shot and not only that; the white ball ends up in the opposite hole and now she has to put it in the middle of the table, which means she has the easiest shot ever and I’ve already lost. I knew I shouldn’t have drunk those beers.

“Well, weren’t you the motherfuckin’ princess?” I giggle and she punches my shoulder.

The concentrated expression on Clarke’s face is enough to foresee what is going to happen. She’s won. Seconds later the black ball has disappeared through the hole and Clarke is jumping and clapping like a teen cheerleader celebrating a score. On a normal basis I’d think it’s pretty odd and idiotic but, frankly, watching Clarke relax and enjoy herself like there’s nobody else to be worried about, no parents, no vicars, no addiction, no colleges… is utter and thoroughly attractive. Less endearing is the fact that not only she’s a bad loser, she’s also a shitty winner. However, I’m fine with that.
“I won,” she tells me with a wide, shit eating grin like it’s not obvious. Fine, maybe I’m not so ok with that but it doesn’t make her attitude any less endearing. “Where’s my prize?” Sometimes I really wonder if she’s trying to be flirtatious or she’s just innocent like that. Whatever, I’m not going to miss a chance like this one.

“I’m right here, gorgeous, you can come and get it whenever you want.” Clarke’s response to my nonexistent game is mere indifference while she hits the white ball and the others get spread on the green table. That hurts more than an explicit rejection.

“I was thinking of a story, actually.” I don’t like where this is heading.

“A story?” I hoist an eyebrow and pay for another round.

“I want to know about the vampire sect.” I fucking knew it! Why on Earth does she have to have such a morbid curiosity?

Once I’ve put all the balls inside the triangle I take it off and grab the white ball exhaling a deep sigh. I don’t want to look at her, I’m not going to look at her — She has that damn puppy face on again and, damn her, if she truly believes that’s going to work with me, she’s absolutely…

“Come on! Since when are you so shy about sexual stuff?” Now she’s flirting, or fucking with my mind, or both. She’s totally hitting on me with the subtlety of a damn ninja. Ok, that might work. I know, guys, I know, I’m weak as fuck every time sexiness comes to the table.

“There’s not much to talk about, really.” She gives me a huff while I make two different plain balls through the same whole. “Every time we finish our finals season, Harper, Monroe and I go to exquisite places to experiment some new and kinky sex practices.” Oh, I missed. Her turn starts but she moves way too slowly, all her attention focused on my words. “Two years ago, right at the end of the school year, Monroe came up with this sort of gothic place in New York and we drove 2 hours and a half to the city only for the sake of fucking in an innovative, probably too kinky way.” I make a pause to allow her to make her shot, but she misses. Maybe this could be good for me, at least I can divert her attention and not get my sorry ass kicked again. “Once we found the place we had to sign a bunch of papers about consent and what we and they committed to do or not to do, and they took our blood samples.” Another one in the hole and it’s my turn again.

“Blood samples?” Clarke seems scandalized. I knew this was going to happen but, for fuck’s sake, she expressly asked for it.

“Yeah, they got us tested to check we don’t have any contagious, non-desired diseases like AIDS, you know? It was in the consent formulary, these places value hygiene and protection a lot, which I think it’s rather sensible of them.” Clarke nods, not realizing that at this pace I’m going to get rid of every single one of my balls and she won’t even have the chance to play. So I miss the shot again before putting my sixth ball inside the hole. “We had to wait until the next day in a cheap motel but finally we were considered apt to participate.”

Leaning over the table to hit a difficult ball, Clarke gives me an amused look before scoring again. Yeah, she seems quite entertained with my stories of debauchery and foreseen failure. She has passed from ‘what the fuck were you doing fucking vampiric creeps’ to ‘you’re so stupid you got yourself into a vampiric sect’. That’s what her eyes tell me, at least. She’s going to beat me again. Just fantastic. I clear my throat and lean against the wall while chalkling my pool stick — in the mean time, she hovers over the table again, exposing her generous rack from which it’s almost impossible to take my eyes off. I was telling a story, wasn’t I? Yeah, let’s do that.

“Uh… Yeah, we got in and actually it had a pretty horny atmosphere.” I make a scowl remembering
myself going across the silky curtain to find the most… exotic? Totally, exotic, that’s the best word to describe it. I got myself into the most exotic scene I had ever experimented.

“You’re smiling, maybe I shouldn’t have asked.” She sounds like she’s actually thinking with her head this time but her body language is the complete opposite, like she’s just teasing me. This woman is going to give me a massive headache.

“Do you want me to stop?” I shoot her a daring smirk and she bites her lip. WHY ON EARTH WOULD SHE DO THAT?! I feel like I’m drenching my pants, fucking doctor with her fucking lips and her fucking beauty mark and her fucking blondness… Come on! She’s totally flirting, right? Clarke shakes her head just in time and for a moment I don’t know if she’s telling me she wants to keep hearing my shitty story or if she’s stating she’s not hitting on me. “Ok, well, buckle up.” She has missed the shot and now it’s my turn. I get a double score before sitting on the table and sighing deeply. “There were more people there than I expected. Maybe twenty or twenty five, I’m not sure because I had zero intercourse with the guys, of course.” Clarke snorts and I answer her with a dirty look before putting her last ball out of her reach and at the same time scoring with mine. “Ok, it wasn’t bad because you could choose what to do. Well… Yeah, I mean, you could drink blood or not, or feed others or not, you could just fuck and bite without tearing the skin. I’m not particularly fond of getting scars in my body just because, so I only had a gothic orgy with a lot of biting.”

“You like biting,” she blurts out and despite her efforts to hide it, she flushes red.

“I do enjoy it,” I giggle and win the round. “It was the same as always, though. Good at first and right after the first or the second orgasm exhaustedly stressing.”

Clarke’s gaze goes to the table, her mouth shut and pursed lips like she’s trying to remember when did I get the advantage and beat her. When her stare goes back up to me, she shows a half smile and takes some coins off her front pocket.

“Don’t I get a prize?” That would be so not fair.

Clarke starts filling the triangle with balls methodically, and I only draw her attention when she’s finally done, the triangle in the perfect position and the white ball at the appropriate distance. Her eyes scrutinize my face searching for something, maybe any signs of cockiness or my signature rudeness.

“I’m not having sex with you, you know that already, right?” I nod feeling a weird tug in my stomach. I think I prefer indifference; at least it’s not so bold.

“I think I prefer a story,” I mock her before her quirked and unimpressed eyebrow.

“Sorry, I only got into werewolf sects.” Nice comeback. I’ll never admit that out loud as well as I’ll never admit I can fight back with a furry joke but I just won’t.

“Mockery is not the product of a strong mind, Clarke.”

“You’re the one to talk.” She says that almost in a whisper but her little smile betrays her. What a dork.

“Actually I wondered if you had any other invasive question now I’m a little tipsy and I won’t feel the need to tell you to go fuck yourself.” Or maybe a little more that tipsy. That’s been a bit too blunt.

Clarke takes the triangle off and gestures me to open the round. I do with a couple of scores that deserve my smug ass best chuckle and earn a perfect eye roll from Clarke. The round has just started and her bad loser self is already showing, unbelievable. I get all too close to get another score but
miss for a millimeter. **Next turn, next turn.** Clarke’s smiling. How more competitive can she get?

“Maybe I do,” she says at last and hits one of the striped balls, sending her inside the nearest hole. “There’s actually something I wanted to ask you about.” Ok, this is getting interesting. I put some chalk on my stick and lean against the wall waiting patiently for her to finish her turn. She misses and a frown appears on her face. **How cute.** Then she looks back at me and just says: “Roan.”

**Ugh.** If my first thought is not explanatory enough for you, guys, I don’t know what would possibly be. I mean, I know we were friends when we were kids but he’s Nia’s son after all, what could we expect? I’m sure you can imagine why we’re not in good terms anymore.

“What about him?” I’m not trying to irk her or deflect the topic to a happier one, but I don’t really know what she expects me to say.

“Nia said you were childhood sweethearts,” she looks entertained although there’s something bitter in her voice. I’m starting to regret having given her permission to ask away.

“Lies.” Dammit, I can’t help hearing Kathy Bates in American Horror Story shouting the same thing. I need to stop watching TV. “You know how straight people are, you are friends with a boy and suddenly you’re going to get married.”

“You have had no relationships then?” Now she’s talking to me like doctor Griffin. Don’t get me wrong, I enjoy her professional self a lot — It’s such a turn on to be honest. Nevertheless, I thought we were chilling.

“Well, I had a girlfriend for a couple of weeks…”

“Kindergarten doesn’t count.” That’s fucking rude.

“It was on my freshman year of college, smart ass.” I hate when she starts acting like a know-it-all when she has no fucking clue. Damn, Clarke’s going to hate me… or maybe it won’t come as a surprise to her, I mean, I’m an addict, what else could have happened. “Luna. She was from TonDC too, and Trikru.” Clarke gives me a baffled look and I can’t help my tiny, nostalgic smile. “My group of friends, we called ourselves Trikru.” I get a couple of balls more into the holes and miss again. **Dammit.** “We had known each other our whole life and one day she told me she liked me so I told her we could try and see what happened. I was a fool.”

“You didn’t kiss her either and she got mad?” Clarke Griffin, the mistress of ruffling feathers. She likes pushing my buttons so much I’ve learnt not to be sorry when I do the same, and you can’t blame me either! Clarke has the sensitivity of a shoe.

“You are a smartass, has anyone told you that before?” I don’t know why I have even bothered to ask her that, her smile discloses the obvious. “Only because you’re pissed because I don’t like wasting my time kissing you…or anyone when you’re already soaking wet doesn’t mean everyone is a whiny baby like you.” Ok, maybe that’s been too harsh of me. I just… **Shit!** Clarke’s giving me a painful and filthy look, she may hit me with the pool stick and she would be kind of in the right of doing so. I just don’t like to talk about this, it’s not something to laugh at, people got hurt.

I respect Clarke’s turn keeping quiet. When she finally ends it up and misses there’s only the black eight left for her. I don’t like to lose either but I must say she’s a very good pool player and I feel honored to have been able to play against her. No, really, not joking. She’s so good at everything it’s almost not fair but at the same time wonderful.

“Ok, I get that you cannot date someone you don’t see that way but, really? Two weeks?”
I shake my head and lean over the table to hit my two last balls, which disappear through the furthest hole somehow. I’m not going to complain, though, I have a great position to hit the eight. I prepare my shoot and look at her.

“It wasn’t like that.” Hit and… miss. What? Focus, Lexa. Clarke passes by me with a smug smirk on her lips and leans on the table. She has a difficult shoot, though — maybe it’s not over yet. “I liked her, I did. She’s intelligent and beautiful and made a good fuck but… I’m not a reliable person. I should have seen it coming. She should have seen it coming.”

Clarke was going to hit the ball but stops herself in the last second. Clarke doesn’t move. Clarke doesn’t look at me. Clarke doesn’t say anything. Is she breathing? I hope so — for some reason I’m paralyzed. Fuck. She hates me, that’s it. Game over, Lex. I would totally understand if she didn’t want to talk to me ever again but, seriously, didn’t she know what was coming? I’m a sex addict, for fucks sake! I don’t aim to excuse myself but it’s just what I am, what I do and I can’t help it. I can’t help hurting people I care about.

“You cheated on her.” Her voice is colder than I’ve ever heard it but once I get to see her eyes it’s my blood the one that freezes. I nod slowly, trying not to overwhelm her anymore, and she hits the ball. She misses.

“She walked in on me getting fucked by some random girl in a random party after only two days of not having sex with her because she had to meet her project group to organize…” Clarke’s knuckles are white, fist closed around the stick. She’s trying not to let her own feelings interfere and that’s very noble and professional of her but I think I’d rather she let herself go and yelled at me all she pleased. See? She’s suffering too right now and I didn’t even do anything. “I didn’t realize what I was doing until I saw her at the threshold of the room, crying… I lost my girlfriend and one of my best friends.” I make a grimace and rub my eyes before positioning myself to win this freaking match. “People like me cannot have a monogamous relationship. Or relationships in general, we tend to engage in dangerous intercourses that can become a real problem to our partners.”

“That’s pretty reductionist of you, don’t you think?” I hit the ball and it’s over. Clarke’s tone has softened. Of course she would just be nice. It’s Clarke who we’re talking about, after all. “It doesn’t have to be that way, Lexa, and you know it. I’m going to help you.”

I want to believe her. I do… Or at least I’m forcing myself and my fucked up mind to do so. Every time I look at Clarke, every time I try to decipher the secret message behind the cerulean shade of her eyes, I see that she means it, she genuinely cares and wants to help. Maybe it’s a doctor thing, who knows? However, doctors are not wizards, doctors are not gods, they cannot work miracles and right now I feel like fixing me is going to take that. I leave the pool stick on the table and dare to put a hand on her shoulder while I pass by her side.

“If we’re going to keep talking about this, we need another beer,” I say trying not to sound rude. “It’s on me.”

Actually, I just need the little break that the wait for the drinks offers me and a big gulp from some liquid courage. After buying two frozen beers, I can’t wait and take a sip from mine. I remember when I hated its taste, not so long ago, and now it’s not like I like it but at least it’s tolerable, you know. My lungs fill with a deep breathe and I turn around to find Clarke surrounded by two assholes with shit eating grins on their faces. How old are they? I can’t see it until I’m close enough, which I am in less than a second because I won’t let them spoil our night out from TonDC. However, when I realize they are my age, my blood runs away from my face.

“Lexa Wilde?” One of them asks with such a confused look I feel offended. I squint and a horrified pang shakes my chest. “What are you doing in a place like this?”
First, that’s not even original. Secondly, see how I had the right to be pissed? Cage Wallace is standing before me with such a surprised expression I want to smack his face against the wall. From all the idiotic, little suckers I could have bumped into tonight, it had to be him. He doesn’t even live in Connecticut, this must be some sort of joke. Did I do something like killing puppies in another life? What did I do? Depravation and corruption of priests aside, I mean.

“Wallace.” The coldness of my voice draws Clarke’s attention, taking it away from the other little piece of shit. I don’t know him but he’s with someone like Wallace, I’m sure he’s scumbag too.

“Do you know each other?” It is the anonymous guy who asks in a weird, Hispanic accent. It seems even a little forced.

“Lexa and I are faculty colleagues, aren’t we?” Why is he even looking at me? I don’t like the grin on his face.

There’s not much more he would deserve than a nod, so I give it to him, right from all the goodness of my heart. Now they can go fuck themselves far away from here. Seriously, if this guy gets to be a judge, I’m moving to Canada… I’ll just move anyway, just in case. Actually, they both have approached Clarke, what do they want? I’ll tell you, I can smell it on the air: they want to fuck her. They want to fuck her, maybe even at the same time. They have seen a beautiful tipsy woman playing pool in some tight jeans and for some reason they’ve thought it was nice to approach her. I offer the frozen beer to Clarke and give her a meaningful look when our hands brush. They want to touch her skin with their dirty hands, they want to taint her. It’s disgusting.

“She doesn’t seem really convinced,” the guy says again.

Wallace releases a guffaw and thinks he’s entitled enough to put his arm around my shoulders. What on fucking Earth? I catch Clarke’s sight — she seems confused but, believe me, I’m the one perplexed at the turn of events.

“Oh, she’s always been a woman of few words,” he squeezes my side and I think I’m going to throw up. Or punch him in the face. More like vomiting over him and then hitting him with the pool stick, just like ‘The Exorcist’ little girl. “Always studying, always so serious hiding her nose behind a book.” I don’t even have to look at Clarke to see her expression of disbelief. I can picture it perfectly.

“It was about time you had a bit of fun, Wilde.” He releases a loud guffaw that hurts my ears and makes me want to put the stick up his ass and throw him out the bar. How can be someone so disgusting? His breath smells like cheap beer and snacks, it’s frankly nauseating. “But not too much fun. Have you heard about Professor Pike?” He looks around to catch the other’s attention and I stiffen in my spot. “He was fired a few months ago because of this photo of an anonymous student sucking his dick that came to light.” Wallace leans on the pool table and spits: “I thought there were no hoes in Harvard U.”

Ok, that’s it, I’m going to kill him. Normally I would just ignore him and do my thing but I’m not going to let him make me look like a weak fool in front of Clarke and slut shamming me. I have a reputation to maintain, I’m sure you understand. Here goes nothing. So I shake him away and step aside towards Clarke.

“I can still speak for myself...” Don’t do it, don’t do it, “...thank you.”

“Woohoo! Cuidado que muerde, Cage.” The guy is Spanish! One that doesn’t speak English really well but… anyway. An asshole.

“Don’t be rude, Jaime, the ladies cannot understand what you’re saying.” Cage reprimand is so fake I would give him a Razzie. “Forgive my friend, he has just arrived from Spain.”
“Really?” For fuck’s sake, I can see Clarke’s panties falling to the ground. Are you fucking kidding me?

“Yeah, I’m a bullfighter.” I have to conceal a sarcastic laugh. He’s a bad stereotype in a Lacoste pink polo.

“My friend here.” Cage moves to lean against Jaime to keep harassing Clarke, probably realizing he doesn’t have any chance with me, “he fights bulls.”

More like he tortures and murders innocent animals. The moment my mouth starts to hurt is the time I realize I’ve been clenching my jaw the whole time. It’s just… Why is Clarke smiling? Why does she seem so fascinated by the man? It’s totally out of character; she looks like a dumb bimbo blonde in her teen years, not like the hot damn smart ass in her late twenties she is. Ok, she’s way more than that. Clarke’s an intelligent, kind, sweet, gorgeous doctor with the audacity of Agatha Christie and I’m not seeing any of that right now. What’s wrong with her? Is she so sexually frustrated she feels the need to jump at any middly-good looking guy who wants to get into her pants? Am I so boring and uninteresting she just decides to ogle a fucking random murderer in a bar? Ok, Lexa, stop. What am I even saying? This is not about me, this is about Clarke and the stupid choices of her life. Like becoming a priest and engaging in conversation with these assholes. And letting me fuck her, I know, I know. That’s like weeks in the past let’s move… IS THAT ASSHOLE PLAYING WITH HER HAIR?!

“Do you want to know how I put down the last one?” Clarke, fucking slap him in the face or I will.

“Oh, that’s a great story.”

Wallace has moved to grab a pool stick and in the meantime his friend has taken advantage to get inappropriately close to Clarke. Make room for fucking Jesus, oh my goodness! I would do it, I would step between them and break his nose against the pool table, but Clarke doesn’t seem overwhelmed at all — what’s more, she looks quite entertained by the sick scumbag’s chitchat. Oh, for everything that is love and pure and not embarrassing in this world, he’s talking to her in Spanish and she’s totally falling for it. Does she have a language kink? Is that it? I can speak languages… I mean, fuck her, whatever.

“Eres la que más buena está de todas las mujeres que he visto hoy.” For fuck’s sake, that’s not even romantic. Someone put a sock in his mouth to shut him up. Clarke just giggles at the sound of his words. Really, if I roll my eyes harder they will never go back to their place. “Me gustaría sentirte enterita, nena.”

And… Clarke giggles again. Ok, you know what? No, no, no, no. No. This has gone far enough and I’m not going to let them make fucking fun of her. For fuck’s sake, why do I even have to do this in my day off? She can consider this the payment for the ride, I don’t fucking want her to fucking mention any kind of recovery or shit again if she’s not even able to keep it in her pants at the first exotic fuckboy she meets.

I take Wallace’s pool stick from him and hit him with it! No, it’s a joke, I just take it from him and leave it on the table.

“You can take you and your friend el asesino’s asses out of here, we are not interested, go bother someone else.”

“Lexa!” I’m going to kill Clarke too. I’ll explode in any moment and I’m going to end up alone and covered in fucking blood. “Forgive her, we were just spending a girls night.”
“How rude!” Cage mocks me. I’ll feed him to a gorilla.

“Listen to your friend and relax, hottie, we’re just having fun.”

You know, I don’t take very well that people tell me to relax. Actually, I do not relax at all and all I can think about is tying them to a tree and bleeding them with a thousand cuts before taking their eyeballs off. He’s just pushing it too much. However, as I am aware of the laws in this state and know putting down scum is still a severe crime, I won’t. That doesn’t mean I won’t release my rage. I’m fucking seeing red right now, and it’s not a sexy shade of red.

“Mira, Don Juan barato, ya puedes coger al gilipollas de tu amigo y salir de aquí como si llevaseis un cohete pegado al culo antes de que te clave este palo donde al toro y te corte el rabo.” Well… that’s been smooth of me… I’ve controlled myself a lot given the chaos of emotions that are making my blood boil in my veins. He’s visibly surprised, all of them are. I had told Clarke I spoke Spanish before, I don’t know why precisely her seems to be the one more taken aback.

Wallace looks from his friend to me and from me to his friend while the Spanish man steps back from Clarke. That’s good, that’s very good. Nevertheless, he doesn’t seem to leave anytime soon and… Ugh! Ok, head over heart, Lexa. I don’t want to make a scene, there’s no good in it, so I grab Clarke’s beer, leave it almost full on the pool table and almost drag her by her hand off the bar. The party is over and… shit, it’s pouring with rain. Also, maybe I shouldn’t have drunk. Maybe she shouldn’t have drunk. How are we even going home in a storm and with two and a quarter beers in vein?

Clarke seems mad, she doesn’t even look at me. I’m the one who should be mad! I’m the one that is going to have to put up with Wallace’s sorry ass for another year after this. I just want a peaceful life, how the fuck do I always fuck it up?

“We can’t go home in this rain,” Clarke finally says checking her clock. “Also, it’s late, we should find a hotel or something.

My parents are going to kill me… if she doesn’t kill me first tonight.

My wet hair is soaking the pillow under my head, I can feel the moisture spreading. She hasn’t said a word, not since we left the bar and rented the room and that’s been a solid hour and a half ago. In fact, I only notice she has come to bed in the darkness because the mattress sinks underneath her body. Of course there wouldn’t be any double rooms left precisely tonight, the only one I don’t want to be sharing the space with her. Sure she wanted to spend the night with the torturer of animals, he would entertain her with his stupid accent and his Spanish words like she actually knew what he was saying. She would giggle a lot, she has actually laughed a lot with him. Sure by now they would be in a room similar to this one and he would be sinking his ‘banderilla’ in her. Ugh, the mere thought of it is disgusting, infuriating… How can she be attracted to someone who kills innocent animals slowly while other monsters laugh and give him applauses and ‘olés’? It’s nauseating, although the fact that she’s upset is even hilarious.

“Clarke,” I whisper in the dark, I don’t know why if what I want to do is checking she’s not asleep. She’s not, I knew that beforehand, but checking is always polite. “Are you mad at me?” She turns around but says nothing. I swear to god sometimes she’s like a teenager. “Is it because you wanted to screw that bullfighter? Is that it?”

“You could have been less rude to them, you know?” Clarke blurts out and I feel an unpleasant heat in my stomach. I knew I should not have drunk beer. “You needn’t have gone all Mademoiselle
“Maupin on them.”

“Sorry.” I clench my jaw and turn away. This is unbelievable, truly unbelievable. “Next time you should make any sort of gesture, you know, for me to know for sure I shouldn’t come between you and some fuckboy’s dick.”

I feel a powerful yank in my arm, Clarke is pulling me violently to turn in the bed to face her, clawing her fingernails in my humid flesh. The first thing I see is her eyes, dark and shimmering like the night sky but clouded by anger. *That much?* Did she really like him that much? Fuck her. Fuck her. *Fuck you.*

 Clarke is pulling me violently to turn in the bed to face her, clawing her fingernails in my humid flesh. The first thing I see is her eyes, dark and shimmering like the night sky but clouded by anger. *That much?* Did she really like him that much? Fuck her. Fuck her. *Fuck you.*

If she wanted to spend the night with a man that gets off at torturing innocent animals she can go fuck herself or fuck him. I don’t care. *I don’t care.* Why would I even care about what she does? What am I, her nanny? A friend of sorts, that’s what I am, and we’re not even that close anyway. *Why would I care? Why do I care?* This is stupid, I am stupid. How could I even think for a moment…? Never mind. My eyes drop to her lips, now making a thin line, but is not that what draws my attention. The beauty mark on her upper lip, I’ve been paying too much attention to it tonight and it’s not like I hadn’t noticed it before it’s just my eyes that drift straight over there and I find it especially sexy tonight. I can’t help remembering the time I rode her face. Fuck, getting upset makes me horny. Well, what doesn’t make me horny, really?

“Who are you?” *What?* I hope Clarke question is not really philosophical but she has actually lost her memories out of the blue because I’m not really able to focus right now. “Are you an introverted nerd who spends all her time studying to get the higher grades she can or this… careless… sassy… sly…” I know she wants to say ‘bitch’ but she won’t, she’s too polite to tell the truth and also she hates traditionally gendered slurs, “… person?”

“Who knows?” Both or neither, it depends on how you look at it, I guess. It’s not like I give it so much of a thought, it’s just how I feel to behave, perhaps. I’m not in control of everything that happens in my body and my mind, ok? “I’m on holidays, Clarke, I cannot survive and maintain my uptight, stressed self that has to plan everything and care about everything and everyone and live up to people’s expectations 365 days a year. It’s exhausting.” Clarke only gives me a dirty look but says nothing. *Ok… whatever.* I turn to lay on my back and dead stare at the ceiling. “I shouldn’t be here,” I whisper mostly to myself.

“Who is the real you, Lexa?” Clarke insists like there was a final answer for that, as if it was easy to respond. She doesn’t understand — I didn’t expect her to either.

This shouldn’t be me. This person, right here, right now. This girl laying on a cheap motel’s bed and her skin glistening with rain water and sweat. This feeling, this maddening throb. My eyes close for a second and I can picture it perfectly: a beach of white sand and the hot and burning sunlight pouring down on me — a sweet tingling in my skin covered by some sea drops and, in between my legs, a girl eating me out delightfully. I cannot help focusing on that, on a hand pressing over my pubic bone to keep my hips on place and a blonde, soft mane moving up and down, a wet tongue parting my folds, sweet lips sucking and kissing, devilish blue eyes looking at me… Shit, I can feel the wetness spreading down my thighs already and I have to bite my lower lip to prevent myself from releasing a loud pant. Less than ten minutes daydreaming about my original holiday plans and I’m already horny like a teenager in heat and I can’t do anything about it. Or I can.

“Clarke.” I gulp and forcefully turn my head to the side to face her. Clarke looks a bit pissed off still but her expression has changed slightly, like she’s trying to figure me out more than waiting for an explanation. I told you she’s smart and wow… the way her long blonde hair falls on the pillow, all disheveled, all beautiful. *Fuck, do this.* “Can I touch myself, please?” Her eyebrows shot up to her hairline and her jaw falls in awe. “I really need it, please.” I’m already panting, my innards are burning. Just great.
Clarke doesn’t answer immediately; instead, she looks at me quietly for some long seconds, so much that at a certain point I’m already doubting myself and my senses and believing she has fallen asleep with her eyes wide open. When she finally nods my heart skips a beat.

“You may,” she whispers and then clears her throat to make her statement. I can see conditions coming and I don’t know if I like it. “But you have to imagine yourself pleasuring someone else and not being the one being masturbated.” I told you. Before I can even ask why or just whimper she shifts in the bed to give me her back and some privacy I have never asked for. I didn’t want it, actually. “This way you’ll learn to enjoy other people’s pleasure instead of manipulate them like puppets to make them feel they owe you said pleasure.”

That was so full of reproach her words feel like bursting in my ears. Ouch, burn! At least she has allowed me to do it — had she not I’d have had to go to the bathroom and keep quiet but now I can let myself go and… Right! I have to think about touching another girl.

Guys, I’m trying, I am. Damn, I need you and her to understand this is really difficult for me. This hunger for pleasure that won’t stop searing my skin like the flames of a thousand candles will only grow until I come and for that I need to be the objective of the pleasuring. I know that you can’t get it, that some of you would tell me you can get release while you’re touching anyone else but here’s the thing: I’m an addict and I have certain tolerance to some lighter practices and great difficulty getting the psychological stimulation I need to get off. That’s basically what I’m trying to work out with Clarke, diminish the anxiety my tolerance creates me, focusing on other pleasurable touches that may make it easy to get my sexual release. I told you she’s fucking intelligent.

Nothing. Fuck my life! My mind can’t help but diverting to the heat in between my legs. I lay on my belly and try to grind against my hand in the position I’d normally top a girl. You know, trying to put myself in the skin of that girl touching that other girl. For a second I really believe I’ve got it but… no. My head falls on the pillow, forehead against the soft material, trying to breathe and relax. This is not going to work. The moderate progress I’ve been making this week have totally fooled me. Who am I kidding? I can’t do this. I need Clarke. I swallow the lump in my throat and turn to look at her, catching her redhanded while she observes me trying to touch myself. Maybe it’s just scientific curiosity. Perhaps she’s just supervising me.

“Clarke.” Or maybe, just maybe, she is not. “Can I picture myself fucking you?”

Of course I have to ask her, even if her answer is the most intense silence I have experimented, otherwise it would be a total violation of her intimacy. I mean, one thing is picturing people fucking you, which is totally nice in my books, and another thing is touching yourself with the things you’d do to their body not having their consent to do so, right? Well… actually if you are thinking of them touching you, you are directly using their image to your pleasure… Or maybe it’s not so deep, it’s just fantasy and as long as you are respectful on how you treat them in your mind it’s just that and there’s no privacy violation. I’m spending too much time thinking about this, I know, it’s just… complex. Anyway, what is done is done and WHY ON EARTH DOESN’T SHE ANSWER OR AT LEAST ACKNOWLEDGE SHE HAS HEARD ME LOUD AND CLEAR?! Clarke’s looking at me, or more like gawking at me, and it seems like she can’t find her voice or I don’t fucking know. My stomach clenches uncomfortably with the uncertainty that clouds my mind and my judgment. Actually, I think I’ll just sleep, I’m not in the mood for getting another panic attack because of my impossibility to just fucking come.

“Ok.” Wait, what? Have I heard her correctly?

She just drops those two letters nonchalantly and turns around in bed… to give me some space and privacy? I don’t buy it. It’s fine by me, though — if she doesn’t want to fall in the temptation of
watching me come undone, she will be tempted by listening to my noises of pleasure. Don’t think
I’m willing to do this out of mischief, guys, I don’t. You think my methods are harsh but I’m just
trying to make her realize her sexual dimension is an important one too and there’s nothing wrong
with that, you know? However, Clarke’s a stubborn, intelligent dork and those won’t learn if it’s not
by the most hardcore methods. Take this like a new and miraculous cure for loneliness, one I’ll have
to trademark because it’s just too genius — I am a mastermind. Let the show begin.

I close my eyes despite really wanting to look at her — that would indeed be an invasion of her
privacy, especially after getting so worked up as she’s going to get. My memories serve me well at
the time of remembering Clarke’s body. Every freckle, the softness of her skin, the feeling of her
nipples in my mouth, her long, blonde mane falling messily on the altar. I try to relive the feeling of
seeing her there, lying on her back, lying on corruption full of our sins. My nose still remembers the
reek of wine and sex but it is insignificant once again considering the priceless view underneath me. I
wish I could fuck her harder like that. If only I had focused on getting her off that time instead of
doing that to convince her of keeping fucking me I’d have more material to work this out. However,
I guess my strained imagination and a couple of mental images of Clarke’s reactions to my touches
are the only stuff I can count on.

I grab one of my boobs, imagining it’s bigger and trying to reproduce in my body the pleasure Clarke
gets when I play with her nipples. It’s a nice feeling, that’s for sure, but I have to realize that for me
that’s not enough to release those desperate and obscene moans Clarke makes even with the lightest
touch. I love that about fucking her. That and her shudders under my body.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan, dirty and clear enough for her to understand and ruining her pants.

My fingers run down my body and I take my pants off, finding the wet mess between my legs really
appealing. My back arches at the feeling of tender fingers circling my clit. It’s just like that time
inside the confessional. The only image of me kneeling in front of her had drenched her panties.

“Damn it, Clarke.” I press my forehead harder against the pillow. I can feel my wetness spilling
down, I want to get it all out of me, the rage, the anxiety, the warmth… both the good and the bad
feelings of today. I don’t like any of them, I just want to… “I really want to go down on you, fuck.” I
bite the pillow until the little spike of compulsion is gone. “I want to suck your clit in my mouth and
make you come and hear you cry out, fuck!”

It’s very light but I can still feel it: a little movement on the mattress. I’m too busy to look but I’m
sure what I’d see is Clarke as stiff as a ruler trying desperately to hide her flush from me. What she
doesn’t seem to have learnt yet, though, is that she cannot hide this kind of things, not from me. I
would know when she’s aroused from a hundred miles away. Well, that might be an exaggeration
but you got it.

I don’t usually do this because I’m not so sensitive inside and I don’t come so often and hard like
this, but Clarke does like fingering so I slide a slender finger inside of me. First one, then two and I
think this is all I’m going for today because one thing is being on character and another very different
thing is trying to force yourself to come with something that… it’s not like you don’t enjoy but
you’re not thrilled about. That’s why I keep moving my hips and meeting my palm, to create some
friction on my center. Fingers go in and out, curling inside every now and then, clit brushing
deliciously against my hand. I bite my lip, a bit ashamed of how guttural my moans and gasps are
turning.

Clarke does that too — Sounding like a ferocious animal when she’s enjoying something I do to her,
I mean; although when she does it it’s even sexier and naughtier and…

“Fuck.”
I can see her now clearly in my mind, covered in sweat, I can feel her nails digging in my back and maybe I do have a thing for scratching but it sets me totally on fire. And yet seconds and minutes pass and I don’t seem to come. It never had happened to me in the first orgasm before. I fucking thought I was making progress and yet here I am, rubbing myself like a dog on my hand, basically destroying my vagina from all the time fingering myself and yet I’m in that state when the orgasm starts building but hasn’t quite started spiking yet. I’m in an eternal plato and I can’t believe this is happening again and again. I want to get this out of my chest, I have to get this out of me. A tear mixes with the droplets of sweat running to my forehead while my back arches and my hips buckle wildly to get some release. All in vain.

*Ok, no, Lexa, keep calm.* Everything is not lost, I can’t give up but I don’t think I can keep going either.

“Clarke,” I call her begging that she doesn’t play asleep. “Clarke.”

Thankfully, she hears the despair in my voice and decides to be the adult in the room. It was about time. *No, Lexa, positive thoughts, only positive and horny thoughts.* The more I get mad, the longer it will take me to come.

“I need some help,” I yelp, having to take one of the fingers out and slowing my movements.

“I’m not fucking you, Lexa.” She’s ruthless, for fuck’s sake. At least she should wait until I ask her and not play the know-it-all, not now that I’m fucking struggling.

“I don’t… I just… Ah!” Why can’t the edge come already, dammit?! “I…” I need to stop, I’ll going to damage my vagina. *Fuck my life.* This is frustration, it’s anxiety, it’s ire, it’s failure. I turn my reddened face to her and swallow the lump in my throat before taking a deep breath and saying: “Damn, Clarke, if you don’t want to… sorry, bad choice of words… Ah… If you don’t dare to feel this yourself, at least please, give me something to work with.”

I absolutely hate when Clarke doesn’t respond the very next second, it always leaves me with a feeling of shame and desolation that rots my innards and makes me feel a corrupted emptiness inside. Some more tears slip my cheeks when I get to think she’s just going to turn around and try to get some sleep but Clarke is… She’s Clarke. She caresses my thigh to signal me to start again and puts some sweaty locks of hair away from my ear, grabbing the back of my nape in the process. First I feel my fingers on my clit again — I wouldn’t be able to put them in again, it hurts too much — and then, her tongue caressing the contour of my ear, careful teeth biting on my earlobe.

“This feels so good, Lexa, keep going.” Ok, THAT feels really good. “Ah, ah, ah!”

Seriously, this is the most beautiful staccato I’ve ever heard. Damn Lord, how’s she so fucking sexy and nice and…? Another bite, this time in my neck, a bit harder than she usually does. What a dork, she would be real good material for the vampire sect. Her fake sounds don’t feel so fake at all, and even if another person would probably be worried about that, I’m sure she’s so wet now those moans are very real. Only imagining it I… Shit, here it comes! I stroke faster and my hips start a frantic and unavoidably erratic pace.

“Fuck, Clarke, I’m…”

“I’m coming, shit, Lexa,” she interrupts my moans, reminding me what I should be imagining. And I do even if I don’t need to, having her warm body so close to me.

Finally, it strikes me and the mattress hits the wall… or has it been my head? I don’t know anymore, I’m not unconscious so… This time it’s not so intense or so lasting but it feels good anyway. Not
enough, never enough. Once I have ridden this orgasm, Clarke puts my hand out of me and kisses it tenderly, so much I feel like disappearing.

“One is enough for now,” she says and I just wish it were so easy. “Try to get some sleep.”

Under other conditions I wouldn’t have been able. Fuck, I wouldn’t have taken my hands off my clit unless she tied me up. But there’s something that comforts me; a mix between the feeling of her reassuring hand on mine and the fact that she’s so horny right now she’s getting the same sleep that I am. None.

Sometimes I realize I’m so intelligent I want to hug myself. Last night I had the perspicacity of setting my alarm early in the morning to get to TonDC in time to have enough witnesses at home so that my parents couldn’t slay me. I can’t believe I’ve said the word ‘perspicacity’ outside the faculty… Anyway, we’re on the road when the sun comes up and the storm has finally stopped. None of us says a word, it’s just too awkward. ‘Is it about last night?’ you’d ask. I wish but, sadly, this morning has been even worse — a traumatic event for us both. Other times I just want to punch myself for my blatant stupidity.

I wasn’t wrong when I foresaw Clarke was going to have some trouble to fall asleep; what I couldn’t see coming was that she was going to move like a human tornado. Really, I still cannot explain how this has happened. Before you get to weird conclusions, no, she didn’t wake me up, I could sleep in a battlefield. The thing is she moved so much this morning we have woken up in a rather interesting position — her face nuzzling against my bellybutton and my body curled up around her. To make things worse, she has had the brilliant idea of waking up when I was still suffering from my early mornings’ drowsiness and saying: “Sleeping against your belly is like sleeping against a wall.” To what my still half asleep self hasn’t had any better thing to answer than: “Then get up here… my chest is more comfortable.” That’s when we have both opened our eyes wide and jumped off bed. I can’t look at her in the eyes now. Shit, why am I so weak?

I’m not used to feeling so comfortable with anyone and I don’t think she’s either. Fuck, this atmosphere is tense. Say something! I just cannot find my voice.

This is just stupid. We have been on the road for almost half an hour and she has only peeped at me out of the corner of her eye a couple of times, returning her gaze to the road as soon as I caught her. This tense atmosphere is pissing me off, I really want to jump from the car but we’re already too close to home. Maybe it would be more productive to make a plan for when I arrive and my parents kill me. I should have prepared my testament, being a wannabe judge I should probably have thought about that earlier. Who is going to take proper care of my Harry Potter and One Piece’s collection once I’m gone? Meh, I’m sure my parents would set them on fire along with my dead body.

“Shall I pull over in front of the church or do you want to go directly to your house?”, she asks me softly once we see the ‘Welcome to TonDC’ signal, her eyes on the road the whole time.

“It would be a nice detail if you could let my parents see you, Clarke.” I’m actually pleasantly surprised although I might not show any sign of emotion. “Thanks.”

The only response I get from her is a light hum but, honestly, after the awkwardness of the morning is more than I expected. I don’t really need much more. Don’t think anything weird but I’m really worried this will affect my sort of friendship with Clarke. I mean, right now she’s my only chance to get rid of this massive problem that my addiction is and, you know, she has kind of grown on me…
or whatever.

When the car finally stops by my house’s entrance I realize there are two more familiar cars parked outside and my heart stops. *Good, I’m only a bit late.*

“Here we are.” Clarke’s voice draws my attention. This is my cue to leave, I guess.

As I expected, my parents come to receive us as soon as they hear the engine outside the house and they wait for me in the threshold of the main door. I’m going to be so dead… Death by stray parents, how sad.

I take a deep breath and get ready to open the door of the passenger seat; however, before I can even reach for the seat belt I feel Clarke’s warm and reassuring hand on my knee. I stop dead on my tracks and our gazes meet. Shit, she makes it unnecessarily difficult for me not to show my surprise (and my gay, let’s be honest for once). She’s so… *Oh, damn Lord.* No, I can’t do this now, I have to prepare myself for what comes next.

I don’t know why but it is her who opens her door first. *Ok, what is she doing?* I get out of the car like it’s on fire and pick up my pace to catch up with her before my parents decide to skin her alive. Like I could do something given the case.

“Titus, Tara,” she greets them, showing a bright, white smile.

“Mother Griffin,” dad says back. Mom only glares from me to her and viceversa. *We’re fucked.*

I would like to be able to explain this asphyxiating feeling in my chest better but it’s just… it’s really difficult to think or keep a straight face when you are shaking and sweating so hard as I am now. However, somehow I manage to keep my shit together. If anyone tells me again I don’t deserve the Heavens I’m going to slit their throat.

“I give your daughter back.” *Is she fucking joking?* Ok, that sweet smile is giving me chills and not of the good kind but scary chills. “She asked for a ride and I also had to go to Waterbury so… I hope you don’t mind.” I wish they didn’t but they do, for all the wrong reasons.

“What took you so long?” My mother is squinting at us both and has forgotten her manners. *We’re really fucked.*

“It was already dark and stormy when my meeting at the diocese finished and I didn’t want to take the risk of having a car accident.”

That’s… a really good lie, actually. Also, she has said it with such a naturalness I wonder if I should watch my back with her from now on — she’s just too good at this. Like they have been enchanted, my parent’s expressions change immediately, at least my mother’s (father has always had that boring and serious grimace on his face). I’m really stunned with how Clarke has managed this situation, it’s been such a turn on. Really, this girl never stops surprising me — she’s so quick on the uptake and just so brilliant. Her mind is prodigious, I’m telling you, almost at (on) my level. Right now I’m totally afraid to look at her but I’m sure her eyes are shining with that cute spark of self-pride that sometimes can get really annoying but in this case she totally deserves.

“We are thankful, Mother. I’m glad it was you who was taking care of this…” Dad looks at me straight in the eyes and I see the anger burning in his gaze. Well, fuck. “This disappointment.”

Ouch! That hurts. Even dad has decided to stop playing the good, nice but strict parent in front of Clarke. Now more than ever I’m afraid of facing her, I don’t want to see her expression. I feel embarrassed by my parents, by myself — I shouldn’t be so quiet but I really know what I should
expect from the rest of my holidays and it’s not pretty. I don’t want to harm myself with this anymore.

“I don’t think…” I know that Clarke means well but contradicting my father is the prelude of an apocalypse. *Is she insane?* I hit her discreetly in the foot and she luckily gets my drift.

“Thank you for the ride, Mother.” *In more than one aspect, I must say.* I hurry to take a step towards the house and use all my will power not to look back.

But then she does it.

“Oh! Before you go I’d like to set an appointment with you both on Sunday after the Mass to have a little talk, if that’s ok.”

I don’t know if any of you have ever played the Rockstar videogame ‘Red Dead Redemption’. It’s like a western GTA, for those of you who haven’t heard of it. It’s ok. The thing is that in the game you can use a lasso to drag people while riding your horse, I’m telling you this because I think I have some rope somewhere in the house and Clarke seems to need a ride. What the fucking fuck? I can’t believe her… My anxiety is spiking again, my chest feels heavy and there’s no fucking oxygen in the air, why isn’t there oxygen here? *Fuck, not in front of them, please.* What does she want to tell them? Is this about the night ties, is that it? Didn’t I expressly tell her that I didn’t want her to do this? It looks like my opinion doesn’t count at all, even if I am the one with the problem and the one who is going to suffer the consequences when this blows up in our faces. I don’t know what she’s thinking about, seriously. I really thought she’d know better.

“There will be no problem, Mother.” I’m not fucked but I will be. Both of my parents are staring at me out of the corner of their eyes.

With a last nod, Clarke looks at me for the last time before going back to her car. Is this like a full established adult thing? They do whatever they want without caring about your opinion or how it could hurt you because they think that they are in possession of the ultimate truth, they are always right and you’re not because you are younger so your desires about things that will affect your life just don’t matter — and then they flee the scene, leaving you alone to confront the consequences of their ego. I’m pissed, I’m really upset. How dare she? Who does she think she is? How could I’ve been so stupid to trust her? *Shit.* My parents don’t even wait for her to leave before they guide me quite rudely inside the house. Once the door closes behind us, my father grabs me by the arm sinking his fingernails in the flesh and drags me aside, slamming my back against the wall.

“We were worried sick, have you lost your mind?” my mother mutters, rising her hand in front of me. I thought I was finally too old for this shit but I see that I was wrong. Lucky me, we have visitors for the weekend so whatever they have for me will have to wait until Monday.

“Sure,” I huff. Dad releases the grip on my arm and my back hits the wall again. That may have hurt a little bit more, but just a bit. In moments like these I’m glad I have experienced so much hardcore sex that I’ve kind of gotten used to these things; otherwise it would have hurt as hell. “I had to fix my scholarship formulary and then we got caught in a summer storm, what did you want me to do?”

“Don’t you dare talking back to us, missy.”

This is the first time in a long time that my father has called me that. He knows I hate it to a different level, he knows it makes me feel tiny and belittled. There was a time he would use that word when I wasn’t good enough, when I wasn’t strong enough, which is not only madly sexist but also a really twisted way to ‘motivate’ your children. How I have ended up being this fucked up mess is not a big mystery, is it?
“When your friends are gone we’re going to have a chat.” That must be the way parents call it these days… Mom steps back to unblock the way. “Now go and smile, they are not here to see that long face.”

Of course. My mother in all her glory, ladies, gentlemen and gentlepeople. She’s right, though… or maybe it seems like that because I haven’t had enough sleep. It’s just that it’s been a year since I last saw them, let’s try to enjoy the moment. Maybe this is the distraction I need right now, and that’s the reason why I have the brightest of the smiles when I enter the living room. However, they probably haven’t been able to see it when a gigantic mass gets into my space, surrounds me and lifts me, basically asphyxiating me in the process.

“I’ve missed you, little one.” Ok, at least now I know I won’t die from a stray bear hug, I’ll die from a stray Lincoln hug. I don’t know what’s deadlier.

“Bitch, I can’t breathe,” I struggle to say and he puts me back slowly on the ground. Damn, I’ve missed these freaks. “Who are you calling ‘little’, Teddybear?”

“Sorry, I got overexcited.”

Now I can see him. Lincoln hasn’t changed at all since we were in high school. Really, during his senior year he grew up like a feet and got super ripped and since then the only change has been his haircut and his tattoos. They all have tattoos, I’m so jealous.

I didn’t remember how contagious Lincoln’s wide smile was. I didn’t remember I didn’t need to pretend with them.

“Shame on you, Lex.” I know that voice too well. “Phones and the Internet are made to keep in touch with people, you know?”

“Both of them work in both directions, Anya.”

We look at each other for a couple of tense seconds before Anya’s straight face and indifferent attitude finally falls to give way to her usual cocky smile. Then she stands up, and hugs me tightly, hiding her face in my hair. Anya might be impulsive and problematic, and her principal hobby might be getting me into trouble, but you have no idea of how much I missed her snarky ass. Not even I did realize I needed her, all of them, so much until this very moment when a wave of comfort strikes me, finding this very much desired solace in her embrace.

When we finally separate, Indra’s arms replace hers. I missed this, the big family we are or we were. Now it seems quite small, to be honest, and it’s all my fault. I’m not surprised of confirming Luna is not here, she doesn’t even talk to me anymore and I can’t blame her. I didn’t have high hopes on Caris coming either — she was closer to Luna than any of us, after all. And the last thing I heard of Gustus? Surprisingly, he seems to be dating Luna now so… no, he’s not coming. From all I’ve done in my life, from all the things I’ve screwed up, being the responsible of Trikru’s separation is the one I regret the most. We were unique, we had been like one only person since we were kids and yeah, we had our fights and dramas (Roan’s desertion took a toll on all of us) but we had survived, we had fixed almost every strained bond and stayed together come rain or snow. But I had to break Luna’s heart and separate Caris and Gustus by association. I don’t know how I ended up fucking everything up — or well, that was precisely the problem, wasn’t it? Sorry, I make puns when I don’t feel ok.

Indra has always been the mom friend; a strict one, but your friend after all. She won’t let me go until we have made up for all the hugs we haven’t had during the year apart. Only then I realize there’s actually someone else in this room.
“Lexa, meet my boyfriend, Nyko.” A huge, bearded man, obviously older than us and also covered in tattoos, grabs Anya’s hand and offers me the other one. I would be lying if I said this is not at least a bit weird. Don’t get me wrong, we all have known about his existence for more than a year now; however, hearing about him and actually meeting him are two very different things.

I know what every single one of you is wondering so let’s address the elephant in the room. Have I had sex with Anya since she left TonDC to go to college? It would be just too easy huffing and asking you what you think because I think at this point you know me enough to know the answer. Because once I left home and saw myself released from my parents’ yoke I felt so high and free everything got a bit out of control, you know part of that already. Because you don’t know Anya and she doesn’t know about me. Actually, none of them do and I highly doubt that my parents have told them anything about why I am here and what I am doing. As far as they know, if I haven’t contacted them since the beginning of the summer, it has been because I’ve ended up this year feeling so exhausted I just needed a break, which is not far from reality but there’s one big detail they’re missing, as you already know. I have no problem with that, I have always thought it is better this way, but I never believed these words so strongly as I do when the door opens and a girl appears. Lincoln’s girlfriend, the love of his life, his alleged soulmate. Octavia Blake.

Yeah, I think our matching horrified expressions are a perfect depiction of the heart attack we’re just suffering.

The summer festival party ends up in my house, as it always happens even if this is precisely the most dangerous place for us all because of, well, you know, my parents. They don’t seem to mind having us at this late… or early hours in the morning having our little particular fiesta in the living room with the alcohol Anya and Lincoln have been so generous to bring. It’s not the savage parties we have gotten used to have every summer in LA but it hasn’t been but at all.

I don’t know if it is because I’ve participated in the organization of the event, but the party has been more fun than any other year I have ever attended. There was cold wine and beer and music. Every single person in the town has come to dance at the sound of the popular music and even some current songs — everyone but our beloved priest. Clarke has only stood there, in the threshold of the church’s main door, observing the scene of joy and fun in front of her but never joined. I didn’t talk to her either although our gazes crossed for one hot second. I’m angry at her, I am, I’m more than that, I’m furious. She has betrayed my confidence and belittled my desires and I’m not sure if I can get over it or if I will ever able to do so. It just wasn’t so difficult to respect my wishes and experience treating fragile topics with my parents and just shut the fuck up! I’m disappointed.

“Wait, you’re adopted?” Nyko’s slurs take me out of my drunken mind and I take another sip of my second gin&mint of the night, served by my dear cousin Anya like the one that has come after at least three beers. I feel fuzzy but really cool, guys.

Anya looks at him with a frown on her face and leans a bit over his boyfriend and for the first time in the night I realize her hand is drawing patterns on my thigh right below the cut of my shorts. I almost jump away with my heart when I catch Octavia looking at us — she is the one close and sober enough to notice. Unlike me, Octavia’s behavior has been impeccable. She has not had a single sip of alcohol and while she has integrated perfectly with the band she has followed effortlessly our silent agreement of feigning ignorance. As far as they know, we have met tonight for the first time and it has been so natural for us I can’t help feeling a bit guilty about Lincoln. It’s not like she was dating him when we slipped up at the SAA but still… not telling him, especially him, feels wrong. What the fuck am I thinking? I need some water.
“Baby, I thought it was obvious I am half Asian?” Anya laughs too loud even if she hasn’t drunk that much. Is she nervous? Is she excited? It is not normal for her to laugh like that. “Have you seen my uncles and cousin’s pale asses?”

“I just didn’t think after all you’ve told me about this place…” Nyko tries to excuse himself and starts hiccupping. He’s such a nice guy, I’m happy for Anya, despite the fact that her fingers are already slipping under the fabric of my denim shorts.

_Damn, not again._ Why does she have to be that way every time we meet? At least I’m glad to see that Octavia’s look is not one of despise or judgment — on the contrary, she looks pissed at Anya’s attitude and gives me a knowing and supportive look. I knew I liked this girl for a reason, she’s a fierce cutie and I’m really glad that Lincoln and she have found each other.

“It was literally in fashion that year that couples that couldn’t have children adopted ‘exotic’ kids,” Indra answers bitterly. Really, what doesn’t happen in this freaking town doesn’t happen anywhere else in the country.

Anya’s hand is getting way too up my thigh and I already feel fast and intense beatings in between my legs. _Fuck, what if…_ I really need some water, so I stand up as fast as I can and I go to the kitchen at a steady pace. _No more alcohol for you, Lexa._ This is why I don’t usually drink; thoughts of actually letting Anya touch me even when they are all there chit chatting are intolerable now. I want to heal, I really want to but… _Fuck, I’m a mess!_ I fill a glass with cold water and drink it fast enough for my head to hurt. _Damn!_

“Lexa.” My heart skips a couple of beats before I realize it’s not Anya talking to me from the door. It’s Octavia, I’m safe… or I should be.

“O, what’s up?” She keeps looking at me, it’s useless trying to fool her. “I’m ok. A bit overwhelmed, that’s all.”

“I’m surprised, you’ve made more progress than I thought you would… well, after that.” She says, immobile in her spot. She doesn’t want to get closer and I respect that. She’s also trying, this is not easy for anyone.

“Likewise.”

She gives me a nod and we both draw a tiny smile on our faces. It’s not like we had talked much before fucking, we only used to talk about our experiences acting out with recovery purposes… Well, let’s be realistic, we had more flirtatious intentions than willpower to actually try to fix our problems. But now it’s different — the situation is and we both are too. We really want to try this time and maybe having someone who actually gets you to talk to is even beneficial.

“Lex!” _Oh no… “Oops, sorry.”_

In her attempt to enter the kitchen Anya stumbles on Octavia and gets confused for a second, time enough for me to sit on the counter and serve myself another glass of water to cool down. Is it working? Not at all, but now I may need to pee. I don’t know why I’m even doing thi- _Oh, right!_ I need to regain some control of myself, wash down the alcohol. If I do this, everything is going to be ok. _Everything is under control, everything is under… whatever._

Octavia looks from one to the other and shit, she’s getting overwhelmed. I can feel what she’s feeling, and that’s the worst part. Her chest heavens, her breathing rate increases, the throb sends heat all over her body feeling the need of taking her clothes off as soon as possible. _Please, don’t leave…_ But she physically needs to leave and I can’t blame her for it.
“I gotta…” She throws an apologetically look at me and exits the kitchen as fast as she can while not making drunk Anya suspicious.

Drunk Anya. She closes the kitchen door and places herself in between my legs. I’m having a déjà vu that I shouldn’t even… But fuck, I remember that time she ate me out on her parent’s garage, on the tools table. *Fuck, no, not that… fuck*. I have to get out of here.

“Anya…” She starts caressing the visible skin on my thighs and leaning to my cleavage to run her tongue through- “Anya, what are you doing?” I don’t know how I’m even managing to create a complete sentence but she doesn’t seem to hear me because her fingernails sink in my skin and she scratches up while her teeth bite my neck softly. No, I won’t release a moan, I won’t- “Anya, your boyfriend is in the living room we can’t…”

“I’m making you wet,” she giggles in my ear.

“Well, I’m the one shoving glasses of water down my throat, I’m sure I’m the one who…”

“Lex, I’ve missed you so much.” That cocky smile of hers again before licking a burning path from my clavicle to the line of my jaw. *Fuck her… No, I mean. Fuck!* Then she bites my ear and whispers: “Show me what you’ve learned for me this time.”

As usual, Anya doesn’t even know what she’s doing. For her, this is just a game, flirting, banging until exhaustion and “good bye, Lex”. For me, though, this is a relapse in my not well-handled problem. Anya has a boyfriend, a long term one, and for me, this would be acting out. For some reason I think of Clarke. This is exactly what we were talking about the other day, the kind of behaviors I want to avoid at all costs because even I can acknowledge this is absolutely wrong. I’ve done this many times before — having sex with women who already had partners. Girlfriends, boyfriends, husbands, wives… it didn’t matter and I never allowed myself to feel any kind of guilt — their partners were their problem after all — but now it’s different somehow. After meeting Nyko, after talking to Clarke… I don’t even know why I am taking her feelings towards this into account, especially after what happened this morning. I mean, Nyko is not Clarke and Anya is not her ex fiancée. I’m not hurting Clarke, I’m not…

For some reason I snap back to reality but I’m not on the kitchen counter anymore, I’m in the pantry, breathing against Anya’s sweaty neck. Her back against the wall, her legs surrounding my hips in a tight wrap while my fingers curl over and over again inside of her and my palm brushes her clit, so easily due to how drenched she is. Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit. *SHIT*. How have I even gotten to this point? The throbbing sensation in my clit is so fucking strong and powerful I feel like I’m searing. For some reason I bite and nip her hot skin and I get a soft tug on my hair in response. I cannot stop, I just… I can’t. I know this is wrong but at the same time it’s so intoxicating. Her soft moans trying not to abandon her throat, the way her body answers to my touches, the fact that my parents are practically above us and don’t have a clue her nymphomaniac daughter is fucking their ‘innocent’ niece in their fucking pantry… Hey, wait a second… Anya is my parents’ niece, so she’s my cousin, not a blood one but she is. I mean, of course I know she’s my cousin but, guys, she’s my cousin! Really, sometimes I don’t even know how I entered Harvard, I’m a fucking dumbass. So even if she’s adopted she’s my cousin and this is basically incest, which normal people would consider immoral? This has been on my list for a long time but now it’s worse, now it’s a pseudo-incest aggravated with cheating. I’m double acting out. *Shit, this is sick.*

“I’m so close, Lex, harder”, she whispers in my ear and I growl. *Fuck*… How am I even going to tell this to Clarke? ‘Hey, mmm, Clarke. So… I’ve done a lot of kinky stuff in my life you already know of but on the top of that I’ve fucked my own cousin a bunch of times. The last one? Yesterday! While her boyfriend and my friends where chitchatting and drinking in the living room and my
“Oh, Lex, fuck”, Anya moans against my shoulder and I can feel her walls clenching around my fingers.

Suddenly, I hear a noise in the kitchen and I practically jump back. Anya struggles not to fall and looks at me completely taken aback. I’m terrified, frozen in place, waiting for someone to walk in on us. My fingers still glistening with Anya’s cum. Again. I’ve done it again. Have I actually made any progress during this couple of months? What the fuck is wrong with me? And now we’re going to get caught if not naked (because I can see Anya fixing her garments out of the corner of my eye), all flustered and disheveled and this is not good. However, the noise passes and nobody enters the pantry.

Then, Anya giggles at my terrified reaction, bites her lip and kneels on the floor to unzip my shots. She kisses my abdomen and runs her tongue to south while sliding down my shorts as well as my pants. Yes, I’m wearing the horrible cotton panties, and yes, Anya snorts when she sees them but luckily she’s too focused and horny to say anything. She bites on my mound and normally I would just hurry her to put her tongue where I need but now, now I can’t. I won’t.

“I… need to pee,” I say putting my pants up and running through the door.

I don’t look back, I don’t listen to Anya when she calls my name. I just enter the bathroom and lock myself inside to pee, that’s right, but also to splash some water in my face. When I get some release after emptying my bladder, everything seems a little different, not much but it’s an appreciable difference. As I knew it would happen, I’ve screwed this up again. I look in the mirror and realize I’ve just smeared my mascara all over my face and now I look like a ferocious raccoon but I don’t really care.

I need to get out... A madly stupid idea slips my mind when I see the bathroom window.

I land perfectly on the ground and start running with no direction in mind against the cold breeze of the night. There’s nobody in the streets anymore and I just need to run and run full speed until this heat disappears, until this insane throbbing stops or I’ll go mental. The thin clothes I’m wearing feel sticky against my sweaty body. I can’t handle the heat anymore, I cannot handle anything of this anymore. My life is just passing by and I feel like I’m going to die any time from this, I feel like I’m burning inside and fuck, I want this to stop. I act out, all the time, but I swear there’s not wickedness behind my actions, just naivety, the innocence of thinking I can fight this. I cannot, who am I kidding? How could I think I could beat myself when I’m just too weak? This is what it is — a compulsion, a frustrated desire that makes me spend sleepless nights and watch my life like a stranger while I just destroy everything and everyone and for what exactly? I shouldn’t live surrounded by people, I’m just going to hurt them. I hurt Anya, I’ve hurt Luna so much… and Caris, I’ve hurt Indra with the whole Gustus thing, I’ve definitely hurt Nyko and I know I’ll drag Octavia with me again and I’ll hurt Lincoln in the process. My cursed and doomed destiny.

I feel my eyes watering. No, fuck! Don’t you cry, you stupid, fucking... whore! I kick a wall, literally kick a wall and I’m not wearing the most appropriate shoes to do that. An intense pain runs from my toes to my leg. Fuck! I’m super drunk. Tomorrow this will hurt way more than now but I don’t give a fucking shit. I hit the stone wall of the abandoned house with my bare fists and lean against it with my forearms and my forehead, trying desperately to contain the tears that try to slip down my cheeks. Another pang in my legs indicates me I’ve fallen on my knees and I think I might be bleeding but it must just be that I’m drunk and fuck I don’t feel well at all. I claw my fingernails in the skin around my eyes once and again, trying to stop them but they won’t. Fuck! I can’t breathe, I can’t… Fuck! How many panic attacks have I had already this weekend. Oh my god I need to move, I need to… I’m moving, I’m running again, I’m… I stumble and fall against another wall, this one sharper than
the other. It’s the church. I’ve come to the church.

“Oh, no…” I think I’ve said that out loud but I’m not totally sure.

This is what happens when you don’t usually drink and then get drunk on beer and gin. _Well, done, Lexa, simply well done, you bitch._ And why not? I had to come right to the only place I don’t… I laugh out loud, wiping unsuccessfully the tears of my eyes. How could I not come to the only person who cares about me and can help me? Or at least she says so. Fuck! Fuck everything! _Fuck you!_ Oops, I think I’ve just hit the vestry door. This behavior is almost as useless as I am, I need to speak to her, I need her, I… I hear the key entering the lock and the door opens.

“Lexa”, she looks so beautiful in her blue robe, her hair up in a messy ponytail and her eyes wide open due to the surprise. “Are you ok? I thought you were with your friends?”

My heart clenches for some reason inside of my heavy chest. She always cares about me first, she hasn’t even asked me why I’m here bothering her at this ungodly hour. She’s an angel and I’ve tainted her. Out of the blue I feel a bit dirty, like my skin and innards were covered in mud and mold. My egoistical self has dragged her to a hell with me, I shouldn’t even be here if what I want is to save her the pain. I guess I’m so selfish I just can’t get away from her discreetly and wait until this horrible summer ends to never come back. Clarke deserves much better company than I am.

“I have a real confession to make.” Her eyebrows crease in a sharp furrow, I’m not sure if it’s because of my petition or my slurring voice. Anyway, she steps aside slowly to let me in.

“Do you want to go to the confessional?”, I shake my head to both sides, maybe a bit too exaggeratedly but, again, I’m quite drunk still so I wouldn’t know. “Ok then, follow me.”

I walk behind her barely raising my feet from the ground and together we climb up the stairs to the tower. To her bedroom. Kane will always be the Vicar but Clarke is a priest, even if she’s not technically an official one, every single second I’m with her I’m not only acting out but also making her do the same. She only turns on the light of the little lamp on her night stand. Under the dim light she’s even more breathtaking, something I had never thought possible. I wish there were some candles here.

Clarke closes the door behind my back and moves around me to face me given that I don’t bother (or can’t) turn around to do so. Her scowl is still there, waiting for an explanation of my behavior. Expecting the worst of my confession.

“Well?”, she folds her arms in front of the chest. Yeah, she already knows.

“I’ve…”, I feel quite stupid and clumsy, stuttering the words I… I shouldn’t even be afraid to tell because we’re not even dating, we’re just fucking occasionally. And she’s my doctor, or friend-doctor, that’s what she is. This has been therapy, nothing else. “I’ve acted out tonight.”

She inhales deeply through her nose, the quietest she can. She’s processing my words with a straight face and I can just stay still and keep telling her my sins. This is more similar to a confession that I thought it would be at first.

“You saw us at the festival. My friends and I were having fun and then we went back to mine and kept partying, my parents didn’t mind I was out until late”, I begin and she starts swinging slightly. “We were talking and laughing and Lincoln was really cute, you know, with his new girlfriend… who I might or might not have slept with before…” Clarke’s expression doesn’t change a bit. I’m getting truly scared, “… and I ran out of water. I had a bit to drink… Well, more than a bit but I only had a sip of my second drink… I don’t even want to think what would have happened if I had drunk
"Lexa, get to the point already”, she hurries me and now I know for sure she knows what I’m going to say.

“I just went to the kitchen to have a glass of water… or two and Anya followed me so…”

“You had sex with her”, she sentences in a low voice, huskier than usual.

“I fucked her against the wall of the pantry.” My stomach twists when her lips turn into a thin line on her face. I wish I could just go back in time, back to that very first day in church when I put my eyes on her. Back to the day my parents borrowed my iPod and listened to the freaking men moans. Back to when all this distress wasn’t even something I could actually feel, back to when Clarke wouldn’t have to relive this feeling.

“Did you enjoy it?”, I don’t know why she’s asking that if she already knows the answer. She’s angry. No, she’s furious. Clarke tenses her muscles and clenches her jaw, her eyes never leaving my face, her voice never being too loud. “Have you gotten off already?” she takes a step towards me, but I don’t even bother to change my position.

“Yes, I enjoyed banging her but no, Clarke, I didn’t come”, I don’t waver. You know what? I… I shouldn’t feel like I have committed the worst of crimes. She’s an adult woman and she’s not my girlfriend, we’re not in a monogamous relationship or anything. “I didn’t let her touch me.”

Clarke releases all the air remaining in her lungs and unfolds her arms. She didn’t expect that and neither did I, to be honest. Anya would have fucked me merciless on the floor, she would have eaten me out in the pantry between the bread and the canned food and I would have come so many times in such a short time I wouldn’t even have been able to remember my name if asked. However, I ran away to Clarke. Why? Because it would have happened the same that always happens?

“Why?”, she asks but I don’t really have an answer. Not a fully honest one at least.

“I didn’t want to get pleasure from acting out, I guess”, and I shrug.

Her gaze falls to the ground while simply nodding and she turns around to the bed. Her silky hands search for the covers to get them ready, to prepare herself to get under them. She’s hiding. Clarke is feeling the need of hiding from me.

“That’s good, that’s good,” she says but there’s nothing good or alive in her voice. She’s just like a robot, like an impersonal doctor. She’s keeping her distance from me and I can’t help thinking she’s right. That’s what she needs after all. “That’s good news, Lexa, you are progressing.”

Her words sound so emotionless, so fake, for a second I don’t know if I’m looking at Clarke or my apartment’s entrance mirror. I want the real Clarke to come back, I don’t want her to put those walls up. For some reason my hand is already up, reaching for her, pulling her slowly closer to me by her hips. Because that’s the only way I know to make her feel something good, it’s the only way I know not to harm anyone. My lips don’t take too much to suck on her pulse point once our bodies are flush together; however, the fun ends too soon too. Clarke steps back putting some physical distance between us and I know for sure this is not ok.

“I think we should get some sleep,” she says in the same plain tone. “If you want to stay, you are welcome. I’m really tired.”

“Is this because of Anya? Are you mad at me because I’ve acted out?” I keep staring at her for long seconds without getting an answer. She won’t give me one.
Clarke takes off her robe in front of me to observe her figure only covered by the dark and some thin panties. A breathtaking view, seriously, not good for me right now. Then, she curls up on a side of the bed. I take the other one, looking away from her right to the opposite direction, not knowing what to tell her. I don’t quite understand it yet, I don’t get why I’m feeling this poisonous guilt, why she’s angry with me. Why should this matter to us like this? If there’s even an ‘us’, which there is not, it doesn’t exist. *Fuck my life.* I roll on the mattress and look at her carefully. Her breathe rate is way too fast. She’s nervous, she’s… oh, she’s so mad and I can’t do anything but caressing her back from the base of her neck to the end of her spine. Only when I start trailing it again she turns around to face me and I see her eyes slowly watering.

“Clarke, has it hurt you that I’ve acted out tonight?”, I ask again and she gulps, her gaze never leaving me. Finally she breathes heavily and gives me an answer.

“Yes.”

Why? How? Why does it hurt me as well as it hurts her? How on Earth have I managed to make her suffer? We’re not together, this shouldn’t be happening. We are only two people, two women who occasionally fuck because I’m a needy sex addict and she’s a needy sexless priest-doctor who is trying to help me and we love fucking and touching each other so it’s just the most natural conclusion. Only that’s not true. Booty calls don’t ask after you when you are sick and they don’t see you around, sex pals don’t call you out when needed and try to understand what you’re going through and try to help you, they don’t grab your hand determined to walk by your side on your painful way. That’s not true because you don’t feel guilty over cheating on a sex pal nor go to their house when you feel like shit. Sex pals don’t take you out to bars to have a coffee or a beer and play pool and make you even forget for a second there might be sex waiting for you when you go back to town.

I sit up on the bed, supporting my weight with one elbow to look at her from another perspective. Sex pals don’t need to do that not to get flashed by the beauty of the other. She follows suit straightening a bit and I can’t help myself. I reach down, grabbing the back of her neck and I press our lips together. I can still remember the first time I did this with her, it was a very different atmosphere, maybe even the opposite situation, and at that point I didn’t really see what I had before me, I only wanted a kinky fuck. I kiss her lower lip and then the upper one, sucking on them the softest I can because I know she likes it when I’m slow and gentle. When she kisses me back I feel the roof and the sky opening above us and something wet runs down my cheek. I part our lips for a second, expecting to see her finally crying bitter teardrops of sadness but she’s not. It’s me, those are my tears. I can’t believe I’ve hurt her, I’m the worst.

“I’m so sorry, Clarke”, I blurt out and that’s my heart talking, I can’t even think straight right now. “I’m so, so sorry...” and I have to sniff because my nose and actually my entire face are getting drenched.

Her gaze checks meticulously my face and she must have decided that she doesn’t mind because she kisses me even more intensely. My lips are quivering and I need to gasp for air but that doesn’t stop me from worshiping her lips with mine. Clarke sucks on my lower lip eagerly, nibbles it, runs her tongue through it. I know she has waited for this for a long time, I just didn’t expect her to take so much pleasure from a kiss. To be fair, I didn’t expect myself loving this so much. Clarke has this little mole over her upper lip… It drives me crazy. I just want to kiss her forever and now I may have screwed it up because I’ve hurt her. How could I do that? I’m so unworthy of Clarke — of her, who cared for me when she didn’t have to. Of her, who wanted to help me when she should have hated me. Of her, who’s a dork but also super intelligent and kind and one of the funniest people in the world, all despite being a doctor-priest. I’m so unworthy of Clarke, she deserves the universe and I only can give her sulfur. Still, for some reason I don’t understand yet, she seems to like me.
I’m melting into her kiss, I’m melting into her touch. Clarke needs more and more of me and I’m not one to deny her anything she wants — she could take everything from me right now and I wouldn’t bat an eyelid, to be honest. She craves me and I love it, she straddles me and I let myself go. Clarke’s worth it; I trust her and for some reason she thought she could trust me. I owe her, I’ve hurt her.

What have I done? Clarke unzips my shorts with an astounding ability, but I’ve already told you in several occasions about her magical hands, haven’t I? However, I don’t deserve them, I don’t deserve her or any pleasure. How could I allow that after acting out tonight? So I slide down the blankets, leaving those beautiful lips much to my dismay, and nibble and worship with mine a loving path down her large chest to her abdomen. Playing with her navel, I use my hands to pull down her underwear and once the offensive garment is out and lost Clarke gets it. I taste her salty wetness immediately when she sits on my face. Damn, she’s drenched and I love it. My tears and her juices mix in a messy festival of moans while she grinds on my face but still, it’s amazing. I’d let her take all the control, I’d let her use me to get the gratification she seeks but I want her to find the most intense pleasure she’s able to and I can offer her, so I grab her butt cheeks and rotate her a bit while my tongue runs her folds in a zig-zagging path. Her clit is so swollen I struggle not to touch it while I tease her but once the time arrives she cries out and tugs carefully on my hair. I suck on it, I circle it, I know how she likes it and my chest flutters seeing that she’s really enjoying herself. But then her tug disappears and her moans cease abruptly.

“Stop.” At first I’m not sure if I’ve heard it right so I keep lapping and sucking until she repeats it. “Lexa, stop!”

I do, of course, how wouldn’t I? I retreat myself and climb up her body wishing for her not to separate so soon but she does. Clarke lays on her side of the bed, her back flat on the mattress and her eyes closed. What did I do wrong? Oh, well, I know what I’ve done, it has been truly foolish of me thinking kisses and pleasure could erase my neglectful behavior. I am not a raging sex addict for nothing. If Clarke wouldn’t want to be anywhere near me, I’d not blame her.

“Are you ok?” I dare to ask but she won’t look at me. I wouldn’t look at me either.

“Yes, I only need to get some sleep.”

We stay in silence, waiting for our sleep to come although it seems that it has left us here to die, forgotten under the weight of betrayal and confusion. I’m not sure how much time passes — maybe a minute, maybe fifteen, an hour even; however, before I even get to submit to the exhaustion the mattress moves under Clarke, who is turning to face me. I don’t wait until she speaks to face her.

“Have you ever kissed Anya like this?” I don’t even have to try to remember to know the answer.

“No.” It’s simple like that, I hope she believes me because right now I don’t seem like the most trustworthy person in her eyes. That’s also kind of unfair, you now? And at the same time I totally deserve she never wants to be around me again. “The only girls I’ve ever kissed for the sake of kissing have been Costia, Luna and now you, Clarke.”

I’ve never been more honest in my life. No, I don’t think so. I’ve just finished baring my soul with her but does she even trust me anymore? Her silence doesn’t give away much at first but the she opens her arms, inviting me to sleep with her. Ok, I’m going to cry again and I don’t want to because that’s weakness and I… She hugs me and I rest my head on the crook of her neck. I’ve never fallen asleep so fast before.

When I was dating Luna for those two weeks during which we had an insane amount of sex (as if it wasn’t obvious) I never felt comfortable staying the night, sleeping with her in my arms. It wasn’t
exactly her, it’s just sleeping alone allows you to have all the space for yourself and without another body next to yours you don’t get too hot to sleep during the night. That’s why I cannot understand why Clarke’s body and mine fit so well together, like two pieces of a puzzle. It’s fucking hot outside but I don’t feel the need of separating from her. Actually, my skin tingles against hers, warms up quite nicely with the soft feeling of her body. I find comfort in the beatings of her heart, in the fresh breeze of her breath against my neck, in the way she tangles her legs with mine. This contagious calm gives me this sensation of safety that makes sleeping easier than ever before and the joy that fills my chest and erases from my mind any desire of waking up.

A loud gasp when I come back from my particular dreamland betrays me and Clarke starts nuzzling my neck, leaving beautiful butterfly kisses here and there.

“I knew you were the little spoon,” she hums and it’s true. Somehow we have moved during the night and we’ve waken up to Clarke hugging me from behind, a leg on top of mine and her lips brushing my shoulder.

“Am not,” I groan but it’s not like I have any intention to move either. “I am the front spoon, I’m protecting you… from any evil enemy that can appear.”

“Through the window?” It seems that at some point I’ve also become the butt of the jokes.

“Hmmm.” I must also say that I have a massive hangover so moving right now, even the least bit, is totally off the table.

She seeks for one of my hands to entwine our fingers and press me tight against her body. This is… pretty nice. And hot, I mean, I can feel her boobs against my back and her core adjusting on the back of my thigh. Clarke’s not wet, though, maybe this is the first time we have been so close and she isn’t drenched but it’s relieving, really — I always am, even if my stomach burns and my head is threatening to burst, and I need someone who sets another mood to have a proper conversation. Furthermore, I don’t rationally think that after what happened last night we should do anything until we have a little talk. Yeah, yeah, I can’t believe I’m the one saying that either. For what is worth, I’m not drinking ever again… Who am I kidding? I drink maybe twice a year and I always end up like this. *Fuck!* My head feels heavy and I hate everyone on Earth, especially the creators of the beer and the gin&mint.

“How are you feeling?” she whispers softly in my ear.

“Badly.” Shit, I don’t want to put this annoyance on her but I can’t help my snarky tone.

“Wait here.” Clarke attempts to leave the bed but I’m not going to let her hand go for a lot of different reasons. I’ve already told you I didn’t plan to move, haven’t I? “Lexa, I’m just going to bring you some water.”

“Don’t go, I’m fine.” That could have been more believable if the sudden light of her room hadn’t made me hide my face under the pillow with a deep snarl.

“I’ll be right back.” She places a butterfly kiss above my navel and the mattress moves under her body, making my head spin.

Come on, Lexa! Yeah, I can think of all the positive and cheering up things that I want but this is not happening any time soon. Damn, I feel like I’ve been run over by a truck full of lead. Don’t ask me how but I get to drag my dead body from under the pillow and take a deep breath without barfing before making the most difficult and exhausting abs work ever in the history of the world. *I liiiiiiiive!!!* No, actually I’m way closer to the dead kingdom than the living one; I even need to lean
my head against the wall in a sat up position to stop the world from moving around me.

At least Clarke has told the truth. Barely a few seconds later she rushes into the room with a bottle of cold water and a glass, an oversized band shirt covering her nudity. She sits on the bed beside me and fetches me the glass, filling it with water right after.

“Drink slowly,” she warns me. "You should drink the whole bottle but I don’t want you to suffer a crisis of hyponatremia.”

I finish the first glass before even thinking of a proper answer for her. I don’t really know if this water is going to settle my stomach and calm my headache or make me throw up. I’m going with the latter.

“I don’t understand a thing when you speak,” I tell her while she serves me the second glass. Clarke only chuckles with a small smile in her face before giving me the real response.

“Alcohol makes you dehydrated and irritates your stomach. The hangover comes mostly from the dehydration so in order to stop it you must drink water but beware because if you drink too much you could… dilute your blood, so to speak.”

It is fascinating, actually. I always thought the pain came from the neurons destruction which is stupid, now I think of it, because the brain per se has no nerve endings. Yeah, I have learned that from Clarke too, she’s super smart. How is she so clever? Anyway, I just stick to following her orders and trying to keep the bones of my skull together. Only thinking about what I, as a responsible, rational and mature adult have to do now my stomach churns and, really, I’m pretty sure I’m going to vomit.

A couple of glasses into Clarke’s treatment with her head on my shoulder still come before I finally decide to take a break and hold her hand in between mine.

“Clarke, we need to talk.” This was meant to be just the beginning of a long, deep and unplanned speech in which I’d explain myself and all the things I’ve experienced in these few weeks but everything falls into oblivion when her lips claim mine.

While I expect this to be a tender, good morning kiss, Clarke seems not to be in the same page as me. Her teeth graze my lower lip and, fuck, I’m sure I must have a hideous morning breath between the beer, the gin and the night and shit! Her hands move fast and tenaciously, slipping under my top to scratch my abs.

My deadly hangover seems to be the only one with enough common sense here and I’m rather glad it does — we so need to have a serious conversation and clarify this confusing and weird sex-bond or whatever it is what we have and without this pounding headache I could fuck Clarke even with a protein-melting fever. Great, now I’m talking like her.

“Clarke… Ah… Clarke,” I manage to say against her lips. I don’t have water in my body, I don’t have oxygen anymore either. What do I have? My world is spinning around me, a massive headache and a pathological throbbing pulsation where I shouldn’t right now. That’s all I have.

“What? You don’t want to fuck me?”, she asks flirtatiously while yanking her shirt and throwing it out of sight. Her mouth muffles the needy moan that escapes my lips at the display of her… I was going to say ‘her naked body’ but it’s basically her boobs. They are just breathtaking.

Clarke leaves the empty glass and the bottle on her night stand and straddles me, trying immediately to get some friction against my lower belly. NOW she’s wet, soaked even. Well, fuck. I positively
think I’m going to faint; I do feel like passing out.

“Clarke,” I try to say but don’t get to oblige myself to separate from her to do so and probably everything she has heard has been something like ‘mfhfrk’.

She is the one who puts some distance between us instead, glancing at me murderously with a sharp frown while I fight against my eyes and my headache to be able to focus on looking at her in the eye. She’s visibly upset with my attitude and I may look on the edge of barfing, which I bet doesn’t make the situation any less infuriating for her.

“Please, Clarke, don’t do this.”

“What?!”, she lashes out way too loud and clenches her jaw. *Uh...oh...* “Did you give it so much thought before fucking your damn cousin or is it just me?”

Mmm... ok. Ok. Ok. Ouch! This probably shouldn’t have felt like a jab in the gut but it’s fair, it’s... Shit, I cannot think straight, she has kind of knocked me out in a lot of dimensions. Clarke’s really hurt, as I didn’t want to believe at first she would be — But she is and it’s all my fault. I’m scum, she has done nothing but help me and in return I... do this.

She clicks her tongue and I don’t know what kind of face I’m giving her right now but she just releases a deep, long sigh and rests her forehead against mine.

“I’m sorry, Clarke.” Fuck, my eyes are watering again. What’s going on lately with me and crying in public?

“Don’t,” she hurries to shut me up and places a brief kiss on my nose. “I’m the one who should apologize, that was completely uncalled-for.”

“Clarke...” She bends over the edge of the mattress to grab her band shirt and puts it on again. What a huge shame, to be honest. Then she cups my face with her soft hands and presses her lips on my forehead.

“I don’t know what...” She sighs again and wipes the tear that has finally dropped to my cheekbone. “I have no right to put any shame or blame on you for this or for anything. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have gotten so upset, I just...” Her teeth grit and she retreats a bit. The suffering, her struggle to find the most accurate words to verbalize her feelings is smudged all over her face. At the same time, she’s also afraid of finding them and I know this because I’m feeling the exact same thing.

“Clarke.” So I girl the hell up and go first. “We need to stop whatever this is right now.” Her eyebrows shoot up and her eyes open wide filling slowly with tears. I’ve seen Clarke breaking, I’ve seen her giving up and falling from grace, but this is by far the moment I’ve watched her being the most vulnerable. How on Earth am I managing to make things worse?

“What is this?” Thanks a lot for leaving the difficult questions to me. To me, a dumbass with a raging hangover. *Well, fuck...*

“I don’t know,” I answer in a display of full honesty. “Although whatever this is, it is going to break us both. It’s already hurting you, Clarke.” I’m already hurting her.

“I-I don’t have any right to get mad at you, Lexa; and I’m sorry I have handled this situation quite poorly, it has been totally unprofessional.”

“That’s exactly it,” I point out, encouraged by the discovery of a good path of reasoning. “We should start making of this a pure doctor-patient relationship.” Her eyes get filled with the shadow of pain...
again. *Fuck, how?* I take a deep breath and try to swallow the enormous lump stuck in my throat.

“Clarke, this is what I do and I know you will end up hurt and I will too because it also makes me suffer hurting you and fuck, you are a priest…”

“I’m not.”

“Ok, you’re training to be a priest.”

“Not anymore.” No shit, this is new. There’s no need of more words to encourage her to explain herself, only a confused frown and the residues of my hangover. “That’s why I went to the diocese on Friday. I quit.” My heart stops like out of order. I’ve definitely turned Clarke’s pacific and easy life upside down. “Don’t give me that look, I just couldn’t keep pretending this is what I’m meant to be when I have a crisis of faith with the first goddess that passes by the church.” What have I…?

Wait a second.

Has Clarke just referred to me as a ‘goddess’? If my heart keeps changing its rate this brusquely I won’t get to my thirties. *Oh, shit.*

“Fuck, Clarke.” Oddly enough for someone like me, my lips crave hers, my skin needs her warmth and softness all over but I have already made a decision, the best for us both. “Don’t you realize this is the only way we both can survive each other?”

“Maybe life should be about more than just surviving.” Her eyes lock mine in her shimmering cerulean light for a second before my innate thirst for her mouth starts fighting back, forcing my eyes to go from her blue eyes to her lips and from her succulent lips to her eyes. “Don’t we deserve better than that?”

Am I being selfish? Am I saving my heart before hers or hers before mine? Or worse! Am I pulling a Twilight on her trying to pull away even when we both want this, forcing her not to explore her feelings because I think I know better? She’s a grown up woman, almost ten years older than me, and Twilight shit is more of a Straights™ stupid trope. Clarke is strong and an adult, she can make her own decisions, she can take care of herself, it is all sass and badassery in that hot body. How stupid is that I, almost a teen who has never chosen wisely, am trying to save her from me? I don’t think it’s fair preventing both of us from allowing us to experience our mutual feelings… or whatever only because I’m too afraid of failing myself and her to even try. Because that’s what I’m doing, I’m assuming I’m too weak or too damaged to fight for this ‘till the end and to not ending up breaking her heart like I did with Luna’s, and also mine in the process. Both of our hearts broken in a million pieces. I will never trust myself enough to give this a try but what else can I do when all my experience is based on failure after failure and destroying everything I touch? I guess I already trust her more than I trust myself, so this is what I can do.

“Maybe we do.”

I kiss her upper lip first and then worship the lower one, sucking it softly in my mouth. Far from the nature of our kisses so far, this one is slow, more gentle, there’s no rush in our movements, just full delight of each other. I bump our noses affectively when changing the direction of the kiss and believe me when I say this is the most terrifying experience I’ve ever lived, and I’m rather prone to suffer from panic attacks, especially during my exam seasons. This is different, though, this doesn’t feel like dying in that horrific way. This doesn’t feel like exploding, like falling into the abyss; this feels like burning inside-out and emerging from your ashes, like leaving your soul behind in a rollercoaster and not getting it back because it has already ascended to the sky. This might feel like dying but the way when you don’t feel your body any longer. This feels like going to Heaven — if I’m ever going to have a religious epiphany, this is it. Only when I’m with her, only when her lips caress mine.
I don’t know exactly who has been but there’s definitely a high pitched whimper when our lips detach and I wouldn’t be surprised if it has been mine. Clarke fondles my arms, my shoulders, my neck, my cheeks and I know that smile is not less joyful than a wide one. It’s just cautious, new.

“Where do we stand?” When I finally catch my breath it is my time to make the hard questions.

“ I don’t know.” She gives me a tender peck as I entwine our hands together again. “Maybe we should just see where this drives us.” That’s the most sensible answer I’ve ever heard in my life and I’m not surprised at all it has come from her.

“Clarke,” I bury my hand in those gorgeous, blonde locks and glance at her. “I cannot promise I will never hurt you but I vow to do everything in my power in order to save you that pain.”

The tip of her nose brushes mine but even despite my want, our lips don’t press back together.

“I appreciate it,” she says against the skin below my ear and fast and skilled hands start wandering along her back, slowly sneaking under her shirt. “Now you need to go.”

What? No! Well, maybe I should before my friends and family actually start wondering where I am. Wait, what time is it? I peep at Clarke’s clock on the nightstand and I’m very appalled to learn that I’ve only slept three hours and still I feel more alive than I’ve felt in months. The thought of leaving her bed now, of separating from her, is rather unappealing if you ask me, even if the only way to get home in time not to be caught redhanded is now. So I whimper and try… Well, yeah, this is going to sound really bad but I actually try to get into her pants. This evening… morning… whatever has been just so eventful! I think I deserve some kind of rele… Oh! Maybe this is exactly the pattern of thought I shouldn’t be following if I want to detox. Nevertheless, Clarke seems to give in, buckling her hips to ask me to pass the barrier of her underwear. Clarke always does that right before leaving me sexually frustrated and psychologically devastated.

“I have to get ready for the Mass and you should go before the sun rises.” Of course she would say that but if she really wants that, why on Earth is she still grinding on me and devouring my mouth?!

Damn, this girl is savage. I sit up as graciously as I can and lay Clarke on the mattress, straddling her to get a dominant position. However, as soon as I detach our lips to get that unreal view that I can only get from her, all disheveled, all blushed, all… Yeah, a shadow crosses her face and that’s my final cue to go home and fuck myself if I want to fuck someone. You don’t do this to a sex addict, you just don’t…

“You really should go now,” she insists in between gasps, trying to recover her breath.

I’m starting to wonder if the problem here is that Clarke’s a top who only likes to bottom in special occasions — And don’t tell me you haven’t thought about this too because there’s no other human explanation for this hobby of hers of leaving me on the edge of jumping from the roof every single fucking time.

But it’s ok; no means no whatever the situation is and my concerns now are whether or not she’s still mad at me about Anya and how on freaking Earth I am going to handle spending the Sunday with her and the other Trikru with this searing arousal in my lower belly. This is definitely not a good start for whatever this is but I’ll be strong, I’ve sworn fealty to Clarke and I always keep my word. That or I may actually jump from a roof because I’m running out of patience with myself and this damn addiction.

“Ok.” I allow myself to lean in for a last kiss, fist ing the sheets above her head to prevent myself from going back to melt in her warmth. When I finally pull back we are panting again and she has
the cutest pout on her lips I’ve ever seen.” One last thing.”

“Tell me.” We both sit up on the bed and I really try, I do, to focus and be serious about this. Even she has noticed my struggle, her suddenly concerned look gives away that much.

“I need you to promise me you are not going to talk to my parents about the ties.”

“Lexa, I won’t let them do that to you ever again,” she sounds and acts actually offended but as she cups my face this time I can say I am not the one to blame, for once tonight.

“Listen to me. I know my parents, Clarke, it’s going to get much worse for me if they find out I’ve told you anything that could leave them in a bad position, please.”

These holidays still escape my understanding. If only five months ago I had seen myself like this, pinning and begging and tearing, I’d have punched myself in the face. Everything is different now, though. I’m kind of different too for her. For Clarke. I can see it and I know you can too, the way I’ve started to change in the short span of a month. For better or worse only time will tell.

Clarke tilts her head to the side and starts stroking my hair. I have mixed feelings about this kind of displays of affection, to be honest. I feel empowered but tiny at the same time and… ugh, I should stop dwelling on everything now, I’m too hungover for this. I’ll have time to go through this in one of my numerous dead moments and now it’s just causing me a lot of unnecessary distress.

“Do you trust me on this?” Fuck, why does she have to be like this? Sometimes the answer is not a matter of yes or no, it’s not so simple. I know Clarke would never hurt me on purpose but I can’t help feeling that someday these heroic tendencies of hers are going to backfire in the most unpleasant way. Life is not black and white, it’s a tone of shades of grey that fuck us up more often than not but she always insists in simplifying the reality. My future is uncertain, our relationship is too and there’s only a month ahead of me to start my last year before getting my much craved freedom. My scholarship is fixed because of her, my compulsions are more controlled than ever because of her (although this hasn’t been very difficult to achieve, precisely). In a simple world I wouldn’t have any reasons to hesitate.

“I do trust you, Clarke.” I’m honest when the words come out from my mouth, don’t think I’m not. I’m just keeping it simple.

Clarke’s eyes soften and her fingers run through my face to put a stray lock behind my ear.

“I know how difficult this is for you.” And I’m glad she gets it, or at least she really tries to. You can’t imagine how grateful I am for having met Clarke — and I’m sure this is something that will never change, not even if this ends up breaking me.

I nod slightly and use all my scarce willpower to leave her there, sitting on the bed with her rebellious hair covering her eyes raggedly. But I have to, I have to run home and sneak in through the still open bathroom window.

I find my friends passed out everywhere. Anya is in the hallway like she had been waiting for me until the alcohol took a toll in her. Nyko and Indra are sprawled on the sofa in the living room, their plastic glasses empty on the floor beside them. Lincoln and Octavia are cuddling on the ground, looking thoroughly happy to be in each other’s arms.

If my parents catch them like this, they are going to make us regret having skin.
“I am a sex addict.” Shit, I’m having flashbacks about the time I came out to them. A shiver runs down my spine only thinking of how similar this is and, actually, I’m sort of coming out to them as something else. “I’m not saying this just because, I’m actually diagnosed with an hypersexual disorder.”

As their facial expressions get disrupted with shocked rictuses I can tell nobody expected this revelation, which I don’t know if it’s sad because it shows how little they know about me and my ‘second vicious life’. Not even Octavia thought I could ever tell them — I had expressly told her and Raven during our sessions on SAA that my addiction was part of my life and therefore nobody else’s business. Don’t get me wrong, this is something I keep thinking and believing but then, why am I doing this, you’ll ask? Actually, I have no excuse for this sudden and random decision of disclosing the most secret part of my life right before attending the Sunday Mass, except maybe that I’m super sleep deprived yet high to a stars level on Clarke’s kisses. You have never read that. I’m also super sexually frustrated and I guess the main reason to do this has been making sure Anya knows this to warn her and also prevent her from keeping her flirtatious and explicit behavior whenever she’s with me, just for my mental health’s sake.

“A sex addict?” Indra’s surprise leaves place to a genuine concern. I knew she wasn’t going to blame me or take this in a bad way but her reaction really touches me.

“Like a nymphomaniac?” Anya’s lack of human empathy will never stop taking me aback. Her enthusiastic tone worries me to no end and makes Octavia stiffen in her spot. I give her a sideways glance wishing that I could comfort her — I have never had too many issues with that word, I heard it more often than not after all, but she hates it and I cannot blame her for it. Right now I just hope if there’s someone or something up there, please do not let Anya want to exploit my addiction to her pleasure. I can see her coming (and coming) from miles away and that look she’s giving me sends chills to my spine.

“That exactly, Anya, thank you for your assistance.” Despite my bitterness she just shrugs. “Look, guys, I just wanted to tell you this because I wanted you to understand what I’ve been doing and why I am here.” I still can’t wrap my mind around the reality of what I’m doing. At least we are walking, I wouldn’t be able to do this in a tense, dramatic atmosphere where everyone has taken a seat and the silence fills the room. “Because I… cherish you.”

“We love you too, Heda.” Lincoln passes his muscled arm around my shoulders and squeezes me gently. He’s a fucking cute teddybear and he didn’t have to address me as the Trikru Commander. If I start crying again and they see me, I’ll have to murder them all.

Our parents are waiting for us outside the church, in the park, just like when we were kids and suddenly I feel like I’m six again and nothing has changed. They are the same, we are the same, the swings and the rocking chair are the same and I’m not sure if that’s a good thing to feel. Luna, Caris and Gustus’ parents are there too, talking to mine joyfully and I’ve never been gladder of every LGBTQ+ Trikru member being in the closet with their families. I mean, I’m not and look at how it all turned out, imagine if Luna’s parents also thought I am the one who perverted and then disposed of their daughter. I’m sure the hicks of this shithole would throw us to a well and leave us there to die.

When we finally get there, the huge bells of the church are already ringing, too loud for a bunch of hungover young people like us. Thanks to Clarke, though, my headache has disappeared already but everyone else is trying to muffle the sounds and leaning on each other not to faint on the street.
Somehow I feel happy this morning, at least until I hear Lincoln whispering something in awe, something that is definitely going to give me a stroke.

“Azgeda.” We hadn’t met Roan in years.

Chapter End Notes

Translation of Spanish bits:
**Fuckboy (Jaime) #1: “Woohoo! Careful, Cage, she bites.”
**Fuckboy (Jaime) #2: “You're the hottest girl I've seen today.” "I'd like to feel you whole, baby."
**Lexa: Look, cheap Don Juan (similar to Casanova), you can grab that asshole you have as a friend and get the fuck out of here as if you had a rocket attached to your butts before I put this stick where bullfighters do to the bulls and I cut your tail (pun referring to his dick)

Yes, I'm kinda hating on Spanish people's brutal traditions. Yes, I'm Spanish so I know what I talk about. Yes, I HATE bullfighting and any other tradition that implies animal torture.
5th week - Baresches

Chapter Summary

5th week - Baresches

There they are Titus, Anya, a guy I like to think of as her boyfriend and… if it wasn’t already ludicrously hot in this Hell of a town, Lexa. Their skin is gleaming with sweat and slightly burned by the sun, their drenched sports garments sticking to their toned bodies and somehow, even if suffocated, they still look savagely calm. This is the first time I’ve properly met her since she left yesterday morning; I have seen her hobbling from afar, she’s hurt her foot one way or another and I’m not really surprised. Other than that, she has only sent me a couple of sneaky texts but only to give me bad news like “sorry but my parents won’t leave me alone” or “Anya’s gonna sleep in my room”. Come to think of it, I don’t even know how she got my number.

Chapter Notes

I never thought I could finish this episode lmao, it's the longest so far. I start my classes on September 5th but I'll try to keep following my uploading so the next one should be up for the end of the next month.

I'm dying to read your comments about this and your theories about the future ^^

Read you soon, keep sinning!

How long are her friends going to stay in TonDC? Ok, that’s terribly unfair. Most of them are wonderful people, actually — for example, Lincoln and Octavia are cuties, someone protect them. Damn, I’m talking like that brat again. Anyway, the one that I don’t like is her damn cousin, that one is more of a brat than her. Anya looks at her like Lexa was some sort of steak and it’s not just my wondrous imagination, there are actual facts on the table that justify my dislike for the girl. Really, what the fuck is wrong with her? She has a boyfriend; she’s in a monogamous and committed long-term relationship… or so I’ve heard, it’s not like I’ve been investigating her or anything. And what about her attitude? She moves around like she’s the damn mayor when her parents don’t even live here anymore. That’s one of the biggest problems. After her father’s decease from a heart attack, her mother moved to New York and sold the house so she has to stay with the Wildes. They are sharing room or even bed, I bet my doomed soul Titus and Tara allow her to do it because it’s their ‘trustful’ and ‘innocent’ niece we are talking about. When Lexa told me I swear I almost did something I’d have regretted later. Or not, but I guess we’ll never know.

Please, don’t think I’m a dominant prick, understand the situation for what it is. Lexa has a hypersexual disorder, which means she’s going to suffer sharing her room or she’s going to give in and believe me when I say any of those things are the last ones I want to happen. Shit, from Ellen Page to Donald Trump, how much of a terrible person I am if I admit I’d rather she suffered from
sexual frustration and the consequent sleep deprivation than she had sex with Anya… again? That… wannabe femme fatale tries to seduce her all the time, she flirts with her nonstop even when her boyfriend is present — for God’s sake! Even when Lexa’s parents are present! I saw them yesterday during the Sunday Mass. I’m not exaggerating when I say I’d have grabbed the holy chalice and hit that girl in the face as many times as it would have taken for her to lose all interest in messing with Lexa. Holy shit, what am I even thinking about? I’m trembling, my palms sweaty and my breath ragged. I’m a terrible adult, I’m fantasizing about being violent against a girl almost 10 years younger than me for being flirtatious with another girl almost in her teen years with whom I’m in a sort of relationship. That’s what Lexa does to me… No, that’s not fair. That’s what this stressing situation does to me.

I search for my phone with closed eyes for a longer time than my intelligence would demand of me but I finally get to grab it and unlock the screen to look at my messages. No one has asked for me, what a surprise. Father Kane told me he was going to text me the date of his arrival but he hasn’t, of course, and until he does I don’t have a clue about how long I have to be here smiling like an idiot to these homophobic, racist and sexist hicks while that treacherous woman is trying to fuck my… Lexa. She’s trying to fuck Lexa. Therefore, I cannot make any plans, I can only ask my mother to fix the papers of my Residency and cross my fingers for them not to arrive too late. It’s all my fault, I know it, Abby does and you do too. What have I done with my life? How on Earth, Hell or Pandora did I think it would be a good idea throwing everything away and trying to become a vicar? Firstly, Medicine was my life, my whole life, literally. Secondly, I’m way too gay for this job — and yes, I’m bi and proud, but you know perfectly what I mean, don’t be prickly.

It’s currently 6 a.m. on a Monday and I can’t believe I’ve had no sleep. I’ve already lost count of the times I’ve checked the hour on my phone. I’ve seen midnight, 1:30 a.m., 2:13 a.m., 2:25 a.m., 3 o’clock, 3:41 a.m. and from then on every half an hour until this very moment. It’s not because it’s too hot — the window is open, the sheets are soft, and the mattress as comfortable as always. Still, there’s something in the back of my mind, a turmoil of thoughts and fears that won’t let me have my relaxing time in dreamland. And while I’m here struggling not to throw myself through the window in an attempt to get unconscious and have some rest, I’m sure they have been banging all night. Let’s be honest, Lexa’s not strong enough yet to fight her compulsion, she’s not ready at all. I can picture her movements, I can hear her moans while that awful girl is touching her and hot saliva starts filling the back of my mouth. My skin feels like it’s being scalded, shit. My stomach churns and I know it, I know I’m going to throw up, I need to thr… I jump off my bed and barely make it to the bathroom before I can’t bear it anymore.

I’ve always hated vomiting since I was a child. It’s such an exhausting sensation I cannot help my tears spilling uncontrollably down my cheeks. My stomach hurts, my throat does too, my head, my muscles, it’s like I have a sudden flu. Numbness starts taking over my body and I brace myself to the toilet trying to calm down. This is stupid, I’m stupid. How am I even reacting like this? The adult thing to do would be talking to Lexa, asking her calmly if she has acted out again instead of throwing up my feelings in the most pathetic and literal way. I can’t believe I’ve gotten into the same thing again. I can feel my chest tightening with memories I thought I had left behind long time ago.

“This is not the same,” I have to remind myself once and again under my breath, trying not to get more nauseous with the hideous taste in my mouth. Finn’s was a completely different case. For starters, he was a cheating asshole and Lexa simply cannot control herself… I know this should be relieving but no, it’s not. I don’t even remember what the second thing that was supposed to make me feel better was.

Once I’ve vomited everything inside of me, my innards almost included, somehow I find the strength to stand up and flush the toilet — just for a brief moment, though; two seconds later I find myself sitting on the floor beside it, hiding my swollen and reddened face between my knees. What a
beautiful way to start a relationship, huh? Or whatever the fuck this is because I don’t even know what’s exactly going on between us. I like Lexa, maybe way too much to survive this untouched but I can’t help it. From the very beginning I knew this was going to be a challenge and it was going to scar, not only for her but also for me but… is this supposed to be this way? Really?

I’m a coward. A poltroon, like Father Kane would say. A total, plain chicken. I haven’t exchanged more than a few words and looks with Lexa since yesterday morning and I’m already freaking out and insanely jealous. I’m a horrible person, that’s what I am. I’m acting like one of those fuckboys, aren’t I? I shouldn’t even be getting bitter about this but the thing is that this time it’s not as simple as ‘if she likes me she won’t cheat on me’. It’s beyond her and she suffers too but I can’t get this freaking feeling out of my head. And fuck! I haven’t even given her the chance to prove herself like she asked me yet. The truth is, I’m already dreading the time I see her again, afraid of looking at that pouty, broken face full of regret, wet with bitter tears; I’m terrified of listening to her apologies again and this time having all the right to get mad about it. But still I don’t have it, right? She doesn’t want to do it, Lexa doesn’t want to do it, this compulsion is stronger than her and yet I can’t fix her. I can’t even change that little voice in my head that tells me that her having an addiction doesn’t excuse or change her actions. The voice is right but at the same time, fuck! FUCK! Fuck! Damn Lord…

My phone starts vibrating so hard on the mattress that I even can hear it from the bathroom. Crawling to the bedroom to grab it, incapable of standing up without throwing up all over my room, my knees start hurting like yelling at me because I’m just too old to do this kind of things. Still, I can barely feel it — every part of me is numb but my head, which has to keep ruining my life as always. You know, other things, those I cannot control, those I cannot ‘unfeel’, those hurt much more than some bruised knees.

“God, not a good time,” I mutter while looking at the white number on the screen. “Abby.”

“Good morning, sweetie.” Maybe it’s just my massive sleep deprivation playing with my exhausted mind but actually her voice comes out in a way that soothes the pressure in my chest. It may have been years since my mother last gave me something I actually needed. “How are you doing?”

“Just fine,” I answer cautiously. Abigail Griffin never asks questions in that normal way. She’s planning something. I have known my mother for 29 years now, I know her well enough to know when she has already gotten other versions of the same story but is trying to get yours.

“Are you sure, Clarke?” Oh, of course.

“Oh, mom, just cut it, will you?” I’m not in the mood for this and I don’t have the time. Sometimes I’d like to have superpowers to be able to kick everyone’s asses and get them to leave me alone. Is it so difficult to process I want to be ALONE? “You both are like glass, I know Marcus talked to you the moment I told him I was going to quit. Wait a sec.” I put the phone on speaker for a second and brush my teeth thoroughly before taking two tiny pills. I finally got to buy them after almost two weeks and, God, I’ve needed them. There’s just silence at the other side of the phone when I bring it back to my ear and I know she’s craving saying those damn four words. “If you say ‘I told you so’ I’ll hang up.”

“Oh, honey, I’ve carried you for ten months in my womb, I know you don’t like people to tell you the truth so blatantly in your face.” I snort loudly for her to hear it. You may think it’s a joke but she has said it seriously, believe me. “Although maybe I don’t know you so much. You have contacted me once in three weeks despite your promise, after all.”

“Mother, don’t be bitter, you’re too old and may have a heart attack.” I notice the harshness in my words as soon as they come out and I regret them immediately. I wasn’t lying when I said I’m trying to do everything right with my mother even if sometimes it’s really difficult treating her — I’ve just
been too busy with Lexa and how my life has turned out and now I’m not really in the mood to be picked on by my own mother, really.

“Excuse me but I’m still perfectly young, Clarke, thank you.”

“No, ‘perfectly young’ is your toy, you’re a respected doctor in her fifties.” My verbal diarrhea will end me and my relationship with my mother. What’s wrong with me? My words can definitely murder today, mother must want to fix our bond really bad because otherwise I don’t understand how she hasn’t hung up already. I would have, but again we are different people, my mother and I. She’s still way better than Tara, I should be thankful. I should also stop thinking about Lexa every minute of my life because it’s consuming, pathological and nonsensical, and if I start trying to remember the last time I was so smitten I will fall into my personal well of depression again and that escapes the objective of my recovery and these two years of solitude. Lexa escaped the purpose of my recovery long ago. Shit, I’m monothematic.

“Maybe you see me like a mother, Clarke, but I’m also a woman.” Now her voice is cold as ice. It’s infuriating, you know? Knowing that she only gets defensive and angry when I talk about that silly girl. How much did she wait? Six months? Seven? After a whole life with my dad she had to live her sapphic adventure less than a year after he had passed away. Sapphic and cougar adventure — the girl was only getting on for 20 years old when that insanity started. Look, I understand the need of human warmth when you lose someone; your heart slows down and it feels like it’s not beating at all, it’s broken and you’re just numb. The first one who went on a sex spree was me when Finn run away and left me on the altar in front of 100 friends, relatives and colleagues because he was fucking… Anyway, I don’t want to get angrier this morning. “Are you taking your medicines?”

“From time to time…” There’s no reason to lie to her, she could find out if a patient was lying to her if the patient was Meryl Streep. My mother chuckles at the other side of the phone but it’s not an amused one, more like a resigned and suffocated puff.

“It’s true that doctors make the worst patients.” I don’t know why every doctor that I’ve heard saying that does it with pride. It’s not a good thing! Yeah, I know, I’m the one to talk but… shut up, don’t be smartasses, that’s more my thing.

“Talking of which…”

“I already fixed everything with Doctor Graham, you start on September 1st at the Mass General although you’ll have to repeat the first year of residency.” I counted on that so I say nothing. “He was really happy to know he was going to have you around for another 3 years and the extra one of fellowship.”

“If only Father Kane talked with me as much as he does with you I’d at least have some idea of when I can leave and start looking for apartments.” I try not to grit my teeth, unsuccessfully. “Do you know when he’s going to be back?”

“Sorry, sweetie, you should know this kind of priest stuff better than me,” I can feel her smirking against the phone. “Listen, I tried to get your apartment back but it’s already taken, sor…”

“It’s ok, I wanted to rent a new one in Cambridge.” I don’t even realize what I’ve said until my mother’s surprise starts hitting me through the phone.

“Cambridge? But that’s further, you’ll have to use your car every day to go to work.” I’m sure I’ll get the much more often in time with the bicycle I’m going to buy but that I won’t tell mom. Really, everything not covered in four layers of pure steel is not safe for her. Up to this point it’s not like I have something to lose.
“I was planning on living with someone.” This reminds me of when I came out to my parents — first with dad and then with mom. Her sepulchral silence is the same, at least. That and my full speed pulse. “I don’t want her to have to grab the bus or whatever to go to her classes.”

“Oh…” Exactly like the time I came out to her. Well, no, not exactly the same— I mean, I can’t see her shaking and on the verge of having a stroke due to such a crushing revelation. Why does she have to be like that? Precisely after having dated a girl herself. Sometimes I think she’s afraid of having passed me the gay allele. Come to think of it, if there was actually a gay allele it would be in codominance with… Anyway, they say it’s epigenetic, it’s ok by me. “Is she much younger than you?”

“Eight years.” Mom only hums in acknowledgement. I know that having gone out with someone thirty years younger than her this difference must be like months for her. But I don’t tell her that, of course. I’ve finally learnt to shut my mouth if I have nothing nice to say.

“Is that the reason you have decided to come back?” I roll my eyes so hard at the tone she has used that for a second I truly think they’ve gotten stuck and I freak out. Yeah, Lexa’s pregnant with my baby now and we’re naming the baby Aden if it’s a boy or Tris if it’s a girl… Ok, no, I don’t even want to joke about that topic — Babies and that stuff creep the fuck out of me. “How long have you been together?” We aren’t even together. Or we are in a strange way, I don’t really know. However, I can’t let this chance just pass like that.

“Almost 25 hours.” Silence. I think I’ve finally broken my mother. For a moment I wonder if she has hung up, I’m waiting long seconds but nothing. No, she hasn’t, the call is still on. “But we have been seeing each other for a month now.”

“Is this what youngsters call U-hauling these days?” Call me silly but I don’t really know if she’s making fun of me or it’s a legitimate question. Still I feel offended for such stereotypical joke about queer girls. She’s a queer woman, she should know better. Ugh, my mother is a queer woman… No, I mean. It’s not like ‘ugh, ew, disgusting’, it’s more like ‘ugh, this was my thing and now she shares it too’. Well, dating teens was her thing and look at me now.

“I don’t know, ask your girl toy.” I’m clumsy with people, ok? When you spend five years of your life only having social interactions outside Medicine for two months a year you can complain, until then keep quiet. Damn, am I going back to that life? Fucking Lexa. Damn. Mission to stop thinking about her has failed catastrophically. Ha! Just like my life.

“I was telling the truth when I told you that ended weeks ago.” And why is there this little crack in her voice saying that, then? I don’t bi it — I mean, I don’t buy it. That’s been super sad and pathetic, sorry for my lame puns. No, really, I don’t think I will live long enough to pay you for this.

“Are you sure?” I inquire, squinting at the infinite when she swallows the lump in her throat loudly. I can picture her flawlessly, it’s like I had her right in front of me. I know I’ll look like a professional reader of my mother’s corporal language but for better or worse we’re just too similar. I know her better than I know myself. Well… ugh, fucking Lexa, that’s gross. AAAAGGHMMMM! I’m really considering lobotomizing myself right now. “You don’t seem totally sure.”

“No, I mean…” Hearing my mother, the great doctor Abby Griffin, babbling is another experience. “We bumped into each other yesterday and we had a coffee together.”

Why am I even talking about this with her? Wow. A thought that I had never had before strikes me like a lightning. My mother has always had friends but I guess that being accepted when you’re young and coming out is already difficult enough to do it when you’re in your fifties. Realizing you are not straight and coming out to other people in their fifties and forties that have had innumerable
dinners with you and your husband must be painful and devastating. I’m not even sure if she has told anybody else she was dating that girl. Only me. Was I the only one to whom she told it and I absolutely failed her? And still she tries. Fuck, I’m feeding her guilt, those internalized homophobia and biphobia. She could only talk to me and I’ve been so focused in myself and my pain that I’ve done everything wrong. Me!

I worry my lip, totally overwhelmed by my own thoughts. I’m the worst daughter ever.

“You had a coffee? Is that how it is called these days?” Humor is nice, humor is good. Humor helps easing uncomfortable situations and making up for such unforgivable behavior.

In my defense, I’d say that my mom lets go a loud guffaw and giggles for several seconds… until she starts sniffing. Really, someone needs to cancel this year. Or just this life, I don’t care.

“No, no, just a coffee…” Ok, fuck my life, fuck it all. I’ve allowed this behavior for many years but this pile of shit ends today. “It was nice.”

“Look, mom,” I sigh and look at my phone clock. “I have to go get ready and start cleaning the church but I want to Skype with you as soon as you can, if that’s ok.”

“Oh.” She seems speechless and despite I have already established I’m an idiotic and egoistic moron, it doesn’t mean that I have to go without doing the right thing for the first time in years of rolling in the puddle of my pain like a pig. “Of course, I have to go too. Wednesday afternoon at 3pm is ok for you?”

“Perfect.” A smile appears in my lips, possibly the first one my mother gets from me in about three years. “See you then and…” Damn.

“Yes, Clarke?”

“I love you, mom.” That’s way easier than saying sorry, I suppose.

“I love you too, sweetie.” Shit, I’m crying again. What’s…? Oh, my period is coming, I knew this amount of emotion wasn’t normal in me. “And I hope to meet your friend then. Bye.” Ok, that was more like her — way too intrusive and way too soon.

This time I won’t let her down, I’m decided to stay behind my word and I’ll FaceTime or Skype with her in two days. I’ve even written it down in my calendar – the paper one and the one on my phone, of course. You can never be too cautious.

The sun has already started to warm up the town when I finish putting some order in this place. Really, any other day I only have to clean around but on Mondays it’s insufferable. I prepare lots of things for Sunday Masses and once they are finished they bite you back right in the butt. For example, the candles. Lexa may love them more than anything on Earth, I get that they are cool and scented and the flame hot and enticing, but there’s no week I don’t spend my precious time cleaning dry wax from the floor. There’s a madly amount of candles on Sundays, in case you were wondering — actually I suspect that’s the only reason why Lexa doesn’t stay with her father at home on Sunday mornings while her mother attends the Mass. She likes the flowers too, though. Why does she love everything that gives me an unnecessary load of work? Or a better question even: why am I still thinking of Lexa-related stuff like an enamored teenager when I’m an almost 29 year old woman with a Medicine license and a IQ superior to the average? Not enough to understand Lexa when she starts speaking in lawyer but high enough to show a little maturity, or so I thought. I was wrong, I
guess; otherwise I wouldn’t be asking myself that.

What’s my life now, really? While changing my clothes to some fresher ones I can’t help looking at the big picture of my existence in bewilderment because of its evolution. Years ago I was a promising and brilliant doctor in Boston; then I was a depressed mess who tried to commit suicide with an overdose of tranquilizers, a broken girl missing several pieces of herself in a hospital bed that had to look at all the doctors and students and put up with their pity glances and fake feelings of understanding when they learned her story. The last time I checked I was just a vicar student in the middle of nowhere and free of pointless responsibilities, free of pain and in possession of a heart made of steel. Seeing how things have turned out it must have been more of a heart made of hard and sweet chocolate, though. I keep wondering if this is the way the cycle comes to its end, if this is the reason why Lexa appeared in my life in such a nonchalant way. Finding someone as unique as hers can’t be just a lucky coincidence, yet I resist to think it must be more than someone passing by in my life. She’s someone shiny and hot as a candle, someone who melts my heart, burning and bringing with her a pain I’m more than willing to take. Someone who illuminates the way back to the path that promising student was so eager to be in. Lexa’s a girl who has been able of tearing me off my hiding place and challenging all my deepest insecurities.

I carefully smooth the wrinkles of my thin chemise and put on some shorts that, not being that short, are still something inappropriate for a priest to wear. But I’m not a priest anymore, I keep forgetting that teeny tiny fact. Thinking of myself as any other thing than a vicar student is quite weird; you know, knowing that I’m back into the game and these last two years have been no more than a fantasy. I still haven’t wrapped my mind around the fact that everything is over. My holidays are over and in less than a month everything will be like it was and always should have been. No. Actually, it won’t be like that at all, not anymore.

Today is Monday, the first one of my new-old life and the best part of all is that I can’t still believe I’ve finally gotten rid of all those old and sickening ladies of the assembly. Now that the festivities have ended I finally have my leisure time back and let’s be realistic, nobody ever comes to church on a Monday morning, it’s like an unwritten rule. Well, no one but… anyway. What did I use to do with this time? Reading… the Bible, praying, studying for my vicar exams… Ok, I won’t do anything of that now — not even praying, my soul has no chances of salvation at this point. However, I could read my Harry Potter books for the millionth time although as tempting as it is, I should probably make another trip to Waterbury and look for some Medicine books — it’s not like I could ever forget a thing about that Med School trauma but it would be the most sensible thing to do before going back. I let go a deep sigh at the thought and go downstairs trying not to kill myself by tripping on one of the tight stone steps. I’ll also have to take a look at some newer studies to know what’s going on… I believe mom took my books and the address of my subscription to *The American Journal of Medicine* was changed to hers. I’m not sure but I think I cancelled the one to *The Lancet*… Oh, no, that was mom after I got sent to the hospital. She stopped trusting the publication after the vaccines disaster. For all of you to know, they retracted, vaccines ARE NOT related to the autism spectrum, the thing was that this Wakefield guy got published without evidence because he had a friend inside the publisher. That’s what you get when you get involved in such dishonest scheming, your internationally famous magazine loses credibility and subscriptions. Also, you get ignorant people to start a massive movement against the only thing that prevents mass illness, which results in children dying and some diseases you thought extinct to come back… I’m getting genuinely angry — anyway, I should ask mom to send me my books.

Furthermore, I have to start looking for a new apartment in Cambridge. Should I take her into account in my plans so soon? I don’t believe she will refuse my offer, or at least that’s the most unlikely of the scenarios I’ve contemplated… If she did refuse me, it would be really funny after my sort of cocky self-confidence… I need some fresh air.
The warm sunlight hits me in the face as soon as I step outside the building. Way too hot, I whine in my head. This is for sure the hottest summer I’ve spent here… in a wide range of ways. No, but seriously, I barely have fabric covering me and I swear I’m already sweating. What do I have to do? Remove my skin? That sounds dangerously appealing right now, to be honest. I will definitely stay in the threshold as my lungs take in all the burning air they can, guarded by the slightly fresher shadow of the church.

I will definitely move to Canada the moment I finish my Residency. Why, you’ll ask? It’s colder, still sunny, they have a public healthcare system (which is great because I’ll always be a zealous defender of healthcare being a living being right and not something to sell and buy, therefore the Governments should provide it), Tim Horton’s and they have lots of moose and bears and… raccoons. I love raccoons, for those of you who don’t know. Oh, Canada, our home and… I’m such a patriot for the wrong country. Anyway, let’s move on.

“Good morning, Mother.” A freezing man’s voice startles me and takes me back to reality. Ok, I wanted cold but not that cold.

There’s no need to look for them inside the church before I figure out who’s the one greeting me, my stomach clenches in a unique way whenever I’m in his presence lately. There they are Titus, Anya, a guy I like to think of as her boyfriend and… if it wasn’t already ludicrously hot in this Hell of a town, Lexa. Their skin is gleaming with sweat and slightly burned by the sun, their drenched sports garments sticking to their toned bodies and somehow, even if suffocated, they still look savagely calm. This is the first time I’ve properly met her since she left yesterday morning; I have seen her hobbling from afar, she’s hurt her foot one way or another and I’m not really surprised. Other than that, she has only sent me a couple of sneaky texts but only to give me bad news like “sorry but my parents won’t leave me alone” or “Anya’s gonna sleep in my room”. Come to think of it, I don’t even know how she got my number. A normal relationship, of course. Seeing Lexa besides Anya should be totally infuriating, especially after being almost totally sure of what they’ve been doing tonight; nevertheless, it is really difficult to believe in such an appalling scenario when her eyes have automatically run from my uncovered legs to my discreet cleavage and her dry tongue pokes out in an attempt of wetting her lips. Even after going for one of her killing runs she’s so thirsty… I’m more and more sure every day passed that she’s not an average human being.

“Good morning, Titus.” My eyes dart from Lexa to the man and from the man back to Lexa’s eyes, locking them with such easiness I wonder if she’s just too exhausted to adopt that snarky and smolder expression of hers or she’s just finally showing me her vulnerabilities and the hidden feelings of her heart, in which case and being honest, I’d feel equally endeared and terrified. Loneliness has been a constant in my life for too long and it has taken a toll on me — yet, the first relationship I dare to have since Finn is probably the most difficult one I could ask for. Kudos to me. Really, at this point I don’t really know or care if I’m stupid or just a great Gryffindor but this ship is probably called the ‘Bitanic’ and it’s going to crash really hard and leave an absurdly high death toll when I could have done something to prevent it. Not now, now it’s too late. I’ve already seen several icebergs on the horizon. “Lexa…” She’s concealing a tiny smile on the corner of her lips, I can see it reflected in her green eyes, “and you must be the cousin.”

The dirty and suspicious look Anya throws at me is challenging in the most twisted way, given the context we’re moving in. She peeps four or five times at Lexa out of the corner of her eye only to instantly put her eyes back on mine, almost knowingly. Has Lexa told her anything about us? One thing is crystal clear, she doesn’t like me and the feeling is very much mutual — seeing her right in front of me with her ripped constitution and that dominant attitude, her shoulder brushing intentionally Lexa’s, creates an acid ache in my chest down to my stomach and a weird tingle in my arms and hands that crave to throw her to the floor and punch her in the face until her obsession with Lexa disappears. I’m such a violent person lately… However, what disturbs me the most is the fact
that I couldn’t beat her cocky ass even if I tried because, in the first place, I may not even reach her face before she has already killed me and secondly, I would likely break my hand against those sharp cheekbones of hers. Really, they could cut diamonds and the hands of a doctor… and w/w’s are too precious to get injured.

“I’m Anya,” she says with a slow nod and calmly turns to the bearded man and takes his hand. “This is my boyfriend Nyko.”

“Nice to meet you both, I’m Clarke,” I respond as nicely and calmly as I can.

“The priest,” she adds with a spark of amusement in her eyes.

I won’t fall into her game of provocation, the best weapon against this is indifference so I just offer them a nod and refocus on what is actually important here. What is it? Maybe Titus’ murderous glare permanently fixed on me. Even if I didn’t address the ties barbarity in the end out of respect for Lexa and her desires, I had to try to talk them through the way they are approaching their daughter’s problem. I gave them the information, I told them she was making progress through meditation and prayers… among other things, but of course I didn’t disclose that much. Knowing them for two years I already knew it would be like having a deep conversation with a wall and yet somehow I was positive and had my hopes up about them being willing to listen to me and her and actually trying to do something scientific-based and sensible to help cure their daughter. At first they did seem to understand some of the points I went through in the talk but I don’t know, only time will tell if my advices sunk in or not. At least I can be content Lexa’s not going to suffer those ‘remedies’ as long as her cousin is with her. Yes, everything has a bright side, and no, I still don’t like it.

“I hope you’ve had a good time.” I try again but once Titus targets you there’s no way back. I’m not in his good books anymore. “It’s a hot morning.” The three younger people peep at each other but none of them say anything without the bald man’s permission. Not even Lexa.

“We have gone to Waterbury and back in much more time than planned.” He doesn’t bother to look at them while he says that, they already know what he means by his tone. Only listening to his words makes me feel like fainting. I’m not exaggerating. No wonder why Lexa’s so resilient… and fit although right now what mainly worries me is her glycemia and that injured foot. Right now it doesn’t look like she’s in pain but… she probably shouldn’t have done any exercise today. “The children are completely out of shape.” Good Lord… The depreciative tone in which his words come out is at best excessive.

None of the aforementioned ‘children’ react at Titus’ statement. I thought at least Nyko would say something — he looks like he could eat baldy in one bite and as far as I know they have just met, I thought he would at least try to downplay the issue. That’s what every guy would have done, I believe. It seems like he has already had the compulsory conversation with Anya about how to handle her family. Titus Wilde is a peculiar man, after all. I know he went to Irak and served in one of the higher military ranges in the army before he left the field work for an administrative job in the base but, damn, this man is ruthless and bold with everyone.

“Oh, nice.” To be honest, I don’t know how to respond to that. Conversations with these people always turn awkward. “Then you better get some rest and food now, I won’t entertain you anymore.”

If I hadn’t heard Lexa moaning it repeatedly in between whines and grunts I’d think this family only nods because they don’t know the word ‘yes’. That’s what they all do before turning around and starting a slow jogging pace. All but Lexa, who stays put and says: “I’ll join you in a minute.” The only one who seems to suspect anything is Anya, or at least she’s the only one who turns around to squint at us before following the others.
I dread the day they ask her to play the piano and realize she has no clue of how to do it. That would be what people usually call a ‘massive fail’, don’t you think? Good luck to us if we ever have to explain what we were doing instead of praying and playing. To be fair, we played and prayed but in a quite different way… If I start with the sex innuendos like Lexa, please, kill me. Anyway, I’d better not start obsessing about this, I know myself too well.

My back is still a bit rigid when she finally looks into my eyes with that green glance of hers. Sure she has the most dazzling eyes I’ve ever seen, and the most enticing stare too. I know that we need to have a serious talk but I cannot help not being in the mood for her telling me she has acted out and apologizing for having had rough sex with her all night; not right now. For the first time in my life there’s a voice in the back of my head that has a possibility to compel me to stay ignorant in the unhealthiest of ways. Even reddened and suffocated she looks so, so good. There’s a purity in her face, her lips… oh, those lips. Her chestnut hair done in a flawless ponytail is still sexier than everything I have seen in my previous almost 29 years of life.

“Clarke.” There’s something off in her voice, a certain level of unease; maybe she feels uncomfortable now or perhaps it’s just a paranoia of mine and she’s just exhausted from her morning training. “How’s it going?” She’s being definitely awkward. Okay…

“How’s your foot?” I don’t feel like answering her question, I’m trying to handle this conversation with all the normalcy I can get. Also, I’m trying not to say something very harmful because this morning has already been angsty enough, so I’ll better shut up.

“It hurts,” she answers plainly. This is going to be weirder than I first thought. Why can’t she just say it all at once so we can move on from this nonsense we’ve started? It’s not like I’m going to leave her, I won’t be able anyway, but honestly, acting out the same night you get to a sort of relationship agreement with someone is not a good sign for the future. “Actually every inch of my body hurts right now?” Here we go.

“Rough run or rough night?” I can feel the blood pumping in my temples, my heart hitting the walls of my chest with every heavy beating. Damn, I knew this might not last much but… fuck! Just a day?

“Both.” I knew it, I fucking knew it. My breath gets caught somewhere inside my chest and bitter tears start threatening to spill from my eyes. Lexa puts a stray chestnut lock that has escaped her high ponytail behind her ear and a couple of sweat drops run down her neck to her clavicle at a slow pace. She wipes them with a tender hand while she stretches her neck. “The floor is not a good place to sleep on.”

Of course she would say that, I’m a… Wait a second. The floor? She better not mean they fucked so rough they didn’t even get to the bed because I’m going to jump at her jugular… or I swear to the Lord I’ll spit at her with all my rage.

“The floor?” I ask cautiously and she nods. They definitely don’t know how to speak proper English. If she doesn’t elaborate a bit I’m…

“Anya wouldn’t stop picking on me so it was either that or hitting my head against the wall until I fainted or died.” The nonchalant way she says it doesn’t fool anyone, she’s smiling, I see it in her eyes. She’s actually proud of herself. No, she doesn’t fool me and yet the only thing I seem to be able to do is gawk at her. “Also the floor is cold and it helps with the arousal. Still I haven’t had much sleep, th…”

“Lexa,” I interrupt her. “Did you sleep on the floor to prevent yourself from acting out?”
What kind of yes/no questions am I asking now? I know she’s going to nod again, anyway, so I don’t even wait that long to grab her by the front of her sports bra and drag her to the safe shadows of the inside of the church to corner her against the wall and pinning her up with my hands under her thighs. I don’t even give her the time to process what’s going on when I’ve already clashed our lips and started sucking on that lower one of hers that drives me crazy. I can’t explain with words how much I love that plump lip and right now I feel so smitten I don’t have the mental space to actually think of what I’m doing, I just let go every feeling, every desire. I just want her now.

When I separate a bit to change the direction of my kisses, Lexa finally gasps in awe and immediately kisses me back, grabbing the back of my neck to pull me closer if possible and nipping on my lips every now and then. She wraps her legs around my waist, allowing my hands to roam freely through her butt and hips and sides and… damn, and breasts. And those abs glistening with sweat. All her muscles are swollen and hard from her recent exercise, so hot in so many ways my mind is a blur and I can’t think straight, I can’t think at all. My tongue slides from my mouth and caresses her lower lip to ask for permission, which of course she has to give me in form of a luscious moan. You have no idea of how much I adore that sound, of how much I crave making her moan like that forever.

Our tongues start a tight battle full of despair and want and also a twisted kind of gentleness that somehow makes me shiver against her body. I want to merge with her mouth, with her skin, I need to drink her and her soul, gosh, I’ve rooted for her for weeks and I know it hasn’t been so long but it feels like I’ve waited for this moment for an eternity. And now she gives it to me. Do you know what this means? She cares enough not to consider me just another good lay and although it can sound crass, it’s actually odd and surprising and so, so beautiful I almost can’t contain my tears anymore. She cares enough to fight her compulsion using all the resources in her hand and, believe me, that’s something not to be taken lightly. She cares, she does. My heart clenches while my fingernails match the feeling sinking slightly in the skin of her thighs and start scratching up, eliciting a high-pitched moan against my mouth and a hard buckle of her hips that is close to making me lose my equilibrium and falling back. She’s already seeking all the friction she can get against my torso. Her soft nips soon turn into greedy licks into my mouth and sharp, desperate tugs on my lips that, and don’t ask me how, feel amazing. She’s a horny little mess. She’s my horny little mess.

“Please, Clarke,” she pleads, painfully detaching our lips. Don’t just, don’t, come back. Lexa leans her head back against the stone wall as if she had read my mind and wanted to play with my head. Yet, her expression is so… desperate, so full of hopelessness. “Fuck me, please,” she insists but my hesitation doesn’t go unnoticed. She swallows hard and bites her lip. “Or don’t start things you’re not going to finish.” I take a couple of seconds to listen to her ragged breathing and trying to steady mine. Then my left hand goes up to her chest to feel her heartbeat. Good Lord, it’s so fast. For me. I have to bite inside my cheek to conceal a goofy smile. “I can’t handle it, Clarke.”

Obeying her words, I let her legs go slowly, allowing her to steady herself but never separating from her even a little bit. Instead I set a butterfly kiss in the tip of her nose and join our foreheads together, waiting there with my arms hugging her waist until our breathings follow back a healthy rhythm. I keep repeating it in my head, that I’ve stopped for the better because I want to make things to her that escape by far the purposes of her therapy. I keep repeating in my head that right now everything I would be able to do is leaving her anxious and unsatisfied because despite all the orgasms she could get right now it’s the only conclusion she can reach. And it’s infuriating and heartbreaking knowing that someone as beautiful inside and out like her has to feel this despondency and still she tries, she fights against her compulsion and exposes herself to add to her pain the suffering that accompanies reveling against a need that dominates you.

“I do want to…” How can I even explain this to her without sounding like a fool to her ears? “You deserve…” How can I explain this to her without leaving my heart out for her to slay on purpose or
by accident? It seems like I’m not very eloquent today. “I’m sorry…”

“Shhh…” She shushes me quietly and her long fingers start running circular and tender motions on my nape. This feels so good I struggle not to purr and shudder under her touch. “Don’t be. As a doctor you have to make sure you make me follow the therapy, I get that and I’m truly thankful.” She closes her eyes for a brief second and then locks my gaze with such tenderness I don’t feel like letting her go anytime soon despite the dangerous circumstances. “That’s why you are you.”

I… I don’t really know what to say. My voice is nowhere to be found, I can’t react I… What did I do to deserve her? I’m… Damn, I’m overwhelmed. Without looking away from me, Lexa tilts her head and even if she’s still visibly struggling with her emotions and her body’s so close to mine, she smiles. She gives me this little smile that soon turns into a sweet yet joking smirk and bites her lip briefly.

“Also I’m sorry because I’m sticky and I must smell like a corpse.” I can’t help my guffaw, she’s just too cute when she really wants to be. This damn brat… “Don’t laugh, at least I feel like one.”

“You’re ok.” I mean, her smell is heavy, I won’t deny that, but it’s not the worst thing ever. Also, I’ve studied brain slices in formol. THAT is one of the worst smells on Earth. “How long have you been running today, again?”

“About 26 miles or so… two hours and a half. My father is crabby because we didn’t make it in two hours and fifteen minutes.” Ok… That’s not human. I feel really tired all of a sudden. “Don’t look at me like that,” she giggles and leans forward for another kiss.

This time it’s not rushed, it’s not needy. This time the kiss is deep and slow, meaningful in its own. Scary. Her lips are the sweetest of fruits that I need to take my time to enjoy fully. I know it’s wrong to pick favorites but her plump, red lower one is way too cute to resist so it goes first. Our lazy motions match at the point of perfection. There’s something I have to admit and it’s that I was genuinely terrified of her not enjoying this. A kiss is a kiss but sometimes it means so much more and, I don’t know, I suppose I’m just glad she seems to delight in this as much as I do. I could spend hours and endless days kissing Lexa. Her lips, her neck, her chest, the rest of her body. I would kiss every inch of her skin and worship the path to each spot. One of my hands goes up to caress her rosy cheek and she nuzzles lightly against it in the cutest of ways. Lexa changes the direction of the kiss and bumps my nose in the process with such carefulness. I love when she does that, oh God.

“You better cut your fingernails to play that piano, Lex.”

Time stops along with my heart and immediately it tries to rip off my chest and leave free. I jump backwards, only a step or two from Lexa, her hands still grabbing mine softly. I’m far too old for scares like this one, my heart is fragile! Anya’s smug smirk makes me want to hit her with a pipe and Lexa seems to be thinking the same. Her eyes are bright with anger, a light squint in them trying to strike her cousin to the core. Her stiffen body seems to be paralyzed; now the tender grip she had on my wrists feels like metallic handcuffs.

“The priest, really?” Excuse me but said priest is right here. “Aren’t you too old to behave as a teen?”

This freaking girl has the nerve of coming to my church, interrupting my heavenly make out session with MY girlfriend, the one she can’t stop flirting with, and calling me old and immature in a row. What the fuck is wrong with her?! I’m all for women sorority but I’m going to put this one down for the greater good. My greater good. And Lexa’s. However, before I can do or say anything Lexa leaves a soft kiss on my shoulder and steps up towards her.
“What I do or don’t do is none of your concern,” she replies in a steely tone only compared with her father’s. It’s pretty hot if I don’t think of the similarity, actually. Anya seems to think the same because her grin only grows wider.

“Does she know who you where fingering the other night in your pantry?” So much poison spilling at once. Lexa’s hands close into fists but she’s able to control herself with several, quiet and deep breaths. That was a low blow.

“‘She’ is right here and yes, I know.” My intervention is brief yet firm. I’m proud of myself. It would be nice if she stopped messing with Lexa, she’s in enough pain already to have to put up with the horniness of another girl that is not me. But saying that is beyond my line.

Anya checks me out up and down before deciding I’m neither interesting nor imposing enough to be taken into account. As if she made a good rival. She can keep dreaming, Lexa doesn’t want her. Well, she does, but she wants me and herself more so…

“We’re having a little fiesta at Indra’s in a couple of days,” she comments mischievously and her gaze goes back to Lexa. Daring, challenging, she’s provoke her. “Come with us so we can get to know Lexa’s new girlfriend.” No, she’s laughing at her like this was something ridiculous. If Lexa doesn’t hit her I will and I don’t care there’s no violence allowed in God’s home. “Aunty says she want you there now, Juliet.” Lexa clenches her jaw. “Don’t give me that dirty look, she had you pinned against a wall.”

I’m going to tell her to take her gendered and heteronormative prejudices out of my church and fuck off when Lexa puts a hand on her shoulder to force her out the door.

“See you later,” I hear her saying followed by Anya’s loud laugh.

So I stay here, angry, afraid and alone, leaning against the stone wall where once Lexa was for those brief but happy minutes. This whole morning is unbelievable awful. What a good way to start the week.

There’s something enticing in a flame. The way it dances, the way it shines, how it warms and how it lives and dies. The smoke and the hot wax left behind as if its existence has only been a nightmare and now everything you have is the corrosive scenery of devastation and nothing else. You don’t have anything else. There’s not even warmth anymore, only a cold reminder of what you’ve lost that won’t disappear so easily. That will hurt forever.

There’s something enticing in a flame. A dangerous appealing that might burn everything to the ground. That may kill you. Fire is neither good nor wrong, life is not black and white either. No. Life can make you laugh and cry, life can make you curl up in bed afraid or in pain and also may take you to places you never imagined, make you do things you never thought you would be able. Life, like fire, is unforeseeable.

And here she is, playing with fire like they’re both one, friends holding hands during a storm. They are the same, both consuming and beautiful, and at the same time they’re nothing alike. Because Lexa, unlike fire, tries her best. Because unlike fire, Lexa cares. There I was for weeks wondering all the wrong things, asking myself all the wrong questions and what does that make me, huh? ‘She’s a monster in disguise’, ‘she’s the Devil who wants to drag me to Hell’, ‘she only wants to drive me
insane’. How have I been so blind? How could I think all those horrible things about her? This girl with a lighter in hand, doing her best to enjoy herself lighting all the candles in the nave but concealing her blatant impulse of dancing around the place listening to her iPod while doing what I asked her to. I would really love to see her like that. My teeth scrap my lip at the thought.

It’s Thursday morning, almost lunch time. I haven’t had so much work, only a few old ladies who wanted to confess their frustrations and be forgiven for their envy. If only they understood those are human emotions that we cannot control. If only they had been taught in another way. That’s something really curious about being a priest, you know? You get to identify clearly the silent tears of blood that sexism rips off from women, especially in such a conservative group like a little town. Heartbreaking, a real tragedy through history, and infuriating too.

“Clarke.” My mind snaps back to reality at the absent tone of Lexa’s voice. “You’re staring.”

“Sorry.” I can feel the blush creeping on my cheeks. For the Lord’s sake, I’m a grown up woman, how’s even possible to get flustered because of a 21 year old brat?

A self-satisfied smirk appears on her lips and she shakes her head slowly. Sometimes and despite the age gap between us, she seems to be the older one of us, which I don’t know if it’s a good thing. Lexa’s more mature than her age on a normal basis. Hell, she’s more mature than my age but that can derail my thoughts too easily to the point I’d think this advantage I have over her doesn’t matter. It’s not a big one yet it’s not something to be taken easily, not even if she’s already a full-right adult.

“Are you coming tonight?” The confused scowl in my face discloses everything. “Indra’s party.”

“Oh.” Okay… “I didn’t think that was a serious offer.”

“Why not?” She doesn’t really want to hear the answer and she knows it. That’s why I opt for shrugging and letting her go forward with the conversation. “Well, it is. Are you?”

“Do you want me there?” Lexa has stepped in my direction, now in the hallway to the altar, trying to keep herself busy with the flowers and seeming indifferent.

“Why wouldn’t I?” Well, for a million of reasons like… I don’t know, they are her friends. Her seven to eight years younger than my friends.

“I don’t know.” I’d like to keep this vague but I know where we’re headed, there’s no point in playing this game. “They are your friends, and… your cousin, and I’m the priest so…”

The way she looks at me shuts me up. It’s not a glare, it’s not angry, it’s serious, yes, but kind of sad? I have said something that has hurt her and I’m a piece of shit because I don’t know exactly what it has been. Or maybe I have done something really wrong and I don’t know exactly what. She turns around again and I can see her grabbing calmly a couple of candles to put them in some candelabrum.

“Maybe it’s too soon,” she whispers, most likely to herself and for me not to hear it but the echo in the nave betrays her.

I… didn’t imagine she would be excited about this, to be honest. It was Anya’s idea after all and it was meant to ridicule her, both of us. Yes, it’s too soon, isn’t it? I don’t know how lesbians work but we have only been dating for four days… well. We have been having something for nearly a month and it’s still too soon, right? It’s an unwritten rule — you don’t meet the friends until at least a month or a month and a half of being properly dating. You don’t ask someone to move in with you until at least a year either but… this is a complex situation and it has nothing to do with meeting anyone.
Wait… No, no, no, no. I know what this looks like. This looks like she’s too invested and I’m not so much and I’m taking advantage of her because she’s young and naïve and… I need time alone to ponder this. My neurons are melting slowly, I think my brain just can’t process this right now.

“Lexa,” I call her, but she doesn’t make any sign of acknowledgement. “If you want me to go…”

“I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want to, Clarke.” Stoic and intense Lexa is back full-force, tearing an eye roll from me without effort. “Not now, not ever.”

“I do.” Well, no, I don’t but I feel like it would be a wise decision despite the awkwardness because… “If Anya tries something or says anything out of place I will end her.”

“She’s not someone you must mess with, Clarke.” It may seem petty of me but whenever she starts acting like a damn robot like this she really gets on my nerves. “Anya is not a bad person, she just doesn’t believe this is a serious issue.”

“But you have explained it to her.” I grab some petunias from the bench and start accommodating them on the altar.

“Yes but you can’t expect everyone to understand this as well as you did, you know?” I turn to catch her glance. A thankful one, a stare lacking in all that unnecessary tension that has created between us over such a silly situation. I’m glad to see a tiny and contagious smile appearing on the corner of her lips. Ugh, enough. I’m giving myself a hyperglycemia.

Going back to my job there’s something intruding my mind that keeps coming back as an obnoxious, nasty fly. Anya.

She’s not defending her because she… No, she’s not. Anya’s her cousin and they have been friends and sort of more for a long time, it is completely natural that Lexa would try not to be so adamant with her even regarding such a delicate topic. She’s family, am I right? Then why don’t I feel like I am?

Wait there, Clarke. I’m not insecure about Lexa. I know she likes me, she has disclosed that much so far, and I know she has rejected having sex with her already when with me it has been the whole opposite. These facts, actual facts, are not irrefutable proof of anything but Lexa’s with me, she’s my girlfriend and we’re technically in a monogamous relationship (or that’s what I’ve interpreted from all we’ve talked). If she didn’t want to be with me she just wouldn’t. Why would she stay with me if she didn’t? I mean, knowing what she does now she could easily find help by herself going to any Psychiatrist. What if…

Oh, no. Even I know that when I start thinking ahead of me it’s not a good sign, but now I can’t stop. What if she’s just trying so hard because she’s grateful and nothing else?

“Either there’s something really interesting about those petunias or there’s something going on in that brilliant mind of yours.” Two slender yet strong arms wrap me around my waist and I feel sweet lips setting a kiss on my clothed shoulder. All the air in my lungs goes out in a quiet sigh framed by a stupid and goofy smile that absentmindedly appears on my face.

I never imagined she could be like this. This close and warm, I mean. She’s the Sun, she’s a forest and a lake, everything joyful and beautiful concentrated in a strong body. I thought she would be colder or more afraid of her feelings but she seems to have embraced them easier than I have. I wonder if that unhealthy caution comes with age or it’s just the first time she allows herself to feel something, the first time she trusts herself enough to feel something, anything. I’m not going to complain, anyway, I’m actually pleasantly surprised. It’s a delight feeling her so warm against my
skin, even if I have to be alert to stop her and myself too if something else starts going on. Listening to her laugh, feeling her embrace is amazingly easy until I remember it is not for her. She’s struggling every moment, fighting against herself and I swear I will put the same effort she’s putting in helping herself to help her during this exhausting journey. I’m not letting her down.

I turn around and look warily over her shoulder. Only when I make sure there’s no one to be seen I pull her by the back of her neck and allow myself to taste those lips of hers. Briefly because I know where this is heading. Despite the groan she makes when I separate from her, she smiles and she’s so cute I can’t believe this is not just a dream. I can’t believe this is the same brat that more often than not still insists on making a brief cameo. My hands go down to rest on her shoulders, sneaky thumbs caressing the path between her clavicles and her neck. We haven’t spent much time together this week because she also wants to enjoy her friends’ company and I get that, I’d want that too were I to be in her situation despite the toll it’s taking on us. Actually, the only thing I’m not happy with is… yeah, Anya. But it’s not my place to tell her anything else, she already knows how dangerous she is and… well, the truth is I’m really trying to keep my advice to myself because the lines can blur quickly and she’s not another woman almost in her thirties like I am, she’s an adult woman, yes, but barely and she still has a lot to learn. I don’t want to end up preventing her from doing so or taking advantage of her in any way. I like lying to myself and thinking I’ve not done that yet.

“Just wondering how long I’m going to keep playing this part,” I whisper and bump her nose with mine. I try not to look right into her eyes. It’s just too easy to get charmed by them, making a fool of myself and then approaching too much to the red lines we must never forget.

“Will you stay the rest of the summer even if Kane comes back?” Now she shows up again, that Lexa. She tries to put her blankest straight face on and hide the hope that impregnates her words; and don’t be fooled by mine, she’s really good, but her green eyes don’t ever lie.

My fingers start playing with a lock of silky, brown hair that, I must admit, distracts me a bit. My answer doesn’t come out rushed; I take my time to stroke her hair lightly, going up to her lips, her cheek and those tiny and cute ears always covered by a gorgeous cascade of hair. I nod, just like she does, ever so slightly while reattaching our lips. I could die doing this. It doesn’t feel good, it feels great till the point my fingers start tracing without thinking the arch of her chest, the valley between her breasts over the layers of thin fabric and the curve below them. My touches elicit a delicious tug on my lip and a moan against my mouth, one I reply with a luscious snarl when I get to the end of her loose crop top and make contact with soft skin that shapes the ghost of her toned abs. Lexa presses me harder against the marble of the altar placing her hands away from me, clenching at both sides in an attempt not to go any further. However, her tongue doesn’t take too long to slide inside my mouth, deepening the maddening kiss beyond bearable for the both of us.

“Le…” I try to draw her attention when she releases my mouth to create a path of wet kisses under my jaw and down the column of my neck. You can’t try to keep control when all you do is panting out of breath and moaning in pleasure. “Lexa…”

She doesn’t seem to listen although… you know, this foreplay is rather inoffensive and feels really good. I can be a bit indulgent, right? I mean, make out sessions are not off the list and that’s what this is: a hot as hell make out session… on the altar. Memories of past sins come into my mind in a turmoil of hot and delightful guilt, a kind of pain that I shouldn’t enjoy like this. Shit. The moment she puts her leg in between mine and starts rocking against my thigh I regret my weakness immediately.

“Lexa.”

My hand strokes her hair with all the tenderness I can display but when I realize she won’t stop by
herself I fist her hair softly but steadily and oblige her to come back to my mouth, only for a brief moment before I put some distance between us.

Lexa is agitated, a rosy hue spreading from her ears to her cheeks and down her neck and dark, dangerous lust clouding her eyes. For a moment I can see something else. Anger. Against me or herself I’m not sure, but the second she looks like a rabid animal is more than enough to bring forth a frightened chill that runs my spine and suddenly I’m frozen in place, paralyzed with my hand still cupping the back of her head. I don’t know what it is exactly — my body language, her thoughts, a terrified glimpse of my expression… I’m not sure, but she finally snaps back to me, clenching her jaw, hiding her face in the crook of my neck and hitting the marble with her fists. If that hurt her, she doesn’t show it. I can hear it even between her ragged breaths so close to my ear, her fingernails scrapping the altar stone. I can feel her body trembling despite the gap she has made sure to leave between us.

“Clarke, please,” she begs and suddenly she looks so tiny, so vulnerable. A shooting pain strikes my heart and my arms close around her in a soft yet meaningful hug. Again, I’ve failed. Again, I’ve taken it too far. How can I ask for her trust when I’m not even able to do this? It only takes one second of hesitance, only one to hurt her and look. There must be a way I can get her some release without making things worse. “Clarke, please, I need you now.”

The way she mumbles against my skin, so desperate and broken, leads me to tightening the hug. This is my damn fault, it is because I can’t keep it in my pants for a second that she’s suffering again, fighting against that compulsion that is striking her full force. It would be so easy for her if she just let it go and tried to keep going — I mean, we both know perfectly I would have subordinated myself to her had she insisted a bit more. We both know I’m that weak. In spite of everything she has stopped, she’s fighting against it and she’s suffering for it.

“Soon, I promise, soon”, I whisper softly while playing with her silky hair. This won’t happen again, I won’t give room to more pain for her. I will find the way.

The deafening noise of the principal door opening makes us both jump away from each other and I turn around to hide my blush and grab back the lighter. I hear voices, echoes in the nave, multiple steps sounding all around that synchronize with the quick beating of my heart. I can’t believe this is the second time this week we’ve been interrupted. Is this because we’re officially dating? Dating… Is this a not-so-subtle ‘make room for Jesus’, huh? These past few weeks we have had sex inside a confessional while confessing people, I have masturbated her while playing the piano and we have fucked on the altar in the most blasphemous way ever. Is this some sort of twisted joke? A punishment? Anya… well, she told Lexa’s friends but kept the secret from her parents. What will happen now?

“Mother!” No way. That’s Tara’s voice and we’re fucked. “And… Lexa? I thought you were with Lincoln and the girlfriend.”

The girlfriend. The girlfriend™. What a nice way of ignoring someone’s self-identity and belittling their value to reduce them to be someone’s something. At least Octavia knows Lincoln would never do that to her, they’re too cute.

“I was but Mother Griffin asked us to help with the new flowers.” Lexa and her stoic voice are so good at lying it’s almost frightening. There’s no remorse in her words, not even a little hesitation.

“But they’re not here.”

“They left soon, I stayed to help her finish the last bouquets.”
I feel like a coward, leaving her there to confront her mother alone. I turn around, prepared to help her with Tara; however, I wasn’t ready to see more people there.

“Good morning Tara, Nia, Roan and…” I swear I can’t remember the name of the attractive raven haired, burly girl. She must be about Lexa’s age, maybe even a year or two younger. I really feel like a pedophile right now but she’s hot.

“Ontari.”

“Right, sorry, I’m bad with names at first.” I try and give her my most nice toothy smile but she only responds with a slightly disgusted scowl. Okay…

I check how’s Lexa out of the corner of my eye to find her almost drooling for the girl. Really, she looks like a cartoon wolf eyeing her pray, I can’t believe her. Is she fucking kidding me now? I can also appreciate the girl is gorgeous but at least I don’t look at her like she’s a… sort of… pole… to hump. Like she would fuck her right here and right now. You know what? I could get mad… which I am not, because I am totally not mad. At all. I could get mad but I won’t because I’m the one who has turned her on unnecessarily in the morning and these are the consequences. I’M NOT MAD. Not even when Lexa bites her lip with her eyes still fixed on the girl, or more like on her boobs. Oh, fuck her already. I roll my eyes and pass beside her, brushing our shoulders in a discreet but rather brusque movement, masking it with a slight trip on a crease of the rug.

Lexa turns to look at me with her stoic mask back on but with a devastating difference. Embarrassment, shame and sadness fill her eyes, concentrating into the shape of threatening and betraying tears. Painful guilt. Shit, I’ve hurt her again. That’s all I seem to be capable of doing — hurting her. Even if I try to be patient, even if I try to be calm, my demons come back to poison the blood in my veins and the result is never me dying, it’s her.

*What if she’s just trying so hard because she’s grateful and nothing else?*

What if she’s bearing all of this because she feels she owes me something despite the damage I cause every time I let the baggage in my past stain her. I’m tainting this, I’m only contributing to her pain, to her shame. Why does she keep putting up with me every time?

“We’re actually glad you’re both here, aren’t we?” I don’t like the sound of that at all.

While talking, Nia looks at Roan, who doesn’t seem to be paying much attention to his mother. Instead, he fixes his eyes on me – or to be more accurate, his stare wanders from Lexa to me and viceversa until it lands on mine, trying to lock our gazes with a smile hidden behind his deep, blue eyes. I must admit that Nia’s son is such a good-looking man. Very hipster with that manbun on the back of his head, something rather unexpected from someone who has been raised by this woman. His dark clothes reveal a very well built-up body too. Quite manly at first sight. Ontari and him make quite a savage couple, no doubt. Also they both have odd resting faces, or maybe it’s just they don’t feel comfortable in a church. She seems vigilant, permanently ready to chop off your eyes, even — something I can totally understand being forced to be under Nia’s gaze 24/7. Roan, on the other hand, I don’t know… Not to be the one to judge people before even getting to know them but there’s something there, something in his mocking glance, a glimpse of something I cannot name mixed with blue. There’s something that makes me wary about the way he looks at Lexa.

“Of course,” he finally concedes in the most unenthusiastic way.

Ontari seems to be about to say something but she stops herself in the last moment, visibly uncomfortable. I guess she has to be careful about what she says and doesn’t say in front of her mother-in-law. If I was in that situation I’d just endure enough to get through the trip and minimize
future visits. It’s not selfish, Nia’s just too much.

“We’re here to ask you, Mother, when would be a good moment to marry these two lovebirds.”

The fact that I don’t know them at all aside, if there’s a word on Earth that won’t describe this couple at first sight, that word is ‘lovebirds’. Don’t get me wrong, they seem very fond of each other but… let me explain myself. What I mean is that the way they act towards each other or look at each other won’t give you diabetes, that’s all. Also, I don’t know why I was under the misconception this was a rather new relationship. Anyway…

“From September on, whenever you please.” Especially because I won’t be here any longer and I won’t have to prepare anything with Nia.

“That far?” It’s less than a month from today, for the Lord’s sake. The funniest thing is that Nia’s the only one that asks and seems invested in the wedding.

“Sorry but I’m not in position of celebrating weddings right now… and Father Kane will be here at some point this month.” Now I’ve drawn her attention, she has this hyena-like expression and that sparkle in her eyes. Shit. “Also there are a lot of preparations to make and…”

“I’m sure you can do something about it”. I was wrong before. Believe it or not but now it’s Ontari who speaks and she does it in full Nia style. There are two of them, I’m terrified.

“As wondrous as our beloved priest might be, I’m sure materializing people is not one of her abilities.” Lexa’s hermetic voice almost makes me jump in my spot. I thought she would have melt form horniness by now but no, actually she has stopped staring at the girl’s breasts and the one that shares glances with her is not other than Roan. And I’d say… ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? HIM TOO? But I don’t because I’m not crazy. Crazy jealous, maybe, but not plainly mental.

No, Clarke, perspective. Breathe. I need to step back and revise the situation from an objective point of view. This is not like that, I’m just being ridiculous. Can’t you see that? Yes, the way they are looking at each other is odd, to say the least, but… no, just no. It’s just my sick imagination. I know Lexa’s level of gayness doesn’t know limits, it surpasses Ellen DeGeneres’. It’s just… Roan is a very attractive guy and… what if her compulsion… No, no. Why am I even thinking about this? What’s wrong with me? I can’t spend one hour with her and more people without getting jealous just because, I really need to relax and think this through to get it over. This is really toxic and the last thing I want is to poison her. She’s too gorgeous both inside and out, I don’t want to make her sick.

Lexa and I like each other a lot and we have decided to be together in a monogamous relationship. I trust her to respect me and our agreement. Why wouldn’t I? She hasn’t given me any reason not to trust her, the fact that she has an addiction aside. It’s all in my head. It’s all in my head. It’s all in my head because she’s not Finn. They are complete opposites, to be honest. Lexa’s intelligent as well as super sporty, Finn was a bit slower on the uptake and he liked skating but that was all of it. Lexa’s kind and caring, Finn was nice but time has proved he didn’t care about me or anyone but his dick. She’s snarky, kinky and cute but has some severe social issues, Finn, on the other hand, was charming and contagious. He was sexy but rather compliant and definitely not spicy. Finn liked to fuck only to get off himself, foreplay was only meant to get me lubricated just enough to be able to take him in without using artificial lubricant or saliva. That was disgusting, really — never spit on a vagina, it has its own lubricant for a reason. Even if Lexa has used me and my arousal in the past to get herself off as many times as needed, at least she genuinely enjoys me, my body and pleasuring me. Damn, if she’s like this when she’s out of control how amazing will she be when she has controlled her addiction? Anyway, Lexa’s not Finn and that’s all that matters.

We have bigger problems at this very moment. Big as several cathedrals. For example, the dirty look
Tara’s giving her daughter. She may not know there’s something between us although our behavior has been far from subtle lately. She’s definitely suspicious about the piano lessons and I swear to God she knows something about us, one or both of us. Not knowing what it is takes me out from my comfort zone and creates inside of me unnecessary distress. Lexa has definitely disclosed too much with such protective behavior.

“It’s really sad and I’m sorry but this is beyond my competence.” I kick Lexa’s foot discreetly and give the Azgedas my most sympathetic look. “I’m really sorry but even if you celebrated the wedding it wouldn’t be a legal marriage.

There’s a moment, a minute of silence between them all, the tense atmosphere taking out their breaths in an exercise of judgment. I don’t know if it’s Winter or just a storm but it’s coming too fast for me to handle.

“We understand.” But no, not really. That’s what she says but she doesn’t mean it, I wasn’t born yesterday. “Must be on September then.”

“You’re rushing it too much, Nia,” Tara says to our surprise. “Look at them, they feel uncomfortable.”

In any other situation the woman would be right but I’ve learned that people in this village are just eccentric. Far from showing any sign of uneasiness, Ontari seems really pissed about the delay… or just the world, and Roan, well, he doesn’t seem to care at all, not about this or anything else but Lexa. This is until his piercing gaze turns to me and call me a paranoid but I can swear he knows something. Is this week even real? His blue eyes are almost trying to penetrate my mind but I won’t let him. It may surprise you but being a doctor also means possessing certain skills like showing little or no emotion not to worry your patients unnecessarily even if they have something important. Shhh, don’t tell anyone. And yes, Lexa does it too and when she does that she really gets on my nerves but it’s not hypocritical of me because I use my skill during emergencies and work, she uses it with me on a regular basis, which is counterproductive on so many levels I won’t even get started. And it’s not only something that happens when I say something or do something wrong and she would put up her walls, not letting me know how exactly I’ve fucked it up. In fact, the problem is she does it all the time regardless she’s sad or happy. If she wants to mock me, if she’s feeling something nice apart from sex and she feels vulnerable letting me know, if she’s going to tell me something endearingly cute and I’m looking at her… Can you understand now why I say it’s infuriating? Oh, damn, they’re talking again and I’m not paying attention. Why is Roan smiling now? Have I started sailing through my sea of thoughts while looking at him? Suddenly I feel like when I went to clubs and I had to fix my eyes to the floor not to make eye contact with anyone and prevent fuckboys to come and try to bed me.

I’m going to turn to face Lexa and that way avoiding the man’s eyes but on my way I get surprised by her mother’s expression.

“Don’t be mad, Tara,” I hear Nia laughing and my eyes dart to her somehow cruel smile. “Lexy and Roan made the loveliest of couples but that was when they were kids.”

Those words make the two aforementioned stiffen in place. Lexa looks at Roan in a way I can’t suddenly decipher and that I don’t like at all. The guy seems nervous behind his manly pose and ignores his girlfriend’s glare to return his look to mine. I’m not totally sure if he’s seeing her and they’re hiding something suspicious or he’s just trying to avoid Ontari’s concealed rage. I admit I have severe jealousy issues but this girl is entirely something else. Also, even if I get madly jealous I’m aware it’s my sick mind toying with me and I’m polite enough not to show it, the total opposite of the rabid animal I have before me right now. She’s totally going to chop his eyes off, or crush his
head just like the Mountain of Game of Thrones. Just kidding, that would be terribly unoriginal.

“There’s no point in going over childhood memories, mother.”

For the first time I get to appreciate Roan’s husky voice. It’s really curious the way he always sounds cautious despite his confident appearance.

“Oh, but it was barely five years ago,” Tara insists and Roan and her daughter give her a murderous look.

I thought Lexa was going to intervene, to say something snarky in the most polite tone she can display but no. She keeps quiet while Nia and Tara start sharing old memories of sweet teens in love in front of four extremely uncomfortable and madly furious people. Lexa doesn’t look particularly at anyone, not even me.

It’s funny to think how our desires and perceptions on growing up change so much in such a short time span. When you are a kid you only want to be older, you’re 5 years old and only want to be 12 to be taken seriously, to know more about life and be more independent. When you’re an early teen you only want to be 17 like the characters of those teenager books you read compulsively or the girls in those films whose actresses are actually 30; then you want to be 18 and then 21 to be allowed to drink legally, to be considered an adult. When you are 22 years old your only desire is to be able to stop time but it’s not an emergency, you still have a couple of years more to enjoy yourself with no worries. When you’re 24, so close to the deadly 25 (a quarter of century, I must say), you only want to lay on the floor and start a fuss like when you were 5 because being that old is more than enough but you cannot just stop getting older and older until you cannot function anymore.

However, my case is a bit different. I was the biggest Peter Pan fan, I never wanted to grow up. I was really comfortable being 5 years old and eating sand while my parents talked adult business with other parents. Adults could have the longest conversations if they wanted to, only shutting up when I was around because ‘I was too young to hear about certain stuff’ — I never cared, really; I actually thought they were saying those things because they were boring as Hell and only wanted to seem interesting. I was a ruthless kid, I know.

Things never changed during my teen years. It was the time to explore, to learn, to fall and get back up, to have crushes and get your heart broken. It was the moment of exploring yourself and life, the moment of having or not tones of first times. Twilight wasn’t published until I was a young adult, Bella Swan and Edward Cullen would have been like babies to me had I read the books but by that time Harry Potter, Mankel, Agatha Christie and Virginia Woolf were my jam. They still are, actually. And I remember I didn’t want to be 21 or 22 either. Actually, I dreaded the time I’d be a full right adult. It meant my childhood and youth had passed, they had been spent studying instead of living. At least I had Finn — he made me feel like growing up wasn’t so bad provided we were together. And four years later he left me at the altar in front of more than 150 guests to run away with a bimbo blonde that he had been fucking for five years, more than a half of our relationship, in an attempt of preserving his youth or maybe to keep his dick busy 24/7.

After years of fearing feeling old, of dreading being old, here I am, the mom of an almost teen party. Almost? One of them isn’t even 20 yet. Despite what people may say about dating people younger than you, younger partners don’t make you feel young again. At all. What am I doing here? Lexa grabs my hand softly in the threshold of Indra’s house. Ah, that’s what I’m doing here. Despite the
awkwardness, despite Anya, acting like a normal couple in a normal friends party is worth a try.

We don’t even knock the door — that’s too city-like and this is a village, we just go inside taking the invitation for granted. Sorry, I’m a city girl, I still struggle with these habits, I still don’t get them. Really, you could be having sex in your couch and someone could think they’re entitled to enter your house and walk in on you and your partner or partners. Damn! I almost trip on a small stool. Yeah, I’m a bit nervous, you already know that, shut up.

The house has this rural aura, like everything in TonDC, but the decoration is not too boring, though. I don’t mean I like it but at least it’s rural with some style. I never got to meet the people who lived here, they escaped TonDC like many more did before and after them; however, by all the things Lexa has told me about Indra’s parents, while they seemed really bitter and strict people and they were still as… hmmm….yeah, well, racist as their neighbors, they had prospects to learn from the world outside their rural bubble.

Lexa leads me to the living room where they all are already occupying the couches and opening their first beers. Indra, Lincoln, Octavia, Anya and Nyko, if I’m not wrong. This feels kind of familiar, to be honest.

“Lexa!” It is Lincoln, the giant, ripped, attractive, teddy bear, the first one to notice our presence and comes to greet us with his girlfriend playfully attached to his back.

I hadn’t officially met them until now, I had only seen them in church, not paying attention to anything I was saying but hypnotized with each other. I’m not mad, I get that they only came out of tradition and I actually envy them a bit. They can give each other those looks in public without being afraid of anyone finding out they like each other. Furthermore, after everything Lexa and I have done in that place it would be very duplicitous of me if I got pissed if they started making out. God’s already offended and HE has had His revenge in the form of a middle aged woman called Nia and a sexy girl named Anya.

“Clarke, meet Lincoln and Octavia.”

Even before I can offer my hand, two strong arms are already wrapping me into a hug. He’s definitely the soft Hulk Lexa told me. And then, there is Octavia. She looks at me for a second in absolute silence, something that could pass unnoticed for most of people but I already know the reason behind it, and Lexa does too. Octavia is one of those girls of SAA, Lexa has taken care of telling me everything beforehand because she knows (and I’m incredibly sorry and ashamed for it) that I could get jealous. I don’t, though, and not because she has told me it was only a one time thing, not because I can see with my own eyes how much Lincoln and Octavia like each other. If I don’t get jealous it’s because I trust her, because she has told me everything despite how embarrassed and uneasy she could feel, because she cares about my feelings and how I can feel if I find out about it in another way. She didn’t have to, she could have just ignored it and it would have been perfectly fine because it happened before meeting me. I’m such a jealousy ball that she has obliged to dissect those painful memories in excruciating detail for me and how on Earth wouldn’t I trust her? She shouldn’t even have to do it, this is my problem and I’m the one who has to fix it to be able to give her the healthy relationship she deserves. Jealousy is a toxic element inside me that I have the responsibility of making disappear and I will as soon as I can. In the meantime I’m trying not to put this on her, I am. Maybe it’s still so difficult because we have just started this relationship but she wouldn’t have sacrificed her comfortable single life so in harmony with her addiction if she didn’t feel something for me. Furthermore, I don’t want to have such a bad start in which I cannot enjoy being with her and viceversa because I’m permanently thinking about who would Lexa fuck and who would fuck her. That’s the thing — Lexa’s hot as Hell and more, and anyone in this world would like to have her like I do but despite how tempted she could feel I know she will do everything in her power to respect
our monogamous agreement and her treatment. That’s exactly why I don’t mind the inquisitive glare Octavia throws in my direction, trying to figure out if this is a genuine relationship or just another way of acting out for Lexa. In fact, I’m really glad she actually cares about her, Lexa needs people like that in her life.

It seems like Octavia decides this is legitimate because she wraps me into another hug and they guide us further into the room to greet the others. Yes, Anya included. She has already given me ‘the glare’. Several ‘nice to meet you’ later we are drinking beer in the couch while laughing at Lincoln’s caricaturesque but true impersonation of some models he has had in his photography studio, Titus, Nia and finally, Roan Azgeda. I must say that despite I’m not fond of making fun of anybody, especially behind their back, he does it great.

“I can feel the rancor,” I comment with a tipsy smile on my lips after finishing my first beer. In my defense I’ll say that I normally don’t drink alcohol and this beer also has tequila.

“Uff,” Anya releases a loud guffaw. It’s nice to see her laughing at another thing that is not me, Lexa or our relationship.

“Shop of, An!” He throws her a cushion, probably starting the most dangerous and epic battle of all times. However, Indra intercedes just in time as the house owner. Our hero.

“No pillow fighting under my roof.” She doesn’t need to shout, she doesn’t need to even talk a little louder or look at them while saying it. Her glacial tone is more than enough.

I can see Octavia’s eyes sparkling with excitement. She really admires Indra and I get it. The woman is only 22 and she’s already a First Lieutenant of the US army, which is truly unbelievable for someone so young or so I’ve heard.

“What happened with the guy, really? You’ve been acting really weird.” Octavia has just asked the question I was the most afraid of. She’s right, they all have been acting really weird around Nia’s son.

The Trikru fall silent, the only sound to be heard is the powerful voice of Demi Lovato in the background. Yes, Demi, we’re all cool for the summer, but you are destroying the atmosphere of mystery and tension. It’s not difficult to realize that this intensity isn’t random. All Trikru’s eyes are landing from Lincoln to Lexa and back to Lincoln, and damn, I’ve never been more intrigued and anxious to know a secret. It almost seems like what everybody said was true and there was actually something going on between my Lexa and Roan all those years ago. The mere thought of it makes me feel really uncomfortable.

“Well?” I insist, my abrupt wariness drawing a wide smile on Anya’s face.

“See, Mother, about five or six years ago…” The murderous glares that Lexa and Lincoln give her accompanied by a guttural grunt from Indra are more than enough to shut Anya up.

All this secrecy is only making me more and more afraid of what they can say… and yeah, I’m mad again. This is just really pissing me off, for a change this week. Seriously, I had heard about bad days followed by great days due to brain chemistry and psychological reactions but not about shitty as Hell weeks. I better win a million dollars on Monday.

“Linc?” At least Octavia doesn’t look or sound like a jealous and rabid prick as I do. Actually she looks genuinely concerned.

See? That’s the attitude a normal girlfriend would have. Really, what on Earth is going on with me?
I’m nothing like what I’m feeling lately. Have I always been this toxic? I already supposed what happened with Finn scarred me but I couldn’t imagine I could become this… monster. Jealousy doesn’t have green eyes, they’re blue. I can’t understand how I can treat her like this — it’s not fair, it’s not healthy. Lexa deserves way better than having to put up with the jealous prick she has for a girlfriend, she already has a lot on her plate.

Lincoln raises his head and there’s no need for words to ask for Lexa’s consent. She nods like only she does, slowly but confidently, and I unconsciously lean forward and land a hand on her knee.

“When we were 16 we all were still Trikru…”

“We were family,” Indra intervenes absent-mindedly and Lexa squirms slightly in her spot, visibly ashamed. I caress a reassuring path on her thigh, squeezing lightly to anchor her to the present moment.

“Yeah, seingeda,” Lincoln continues and Octavia leans against his chest. If baffles me every time they speak in that language that only they know. Lexa already warned me in case I started thinking I had hearing problems. “By that time I had a massive crush on Echo but I wasn’t the only one developing almost incestuous feelings.” I can’t help it, my eyes find Anya’s for a second. She averts her gaze as long as it happens. “Echo was in love with Roan, and Roan…” I look at Lexa. I know she’s seen me despite she doesn’t show any sign of it, she’s pretending to be absorbed by the story but behind the blank expression she shows permanently to her friends for some reason, there’s blatant panic.

“Roan had the hots for Lexa.” Everyone turns to give Anya the dirtiest of looks. “He’s way too slow narrating the story, come on!”

“Well, yeah, he liked Lexa.” Lincoln looks genuinely pissed by Anya’s interruption but he doesn’t stop talking. “Of course, by that time none of us knew she was a lesbian…”

“I know, Lincoln, it’s ok.” This is the first time I’ve heard her talking in more than an hour. I don’t know if she’s just really reserved with her friends or she’s worried about something.

“The thing is we could see how Roan stared at you, Gustus and I, I mean. We tried to talk to him about it a ton of times and not every time in a joking manner.” That’s actually important. Nobody likes to be laughed at because of their feelings. “He denied feeling anything all of them until one day we were drinking some beers he stole from his fridge and he sang.” Lincoln takes a deep breath and his eyes fill with guilt. “Because I wanted Echo to myself I decided to encourage both of them… you… I even encouraged him more, twisting the negative answers I got from Lexa every time I tried to get her to like Roan. But I never told him you were in love with him or anything.”

I see Lexa nodding out of the corner of my eye. She looks uneasy… I don’t think I like the turn this is taking. For some reason, I feel the need of hugging her, of sitting her in my lap or before me between my legs, wrapping her middle with my arms, of hiding my face in her hair and whispering reassuring words to her ear, of kissing her neck and her cheek with loving and caring lips to let her know she’s not alone. But I don’t do it. I don’t do it for the simple reason that we haven’t discussed her boundaries in public, especially when she’s with her friends and she hasn’t been handsy or really talkative so far tonight so… So I just hold her hand and caress the soft skin with my thumb. This is the only thing I can do for her right now.

“One night, May 2nd, I had a sex date with Costia in the church cabin, as always” I give her a look she nonchalantly chooses to ignore. Her voice is hoarse but her pace steady. I’m not sure if you understand the extent of this but I’ve never seen her this stoic, not even when I catch her looking at me with a smile on her lips. I can’t even imagine the pain she’s hiding, and I selfishly dread finding
out. “We had sex and she left first, as always. When I got out of the cabin Roan was there in the park with teary eyes and fists hidden inside his pockets.” No, please, no. I’m already picturing the worst. “I tried to play it cool and asked him what he was doing there that late at night… which was stupid because it was barely eight o’clock.” I scrutinize the faces of her friends searching for a clue because, shit, I definitely don’t like where this is headed. My heart starts slamming the wall of my rib cage and the blood starts boiling in my veins. Please, please…” He was livid, all red and panting. Roan told me he knew what I was doing and it wasn’t normal, he told me I was just being reckless or following a trend or whatever… and weak.” Lexa leans back on the couch and takes a deep breath. “I obviously told him to fuck off, that he knew nothing about me and he was the abnormal and weak one coming here to… to what? I couldn’t get it. Next thing I know I feel a strong and painful kick on the chest and I flew back, falling to the ground.”

“What. The. Fuck?!” It wasn’t exactly what I expected but… I’ve not had such a need of killing someone as I do now in a long time. How dared he?! How dared he touch my girl, how dared he hit her?! Nyko and Octavia look at Lexa with wide eyes but my mind is just too clouded by rage to get taken aback. Right now I can feel the searing heat of anger spreading under my skin, my jaw clenching with dangerous force.

“Oh my god, did he hurt you?” Nyko’s too cute, he sounds genuinely concerned.

“Don’t worry, boo.” I never thought I’d hear Anya saying that.”My cousin here, right where she stands, she has always been like a raccoon: absolutely cute on the outside but capable of digging a hole through you and sending you to the afterlife with a kick.” She seems so proud when she looks at Lexa again. I guess there are some things between them I’ll never be part of… which is perfectly normal. That’s normal, that’s…oh!

“We arrived… I can’t remember what we were doing there, seriously.”

Poor Lincoln seems more agitated than anybody else. Octavia is trying to calm his shaking hands but… well. He did have a hand in what happened but it wasn’t his fault. He wasn’t the one who hit her, he wasn’t the one who had a violent response to something that had nothing to do with him. Lexa wasn’t Roan’s anything for him to be angry at her, and it goes without saying he was a damn caveman for even putting a hand on her. Only 16 years old…

“We were going to Luna’s because Caris and her had had a fight over… whatever, they were always fighting.” Anya snorts but Indra ignores her. “I remember Lincoln was trying to call Gustus and you, Anya, to let you know we were already going and you couldn’t let Luna go anywhere, and we saw them.” I turn my head to Lexa’s direction. She’s already peeping at me out of the corner of her eye. “Lexa had scratches everywhere, she had hurt her ankle and she was bleeding insanely through her nose. Still, she had Roan, as big as he already was, laying on the ground, panting at her feet…”

“He was unarmed and I was hitting him with a wooden stick I found outside the cabin.”

And then silence. Lexa doesn’t even glance at me anymore. Look, I’m a pacifist, ok? Everything involving violence disgusts me to death but this… I can’t still wrap my mind around the fact he hit her, he actually hit her and his excuse? She’s gay, she didn’t love him, she couldn’t love him. He was her friend and still he hit her because she rejected him. What kind of place is this? What kind of world is this? I’m definitely moving to Mars… or Canada.

I put an arm around Lexa’s waist and pull her closer to me, as close as I can before kissing her earshell and whispering: “He deserved it. You were defending yourself. You were really brave, Lexa, you were strong.” Then I kiss her cheek and separate slightly, my arm still pulling her tightly to me. Octavia is murmuring more reassuring words to Lincoln’s ear.
Really, 16 year old teens and already beating people just because. Beating women because they rejected him. I know people always say this and it’s infinitely stupid, but I wouldn’t have said just looking at the guy that he was someone able to do that. I guess prejudices work dangerously in both directions.

“And now he’s going to get married,” I whisper, talking to myself and not so much to them. Ontari looks fierce, I just hope he has changed somehow and rejected violence, if not… Ugh, this shows an enormous lack of empathy and sympathy, it’s selfish but right here and right now, tonight at this party, I don’t want to think about that.

“The fuck?!” Anya almost spills her beer.

“Yeah, this morning he came to church with Nia and his bride-to-be,” Lexa confirms in a low voice while standing up to bring us more beers.

“With that girl, Ontari?” I nod to Lincoln. I’m glad that the rest of the people in the world are not so bad at remembering names as I am. “But I thought they had been dating for like… four months?”

“Five, I think they said yesterday,” Indra shares. “Still too soon.”

“I bet she’s pregnant and Nia’s forcing them,” Anya laughs inappropriately and her boyfriend puts an arm around her shoulders.

“I don’t think so,” Octavia intervene with her sparkly eyes, talking with a mysterious voice typical of Sherlock Holmes.

“That’s right, and celebrating the wedding here will only make people talk,” her boyfriend agrees.

“And Nia hasn’t picked a date yet?”

“Really…?”

“Can we change the topic, please?”

Everyone looks at Lexa, who is opening two beers behind me. Even through her expression is adamantly stoic I can sense her terrible discomfort. I want to hold her, I want to… I’m going to hold her. When she moves around the couch and tries to occupy back her spot I fill it and open my legs for her to sit on the gap. What’s that? The confused look she’s giving me is truly epic. The beers are offered to me in the air, her hands paralyzed at the idea of showing us like this in front of her friends, probably. Maybe it’s too much, too soon. Just a sign and it will be like nothing happened, like I’ve never done this teen shit of… Damn Lord. Sometimes I truly behave like a hormonal teenager. What was I thi…? It might be my imagination, but I’d swear Lexa’s blushing to her scalp. Is that a tiny smile contained in the corner of her plump lips?

Lexa keeps the beers and turns around to sit down between my legs; then she leans against my front and gives me my drink, gesture that I pay back nuzzling briefly on her neck and setting a butterfly kiss below her cute, tiny ear. With a long gulp, I’m starting to feel the buzz.

“So… you girls, how…?”

Our attention runs back to the other people in the room. They have been looking at us and I’m more than glad to see a disgusted grimace on Anya’s face. Lexa leans her head back in a vain attempt to hide herself in my hair from the sudden stares of her friends but it’s too late.

“Right, let’s address the elephant in the room.”
end Anya. “How did you start fucking the priest?” I’m right here... “Was it one of your secret kinks of sex addict, my dear Lexy?” She thinks she’s hilarious, doesn’t she?

“It was me acting out.” I can feel Lexa stiffening in my arms so I hug her more tightly and lean my chin on her shoulder comfortingly. “And destroying her life at the same time.”

“Don’t say that,” I muffle in her shoulder. “I quit because I wanted to.”

“Did you quit?” Octavia seems surprised, all of them do. I’m not sending any of them to Hell for their sins today.

“Yes, I was just not made for it.” I leave a kiss on the crook of Lexa’s neck and start drawing absentmindedly patterns on her sides. I get a bit touchy when I’ve drunk, ok?

“I bet you had lots of sex in church.” We try not to react at Anya’s comment, but it was just too unexpected. The devious smirk on her face lets us know we’ve been caught.

“What are you going to do now?” Indra’s mothering voice saves us and I’ve never been so happy of someone questioning my decisions, which is really odd.

“I’ll go back to where I left my Residency.”

“Are you a doctor?” This is the first time I’ve heard Nyko talking tonight and he’s so overexcited it’s amusing. Again, I know that prejudices are wrong but this kind of behavior is so not like him according to his bearded, manly biker look. “I’m a nurse in NYC!”

Oh! I haven’t met a hospital colleague in so long... Damn, this is a good improvement of the evening. Also, Nyko is the first person that works on health care I’ve seen that doesn’t wear preppy clothes. Even I do it! I’m indisputably thrilled.

“What service?” Lexa looks at me, I’m sure I look too happy all of a sudden.


“Harvard.” As I predicted, all the knowing eyes dart to Lexa. It’s only Octavia who keeps going over the conversation unaware of their current mood.

“My brother studied Philosophy there!” She slurs. After the forth of fifth tequila-beer, she’s starting to get drunk. Now. I started getting more than tipsy ¾ of beer ago and I’m older. Kids these days...

“I used to be around Harvard Yard a lot.” It’s really relieving having something I’m familiar to after all this time and especially in a teen party. “What’s his name? Maybe I know him.”

“Bellamy Blake.”

Shit... The blood runs from my face and I feel like fainting. It’s just a second, I’m ok. I’m ok... She can’t be... Octavia can’t be Bell’s little sister, right? He... well, he did have a sister... ten years younger than... Oh, shit. Lexa has shifted a bit to look at me. Damn, she knows, right? She finishes her second beer in one sitting. Yes, she knows, she’s more than intelligent enough to see the connection.

“Do you know him?” Octavia insists although I positively think she already knows the answer by my baffled expression.

“A bit...” I try to downplay it in vain. Lexa leaves the empty bottle on the wooden table and stands
“She used to sleep with him, right?” And without another word she disappears through the living room to get to the bathroom.

I know she’s drunk but WHAT-THE-FUCK?! Everyone has gone quiet and either looks at the hallway or me. I can’t understand if she’s jealous and drunk and that has pissed her or she’s just like that, because her tone wasn’t cold or ruthless. It was just her. The dramatic exit doesn’t help me understand what has just happened either. Lexa’s just so socially weird sometimes… I never know.

I try to laugh it out the less awkwardly I can manage, playing it cool and nodding like saying ‘busted!’ and it seems it works because the tension disappears instantly… well, most of it. However, the giggles stop as soon as I notice Anya has disappeared from Nyko’s side. No way… I can’t even listen to Octavia’s funny chat about how long it took Bellamy to stop wetting the bed. Whatever Anya believes she’s going to get from MY drunk GIRLFRIEND she’s utterly wrong… I’m going to kill that asshole.

“I should go check how’s she doing.” Despite I’ve not heard anything they are saying, only the blood boiling in my ears, I think I don’t end up looking like an asshole, I think they believe I’ve just refused answering. It’s ok by me.

Walking… or tottering through the hallway I don’t see anyone. Not Lexa and not Anya. I don’t like this at all. If she even tries to put a hand on her...

“Lexa, are you ok?”

Locked. I knock several times, not too loud because I don’t want to draw the others’ attention but… Ugh! If I didn’t… care about her… ugh… I’d call everyone and let them know the kind of shitty person Anya is. But I won’t because this is not my place and also Lexa would get hurt and would get angry and I don’t want it. However, if she doesn’t respond in three seconds I’m going to be very, very unhappy. Ferociously unhappy.

“Lexa?” I knock again. I know she’s inside there with her, I just fucking know. And you know what? This is not over. “Do you need me to call for help?”

There’s an instant sound inside the bathroom and someone is unlocking the door. See how I can do magic? Better than an Alohomora, I’m a true Gryffindor. I open the door with my breath caught in my chest and my heart skips a couple of beats. I already told you they were both there. Anya’s the one who has opened the door with a mischievous smirk and Lexa… She’s leaning against the opposite wall with teary eyes and a ragged appearance. I don’t need to be a genius to get what was happening here.

“Anything we can help you with?” Anya half-slurs. I’m going to skin her alive.

“Are you ok, Lexa?” She doesn’t answer, she only stares at me with horrified eyes.

“She would be if you weren’t such a party wrecker.” I’m going to burn her slowly for months with a red hot iron.

“Do you think this is damn funny?” I’m kind of cornering the girl in front of the mirror. I can’t recognize the reflection.

“She didn’t say no.” I’m going to spike needles under her fingernails.

“Saying ‘Anya, I’ve got a girlfriend, please stop’ means NO, not fucking ‘convince me’, you
“asshole.” Lexa throws her a towel but it only falls flat on the ground. She’s shaking, she’s terrified. Is it because of Anya? Because her almost acting out?

Is it because of me?

“Not if it’s followed by a mo…”

Anya falls to the ground after my fist impacts on one of those sharp cheekbones. Definitely those could cut diamonds... YOU FUCKING PRICK OF FUCKING FUCK, FUCK!! AAAAAHHHHH!! MY HAND! MY HAND! MY HAND HURTS!! WHAT HAVE I DONE?? IS MY HAND BROKEN?? I ALSO DO SURGERIES, I CAN’T BREAK MY HAND! Oh damn, it hurts, it hurts! I shake my hand and turn around to put it under the cold flow of water from the sink. I’m stupid and these people have turned me into a hick, I can’t find another explanation. Some tears start running my cheeks. Damn…

“Anya, are you ok?” Lexa sounds terribly concerned. WHAT ABOUT ME?! I’VE JUST BROKEN MY FUCKING HAND!

“Yeah, fuck, the bitch knows how to hit.” I can see her standing up through the mirror. Ok, my hand may not be broken but it hurts too much, I can’t hit her again. “That will teach me not to mess with someone else’s girlfriend, huh?” That’s so sexist I think she may need another one.

“Do you think I, a 29 years old doctor, have lost my fucking temper because you’re the female version of a fuckboy?!” I’m really trying to calm myself but trying not to be too loud is already a titanic work.

“29 already?” She laughs at me. Just give my hand a minute…

“I thought you were 28?” Lexa scowls.

“Yesterday was my birthday… or the day before, I don’t know what time it is.” I dry my hand and start moving it slowly. It burns but it’s been so worth it. “First, I don’t know if you’re aware but you have almost fucking raped your cousin…”

“I’ve not…”

“Yes, you have.” I clench my jaw. I would be much calmer if Lexa wasn’t by her side. Honestly, what’s wrong with this village? Is this another fucking universe?! “Her being a sex addict doesn’t mean you don’t need her total consent. And secondly, this is not fucking funny to her. She suffers because of sex, because she can’t control herself and you only put her in more pain, you dumbass!”

I expected her saying something — actually, none of them says anything. The only thing that breaks the uncomfortable intensity of the moment is Lexa’s bright glance.

(…)

He pulled the Invisibility Cloak over his head and set off down the stairs, Ron and Hermione hurrying along behind him. At the foot of the stairs, Harry slid through the open door.

"What were you doing up there with her!" shrieked Lavender Brown, staring right through Harry at Ron and Hermione emerging together from the boys' dormitories. Harry heard Ron spluttering behind him as he darted across the room away from them.
Getting through the portrait hole was simple; as he approached it, Ginny and Dean came through it, and Harry was able to slip between them. As he did so, he brushed accidentally against Ginny.

"Don't push me, please, Dean," she said, sounding annoyed. "You're always doing that, I can get through perfectly well on my own..."

The portrait swung closed behind Harry, but not before he had heard Dean make an angry retort... his feeling of elation increasing, Harry strode off through the castle. He did not have to creep along, for he met nobody on his way, but this did not surprise him in the slightest. This evening, he was the luckiest person at Hogwarts.

Why he knew that going to Hagrid's was the right thing to do, he had no idea. It was as though the potion was illuminating a few steps of the path at a time. He could not see the final destination, he could not see where Slughorn came in, but he knew that he was going the right way to get that memory. When he reached the entrance hall he saw that Filch had forgotten to lock the front door. Beaming, Harry threw it open and breathed in the smell of clean air and grass for a moment before walking down the steps into the dusk.

It was when he reached the bottom step that it occurred to him how very pleasant it would be to pass the vegetable patch on his walk to Hagrid's. It was not strictly on the way, but it seemed clear to Harry that this was a whim on which he should act, so he directed his feet immediately toward the vegetable patch, where he was pleased, but not altogether surprised, to find Professor Slughorn in conversation with... There’s a loud knock downstairs on the front door. If Lexa wants to talk to me after almost three days of radio silence and interrupt my Harry Potter books marathon evening she can suck it. She hasn’t had the decency of even sending me a text to let me know she’s ok. And it’s not like I can just go to her home and ask! The worst part is I don’t even know if she’s angry at me or she’s just not good at texting people. You know what? I don’t care. The only thing that worries me now is if Harry will be able to get what he wants from Professor Slughorn or not, and I already know how this ends.

I go back to my reading. (...) a conversation with... Another knock disturbs my teeny tiny moment of peace. (...) a conversation with... Another one, and another and another. It better be important because I wouldn’t even be hearing it if they weren’t using the knocker. If it’s Lexa I’m going to Expelliarmus the fuck out of her... That doesn’t make any sense but I have been reading Harry Potter books for almost twelve hours straight ... or bi. I just... never mind.

I leave the book on the nightstand and grab my light blue robe to put it on dangerously while going downstairs. Really, if there were a fire in church and I was up there I would die for sure. Lexa loves candles, maybe I should just hide them all just in case. This is odd because it’s me talking but I don’t want to die, really. I’ve made a lot of progress these two years, haven’t I? Aaagh! They won’t stop knocking! It’s not Lexa, she would never try to enter through the front door; but if it’s not her... who?

I cross the hallway of the nave at a quick pace and set one of the body-sized candelabraums closer to me just in case I need it to split some heads. I’m really violent lately, my hand still hurts... even if it’s not broken contrary to what I thought when Anya’s cheek clashed against my fist. Speaking of the Devil, I unlock the door and it opens loudly letting me see the person behind. Anya. What the fuck is she doing here?

“What do you want? It’s almost midnight.” I’m rather brusque but at least my homicidal instincts are under control.

“Goodnight to you too.” That cocky smile of hers appears on her lips and, damn, she’s already making me mad.
“Get the fuck out of here.” I try to close the door but she gets in first and despite I’d like to crush her head with the door I won’t because that would send me to jail. Also, I like this robe and I don’t want blood stains on it.

“I want to talk to you for a sec.” She’s going to get another punch and I don’t care about my hand this time. “Damn sexy robe, by the way. What were you doing?” Has she just hit on me?

“I was reading Harry Potter.” And I want to go back to my book so hurry the fuck up. Anya’s eyebrows shot up and she draws a mocking smile on her face. “What?”

“Another Potter dork, you sure are made for each other,” she laughs at me. That’s not what I want to hear, not right now, not for the rest of this freaking week. “I’m still wondering how you got the Commander so whipped, it’s endearingly pathetic.” Anya starts to move around the nave like it was her home, like I had invited her.

“You can tell your friend to go to Hell and please, go with her.” I roll my eyes and start walking the hallway to go back to my room. “Close the door when you’re finished, please.”

“Wait!” I turn around to see her slightly bent over a pew. *What does she want now?* After a couple of quiet seconds, Anya clears her throat and recovers her smug attitude. “How’s your hand?” Now she’s totally mocking me.

“Perfect, how’s your face?”

“Fine.” She touches the spot where my fist landed. We have two possibilities: she’s wearing a lot of make-up or her cheek is truly so inhumanly hard, the most affected was my poor hand. Really, my knuckles are all purple and swollen and I have to take analgesics.

“What do you want, Anya?” Let’s get this over with, seriously, I just want to go back to the beautiful wizarding world.

“The guys and I are leaving for LA tonight.” Anya takes a piece of paper from the back of her shorts, I step slowly towards her and she handles it to me. “Here.” You won’t believe what’s in it but I swear it’s a phone number. Is she flirting with me and giving me her number? Is she flirting with me and giving me her number? What kind of game is she playing now? Did I provoke her brain damage when I punched her? Maybe she has a concussion — one concomitant with an intracranial hemorrhage. Maybe I should actually worry. What if she wants a threesome? If she has talked to Lexa and she has told her there’s no problem I’m going to kill her. “Stop the mental masturbation session, please, it’s Octavia’s. She asked me to give it to you because she liked you the other night and she wants to get to know you better… Not like THAT, you know? I get that priests always get confused by this stuff.”

“Anya, say whatever you want to say now before my foot finds your sorry ass and sends you to LA with no need of an airplane.” I deadpan say while folding the number and putting it inside the pocket of my robe.

“Don’t be so cocky, Mother.” She enters my personal comfort zone. Get out of my personal bubble, it’s mine. “I’ve actually come to say goodbye… You are not as annoying as I thought you’d be when I saw you ogling Lex for the first time right there.” *Wow!* I certainly didn’t expect that. For Anya this is almost a declaration of love.

“I should be flattered, I suppose?” I know I should be, I’m just not giving in so easily. I won’t ever forget all the pain she has put Lexa through, what she almost did to her… The rage comes back full force and I can feel my cheeks burning with boiling blood. Lately I only can see red.
“This is also thank you.” Just like a balloon being caressed by a needle, my rage, my smugness, my rancor… all deflates and flies through the nave to get lost somewhere in the dark. Have I heard well? I need to go see a doctor, they have to make me at least a Rinne test. “That punch came as a complete shock. Despite how much I love her I couldn’t see how much I was hurting Lex… Heck! I didn’t even realize what I was about to do to her and I can’t even ascribe it to the alcohol…” I truly don’t know what to say. I don’t know what she wants me to say, really. Do I forgive her? No, I don’t, ever — but at least now I think she’s less of a dickhead. I guess that’s something. “That was it.”

Honestly, I was expecting a flimsier apology, were she going to say sorry. I’m not even the one she needs to apologize to! Although I suppose she has already asked Lexa for forgiveness. She probably has pardoned her, she has such a weakness for Anya it drives me insane. Actually it’s ok, she’s her best friend and her cousin, I can get that. Still she almost rapes her and nobody should be ok with that! Am I exaggerating? I should have hit her harder.

My eyes scrutinize her face, from the sharp chin to her smug smile, running through those annoyingly beautiful cheekbones and her determined gaze. Sometimes she looks just like Lexa; not her physically but her expression, her attitude. They both can be infuriating brats at one moment and ruthless chiefs in command the next second, as implausible as it may seem. She’s serious about this but it doesn’t mean it’s enough. Anya knows it, I know she does, I can see her in the way her lips are slightly pursed, in how her eyes hold my stare unbreakably, as adamantly as Lexa’s straight face when she’s actually feeling. Anya’s changing vaguely her position misleads me to think she’s finally going back home… or Mordor, wherever she wants, but I can’t be so lucky, right? Instead she extends her hand to me and... is this a peace offer?

“May we meet again,” she says in a true and soft voice I never thought she could produce.

Again, I’ll say this all the times it’s needed — her regret is not enough to earn my forgiveness, I don’t think anything but a long time and good behavior could, but I’m not the one who has to forgive her, at all. Only because of that reason I take her hand and squeeze it firmly.

“May we meet again.” I know Lexa’d like us to get along but after everything she’s done to her this is the best I can do.

I feel an instant pull and almost fall facefirst, I would if I hadn’t clashed Anya’s shoulder. Oddly enough, in my confusion I can feel her lips on my ear. What the…?

“Next time you try to put a hand on me, you’ll need to go to the dentist,” she whispers and releases me rather brusquely and her smug face shows up again, here challenging eyes lock on mine. She’s a hideous woman… “And…” she slurs right when she’s FINALLY going to start walking though the hallway to the door. Why is she still here?! “If I were you I wouldn’t go to bed anytime soon.”

I don’t even want to try to understand what she means, really, I just want her to close the door after she leaves… And she doesn’t even do that. Aaaarrrggggghhh! I close the freaking door and lock it again. I need an electric fence or toxic fog or something like that to prevent dumbasses to come here to my home, to God’s home! Yeah, to mine, this place has definitely been left by God even if Lexa would probably say now God’s more focused on this church because there’s lesbian action going on. She’s such a brat.

A deep sigh leaves my lungs and I fall flat on a pew, one of my arms serving as a pillow because, damn, this is uncomfortable. The paper feels odd inside my pocket. Octavia seems a wonderful, ferocious girl. Intelligent, very much and still… She’s Bell’s sister. I can picture him, his face when I told him it was over. We never had anything serious, both of us stated that in several occasions. He was just a casual lay, someone to discharge my sexual frustration with on those times Finn and I
decided to take a break after a particularly strong argument. It was so slowly I didn’t even realize how close we had grown, not until he asked me not to marry Finn that last time with teary eyes and strong hands around my wrists in that Starbucks. Should I have listened to him? To that manly, strong man with tanned skin and dark eyes that looked at me like he needed me? Maybe things would have ended up differently, maybe I wouldn’t have had my heart broken and everything wouldn’t have started falling apart. Bellamy was good to me, most of the times at least. When he was angry he used to put everything on me, I hated that. Everything was my fault, all the pain he felt was because of me, my indecision, my poor choices in life. It was difficult sometimes seeing he wasn’t right, that his pain was only his and I couldn’t look only and exclusively for him. When someone you care about, when someone you trust says those things you tend to believe them because why would they lie? Why would they accuse you of their pain if you weren’t really the one to blame? Not all the burden was on me, despite all he liked to say because we had an agreement and we both made that choice. We both agreed on not being in a relationship, on only being friends with benefits, if he couldn’t study because of my other partners and failed it wasn’t my fault. The choice I didn’t make was not loving him. I just couldn’t, you cannot choose who you love and in all the months we were sleeping together and being friends that never happened. It may sound weird given that I had sex with him but he was always more like a brother to me. We were a good team on beer-pong and tennis, we understood each other in bed, but that was it.

He was intelligent, nice, handsome, funny when you needed to laugh and serious when he needed to be. He was also possessive and always the victim. “You owe me”, he said and that was the only thing I needed to make up my mind. I had to use real force to get him to release me and walk out of the coffee shop and I never saw or talked to him again. And now his sister gives me her number because she wants to get to know me. She’s one of a kind, I must admit it, and really interesting for being only getting on for 20. Well, my girlfriend is 21, I don’t know why I’m even saying this. I know the girl is also fighting against her addiction and I hope she succeeds — she’s not going to give up, that’s for sure. What I don’t know exactly is if Lincoln’s aware of it. I suppose so, I mean, if she has only half the problems and behavior Lexa has in bed you know there’s something off there. They seem so good for each other, I hope I really get to see them again, and Indra and Nyko too, they really stand out, you know? Anya can burn in Hell for what I’m concerned.

There’s a knock on the door. Another one. The third one and I stand up abruptly. I’m going to kill whoever it is this… time. Lexa’s standing in front of me wearing a silky, ethereal black dress that leaves her right leg uncovered. What a leg… She has all her hair pulled over one shoulder and this tiny shy smile on her lips that makes me weak at my knees and OH MY GAY HOW’S SHE SO CUTE? This must be illegal. She’s wearing a discreet make-up but the girl is covered in fucking glitter! This must be definitely illegal. Wait a second, I was mad at her and for good reasons, I won’t let her dazzle me with her shiny, perfect skin and her stupid and bewitching green eyes. I’m an adult…and a doctor! I’m someone sensible and serious and I’ll not…

“Goodnight, Clarke.” The ways she utters my name, damn her.

“Hi…” I sigh in the most pathetic damsel in distress style, high-pitched voice included. I’m… I’m just so weak for her it’s not even normal. She’s just too cute for my bi heart, she’s a princess, a badass princess. One of her faces is Xena and the other a babe, I can’t handle it.

“Would you come with me?” That shy smile, oh, no… Oh no. Remember who you are, Clarke, remember you were… are mad at her.

“I’m in my pajamas.” She hasn’t called you in four days, she…

“You look stunning, you… you are stunning it’s just tonight…” Lexa Wilde is babbling and I positively think I’m going to die. “Like… you’re even more… if possible…”
Have I ever mentioned I’m very weak for her? Before I even realize I’m already closing the church’s front door behind my back and following her to… the… cabin. Thirty seconds from where we were. The cabin. The official love nest of the teens of TonDC. It’s not that there’s more than a handful of them left but still… it’s not exactly my idea of sexy or romantic.

“Lexa, if you just wanted to fuck we could have just gone upstairs, it would be way cleaner than this… fil…” What has came at first more harshly than what would be probably appropriate dies in my mouth when she opens the wooden door and I am able to witness a festival of flowers and small candles floating in the depth of crystal jars. It’s breathtaking, she is. She… “Are those my petunias?”

“I had to use what I had on hand and without making my parents suspicious,” she giggles and lets me enter the place. “I wanted to put more candles but, you know, wood and fire… Better not.”

“This is…” I don’t have words. I cannot even think properly. She is so… “… beautiful, Lexa.” More than beautiful, gosh. I can’t believe this. “What is this?”

“Happy birthday!” I can feel my heart flutter and sink in my chest only to hit my ribs full force afterwards. I don’t think this is normal, I need to go to a hospital… “Or… only our first date, given the fact that we never had one…” She looks at me, her eyes full of hesitance, insecurity, confusion… sadness?

“I never celebrate my birthday.” It’s all that can leave my lips in a slow whisper.

“I… o-ok but the first da…”

“This is amazing, Lexa.” I’m not going to cry, I’m not going to cry, I’m just gonna die. Come on, Griffin! Keep your shit together, you are an adult. “Thank you.”

Her smile comes back and I quit, I picture myself turning around, going back to church and hiding under my mattress forever because I can’t just handle this. Her. She’s too much, she’s too adorable, I feel like melting… I can’t, I can’t. Our gazes lock each other’s in such a meaningful stare there’s no need of any more words to express this gratitude and adoration. If someone had told me the first day in the confessional or the day of the altar that Lexa would surprise me for my birthday with candles and flowers, and dinner!, with all her cuteness on display, I would have laughed so much at their faces it would have been rude as Hell. This is truly like a first date, and it’s silly but I don’t even dare to kiss her as I’m craving to.

“You are… uh… ravishing in that dress.” No, wait… “Well, always, but you know what I…” The subtle make-up will never be able to hide the glowing blush that appears from her forehead to her cleavage. Her cleavage… Clarke, eyes up!

“It’s Anya’s, she… she lent it to me for the occasion.” I will professionally ignore Anya has been named in this great moment we’re sharing and focus on the fact that she can’t even produce the words to respond to my compliment. Lexa’s so sweet and dainty when she opens herself I can’t even process what’s happening here. I want to hit my head against the wall, I cannot function like this. “Shall we sit?”

Beforehand, along with all the decoration, Lexa has prepared a light, modest dinner to delight me even more, if possible. It’s amazing what she has been able to do behind her family’s back. I think I may faint tonight, preferably from exhaustion after… No, no, no. The one thing I can never forget — this isn’t a normal date, we are not under regular conditions. In a normal date we’d have a pleasant dinner and then fuck fiercely until down, probably. But we cannot do that, right? I, as the responsible adult, have to make sure we don’t get to a situation where she suffers. So if she actually doesn’t make a mo… Oh, nice.
There’s something I need to say before telling you what I’ve just seen. As you may know by now, this cabin is the official teen love nest of TonDC. Yeah, right next to the church — if Lexa told me she started it, I would totally believe her. Well, the thing is that as the official love nest, of course it has a mattress. A filthy, disgusting mattress full of sweat from people I don’t know, biological material from people I don’t want to know and most likely diseases like, at least, Chlamydia and crab louses. Having said that, I must add that said mattress is right here right now on the ground and its only difference is that it has been covered by a sheet that I highly doubt is full of disinfectant and holy water. If she remotely thinks I’ll have sex on that bag of syphilis, she’s absolutely wrong.

“Clarke, are you ok?” I don’t know what kind of expression I have but it must be a repulsion one. “Don’t you like the canapés? I also have…”

“I’m fine.” I know I should tell her but it’s just too soon. “And this dinner is amazing, Lexa. I’m pleasantly surprised.” That’s true, this is exquisite and my cooking abilities in comparison are very poor. Enough to survive, though. Damn, Lexa’s blushing again, I want to hug her, now.

“You didn’t believe me when I told you I knew how to cook, did you?” No, I didn’t, and I can’t help my nervous giggle because I’ve been easily caught. Soon she joins to my laughs and everything is so light and easy, so different from these few past weeks I just let myself go. That’s all I need, that’s all we need.

“You did lie to me when you said you were a Slytherin, though,” I tease her while sliding a super tiny tomato inside my mouth.

“Ah, I didn’t say that.” Lexa takes a sip of water to conceal her smile. No more alcohol for either of us after the other night, that’s been a really wise decision. “I said I was a dementor.”

“And I’m a unicorn, come on!” She giggles and what a beautiful sound it is. “What’s your house?”

Her green stare locks mine through her eyelids, a smile there oddly matching with the shyness on her lips. At first sight you’d say she’s totally a Slytherin, that doesn’t need further explanation, does it? But now I can’t help feeling inside of her more and more different qualities that don’t quite fit. Call me immature, call me whatever you want, but the wizarding world will always be a huge part of me and everyone who has been raised with the Harry Potter books.

“Ravenclaw,” she finally answers, bashfully.

“Ravenclaw?” My eyebrows shot up to my hairline. I’d have expected maybe Gryffindor, and well, yeah, Lexa’s extremely intelligent but I don’t quite see it.

“I… was somehow clever enough to get a brilliant, astonishing girlfriend, didn’t I?” And her blush intensifies, and mine starts and I also need an ambulance as soon as possible. I’m a mature adult, my heart shouldn’t have these kind of arrhythmias, what’s wrong with me? My heart skips a beat, two, flutters, stops again, tries to escape my chest... I’m really starting to worry — not because of my health, though. Sadly, this is normal, such a usual event in humans’ lives I don’t even want to think about it. She has too much game for my wellbeing.

“Totally…” I clear my throat and her smile intensifies. “You also always speak your mind.”

There’s something in her tempting green eyes I’m not able to get but, damn, they’re so captivating it clouds my mind and right here, right now, I don’t get to obsess myself with it. Everything is perfect and enthralling — the scent, the decoration, the illumination, the food... Her. Especially Lexa. The ethereal fabric adjusts perfectly to her skin, caresses it letting the perfect amount of skin uncovered. Letting the fork on the empty plate I can’t stop daydreaming about soft touches, my skin on hers,
nuzzling against her neck, letting slow kisses though her clavicle. Every single piece of her is mesmerizing, from her luring body to the shyness still waiting behind her devilish smile. The mood is slowly changing from my initial surprise to a subtle but electrifying atmosphere that only invites to taste her.

“Can I ask you something?” I blurt out like a novice but Lexa hums deliciously in agreement and now I can’t go back. I don’t even dare to reach for her hand over the table. “When we go back to Boston, would you like to… Move in with me. “... share an apartment?” This way it’s way less intimidating, yes.

The answer doesn’t come immediately. Lexa’s eyes open wide and her chin falls a bit, her breath gets caught in her chest and her back stiffens. Call me crazy but this is not a very positive reaction, is it? I probably should clarify...

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Clarke,” she answers cautiously in a deadpan voice. Great, she’s freaking out. I can’t deny my heart is breaking a little… just a tiny bit.

“Look, it’s not like that,” I hurry to say. “It’s your last year and you need to be out of your parents’ control. I’ll have to rent an apartment anyway and won’t be home most of the time, only for sleeping and studying… and it would be like I wasn’t there, it will not feel like we’re living together at all.” Lexa shakes her head.

“I want you to be my girlfriend, Clarke, not my sugar mama.” Oh, I didn’t really think of it that way. It’s not like I had to pay for her college bills or confront another payment I won’t have to make already, only some extra food. I open my mouth to speak but she talks first. “Can we talk about something else?”

Despite her decisive rejection to my offer, Lexa’s gaze is warm and tender. The fact that it’s not because of me is relieving, honestly — I don’t understand completely why she doesn’t want this, it would be the most beneficial way for her and it’s not like I would be negatively affected by this, or positively for that matter. However, I won’t insist if she doesn’t want to negotiate. Instead...

“We don’t have to talk at all.” I can’t conceal my smirk looking at her lips, which she curves in a knowing smile.

I stand and go around the table to straddle her. Yeah, I’m a 29 year old woman straddling a 21 year old girl. A very hot one. Lexa smiles against my lips and runs her hands up my thighs to my waist to press me tighter against her and, contrary to what I expected she’d do, she keeps the kiss slow and tender. I hide my hands in her hair, around her neck. An electric current runs my spine and I’m getting really needy but I don’t want to change the pace. Even though my lips are already parted and ready, Lexa slides her tongue and caresses my lip softly to ask for permission. I like it, I really do. The last time we did something like this, the last time we were going to have sex it was on the altar, in a sea of wine and sweat, but it was nothing like this. It was rough and meaningless, only meant to corrupt me, only meant to play with my mind. This is absolutely not that Lexa.

This Lexa worships my lips, every patch of skin or silk her hands caress. This Lexa goes slow, enjoying every sensation, every touch. This Lexa is genuinely willing to have sex with me, not to use me to get off. She doesn’t twitch whenever I want to enjoy her and her body, whenever I want to experiment with her and her reactions. This Lexa allows me to worship her too for the simple reason that she trusts me, she trusts I won’t hurt her, I will make her feel good. For that, this Lexa doesn’t need to be in control all the time.

I tug slightly on her hair to adjust her position and lift my hips a bit, finding a friction I didn’t look for but about which I’ll not complain. This is escalating really quickly, at least for me. Oddly enough she
seems very controlled, despite her ragged breathe, despite the hands that fist the back of my robe, despite the progressively hotter skin caressing mine. I suck on her lower lip (you know how obsessed I’m with it) and nip it, eliciting another smile form her, and before separating from me to breathe, she bumps my nose with hers. I’ve already melted against her.

“I…” She gulps and gasps for air. “I told you… I was a Ravenclaw.” Lexa gives me a peck but I don’t want to let her go. I whine when my lips lose hers again and, Hell, how she likes it. Lexa tugs on her lip and caresses my nose with hers. “How could I have gotten you here like this if I wasn’t?”

“No fucking way, although both of us were accepted in Yale.” Lexa says it lightly, just a comment with no real meaning behind, just something to boast of to play along, but still I can’t help my surprise.

“Did you?” She scowls and nods. “Why didn’t you go there?”

“I would have been too close from home, Clarke, my parents could have visited me whenever they wanted.” She explains as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world. Yeah, she’s totally a Ravenclaw, now I see it. “Also, they didn’t give me the full scholarship and Harvard did.”

I already knew Lexa was madly pragmatic, sometimes I tend to forget it. That’s why I have to remember not to obsess about anything when I’m with her — it’s rare the time there are hard feelings impregnating her decisions, it’s always head over heart, which sometimes is annoying and extremely infuriating because she tends to hide her feelings but on the other hand she makes me feel… safe? After being surrounded with emotion-driven people like Bell or Finn, she’s a breath of fresh air. I can’t find it in myself to resist to her lips for much longer when she kisses me again, this time deeply, with her hands finding her way under my robe to caress the hem of my shorts. Her mouth diverts to my jaw and starts a trail of loving kisses down the column of my neck. Damn, I can feel it with every single one, her want, her passion, her devotion. I open my eyes in an attempt of keeping myself anchored to this reality, suddenly afraid of disappearing in her, in her touches, in her adoration. I need another position, this one doesn’t let me show mine back to her like I’d like to. My gaze runs to the mattress on the ground, covered by the delicate petals of my poor petunias. I know it’s going to kill my mood, and I really wish it wouldn’t, that I didn’t care and we could just keep going, but it does. I don’t want her to notice my hesitation; however, Lexa turns around to follow my eyes. Of course she would do that.

“Don’t worry, Clarke, that’s not the filthy mattress.” I lift an eyebrow half not believing her and half surprised. “I’d never do that, it’s way too dangerous.” Please, let me show my disagreement with a huff. “Plus, you’re way too much of a germophobe for that. Lincoln, Octavia and I have cleansed this place from the floor to the ceiling and changed the furniture. Those are actually two single mattresses together and I swear nobody fucked or whatever on those.”

“Are you serious?” She only gives me a smug smirk.

“I told you I was a Ravenclaw.” For fuck’s sake, the second least interesting house of all Hogwarts. Of course the most interesting is Gryffindor, that’s why it’s the main house.

I roll my eyes and make her stand up along with me grabbing her hand softly, guiding her slowly to the mattress. Still on our feet, I reach for her with my good hand and pull her from the back of her neck, clashing our lips together. Her hands undo the knot of my robe and I let it slide down my shoulders, revealing my grey bra and boy shorts. I know how this works — she leaves me naked and fucks me with her dress still on. Not tonight. I put down the straps of the dress as tenderly as I can,
trying not to hurt my damaged fingers anymore. I don’t need to tug much more for the dress to slide down her body, leaving her in her black bra and cotton panties- I step back to look at her and discarding my robe once for all.

“I… I hate not having my underwear with me,” Lexa excuses herself as if she was truly embarrassed for not wearing the finest lingerie. Is she really?

My arms are hugging her waist before I’m even aware of what I’m doing. Copying one of her professional moves, I bump her nose with mine ever so slightly and I bite my lip. I hold her with caution, gently and affectionately.

“But Lexa,” I whisper almost under my breath, my hands moving down to the hem of her panties and hooking two fingers around them. “The way I like you now is naked.”

Her shudder is plainly and beautifully delicious. I kneel before her and kiss those defined, glorious abs of hers, right above her pretty navel, creating a path to her mound while pulling down her underwear. A kiss between her hipbones, another one in the middle of her mound and my lips hover over the pillar of her engorged clit. Her breath gets caught in her chest with a low gasp. She’s already soaking, she always gets this drenched easily and it’s alluring. My smile appears against her skin at the thought of caressing her folds right now with my tongue. However, when I see the bandaged feet I decide against it immediately. My fingertips run down her thigh drawing intricate patterns on her skin, to her knee, down her calf to the wide patch of elastic fabric.

“How’s your foot?” I look up to find her gaze, green and shiny at the sight she’s witnessing.

“Fine, it’s just a contusion, Nyko bandaged it.” And he did it flawlessly. Nurses do beautiful bandages, really, I’ve always been so jealous. “How’s your hand?”

“I probably won’t be able to use it.” I stand up and realize she has already discarded her bra. She’s right here, all bare for me, and this excitement is getting painful. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Lexa holds my damaged hand tenderly, guides it to her lips and leaves a soft kiss in my knuckles. I’m definitely K.O. “You won’t need it much.” Oh...

“Do you have something in mind?” I don’t know why I even ask, that smirk and the soft bite on her lower lip are answer enough.

We kneel on the mattress surrounded by a thousand purple and white petals. This is it, this is the last time we can start or we can quit, and whatever happens now is not up to me. God, I’ll never stop getting astounded at how beautiful Lexa is. Her chestnut, wavy and flawless hair, her tanned skin, sparkling green eyes, plum lips, delicate neck, killing muscles and pretty breasts. I love her breasts, and her endless legs too. All about her is perfect, from her bratty self to her gorgeous appearance. Yes, all of it. And her addiction, you’ll ask? That’s a perfect imperfection that she’s brave enough to confront and strong enough to defeat. Someday I know she will.

My fingers trail her sternum to her neck and install on her jaw, under her cute ear. Everything about her is so cute and sexy and endearing I want to drown.

“Are you sure of this, Lexa?” I ask tenderly. If she’s not ready we don’t have to start something she’s going to suffer badly with.

“I am, are you?” Damn, her voice reflects so much hope and gentleness and I can’t find it in myself not to sigh, breathless before her.

I nod quickly three or four times, and I practically jump to her lips again. You know how much I
love her kisses, I crave her soft lips constantly, the feel of them against mine, the way she moves
them, the way she gently bites mine every now and then. I love the way her hands run my spine and
her back moves sometimes as if she was desperate for me to hold her, sometimes as if she couldn’t
wait to make me explode in ecstasy. My moans start coming, low and muffled with her lips and my
sighs but I won’t conceal them tonight, I won’t care about that. Tonight is the night to feel.

When I fall on my back with Lexa on top of me, I realize I’ve lost all my underwear at some point. I
didn’t even notice when Lexa was taking it off me, that damn skilled brat. My damn skilled
girlfriend. It’s stupid because I’m a mature, adult doctor but even thinking of that word makes the
butterflies in my stomach go insane. It’s actually HCl being secreted once and again but it’s more
romantic if I say ‘butterflies’. Oh! I release a moan when Lexa starts opening my legs slowly and
sucks on one of my nipples. There’s something off here, something missing, something that used to
be with me the previous times I’ve had sex with Lexa and now it’s gone. The realization strikes me
like a lightning: I don’t feel exposed as I used to. On the contrary, I feel safe.

“Ah…” I moan softly when she pinches my other nipple and I arch my back slightly. Is she
shuddering? “Are you ok?”

Her hips shift and she straddles me, rubbing her hands slowly up and down my arms. Her eyes run
from my face to my boobs and the joint of our bodies and I’m sure she’s thinking of something really
kinky because if she bites her lips harder she’s going to draw blood. The one into vampiric sects is
her, blood is a madly vector of diseases.

“I’m… uh…” Her eyes wander my body again and her hips buckle, creating a friction that makes me
moan again. This brat… A drop of sweat slides down her neck and lands on the valley of her
clavicle. “I’m kinda on the edge already.”

Her sparkly but opaque stare is enough to let me know what she means by that. She’s really holding
herself back to make this slow. Is this too much longing? Should I…? This might be too much for
her, what was I thinking about? Stupid, Clarke, stupid, I didn’t even ask. I sit down with her in my
lap, entwine our hands and set a gentle kiss on the crook of her neck.

“Do you need to stop?” I will stop, whenever she needs. Whatever she needs.

“No!” she answers way too loud and immediately blushes for her eagerness. “I… need to keep going
now, Clarke.”

“Are you sure?” I set another butterfly kiss on her chest.

Lexa nods eagerly. Her eyes show no desperation, though, but a fierce passion and hunger I can’t
believe she’s succeeding in concealing. My lips capture hers again and this time there’s nothing slow
or tender, not explicitly at least. Deep down, the feeling of trust and safety stays; deep down every
touch is careful and every bite, meaningful. My hands hold her firmly against me, hers disappear in
my hair; her hips seek some friction, mine want to shift our position but she won’t let me.

“Wait,” she suddenly says against my lips and I stop dead on my tracks. I can relax, I’ve done
nothing wrong yet, she’s smiling against my skin again. “I think it’s time of a lesson on ‘How to sex
advanced’ by Lexa Wilde.”

What has she just said? I have to process her words for a few moments before I bursting out laughing
with my forehead on her shoulder, hiding my face from her. It doesn’t take Lexa more than a second
to follow suit and we almost fall backwards. We’re that clumsy when we are tangled on each other.
Hey! I’m a little slow tonight with so many emotions but I’ve just caught a different meaning. Is she
sure she’s a Ravenclaw?
“Hey! I fuck you very…” she gives me a peck, “…well.”

“You do, Clarke,” she giggles and her lips graze mine with a smile before putting some distance between us. “What I want to do is for pros, though.” Brat… I would say something if I wasn’t so intrigued about what she has in mind.

Lexa pushes me lightly and I fall back to the mattress, so slowly I feel like a feather. The next thing I see is her body hovering over me while she tries to reach something above my head. I can’t find it inside me not to bite the skin below her bellybutton, it’s just too tempting. Lexa lets go a squeak and I ease the mark with my tongue, eliciting a deep moan from her. A kiss right below and her hips buckle automatically. Could I make her come just like this? I want to... My tongue makes a trail down to her folds but before I can enjoy it properly, she kneels back so abruptly I don’t even realize until she’s admonishing me.

“Clarke! I need concentration.” I tug on my lower lip. That bunched up face she makes when she’s outraged is just too cute. “Lean on that cushion.” I’d like to make some sexy joke or innuendo with her bossiness but it’s adorable, I can’t do anything but obeying and trying not to laugh.

My back finds the fresh fabric of the inclined pillow and I find myself reclined comfortably on bed almost sat up and totally splayed before a girl, the most beautiful one I’ve ever met. Lexa looks at me and starts blushing but not from embarrassment, don’t misunderstand my words, but from the effort she’s making and the heat she’s feeling. I don’t doubt she’d like to fuck me senseless right here and right now until my limbs are twisting and my back arching in pure ecstasy. Damn… I wouldn’t mind it at all but I want to know — what does she have in mind?

My right leg is placed slightly bended on the mattress and Lexa tangles with my body. No way, she’s not gonna… She totally is. She grabs my left leg and bends it, lifting it and turning it so serves as a fence between us. I never thought I could be so flexible, seriously. I never thought I would scissor anyone either, though.

“I didn’t know this was a thing…”

“Of course it is!” she says almost offended by my ignorance. Oh! She was going to slap my butt cheek and she has hold back. I like that she remembers what I tell her. “You just need the proper skills.” Now she’s just boasting of her abilities and her experience with that smug smile that makes me crave either kiss her or… yeah, kiss her, let’s be honest. I’d call her asshole but this is turning me on, oddly enough.

“And those are?” I quirk a questioning eyebrow and her smile grows wider for a second before she inclines herself towards me and presses her lips against my earlobe.

“It’s all about pelvis rotation,” Lexa whispers and something runs my stomach to increase unbearably the pulsing ache inhabiting permanently my crotch since I first met her.

My hips buckle and my center makes contact with a hot, wet surface. Oh my gay… Lexa moans in my ear and bites it softly, running her tongue through my helix right after. Oh my gay… I buckle my hips again but she separates, leaving me, a gasping and whining mess before her lusty stare. Oh my gay… I’m feeling the imperative necessity of ripping my skin off, it’s too hot in here.

Lexa shushes me and adjusts herself against my body. The brief moment our clits touch the other just in the right spot makes me lean my head back on the pillow. Ok, this is… promising.

“Hey,” Lexa’s smiling at me from her position with her front against my leg, looking at me in a mockingly way. She’s internally laughing at me! “This has a strong visual part; I want your eyes
looking at me or at what we’re doing.”

“Okay, Commander.” Lexa’s flush only grows and grows. It’s ravishing.

And Lexa starts moving. Damn Lord! I can’t focus properly right now to discern what is more arousing about this. First of all we have the feel, her drenched center against mine, what this amount of humidity means, the easiness with which our bodies slide against each other. The searing warmth of our skins melting against the other’s. Secondly, the obvious friction of our clits being rubbed together. Damn, the friction. Sometimes, only a few, Lexa misses the spot but, Hell, this looks difficult and she moves so well. Sometimes she helps herself with a skilled hand. I always thought this would work like having sex with a guy, I don’t know why. I mean regarding the pace, the velocity of the action — but it’s nothing alike. Her moves are slow, even when she increases the pace it never gets to that point. I was pretty skeptic at first but this really feels good.

Once we have talked about the touch, there’s the sight. I’m obviously not a great consumer of pornography — I’ve only watched a couple of videos in my 29 years of life and the one that was with two girls was really unpleasant. Really, those fingernails… The point is that I didn’t think I would find this image of two vulvas rubbing each other so arousing. It just feels so good, and looks so good and… Lexa. She looks so ecstatic; several drops of sweat slide down the reddened valley of her breasts, her abs clench deliciously with every movement and her moans… Oh, her moans. Or better, her moaning while biting her plump lower lip and staring at me with those green eyes of hers. They send goose bumps of pleasure to my spine and the only flaw I can see in this plan is that I can’t reach to kiss her properly without making her stop, and I don’t want to do that, not now.

“Right there, fuck!” I try not to avert her gaze but, shit, I can’t. My head touches the pillow and I can feel my muscles tensing. It’s slowly building, so slowly the final result is going to be epic.

Again I can see Lexa in front of me, moving non-stop to give us the pleasure we’ve lost after these three weeks of barely touching each other. I’ve missed her so much, oh my God! Lexa’s looks so desperate and yet so happy… The first orgasm is the one she can enjoy the most without being struck by her anxiety at the same time, I really want to make it the best she’s had although for that I have to compete with all the too many weird practices she experienced before me. My hands reach for her carefully — I don’t want to hurt my bruised hand. She’s doing so well I don’t want to distract her so I just play with her breasts. I love them, really, they are not as big as mine but they’re beautiful and soft and so, so sensitive. I’m flexible but not as much as I’d need to do what I want to, so I resign myself and take pleasure on pinching her nipples and making her moans become more and more high-pitched.

After two years of studying to become a vicar, now I’m not even in church but seeing her I swear to God it’s the supernatural experience, mystical, spiritual, religious epiphany that every single religious person in the world craves to have. Only when I’m with Lexa. My soul elevates and I feel so great I could perfectly be dying and I wouldn’t care. There’s no way she’s real and I’m living this because it’s too perfect, too good to be true. Ah, fuck! She’s picking up her pace right on THAT point.

“Ah… Lexa…” My muscles are clenching, I’m going to come so soon. “Fuck!”

I start moving my hips along with her, trying to synchronize her moves with mine to increase the intensity of the friction. Against all the odds, my desperation for more of her seems to be enough to match her moves and soon our loud pants sound all over the cabin. So loud I should be afraid someone could hear us but that’s the last thing on my list right now, I can’t care about it right now. At this very moment, the only thing that matters to me is this tsunami of pleasure building inside of me and Lexa blissfully crying, so close to the edge I can already feel her muscles getting ready. Damn! I claw my fingernails in her toned leg.
“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

My orgasm comes without much warning. My sanity has been pending from a thin thread and the pleasure has filled my body slowly until it has spiked and sent me to the other world. I remember the altar, that time she took me there and there was nothing I could do but submit to the pleasure I had been denying to myself not only for the time I had been rejecting her but for more than two years. Falling from that grace, taking that burden off me, felt inhumanly amazing mixed with the orgasm Lexa tore off from me in a climax of peace. This feels even better.

I don’t even register when, but Lexa’s also coming down from her orgasm, squirming and squeaking against me, prolonging the bliss as much as possible for the both of us. Then she falls on her back and I do the same on the pillow, our chests wavering, craving for air after such experience. I feel like I’m burning but it doesn’t matter. I’ve definitely short-circuited, I can’t even feel my body anymore.

“That’s been… out of this world” I agree although I don’t like that Lexa can still talk. She has done her job very well, though, I can’t even produce a word. “I had never made a girl squirt before.”

What is she even talking about now? I rest my arms on the mattress and a certain humidity touches my fingers through the thin sheet. Somehow I get to shift on the bed and it reveals before me under the dim light — a freaking puddle of water covering almost a third of the mattress.

“Oh…” What a mess. A tsunami, I said? Yeah, accurate. Lexa’s looking at me with a smug, dopey smile on her face. “You don’t make someone squirt, the girl can do it or not.”

“But you did it right now with me,” her smile grows wider.

“Come here, dork.” Lexa drags her own body to my position and climbs on top of me again. I kiss her tenderly, delighting on the feeling of her lips until I notice she’s kind of starting to hump my leg. “How are you feeling?”

“Sorry…” She stops and closes her eyes.

No, no…

“No, baby…” Lexa’s on the verge of tears again, down from the previous heaven where her orgasm has left her. She has totally crashed headfirst against the ground. I put my leg out of her reach and kiss her cheek as gently as I can. “Lexa, listen to me,” I tell her softly but she still seems unfocused. “Lexa, you trust me?” Her eyes widen, suddenly looking into mine, and a single teardrop falls down her cheekbone to merge with her hair. Finally, her lips part and she nods, so slightly I don’t even know if I’ve imagined it but, God, I can’t let her drown. “I can’t even imagine how you feel, I… please, don’t cry, beautiful, you’re doing so good.” Lexa snorts and tries to avert my gaze. “Lexa, what you have done tonight… and the whole week. A whole week Lexa, sleeping with Anya and resisting the temptation, Lexa!” I give her a peck, humid for her tears but sweet and vulnerable. “How do you explain that?”
“I don’t know, Clarke.” Her voice cracks and I feel like dying. I just want to hold her, kiss her until she has taken all of that off her chest and every tear has gone. “I thought on tying myself a lot of times, I… Anya would have probably taken advantage of that so I decided against it.” She would totally have and I’d have definitely broken my hand punching that good-looking face of hers. “I touched myself till exhaustion so many nights this week…” Her voice breaks and with that my heart does too. I lay flat on Lexa, being careful not to crush her but making all contact possible between our bodies.

“Lexa, that’s something you’ve done not to act out and you’ve made it. Not only that, knowing what was going to happen tonight you have stopped yourself until the very moment we’ve done it to go slow and to be so… damn… cute.” Lexa gives me a tiny smile and her eyes wander around my face.

“Do you think I’m cute?” she asks in a shy voice that makes me melt. That’s fucking adorable.

Maybe she can but I cannot control myself anymore. My lips graze over hers and my nose bumps her nose, getting ready for the sweet kiss that doesn’t take much to come. Don’t think I’m cheesy but sometimes I wish I could live on her lips, there’s nothing I like more than kissing her. Well, maybe chocolate but… OH, GOSH! Kissing her with chocolate. I wish I had some ice cream, that would be so much fun! And hot… oh damn. I deepen the kiss and my tongue passes the barrier of her teeth, caressing the roof of her mouth, playing and swirling with her tongue, eliciting from her tiny moans followed by several hips’ thrusts.

“Do you want to try something?” I ask against the sensitive skin of her neck.

“Please, tell me you’re not going to tease me now.” I would laugh at that but she truly means it, she cannot handle a teasing session right now.

My fingers draw the contour of her lips, red flesh faintly grazing against my fingertips in a lovely gesture of absorption. There’s nothing else I’d like more than making it disappear. There’s nothing else I’d want more than release her from her suffering. Shifting my body, I lay beside her on the bed despite her complaints and use an arm to lift my head. The moment Lexa tries to turn to face me my hand stops her tenderly pressing on her stomach, resting there once she has caught my drift. I scratch her belly absent-mindedly, drawing random patterns with no meaning but my aim of relaxing her. I can see the urge in her tense muscles, I can hear her despair in her ragged panting, I can feel her pain brought in the heat of her skin.

“Lexa, now I’m going to do different things and I want you to tell me if it feels good or it makes you anxious, ok?” She nods a couple of times and purses her lips. No doubt she had a good time at some point but that moment is over. I kiss her cheek lovingly, right next to her ear and she sighs.

“That feels good,” she comments, unintentionally putting all her cuteness into display and, Hell, yeah, it makes me giggle.

From her cheek I run my lips through the helix and one of my hands caresses her neck. The purr I hear coming from her chest is sign enough of good pleasure. My hand goes up, hiding in her hair, fistng softly with chestnut locks between my fingers, and I start nibbling her ear. At first Lexa only squirms a bit, but when my tongue comes to help she can’t keep it together anymore.

“Both, both…” she moans and her hips buckle twice — the first time by inertia, the second one longing something to give her some kind of release.

I stop immediately and release my grip to caress her jaw. Doctor Tsing, the sexologist I’ve been talking to about Lexa’s situation, told me I should evaluate her limits but never cross them. This kind of intense stimulation is good when she’s close to the edge, but before that happens is not only
useless but also counterproductive because it makes her anxious and she doesn’t enjoy the feeling, only gets more and more nervous every second her climax hasn’t come and that precisely makes it take more and more time. Meanwhile, the ache keeps being a constant and nothing is ever enough to satiate her. I can’t do anything else for her but trying to make it the most enjoyable experience for her trying to diminish her anxiety, but it’s her who has to go see Doctor Tsing and start a proper and personalized therapy. Until she’s ready, I’m going to take care of her.

“Clarke, can you just…?” Fuck me. That’s what she wants to say but I shut her up with a searing kiss. I need to draw her attention to me and what I do to her as much as possible. I suck on her lip and bite softly every now and then, drawing out a melody of greedy moans from her throat that beg me to touch her. “Very good,” she says under her breath and leans her head back when my kisses and nips sail south to her jaw and the column of her neck. “Very good…”

The moment has come to get to the next level. I pass a leg across her body, straddling her but trying to make the least contact possible not to tempt her to try to hump me again. I pin up her hands and lick a path to her precious breasts. I won’t be the liar who denies I’m not having lots of fun with this. I mean, I’m able to worship and experiment with every single spot of Lexa’s body, witness her reactions and delight myself with her antics of pleasure. I suck a tiny nipple on my mouth and one of my hands goes to the other. And when Lexa arches her back with a whimper… Good Lord… I’m too sapphic to be in charge of a sex therapy. Of her sex therapy.

“Clarke…” The way she pronounces my name mixed with her lustful moans drives me insane and almost makes me lose control. When I realize my core is almost brushing against her hips, it’s my turn to hold myself back. “Great… it feels great.” Her chest heaves erratically and stops in an abrupt motion when my lips leave her nipples and start going south.

I can hear her scrapping the sheet above her head, I can taste the thin layer of sweat that covers her skin and feel the moist product of her arousal soaking her inner thighs. I give a light bite to the flesh over both hipbones and my tongue peeps out to signal the way to her mound. Lexa lifts her hips involuntarily and I leverage the motion to drive my hands to the back of her thighs and scratch up to her butt cheeks as she loves so much to end up squeezing them.

“B-both!” Lexa shouts in a high-pitched moan that I’m sure someone has had to hear in the street. “Clarke, I need you now, please, I beg you, please,” she cries out.

Never letting her go, I kneel on the mattress and hold her hips up in the air against my mouth while my tongue enters her. Lexa cries out with pleasure at my shenanigans but cannot move her hips to take control in this position. An unplanned hum vibrates near her clit and makes her wriggle when I perceive my taste still in her, our tastes mixed in an arousing flavor that clouds my mind for a second.

“Fucking good… Clarke… fuck!” She tries to reach my head to increase the pressure but, again, that’s impossible in this position. Does she give up? Of course not, it’s Lexa. She embraces my neck and head with her legs and presses me further, getting some extra support with her forearms against the mattress. Damn brat.

However, I don’t waste my opportunity and repeat my motions, scratching from her thighs to the end of her column until she’s moaning so hard even she realizes and bites her own fist to muffle the sounds. She comes with my tongue still inside of her and despite I would like to take pleasure from the feeling of her walls clenching and taking me in harder I don’t, I keep moving circularly, touching that coarse spot that makes her teary and prolong her ecstasy as much as I can. Only when her legs relax a bit I leave her back on the mattress and seal this with a smoldering kiss that she responds gladly. But of course this is not over yet.

Lexa needs more, her hips crave it, her limbs that close around me to get the maximum contact.
possible call me. One of my hands fists her hair again while the other starts collecting some of her wetness to circle her clit. She screams against my mouth and the sound gets lost somewhere between us while my fingers stimulate the engorged bud of nerves. Never pinching it, though, that’s a categorical ‘anxious’ and I regret thoroughly ever having done it despite she told me not to. This is my chance to make things better.

“Harder…” she asks me and I comply increasing the pressure and quickening the pace. “It feels… ah… awesome, Clarke!”

My tug on her hair leaves her neck deliciously exposed but I only dedicate it a long lick and a nip before I draw all my attention to her ear. Right when my teeth graze her lobe her hips start convulsing frantically and I know now there’s no way back. My tongue marks the contour of her shell and my teeth scratch there a bit harsher.

She’s really close, really close. It’s time for my hand to increase the speed again when I hear something unsynchronized with Lexa’s moans. When the door opens it’s way too late and my fingers keep moving by pure inertia. I turn around right in time but Lexa starts falling apart when John’s back hits the column in front of the door with the young Emori attached to his lips. I CAN’T EVEN STOP MY FINGERS! OH, FUCK! Lexa’s groans, whimpers and convulsions make the two teens turn around quickly and totally scared.

“What the fuck?” John blurts out, momentarily out of breath.

I wonder the same. What the fuck is this week?
6th week - Kasbeel

Chapter Summary

6th week - Kasbeel

“Commander, please…” Oh my fucking goodness, she has not just… You don’t say things like that out of the blue when I’m trying to be all sexy and bossy! I can feel the blush filling my face, the blood also running to other parts of my anatomy that should not be that stimulated right now when I’m taking care of HER pleasure. I’m too gay to function and too addicted to keep going. I desperately need oxygen.

Chapter Notes

Here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How long has it been since I last felt this? I don’t know, I had already forgotten this sensation. The thorough bliss of spirit, the remaining calm after the electric storm, the fake images of something tiny, like small pieces of dust fleeting around the edges of my sight like a hundred fireflies. My lungs are empty and ache but I don’t care, my mind is blank and fogged and… I don’t care — the suffocating feeling in my chest has been long gone and now all I can feel is this generalized peace; momentary, yes, but welcome for as long as it lasts. If I tried I couldn’t move a muscle, all I can do is enjoy the delightful ripples of pleasure still running through my body. My senses are clouded; I’m surrounded by empty, dark space and suddenly…

“What the fuck?!”

Of course this couldn’t last forever, I couldn’t be so lucky, could I? I can’t open my eyes right away, although I don’t really want to see anything at this moment, to be honest. I’m happy enough in this little universe created for me and Clarke, only for the both of us — so full of candid pleasure, honest caring and lots and lots of candles. This cabin has never better served its purpose than tonight even if it was never meant to give me such privacy, not to the point I could really forget the filthy, cruel, hostile world outside our bubble. Not till I could believe my only world was Clarke. However, as it always seems to happen with every bit of happiness in my life, it was just the bright fantasy of a sad girl and those never become real, not in my case at least. They are just dreams in an abstract sea of ‘what if’s and ‘I wish’ that will never actually exist.

As my eyes finally open, reality strikes me once more with the blurry vision of my father’s loyal lapdog gawking at the smoking scene before him, wide eyed beside his girlfriend. Sweet girl, poor Emori, she’s red as blood. I don’t believe I’m exaggerating when I say we have scarred them for life. If they can’t enjoy this, it’s their loss — I mean, free pass for such a hot spectacle? Anyway, Clarke? My blonde goddess is paler than I’ve ever seen her, petrified, still kneeling on the mattress right next to me, naked and gorgeous. Still glowing with her own light despite the circumstances. I could be
like this with her forever but only with her, Memori out, please. Why am I thinking of this when my girlfriend is about to have a stroke or a heart attack? Her ears hear things but listen to nothing, her eyes see Murphy and yet… nothing. We have been caught and there’s no way out.

“Goodnight, Emori.” It’s the only phrase I can produce until I clear my throat. “Long time no see.”

I’m sure someday we will think about this and we will laugh like crazy at this fail but right now the girl’s shock makes me feel really bad for her, she only gets to nod slightly. However, if you’re old enough to fuck in a cabin in the middle of the town, you are old enough to walk in on two girls fucking each other, right? I’m the one whose nudity is totally exposed to the parasite that lives in her house to make hell of her life and his girlfriend, people who have also seen me coming undone by the skilled fingers of my brilliant and beautiful girlfriend. I should be the one who is mortified because how things have ended up, and I am, don’t get me wrong, I am utterly, totally mortified — I will never forget this moment, it will always haunt me, till the end of my days; but at least I get to be the bigger person and try to give this situation, awful for all parties, a proper and less awkward ending. Scanning the room as if I was a human and gorgeous metal detector, I start grabbing Clarke’s clothes from the floor and helping her covering herself. Really, after what they’ve seen of me, my nudity is the least of my concerns but goodness forbid, she’s another story.

This has been all me. I’ve set the atmosphere and picked the place, a really dangerous one it seems, when I could have just decorated the nave but… Damn, I’m so stupid, she wouldn’t have minded having sex in that place again that much after all I had prepared. I had to choose this precise moment to try to be respectful after all the blasphemies and sacrileges I’ve put on her. I’m stupid, that’s all I am, stupid. I’m a gigantic idiot and now she suffers because of it. Clarke visibly wants to disappear, to be swallowed by the floor with her face hidden behind two delicate, trembling hands. I really want to cry but I won’t, not now. Enough with the self-loathing, I can’t be weak.

“Murphy,” I draw his attention while grabbing Clarke’s robe, which was dropped long ago next to my chair. She accepts it quickly and starts putting it on, clumsily like I’ve never seen her before, “a word?”

As much as he might want to react to stop looking like a foolish trout, it seems like he just can’t right now. Maybe the aftershocks of my orgasm are still blowing his brain away, so I give him a few more minutes while I’m looking for my clothes. I’d have added ‘in private’ but it actually goes without saying. Emori is the first one in storming out when enough blood finally fills her limbs, and Clarke has already stood up. However, I suspect that her intentions are quite different from the younger girl’s. Of course she’s far from leaving; how can someone be so headstrong? — I grab her hand, trying to reassure her and tell her I got this, asking her quietly to let me manage Murphy and go to bed although I know she won’t get any sleep tonight. Against all the odds, we don’t need no words and she just leaves. When did we start communicating like this? Or a better question yet, when did I become a reliable person?

Once both of the girls are gone and far away from the cabin and I’m finally fully clothed, I focus all my attention on Murphy and his lost look, a permanent expression of confusion on his face that makes him look like the stupid character of a cartoon.

“Listen, this has never happened, ok?” I say while zipping up my black dress.

“You are doing this again,” he deadpans sooner than I thought. Like he cared, what a joke.

“This is not quite what you think, John.”

“What? What do I think according to you, huh?” Murphy makes an annoyed smile and turns around. He’s really pissed for what reason exactly? “She could be your mother, for fuck’s sake.”
“Come on! She’s not even 10 years older.” I release a deep sigh I didn’t know I had inside and try not to lose control. I should not reach to violence so soon, I should not…

“Your elder sister then!”

“She can be my second cousin for what concerns me, what’s the problem?” If she was a guy we would certainly not be talking about this, it would be considered edgy or some other sort of heterosexual clusterfuckery.

“What’s the… What’s the problem?! Have you already fucked all the girls of your age or what?!” He could shout a bit louder, I don’t think people in Boston have heard him. If I was wondering what would be my dad’s reaction to my relationship with Clarke, here I have a sneak peek. “When you were wetting your diapers she was having her first period, when you entered high school she was done with college…”

“You say that as if you knew when people get their first periods.” I snort and he pays me back with a poisonous glare.

“And she’s a priest, what were you thinking?!”

“That she was hot as hell.” I’m not ashamed of admitting it, seriously. It started that way but now… Murphy looks at me and shakes his head. He can do that all he wants, I know he would have fucked her if he had had the chance, which he hadn’t because he’s an ugly, stupid baby boy way below that goddess league. Emori is way out of his league too but she may pity him or something, otherwise I don’t get why…

“You’re a disgusting whore.” Yeah, he sounds just like my father. I’m not sure if it’s more endearing or revolting. John leans over the table to check the decoration I’ve spent hours in preparing conscientiously and days in planning. “Fancy dinner, flowers, soft music, a dangerous amount of candles… You were so putting your A game.”

“I’ve set the most appropriate scene to make love to Clarke like she deserves, if that’s what you’re saying.” An irritated puff leaves my throat and contrary to what Murphy would have done on a normal basis, he replies nothing. Not sarcastic, not annoying, not calm either. Nothing.

Our gazes meet halfway over the wooden table and I swear I can catch a glimpse of surprise and perplexity in his eyes. Only Satan knows what’s that small brain of him plotting or imagining right now but his quiet thinking doesn’t help at all to my agitated state of mind. I’m really worried, despite what I may be showing to him or what Clarke could have perceived.

“Don’t look at me with that golden fish face, please.” I’m afraid.

“You have fallen in love with her.” I’m terrified.

“Nobody said anything about love, you dumbass.” I chuckle loudly, trying to recover my disaffected expression after this moment of surprise. I would have laughed in his face but it’s better not to test my luck on this. He’s the one who right now can destroy my life, after all. “It was just an expression.”

“Sure it was.” Why didn’t I choke him to death when he was a kid? Or better yet, why am I not suffocating him right now? Right, right, he has seen things that he can tell to my parents and I don’t want to go to jail.

My mind is working through the turmoil it has turned into to get a decent solution to this gigantic problem. I’m not sure if I have stated this before, but it is known that Murphy is one of those people
that almost nobody will miss when he’s gone. I could hit him right now so easily, slam and crash his
head against the table and little would happen, y’know? At least at first because police has the bad
habit of putting people into jail and I’m not a murderer, guys, don’t worry. Not even if all I want is
kicking Murphy from the highest tower in TonDC. No! Better yet, from the highest tower in all the
Polis county.

I truly don’t know what it is, whether it’s my face, this situation of the fact that Murphy’s IQ must be
really low for a healthy boy but he bursts out laughing out of the blue and I’m starting to get really
angry. Why am I even trying to talk to him? I could have just threatened his life and existence and let
him decide, and then killed him.

“You’re in love with the priest.” He releases guffaw after guffaw and I swear to God… “You so
love her!”

“Slow down, lil’ Judas.”

“So you don’t love her and yet you’re more than willing to risk everything for her.” He thinks he’s
so fucking clever when he has no fucking clue. Fucking Murphy, I shouldn’t even have to give him
any fucking explanations.

“I like her a lot, I care about her and she cares about me too.” Really, why am I even telling him this?
It’s not his damn business who I’m going out with or who I’m fucking. I don’t care if he’s dating
Emori or fucking Atom boy, or whatever. “It’s way too soon to talk about love.”

“If you say so.” I’m really pondering again that nonsense of not being a murderer.

“I’m serious, little shit, if you tell any of this…” I step up and he steps back.

“Way to convince someone who has juicy info about you.” Another step forward makes his stupid
shit-eating grin disappear. “I’m not saying anything, ok? I’m quite enjoying what’s left of my pacific
and calm holidays without having dad or mom crazy furious about you for once.”

There’s something really off with this, with him. I don’t buy any of his words and yet he seems true.
I mean, he helped me before, didn’t he? He gave me back my phone and I got to keep the card and
put it in one of Indra’s spare cell phones (don’t ask me why she has so many, army stuff). Anyway,
whether he’ll betray me or keep our secret only time will tell, I guess – now I have other matters to
take care of. I walk steadily to the door and stop right next to him, so close our shoulders bump into
each other and I get to talk in his ear.

“If you or your girlfriend spill the beans at some point, believe me when I tell you I’ll make you both
regret ever having been born.”

Even before my threat his eyes seemed true but now there’s this little spark of fear among the shades
of blue that I love to see, honestly, and that guarantee me the fulfillment of our deal. Or at least I
certainly hope so. I swear to whatever that if they dare to say something I’ll turn their lives into living
Hells. I’m sure Emori’s parents would like to know that their innocent and unspoiled daughter is
having sex with a handful like Murphy. That would be a great scandal. Moreover, pulling from the
right threads thanks to Indra, Murphy will never get to be anything else than a poor soldier in the
army, not even with dad’s influences, and they’d treat him like he deserves. Moreover, it’s not the
first time that Lincoln has helped me scaring someone and although I couldn’t ask Anya for any
favors given that she has just gotten out from police academy, I’d drag my sorry ass to Gustus and
Luna and ask them for help to hack their computers and social media. Everyone has their secrets. Did
I say Trikru was a family? A mob! That’s what it its! I could even ask Harper for another favor — I
know Emori wants to go to Harvard and you know how mail works these days…
My brain is working non-stop, so intensely I don’t even realize I’m already walking through the nave. I cannot help peeping at the altar and the cross on my way to the hallway. We should have had dinner there and then fuck again on the altar. I should have foreseen too many things, it seems like. I’m not like this, I’m way too careful to have let this mess happen. Finally on top of the stone stair, I knock on her bedroom door and I can hear it. I hear her sobs. Oh, baby, don’t… My heart clenches and my stomach twists, I don’t even wait to receive her permission, I just open the door. The image before me makes me want to die. Clarke looks so… small. She’s on her bed, disheveled and curled up in a ball with her knees firmly pressed against her chest and her hands fist her hair, putting it back from a congested and wet face. So desperate, so lost, so scared. Alone.

I shouldn’t have let her go. I shouldn’t have forced her to handle her overwhelming feelings on her own while I was dealing with Murphy. I shouldn’t have left her alone.

“Clarke…” I approach her slowly and get on the bed, crawling to her and opening her legs to tangle them with mine. “Everything is going to be ok.” She’s still crying, she can’t stop. I sit with her legs over mine, wrapping my waist, and Clarke leans on my chest, burrying her face in the crook of my neck. I embrace her tightly and kiss the side of her head, feeling her tears and the warm puffs and sobs against my skin. “Everything is going to be ok, Clarke, I’ve fixed it, everything is going to be ok.” I’ll need more than that to calm her down. Why did I even think it was a good idea to intrude in someone’s life knowing the effect I have on people? Especially her. Why didn’t I step back when I realized she was this genius, kind, gorgeous angel? Why do I have to burn everything I touch? She’s having a panic attack and it’s my fault. I’ve been reckless, I’ve let this happen and now she’s in agony. She’s always suffering because of me. “Let go, beautiful, take everything out of your chest.” She tightens the hug around me and I do the same with her. Right now she needs to anchor herself to me, to reality. Sorry, babe, I’m so sorry… Stay with me, I won’t let them hurt you, I swear on my life. If I were a decent person I’d go back to Boston, finish my degree, move out and never see Clarke again, never cause more damage to her again. But I’m not, I’m a filthy sex junkie that cannot make anything right and I’ll end up dragging her with me to this well of shit I live in, like I do with everyone else. “I swear I won’t let any of this touch you. Not you, not your career.” I stroke her beautiful golden hair and a tear slides down my cheek. If I start crying too we’ll never stop, dammit! Don’t be weak, Lexa. Conceal, don’t feel, love is weakness.

Clarke sits up a bit and separates only enough to breathe fresh air. Her magical, cerulean eyes are bloodshot from crying, swollen eyelids and red skin. I’m so stupid, so, so stupid… How on Earth did I think the cabin was a good idea? She’s looking at me with that baby blue, expecting gaze, full of despair but somehow less and less terrified.

“They’re not going to say anything?” She sniff and I shake my head slowly. They better not, otherwise I’ll kill them with my own hands. “…trust you.”

No, no, don’t do that. Don’t… I leave a butterfly kiss on her lips, her cheeks, the tip of her nose and her forehead and… oh my fucking goodness, all I can think of is fucking her senseless to make her stop crying. This is not the fucking…The moment already passed, Lexa, okay? Although both of us could use some good sensations. I don’t like feeling like this, I don’t… The sadness is a pressure in my chest that consumes me and takes me to a hostile place I don’t like to visit; I don’t want to bear it, I need to… It’s not only about you for once, Lex, for fuck’s sake! I change my position, lying next to her and letting Clarke wrap herself into a ball, capturing my legs and middle and burying her face in my neck one more time. I can feel her breasts against my arm and her lips grazing the skin on my clavicle. Fuck, I’m already drenching the sheets. We were feeling so good less than an hour ago, so, so good. Why can’t we…? One of my hands starts caressing her hair, the skin behind her ear, down her neck. Clarke nuzzles my neck half asleep, sending shivers to my spine and feeding the maddening thrub that is making me crazy. Before my other hand gets to leave my skin to land on her waist, I dig my own fingernails in the flesh of my thigh and look at the ceiling, trying to calm down,
to control my ragged breath and diminish my anxiety. I start scratching the skin hard; I think I’m drawing blood. This is not the moment to do this and also precisely the kind of behavior that always brings me back to acting out badly. I can do this… I can, I can calm down. My eyes fill with unshed tears while I try to desperately control my breathing not to wake Clarke. I could… NO, LEXA. This is not the right moment to masturbate either, what’s wrong with me? I’m a fucking monster, oh my…

I leave at 3.30 am, an hour and a half before having to wake up to exercise with dad. Clarke’s deeply asleep and I’m still burning, I only hope the run helps cooling me down. She looks so beautiful and… sexy there, asleep, with her blue robe showing her leg and her messy hair splayed on the pillow. I leave a note next to her, beside the empty hand that is resting in the warm place I occupied. I can’t help myself and kiss her lips softly for the last time, brushing her nose with mine. She’s definitely the best thing that has ever happened to me and I don’t know how I’m ever going to pay her back.

Now I have to run to the outskirts of the town and not because I want to jog first but because I was supposed to show Anya and Nyko the way to leave the town by the Eastern exit, which is full of little detours and other long cuts that only confuse people and make them get lost in the middle of nowhere. Of course they finally took the Northern exit, but my parents don’t know that. If I don’t get caught again, tomorrow… today… I’ll double my efforts during the exercise session. Maybe that way my parents won’t torture me in reprisal for our last argument. I touch wood, wish me luck.

I park the car right next to my parents’ house but I don’t go inside immediately like I definitely should if I don’t want to be caught redhanded again. No, I don’t. I touch myself inside the car until it hurts. When my back finally lays on my sheets it’s 4.59 am and right a minute later I can hear my dad getting up. I feel like utter shit.

The funniest thing about your past is that it always joins the present to bite your ass as hard as they can and not in a kinky, cool way. I’m talking about the Azgeda family, of course. First off, I’d like to know why I have to help them with the arrangements of the wedding when I HATE them in general and Roan in particular. I don’t hate him like I hate his mother, though — that’s more like a despise for all the alienated women that are happy to be alienated and like to spill poison everywhere, like Nia or my dear mother. However, my thing with Roan is more complicated than that. Betrayal, that is. I’ll never forgive him for his violence or his blatant homophobia, of course, but that’s not the main reason. Surprise, I don’t care much about what other people say about me or do to me; I’m perfectly capable of defending myself, I’ve always been, thank you very much. It’s more important than that. He was my friend, he was my family. At some point, I considered him a closer friend than Lincoln, as odd as it might seem. He was always there, ready to help me or make me laugh and his utter intentions were… having me? I know that it wasn’t only in a physical way but still I felt so… dirty, so empty. You cannot control who you fall for, what you can control is how you react to it. He was kind only because he wanted to charm me, not because he was genuinely that way, he made it very clear. A ‘nice guy’, right? If he was a nice guy, how could I not like it? In his twisted mind I owed him for his politeness and gentleness. If there were no chances of me being his, he wasn’t going to bother to treat me like a person, with the respect I deserved and I deserve. Even now I can see it in his eyes, the hatred, the hunger for revenge as if I am gay only to piss him off. As if he was the navel of the universe.

It seems like he still has to get his head out of his asshole, though.
Despite his mother and his fiancée being out in Waterbury with mom and Murphy to buy whatever wedding fuckstuff (flowers and dinner service, I think), he has decided to stay in TonDC, which drives us to the second point of the list. WHY THE FUCKING HELL IS HE IN THE CHURCH AT FOUR O’CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF OUT OF TOWN BUYING WHATEVER HE NEEDS FOR HIS FUCKING WEDDING?! Here he is, right in front of me in the opposite end of the nave, walking slowly towards the altar. Leaning slightly too much… way too much over my Clarke! I’m about to storm in when Clarke dodges him smoothly and keeps walking and arranging the flowers. This week there are lilies, I love them. Of course he follows her with his eyes. In how many ways can you burn a person? Like, you can burn them in the stake, you can burn them slowly with a candle, you can make them eat a box of Carolina reapers and watch them while their innards melt… Columns are great, let’s hide behind a column. Definitely, men are the cure to my addiction — I came here with an ache inconveniently increased by the friction with the seam of my tight shorts but now my libido has gone on a stellar trip to fucking Mars.

“Would you prefer another topic?” Oh, that voice. I know that damn voice, I sure do.

Roan’s totally trying to flirt with my girlfriend and I’m going to skin him alive… Not because I think even for a second… Clarke likes me and we have something really good going on here and… She can do whatever the fuck she wants, you know?! He’s visibly making her uncomfortable, even if Clarke seems totally calm and blissful and I swear to God.

“Is there something that worries you?”, she asks while putting some red little flowers in the center of a sea of lilies.

I can’t understand why she thinks that’s even a question, why she wastes saliva on asking that. The only worry Roan has ever had it’s been he, him, himself and his belly button. Oh, and his dick, let’s not forget about the one and only true love of his life. I remember how he was when we were 15 and also after the debacle of his crush on me, the kind of behaviors that I don’t know how they didn’t set off all my alarms. He would only really care about what a girl was saying or doing if he wanted to make out or hook up with her. I can even recall him literally saying that appearance was the only women’s value until they found another thing to value us for. We all know that people, like food, appeals through the sight most of the times — whoever is without sin, cast the first stone and all that stuff but what the freaking hell, dude? What was that misogynistic wording? He was lucky Indra and Luna didn’t hear him, otherwise he would have ended up with a traumatic brain injury.

It’s a really shitty thing that at that time I didn’t mind… I mean, of course I cared but I had more like a ‘he’s a boy, what can we expect?’ attitude, like it was perfectly normal that someone said things like that and that’s so fucked up! It took me a long time to realize saying things like that was wrong at a huge lot of levels and not only a swallow comment, but I learnt and that’s what’s important. It’s the same with Anya, even if Clarke doesn’t quite get it. I pardoned her the moment she understood what she was doing and I’m not someone used to forgiving but I know I did the right thing. The fact that she didn’t, you know, rape me in the end helped a lot but I found it in myself to forgive and forget. After all, she tried, she dared to revise everything that had been happening during her visit to realize my addiction is actually a real problem, a big one, and what she was doing was plainly evil and harmful to me. And she loves me. Anya loves me, she doesn’t want me to suffer — she asked for my forgiveness, really repented after starting willingly and honestly the long way to deconstruction and it was so… beautiful. Ew, delete that, I have never sounded like Yoga Jones. The thing is, because we’re raised in this worldwide, oppressive culture and society, we’re all taught to be racist, LGBTQ+phobic and sexist at some level, and it’s our responsibility to take that toxic trash out of our heads as hard and heartbreaking as it might be. I started about four years ago, Anya has just started – that’s the only difference.

“I don’t know, Mother.” Roan is getting way too close to Clarke, again. Really, this time it’s not my
jealous, biased perception, ok? He’s literally breathing on her nape. “What about a beautiful brunette
with a hot butt and green eyes?”

That would be me. Me and his lack of eloquence because that’s everything but original. I have a hot
body in general. My nipples? Clarke loves them — actually, every girl I’ve slept with has loved
them, they’re beautiful, I’d have a picture of them in my wall if I could use a good camera to take
said picture. And what about my lips? If he didn’t think of my mouth only to fantasize about shoving
his cock inside it, he would notice they’re heavenly. My ears are tiny and cute and… Let’s not talk
about my appearance anymore, I have so many other things. I’m intelligent, assiduous, down-to-
earth, sweet… sometimes, witty, humble, strong, kinky, sexy, funny, a raging badass… I’m about to
start my first year in Harvard Law and got accepted in Yale. I’m a damn catch! And all he can say
about me is that I’m a freaking brunette, I have a pert butt and my eyes are green? I don’t get how the
fuck this caveman has tricked Ontari to marry him, honestly. No, no, this is actually a legitimate
doubt because he’s marrying a girl who is even younger than me, which is already… odd but he
wouldn’t be able to charm someone older than 18, and at the same time he’s trying to bed MY
girlfriend. What the fuck is wrong with him? And the most important question, why is Clarke doing
nothing to kick his Paleolithic ass out of this sacred place? Not church-sacred but a ‘we’ve rocked
and rolled and all kinds of shaboinked on that altar’ kind of sacred, of course.

“What about Lexa?” Roan smiles and I swear I feel like red jelly on a white plate. That’s exactly
how I feel, don’t ask why, it makes sense in my mind. I’m shivering.

“My fiancée is really concerned about her wanting me and viceversa.” Yeah, she verbalized her
thoughts very forwardly the other day. Those concerns and especially that Clarke could also like
Roan’s ripped body, repeatedly. One, ew! Two, I need to bleach my ears, and three, he wishes either
way.

“I don’t think Lexa…”

“Oh, of course, neither do I,” he interrupts her. I know that this interruption has pissed Clarke more
than the fact he’s insinuating I could ever have the hots for him. “It’s a pity, no doubt.”

“A pity?” A PITY?!

“They put so much hope on us…” I think that with the sigh Clarke and I release we have also lost 5
years of life. “Of course, Lexa is beautiful…” He clearly doesn’t know any more adjectives, “…but
now I have other… interests.” He’s going to touch Clarke’s hair. He’s going to touch Clarke’s silky,
golden hair. HE’S TOUCHING HER EXQUISITE, DAMN SEXY HAIR.

I’m ready to throw a lit candle at him when Clarke abruptly turns around and he has to lean back a
bit. That’s how it’s done, with style. ‘How to reject an asshole, for dummies’ by Clarke Griffin. Hey!
Why are they staring at each other? Make fucking room for Jesus! Jesus cannot fit in that tiny gap!
Ok, I can’t really tell from my position but I certainly hope Clarke, my goddess, is NOT looking at
that dickhead’s lips. No, she’s not… right? Probably not… Is she? No, Lexa! Why am I even
considering this for a second? Clarke likes me and only me, and even if she didn’t I wouldn’t be the
most appropriate person to ask her for any explanations or anything. And she’s only looking at him!
Clarke’s with me but she’s not blind and I guess Roan is conventionally handsome for a man, so it’s
normal to feel a bit… hmmm… fascinated when you see someone who is good-looking. Moreover,
Clarke is with me because she wants and the moment she gets tired of me she will just… If at some
point she just doesn’t want to be with me she only has to… A drop of sweat runs slowly down my
temple, leaving all the water behind in her way to my jaw. I’m feeling thoroughly sick.

Why…? No, really, why? I don’t need to stress out about this, do I? Clarke has never showed any
interest in Roan, it was all Ontari’s jealous paranoia and I’m not the same. I’m not a jealous person,
I’m really not. I’ve always thought that if a girlfriend of mine starts liking other people and she doesn’t want to be with me that would be it, no more drama. It would hurt for sure but there would be nothing I could do, I cannot control people’s feelings or actions — and I couldn’t be in a polyamorous relationship because I’m a narcissistic, egoistical little prick and I want that someone loves me and only me, touches me and only me and is touched by me and only me, which is funny because I’m also a sex addict incapable of being faithful and keeping it in my pants not to cheat on my girlfriend. However, with Clarke everything is different. The jealousy part, not the polyamorous part… I mean, if I knew Clarke is having sex with another person or loves another person it would feel like being skinned alive and burnt in the stake. And that’s precisely it! It hurts so much, way too much to handle it. It breaks my heart and every piece of my soul — it cracks me open and puts inside this corrosive and heavy feeling, and I can’t. It kills me feeling like this, I don’t want to lose her.

“Ontari is a very lucky woman, then.”

If she did… If she left… In that case I wouldn’t be mad at her. How could I? Why would she be with me when she can find someone better, someone that can respect her and give her what she deserves? Because Clarke deserves the Earth, Heaven and the whole universe.

They’re both quiet again, observing each other, challenging each other or whatever the fuck they are doing. As if I would do anything were they fucking each other with their eyes. As if I’d be able to do anything if they started fucking right here, right now. I can’t do anything. Well, that’s a lie, I can cry like a baby and hide forever under my bed like I really want to do right now. Look! I’m already shedding bitter, sad tears. I silently snort at the realization of my stupid and dangerous weakness but, contrary to what you might believe, I don’t really care. Honestly, I couldn’t blame her for realizing I’m not and never will be enough.

And yet…

“Oh, Mother, sorry,” I come out of my hiding place and take a few steps towards them through the hallway. Clarke’s eyes widen but Roan doesn’t take his off her. I’m going to take them out of their sockets if he keeps trying to seduce her when I’m right here. “I didn’t know you were busy, I can come later.” No, I can’t but that’s the most socially accepted thing to say. Better than a ‘if you come closer to her I’ll chop your limbs and your dick off’, that’s for sure.

“Oh, uh…” Is she really hesitating? I can’t believe I’m so lame even Roan’s company is more interesting and enticing than mine. He’s smiling as widely as a freaking buffoon. Fucking Joker… what am I even doing here? I don’t understand anything, I just want to lay on the cold floor. “No, I’m not busy.” She glances at Roan, who seems pretty amused by the tense situation. Can you feel me laughing? No? Well, now you get to fucking picture the situation.

“I have to go but it would be a pleasure to talk to you again, Mother.” His arm brushes my shoulder when he passes by me. Totally intentional, believe me. “Wilde.”

I pay him with my silence, he does not deserve any words from me — he doesn’t deserve even a thought but, well, that’s inevitable. Our eyes meet and don’t leave the other’s until he turns around to leave. I wish I could smother him only to see that stupid, pretentious countenance fall into the soft purple rictus of asphyxia. I’m supposed to be a pacifist and now I’m being poetic about murder. Do you see what they are making of me?

“I really wished Nia would pick or decide something at all to at least make some progress with this maddening wedding,” Clarke comments before I even turn around. Her voice is steady and honest, not what would be expected from someone torn between two people who have just been in the same room. My confusion is making a blur of my mind, clouding it along with my senses and I cannot think. I don’t know if I want to cry, leave, kiss her, kill him… I just don’t know. I turn around and
try to focus on a stone of the floor, only on that stone. “It’s really unsettling because she’s a methodical woman. Mrs. Azgeda would have everything arranged and working on a normal… Lexa, you look really pale, are you ok?”

My head lifts without my knowledge, without my consent, and I find myself looking at her. My eyes are locked with that blue ocean and I feel lost in it, sailing adrift, burnt by the sun, dehydrated and on the verge of drowning in my own tears, those that threaten to fall down my cheeks. I’ve shipwrecked and now the only thing I want to do is giving myself to the sea goddess. I need to prove my worth and strength to sail these waves because the truth is, the sea has become my home and now there’s no desire inside of me to go back to land.

“Lexa?” Clarke steps towards me with a sharp frown on her face, like she didn’t know why I’m breaking apart.

When she tries to approach me again I just start walking through the hallway and upstairs at the fastest pace my legs and current confusion allow. My lips pursed, my hands closed into fists, strong feet hit the steps in my climb to the tower and when I’m finally in her room, I allow myself to lean on the wall. The sharp and cold touch of the stone feels like the breath of life, this momentous, brief loneliness gives me back my strength and energy. Nevertheless, the chaos in my head doesn’t let me think, doesn’t let me talk — I can’t even create a proper sentence without four more starting at the same time, crowding my head with voices I don’t want to hear. I can’t focus, I…

“Lexa!” It echoes from downstairs along with her footsteps. Her husky voice is an anchor; an anchor to the ground, to life, to reality, to reason. But that’s not what I want now — I don’t want to live the real world, I only want to live us, her. Nobody else exists, only the both of us. It’s only us in our little world. “Lexa, what…?”

I grab her by the back of her thighs, lifting them to my waist and pin her against the wall with my greedy mouth already attached to hers, biting, nipping, sucking, caressing. My tongue soon makes itself a smoldering path to hers and worships it with ferocious vigor, tearing from her muffled moans and squeals whose delightful, soft sounds dance in my ears and guide my hands to her glory. Clarke’s fists close around my hair and my shoulder while I unzip those straight, black, boring, priest trousers of hers and find my way to her underwear. I don’t even want to tease her right now, I only want her to feel — I want her to know what I can offer to her, I want her to feel what I can give her, I want to give her what she wants, what she needs, what she desires.

My lips travel to her neck, delivering wet and passionate open mouth kisses, allowing her to release the deep sighs of pleasure that are fighting unsuccessfully to remain inside her throat. I literally tear off the fabric of the collar of her white shirt with my teeth, making a couple of buttons plop and fly somewhere in the room, baring her collarbone and part of her heaving chest. Drawing a thin line from her clavicle to the back of her ear with my tongue, Clarke’s legs close around my waist, trap me tightly to urge me to get inside of her, which I do. Two wandering fingers slide into her underwear and play between her folds to cover themselves in her hot moist. She’s dripping wet already. I wonder with a clenched jaw and a pang in my chest if it’s because of me or because of… him. I wonder with my heart beating in my ears if I’m the one who has elicited the luscious arousal she’s feeling or it’s been her dazzle at Roan’s charm. Hell, what if it’s been Roan? My face simply hides in her neck when two unapologetic fingers start thrusting where she wants.

“Ah!” she cries out with a smile on her lips and a frown on her face.

Clarke’s ragged breaths in my ear encourage my tough movements, the curl my fingers make when they get to that spot and make her tug harder on my hair. My fingers slide so easily in and out, splashing a few little drops of lust on her thighs and my forearm. So easily that I need to add another
“Lex… ah… fuck!”, she moans, tightening the grip of her legs around my hips, trapping my arm in a rather uncomfortable position between us to take me further in.

*I can give you everything.* My elbow starts hurting for real but I don’t care. *I can pleasure you.* My wrist burns but it doesn’t matter, I even force it into a more rigid position to stroke her swollen clit with my palm with every thrust. *I can be with you.* The fourth one takes her breath away and elicits a heavy gasp from her. *I can take care of you.* Every muscle in my arm hurts and burns and the pain is excruciating, but she’s so close I can’t stop right now. *Please, don’t leave.* Clarke comes undone in my arms, around me, her hips rocking so hard I have to make an extra effort not to lose my equilibrium and to keep curling my fingers inside of her with her walls choking them. The way she cries out her orgasm is the most magical symphony I’ve ever heard.

I don’t know how because I can’t feel my arm anymore from my shoulder to my elbow, but I manage to take it from her pants and rise it to my eyes to observe the slick wetness left behind. She has come hard, something I would feel immensely happy and smug about if it wasn’t for that doubt: thinking of me or thinking of him? Quietly and slowly, Clarke releases the tug on my hair and tenderly grabs my aching wrist, taking me by surprise in my absorption. Then, she takes the fingers into her mouth, two first and the other two after them, licking them clean and swirling her tongue through their length and around the tip, teasing with the star movements I’ve gotten to learn and experience so well. Her eyes, sparkling with lust in dark blue, never leave mine.

Reinforcing the grip on the back of her thighs first, I separate her from the wall and lay her gently on the bed, settling between her legs and flipping my hair to one side. Clarke’s still glancing at me, locked with my stare and trying to calm her heavy breathes. I take my time to take her trousers off and then her ruined underwear. I truly love this part, when I graze her soft, pale skin with the tip of my fingers and hook them around the fabric right before slipping it down slowly until it’s out to yank it somewhere behind me right after, getting this beautiful view of her blonde curls. Of course Clarke wouldn’t stay still and she has already gotten rid of the offending (in too many levels) shirt and her bra. She’s so stunning you can’t even imagine, so gorgeous she seems unreal, like a fantasy creature like a Nereid moving with the soft waves, waiting for me in the sand.

I hover over her, crawling slowly to lock my lips with hers in a searing kiss that has nothing to do with the previous one. This kiss is passionate but tender, hot and soft, full of some growing feelings I cannot verbalize yet. She cups my face and cradles the back of my neck while my fingers start teasing her again, beginning from her mound, her inner thighs, the edge of her labium, the pillar of her clit. Our bodies are folding against the other so perfectly everything starts flowing easily and deliciously. I can taste the way Clarke moans against my mouth and bites my lip when I start stroking carefully the hot button in between her legs. She yanks my crop top away and reaches clumsily for the zip of my shorts while the strokes initiate a steady pace. Clarke doesn’t even wait to undo my bra, she just pulls it up under my chin and starts pinching my nipples softly, as if I needed any more stimulation to definitely end my sanity.

“Clarke,” I mumble, slightly separating my lips from her. I feel insecure, like I’m going to start stuttering if I open my mouth. This had never happened to me before, not in bed, not about sex. “Is this ok?”

“It feels amazing.” That’s what she says and captures my mouth again — and yet she can still talk. What’s happening to me? I’m not doing my job very well today and I’m not an amateur on this.

“How can I make it better?” I whisper against her lips.

Clarke gulps, tilting her head back, enjoying the pleasure I’m giving to her but trying to breathe and
keeping her head in this reality. I nibble her earlobe and make her squirm underneath my body. Still, it’s not enough.

“You could…” She swallows the lump in her throat and releases a soft sigh, “you could use your mouth.”

Or more like my tongue, I know she means specifically my tongue and I won’t deny it to her. I wouldn’t deny her anything but the thing is I’m really craving tasting her, you know? After all these days of interruptions and weddings and shit we have almost not seen each other or had proper sex — really, in like… an eternity. Two whole days with none! I can feel my own wetness sliding down my thighs to my knees — the ache in my crotch spreads to my low belly and I’m not sure how I’ve managed till now not to start grinding against her like a dog in heat. This is disgusting, this must be her time and I can’t even totally focus on her. Honestly, I wouldn’t blame her for not wanting to put up with the mess I am anymore. Yet she does.

My lips graze the silky skin of her neck, setting a delicate kiss between her clavicles. Please… I suck on one nipple and pinch on the other softly, making her hands abandon my boobs and scratch the mattress so harsh she’s going to tear the fabric of her sheets. …don’t leave. I readjust my bra on its place and start playing with her belly button, kissing it, nipping it gently and trying not to succumb to the temptation of lowering my back and start my very own tribbing session. Please… I kneel on the floor and caress her bare legs before dragging her to the edge of the bed, splayed before me, ready for this. …I love you. I press wet kisses through the length of her inner thighs till reaching her drenched core, where I give her a long flat lick, preparing my tongue for the real shenanigans I’ll perform. I love you. My lips indulge her folds for a moment before my tongue starts circling her engorged clit with precision. She’s so damn delicious I almost shed tears between her legs. I love you. My left hand starts stroking my clit, but not because I don’t want to focus on her! I positively think I’m creating a tiny puddle on the floor and it’s just too much. I’m so sorry, so, so sorry. I love you. I suck on her core and Clarke hits the mattress with her fists — for some reason she’s holding back and I don’t want her to, so I suck harder, hum, lick, kiss, press with my free palm between her hip bones, ease the soreness in her entrance with my tongue in steady and organized patterns, giving her some continuity until… I love you. Until her back arches, her hips buck crazily and her hands run to fist my hair once again and press me further to keep sucking. I do it, I suck hard and she seems to come again because she cries out another moan and her back, which was starting to fall, arches again more brusquely. I have to confess I don’t do it because of her encouragement, though, but to somehow release the pleasure I’m feeling touching myself and seeing her like this — relaxed, happy, vulnerable, covered in a layer of salty sweat and something that’s just hers. Just like that time on the altar. Exactly like that time. Shit.

When my humming stops making ripples of pleasure run through her body, she takes a couple of minutes to breathe — time I use to try to get me off and fail, as it couldn’t be otherwise. My sad whines must draw her attention because she sits up a bit and puts two fingers under my chin to make me look at her. Yeah, she definitely knows what I’m doing — she has seen me and tilted her head only to smile at me gently and give me a kiss on the lips before wiping the rest of her from the edges of my mouth with her thumbs. I know she wants to ask what this was about, but she doesn’t. Instead, she grabs my working hand in spite of my whimper, kisses my palm and my slick fingers and bumps my nose with hers. With a stealthy hand, she undoes my bra, which gets lost somewhere in the bedroom. I had even forgotten I still had it on.

“All fours.” That’s all she needs to whisper to have a greedy me on the bed, craving her touch, itchy skin and unhealthy heat.

I set all my hair over my left shoulder and wait patiently despite the madness happening in my crotch. Clarke is taking her time, what a moment to go slow, damn it! I don’t think I can bear this much
longer before I submit to my compulsion — I’m already surprised of how much I am enduring this. The mattress moves behind me, she’s readjusting herself and…

“Fuck!” Clarke had to scratch my thighs up my ass, just like she always does to have me surrendering at her feet and asking for more. And how wouldn’t I when an electric, hot current runs up and down my spine to increase the bonfire between my legs?

Clarke shushes me, mockingly. *Fuck…* I whine when her left, warm hand starts caressing my back. *I can’t…* A moan escapes my throat when I feel her fingers playing on my wetness, circling around my entrance, getting covered in me. I’m so exposed to her right now and it feels so good; however, she’s playing with me, and it had to be now, she…

“Clarke!” She starts teasing my butt with her thumb and that’s it, I’m done. As a drop of sweat slips down my temple, I drive two fingers to my clit and start rubbing it in circles and lines, giving it all it needs to get me to my climax, my freedom, my peace. Suddenly, Clarke spanks me hard, grabbing the flesh after the hit, and I have to put the hand back in the mattress to support myself. If it had been me, she would have had a red mark there with the shape of my hand for at least a couple of days; but she’s Clarke, caring and soft even when rough, and don’t get me wrong, it feels amazing till the point my cry is so needy and desperate it doesn’t even sound like me. Or maybe it does and I’m nothing else than this hopeless sex junkie craving a good fuck before going crazy. “Clarke, please!”

“You’re a mischievous little brat.” She snorts and her hands abandon the place I desperately want them in, making a tear escape its hiding place and reach my jaw, traveling to my chin until falling to the abyss of the bed. “Don’t make me tie you, Lexa.”

My back stiffens at the mere mention of it. Even if the sad reality is that I’d let her do anything with me as long as she made me discharge the cause of this ache, even if I’ve done bondage thousands of times before, the mere thought of it unsettles me and makes my stomach churn. I trust her but tying… I can still feel the rope burning the skin of my wrists and ankles, I can still feel the misery and despondency, the fear, the anger; the exasperating throb increases to a point I thought was left in the past at the memory of hours and hours, and days and weeks, with no release or solution and I can’t hold back the unshed tears clinging on the edge of my eyes anymore. And then I feel her. Warm arms hug my back and make me kneel on the bed, leaning against her front. Her kiss on my shoulder and the bare side of my neck, one hand massaging my boob and the other running up my thigh to finally make contact with my hopeless clit.

“I’ve got you”, she whispers in my ear once and again and again between my moans, worshipping the column of my neck, my boobs and crotch in the most gently and caring way I’ve ever experienced.

There’s something I can’t help keeping thinking about and that is the similarities between this very moment and the day all those weeks ago when I basically corrupted her on the altar. That day I was ruthless, I knew what I wanted to do, how filthy but complete I wanted her to feel. That day I made her pray for her soul while I knew for her I was condemning it to Hell and yet she was so… radiant, so resplendent. The instant she laid there, surrounded by fluids witnesses of our sins she didn’t look desecrated; she didn’t look spoiled as I thought she would. Clarke was exquisite, stunning. She was free. I gave her the worst treatment and yet she survived, and then she was free. If someone could have made that happen, it was Clarke Griffin.

Now she holds me the same way, she whispers kind words to my ears and fucks me until my mind spins and breaks and all is white and black and I think I’m going to faint but there’s an important difference. Everything Clarke does is full of love, the purest and most benevolent sentiment of them all. *I don’t deserve her.* I don’t even understand how she could start caring about me in the first
“You’re really close, Lexa.” Clarke’s moves around my clit are starting to flail. I don’t know how long we’ve been like this but she seems exhausted. Not again, please, not again. “You can do it, ok?” My ragged breath and moans muffle the sobs that fight to leave my chest. I can’t believe I can’t even get one now I… “You can do it.”

Clarke kisses my pulse point and strokes with another finger to increase the stimulated surface and diminish the sharpness of her strokes. She’s trying and it feels great, everything she does feels wonderful. I shake my head and lean it back on her shoulder, turning it a bit to ask for her mouth. Her teeth graze my lower lip and soon her tongue finds mine. Her hips encourage mine to rock and just like that, attached to her everywhere; we start a frantic race to climax that ends up with the strike of a damn literal thunder of pleasure striking my body, muting me and making me twist my limbs and squirm violently against her.

We both fall on our side and Clarke gently relocates us correctly on bed, spooning me like she wanted to protect me, like I was the only one that mattered to her. I’m terrified of actually believing it, to be honest.

“You did it,” she whispers and kisses the back of my neck so tenderly I can feel tears coming again from my eyes and I start bawling for no reason. Dammit, Lexa! “You’re ok. I’m right here.”

How’s she even real? A soft, gentle hand starts caressing a path up and down my belly, to the valley of my breasts and the space between my hipbones. Her lips graze my skin and her warm breath sends shivers to my spine; the heat of her body against mine is soothing and affectionate and my tears won’t stop falling with so much kindness, for fuck’s sake. I never want to move again, I just want to feel this forever, I want to feel her next to me, exempt of families, of careers and jobs and gossips and dioceses. All I want is being with her, swimming in our vulnerable weakness and deadly sin, even though the reality is that’s possibly the most dangerous thing to do for us.

I whimper when the soft kisses stop and she moves a bit to readjust her other arm under her head. Her nipples are so hard I can feel them against the sensitive skin of my back, her legs entwined tightly with mine let me feel the wetness still drenching her thighs, and every time her hand comes near to my mound a little ripple of heat joins the slightly remaining throb that starts growing again each second passed. It wasn’t enough, it will never be enough. Even if my limbs and my head feel already heavy, my body will never be content.

“It’s ok, come here.” Of course Clarke knows everything going on in my head. She’s super intelligent, have I ever told you that? I probably have, she’s brilliant but not pretentious like most of the people I know, and that fascinates me. I press my back against her front harder and she pulls me even closer with her legs. I wonder how I’m not dehydrated or even thirsty at this point. Well, I’m thirsty as fuck, but you know what I mean. “You are the…”, she whispers and I twitch a bit when her hand founds my clit again and starts circling it at a exasperating pace, “…most alluring, sharp…” I worry my lip in an attempt not to make a sound so as to be able to listen carefully to her loving whispers while her fingers start slowly picking up their rhythm, “…headstrong and cute girl I’ve ever met.” I bite the inside of my cheek and reach for her head. I need to kiss her so bad it hurts almost as bad as the ache of my clit. Clarke dodges my hand elegantly but she starts peppering nice kisses along my jaw and down my neck and shoulder. When she reaches my ear again, she separates my legs a bit more with her knee and calf and nibbles my earlobe. “And seeing you and feeling you come in my arms, is out of this world.”

I will never understand how she knows exactly what to say in every moment, how she’s capable of making me shed tears and drown in pleasure at the same time and makes everything so perfect and
beautiful I could die right now and I’d be happy. Another thought I’ll never get is how she can make me feel and undergo new things every time despite my wide experience in life, especially in the sexual aspect of it. I had never come faster the second time than the first one, not that I remember at least.

“Clarke…” I whimper with my body arching and fidgeting against hers, feeling the waves of pleasure filling me once again and her lips leaving butterfly kisses through all the length of my neck.

When the ripples diminish with her slow pace, she takes her hand away, puts the sheet over us and hugs me tight, trying to quiet my sobs and the hopelessness I feel knowing it’s over for now and this new pulsation, these new beatings on my core will not be taken care of. Evaluating with closed eyes the current situation, I don’t think I’ve ever cried so much as I’m doing today in her arms. At least I know she’s with me and she understands.

“Lexa.” Clarke’s voice sounds like a loud noise under the water, like an unreal fantasy in my sleepy conscience.

“Shhhhh,” I shush her. I’m not ready for leaving yet, I still feel very weak… well, ok, very vulnerable. Moreover, I was just getting as sleep despite my horniness and not to be cheesy and giving you cavities but I really want to experience what’s to wake up next to Clarke. If any of you ever mention what I’ve just said I’ll kill you.

“Can I ask you something?” Clarke seems serious, I don’t know if that’s a good or a bad sign.

“Hmmm…” I nuzzle my face against the pillow and feel her body shifting, separating even if it’s just an inch from me to support her head on her elbow. She still sounds way too serious for the current mood but the way she caresses my arm totally defeats me. I already told you I’m weak, ok? Shut up. “You may, babe.”

“Have you just called me ‘babe’?” My eyes shot up and my heart skips a beat. I’ve not… It has totally slipped, fuck.

“Your imagination.” The best way to dodge this uncomfortable situation is a light joke and making Clarke snort with, I’m sure, a sweet smile on her lips. Then I clear my throat quietly and divert the topic back to her concerns. “Was that your question?” I’d rather talk about that than to keep paying attention to my foulness. At least I didn’t call her sweetie or honey bun or some cheesy shit like that. ‘Babe’ is fine, it’s cool, it’s…

“No, never mind.” Now you don’t get to disturb my happy time, worry me and leaving it like that.

“Really, what’s up?” Much to my dismay, I turn around and face two blue eyes full of fear. I frown and take her hand. No, baby. What have I done now? She should be happy, she… If this is about Roan I’m jumping from the top of the tower.

“Do you remember those guys at Waterbury?”

“How could I forget them?” I huff. Of course I remember them. Them and how flattered she was feeling for being the sexual objective of those two… “The asshole and his friend ‘Carlos Manson’.”

“They talked about some scandal with a teacher in your faculty.” Uh, oh… I clench my jaw to conceal the sudden surprise… or panic that threatens to appear in my eyes. Would she be angry at me? I don’t know where this is heading. “Was it you?”
My answer wants to come out of my mouth, a steady and secure ‘yes’. I don’t feel guilty about it, I didn’t feel ashamed when Murphy found out through this guy Miller, whose father is in the Harvard committee and went to one of those boot camp preps with John. I don’t hold any resentment against him, further than the fact he used it with the intention of making Murphy ashamed. I’m sure he has legit reasons to hate him, we all have. No, it is the sudden shade of anger in Clarke’s eyes what holds me back. She’s not going to shame me, she never has before and why would she now? She understands me, she… Right?

“Lexa, was it you?” The agitation in her voice makes my goofy expression fall and I can’t help bringing back my classic straight face. My muscles tingle a bit after the time I’ve abandoned it but I don’t feel quite ok making her see me under these circumstances.

“Yeah, I mean…” I don’t owe her any explanations but still I feel like I need to keep talking. This is stupid. “He asked and I wanted my distinction in Poli-sci so… What? Are you mad?” I feel like I’m being admonished.

“Did you fuck a teacher to get better grades?!” I’m totally being admonished.

“No, I gave him a blow job,” I deadpan, somehow challenging her to make her move and prove… Is she grabbing her clothes? Are you kidding me?

“I can’t believe you…” She mumbles, trying to reach for her bra under the bed.

“I don’t like the judgment in your tone, Clarke.” She sits up abruptly and looks at me, her eyes filled with something that I can’t identify but I know it’s nothing good. “Why are you putting this on me now?”

“I’m not!” And despite she has given up trying to reach any of her clothes she’s opening the drawer of her nightstand to grab her spare old, white Harvard shirt that she uses as a pajama during those less fancy times.

“Are you mad at me?” She puts it on and my stomach sinks with the absence of a response. “Are you seriously judging me now?” I can’t believe this, I… Deep inside I knew this would happen at some point and yet I had fallen into the illusion Clarke wasn’t like this. I lied to myself and fooled my warning thoughts to believe she would understand, that she would be aware I’ve done a lot of morally questionable things and that’s just me and my addiction and I don’t like what I’m feeling right now. The rage is growing, running from my belly to my chest and I can’t hold myself back anymore. I thought she was different. “Is it because I kneeled in front of him?” I sit up on the bed and delight myself with the sight of her furiously clenched jaw.

“Lexa…”, she mutters, warningly. If she wants to judge me, she will do it right with all the detailed information I can provide her.

“Because he stroked my head with one hand as if I was a whore while he rubbed his dick with the other?” I tilt my head and Clarke looks away. The effort I’m doing to block those images is titanic right now.

“Shut up…” You wanted me to talk, didn’t you? Her breath is more and more ragged every second. I know I’m somehow hurting her but, you know what? It’s cruel and callous, and I promised her not to ever make her be in pain again, but because of this… in this situation I love it.

“Because he fucked my mouth roughly on his teacher chair? Maybe you even like to imagine that.”

“Lexa, shut up…” She closes her fists and her breathing sounds loud and chaotic. I’m not done.
“Or is it because he came in…?”

“Shut up!” Clarke shouts, totally out of her mind, turning abruptly to me and making the mattress bounce violently. My eyebrows shoot up, unable to conceal my surprise. “Fuck!” She hides her face between her hands and takes some deep breaths. We both have had more than enough.

I know I’ve gone too far. Shit, with the trust issues she has and knowing I’m not a damn faithful person, knowing that I’m also a cheater and it’s very likely she will suffer again it was only a matter of time she got pissed about my sexual shenanigans. Damn it! I’m fucking stupid and insensitive, and why on Earth do I never learn that I always fuck everything up when I open my mouth? I’m a terrible, bad tempered, cheater asshole and this is only going to shatter us both. What am I even doing here?

“Did it because I was curious about how this… I worked. Because I wanted to know if my compulsion was beyond my sexual orientation or not.” That’s partially true. “And mainly to get better grades.” That’s it, that’s me. Don’t worry, somewhere inside of me I know I’m disgusting and I have no excuse. How could I expect her not to react like this? Normal people don’t do this, I already know that… Shit.

“Look…” Clarke looks at me, a tear clinging from the corner of her eye.

“I know being with me means being always on the edge and you have all the right to feel that way,” I interrupt her and let go a deep sigh, “but I can guarantee you at least this is not something you should worry about, ok?”

“I’m…. and asshole, I’m sorry I just…” No, no, babe… you’re not.

“What is it? Did I do something…?”

“No, no!” Her warm hands grab mine, she’s way too sweet. “I’m… I’m just a bit paranoid lately. About what happened with John… Roan, your parents, my mother, you know, that kind of…” My heart bounces in my chest and somehow it feels like it’s being torn apart. I knew this was happening, I knew it.

“Roan? What’s with him?”, I manage to say despite the desert-like dryness of my throat.

“I know what happened and I know that you’d never have anything to do with him but…” Wait, me? “Everybody seemed to have great expectations for you two and I don’t know.”

Ok, ok, let’s think this over. Clarke is mad or jealous or whatever because my mother and Nia won’t shut up about some made up ideal relationship Roan and I had five years ago. I’m not even going to obsess about if she’s jealous of him or she’s jealous of me because I’ve had more than enough angst inside of me for today, you know? But mainly, I’m outraged, possibly more than I should considering my history.

“Clarke, I’m gay, ok? Like, very, very gay!” VERY gay, the lesbian of lesbians. “Gayest gay ever. On the verge of puking rainbows.”

“Oh, I’ve got it”, she chuckles.

“Also, do you know that the phrase ‘those who fight love each other’ is just how cis-straight people in this cis-heteronormative society romanticize abusive relationships?” I’m trying to make her smile but that doesn’t make it less true.

“Yeah, I know…” She sighs and lies back on the bed.
“Ontari, on the other hand…”

“Oh, fuck off!”, Clarke gives me a soft, lighthearted slap on the hip and smiles, bemused. She knows I’m right.

“I only mean we could share…” I lay back next to her, giggling.

“Oh gosh, Lexa, are you serious?” She hides playfully her face in my neck.

“Of course not! Unless…”

“Shut up and come here.” Clarke smiles and drags me closer into her embrace. I nuzzle the crook of her neck and hug her middle with an affectionate arm, caressing patterns in the soft fabric of her pajamas. I liked it better when she was totally naked. “I’ve seen the way Roan looks at you.”

“Have you?” Do not start obsessing, Lexa, do not start obsessing. Really, who’s here in bed in her arms? I am, am I not? Well, that’s it, the discussion is over. Shut up, Lex. “It’s just his way of looking at people, for real. He’s just intense like that.” Clarke hums appreciatively. I say things to calm her down but I’m not really sure… or sure at all. He better be just like that because if not… “Although if he even dares to put his eyes on you…”, again, “…he will lose them.”

Clarke trails swirling shapes on my skin and moves slowly up to start caressing my hair. I must have hair sex for sure. Normally I’d tie it in a ponytail but since I met Clarke I’ve just… gone with the flow. Maybe that’s one of the differences between having sex with someone that matters to you and having sex only to have your ‘sex shot’. Also, the first times we had sex I was so desperate I didn’t even remember to prepare a hair tie.

“I’m sorry I got so jealous, it was stupid and totally out of…”

“Don’t be, Clarke.” I release a deep, long sigh. “I’m sorry I’m not trustworthy.”

“You are!”, she hurries to say. “It’s just with what happened with Finn I…”

“Clarke, please, remember this.” The air doesn’t seem to fill my lungs successfully despite the effort I may put into it. “I still have a long way ahead of me. I’m not someone to trust right now and I could cheat on you.” Clarke scowls and her hand stops cherishing my skin. “I don’t want to but we shouldn’t fool ourselves thinking otherwise.”

“I trust you, Lexa,” I close my eyes and shake my head slowly. Clarke shifts a bit in her spot and the moment I open my eyes I get crushed by deep, severe blue. “I do, and I think you should trust yourself too.” I want to avert her gaze but she won’t let me.

“I trust myself to do the right thing and apologize and free you should I hurt you ever again.”

“Which is not going to happen.” The smile that appears on her lips is so wide, so bright, reassuring and sincere, and I’m in such a sensitive state of mind I don’t know how my eyes don’t fill with tears again. I’m glad, though; I was starting to doubt if I was a human or a sentient fountain. “Don’t be such an Edward Cullen, please.” I snort, how dares she?

“Do you really think so?” She bites her lip and nods. Really, there’s such purity, honesty and goodness inside of her sometimes I wonder how it’s possible that she’s eight years older than me. I stopped being like that a long ago. “You’re too good, Clarke.”

“Don’t you trust a doctor’s judgment?” Ok, forget what I said about not crying again, I can feel the tears coming.
“I… You’re amazing, you know that?” I nuzzle against Clarke’s chest, smelling that sweet fragrance that is just her, seeking the reassurance I need to girl the hell up and stop in her warmth those stupid tears that I don’t understand. In full hypersexual style, instead of keeping doing that for the time my poor heart needs, I opt for my quickest route and start kissing her boobs over the pajama shirt. I just can’t handle such a thick drama.

“Lexa…” I don’t even need to look to know she’s already tugging on her lower lip. “Lex…” She breathes out heavily. “We said only two orgasms a day for you, no naked games allowed.”

“Fine by me.” I suck on her hard nipple over her shirt, wetting the thin fabric while eliciting a soft moan from her. I love when her nipples are sensitive but not as much as when she’s about to have her period. I can even indulge myself and graze it with my teeth always over the pajamas and get a pleasure groan in exchange.

“Lexa,” she sighs when I start worshiping the other breast with my mouth and my hand starts caressing the soft skin of her naked inner thighs.

I hum in acknowledgement as a response while drawing intricate patterns on my way up, making her wriggle underneath me, warming me with the heat of her body. Damn everything, right now I want to hear her scream. My claws close around the tight flesh of her butt as I press her closer to me, if that’s even possible at this point; her legs splay themselves immediately with no need for me to do anything at all but lowering my body to nip her mound and ease the skin with a tender kiss and a hot tongue. Clarke’s breath gets brusquely caught in her chest, we both know how this is exactly going to go.

How has she even thought that I…? If she needs a living proof of my dedication and my utter gayness, she’ll have it and she’ll enjoy it with her life. I hold her in place with a strong hand over her pubic bone and my tongue starts wandering down her groin to her thighs, easing the redness that sharp teeth leave behind with each moderate bite, each one followed by a high-pitched and unique whimper that only seeks encouraging me to keep going. Desperate hands try to fist my hair and get my mouth where she wants, an endearing gesture, in my humble opinion. Clarke thinks she’s in control here but now, for the first time in many weeks, we are playing under my rules and I’m the mistress of this game.

Her hands violently find the mattress with an intense but not painful suck on that engorged bund of nerves that I love — and Clarke cries out and her limbs twist under my body. I know she’d prefer fucking my face the same way I delight myself fucking hers but she’s also quite enjoying this little loss of control. From the first time I saw her I knew she liked it soft but sometimes she was also weak for rough. Letting herself go, abandoning herself to destiny in a controlled, safe space is something someone like her craves from time to time. So I give it to her, how would I not? My tongue glides through her drenched folds and my lips closing around them submerge her in an ocean of satisfaction and pleasurable soreness. Could I make her throbbing as maddening as mine? Could I make her feel what I feel only for some minutes before I give her the eternal release I can’t get?

“Commander, please…” Oh my fucking goodness, she has not just… You don’t say things like that out of the blue when I’m trying to be all sexy and bossy! I can feel the blush filling my face, the blood also running to other parts of my anatomy that should not be that stimulated right now when I’m taking care of HER pleasure. I’m too gay to function and too addicted to keep going. I desperately need oxygen.

However, I won’t let her there, alone and aching, lost in the intoxicating throbbing I’ve created and leave. I bite my lower lip trying to keep calm then lick her whole length and suck thoroughly for the last time before going back to her lips and getting inside of her with two fingers, keeping my control
with a hand pressing her neck firmly but very carefully not to hurt her. I claim her lips in a bruising kiss that muffles the cries that my rough thrusts inside of her elicit, curling my fingers from time to time and rubbing her engorged clit. When she’s gotten a bit used to the sensation, she kisses me back feverishly, trying to control the sounds she produces but why? No! Let me hear them!

Another finger goes in and I don’t need to ask her to let the noises go, she tilts her head back instantaneously and her jaw falls, unable to handle the pleasure she’s feeling for much longer. While my three fingers focus on worshipping that coarse spot inside of her that makes delicious screams come out from her and her fingernails scratch my back till drawing blood, I start nibbling her ear.

“Be bad for me, Clarke,” I whisper in the huskiest voice I manage to produce.

In a moment, out of the blue, everything stops and Clarke looks at me blankly, processing what I’ve just said. Dirty talk is definitely her cup of tea and even though I’ve known it for a while now, I like to use it only in special occasions with the purpose of pleasantly surprising her. She suddenly shifts our positions, making us roll on the bed and tops me with dark eyes and a tiny, mischievous smile. Then she presses our lips together only to be able to bite and delight herself on my lower one. This is an obsession of hers I will never get but I won’t complain either — it’s hilarious and incredibly sexy how I just need to worry my lip if I want her to jump at me. It’s like one of those ‘ring to sex’ red bells but cooler.

“Naughty girl,” I tell her in a bit suffocated, hoarse voice when she releases me. I may or may not be having a hard time not fainting because of her overwhelming sensuality. It never stops amazing me that after all the things I’ve done, Clarke still gets to make me feel like an inexperienced teenager from time to time.

With her legs at both sides of me, her hips start lifting and falling, fucking herself on my fingers with her short nails scraping my abdomen and the valley between my breasts. She’s an unreal vision, a dream come true. The way she bites her lip and closes her eyelids hard, her hands against my skin and how she moves, how she rides me like a strong, deadly Amazon. Every moan is a heat wave shaking my body, a flame making my blood simmer. Every thrust she gets herself is another beat of my heart harmonized with the throb of my core. Only Clarke can dazzle me like this, showing me to an oft loop that I don’t know if it’s any good for my addiction but I don’t really care. Right now the world could end and the only part of it that I would be paying attention to would be Clarke and the way she… *Oh, my fucking Antichrist.* The disappearance of her shirt makes me lose my breath — like missing and with no expectations of finding it again. I’m a horny, insane mess.

“I’ll tell you something, two words for two treasures: her boobs. Wait a second, I’m feeling dizzy, I… I need to breathe. Oh… god… I’m totally short-circuited, give me a minute. Or an hour. I’m the epitome of the expression ‘too gay to function’ right now.

“Lexa,” she moans obscenely, her breasts bouncing and wiggling with every up and down. Fuck my life, I’m going to die from asphyxia and I’m ok with it. There’s nothing else in my life I want more than licking a line from her belly button, cupping her boobs and hearing her squeaking and…

“Ah!” I cry out in a high-pitched tone when Clarke’s hand finds my aching clit and she presses firmly against it before starting delicious circular motions.

Clarke’s body arched back, one of her hands touching me, the other one digging her fingernails above my navel; her breasts ricocheting again and again, her skin covered in sweat and her mouth open, letting her lascivious noises of pleasure come off untouched. My skin doesn’t feel like such anymore, my muscles are not my muscles and I can’t even feel my bones. The burning heat, that’s something I can feel. Its acid fog clouds my mind and melts my brain and I’m a time bomb just ready to explode, with its seconds beeping fast and loud. I curl my fingers inside of her and her buckles get
more ragged and vicious as well as her whimpers, enwrapping me in the pleasing and perilous siren melody of Clarke Griffin.

“I’m so wet, Commander, …!” Whatever else she says is unintelligible, but that’s not even the main reason why I don’t grasp it. I’m done, I can’t fight this anymore, I’m dying.

I don’t even know what’s happened when I find myself on top of her again and the way I’m fucking her is brutal, more aggressive than I’ve ever fucked anyone and only her encouraging hug dissipates a momentary, cold fear amidst every single one of my boiling cells. She wants us to melt into each other, I’m giving her what she wants with every sigh, every thrust every… Grr! My whole body is moving. My arms, my hips, my legs, every joint of my fingers. Her scream is deafening and her grip on my hair almost as strong as the writhing of her body under mine. Attached to mine. For some reason my jaw is closed against the skin of her shoulder and only when her violent aftershocks stop and the last remaining ripples of her climax start leaving her I realize I’ve left a big purple brush. Fortunately, I’ve not torn the skin.

Underneath us, everything is drenched.

Once her walls have finished squeezing my fingers, I take them out only to collect all the cum I can gather with two of them and make her lick them clean again, taking them in and out in a virtual form of fucking her and it’s so enticing. She’s totally wrecked under my body, consumed. Multiple droplets of sweat slide down her breasts, belly and neck, settling in every valley they can find, mixing with the saliva running down her mouth and I can’t help it. The ache is fighting to either move or paralyze me and, what do you want me to say to justify this? She’s my precious doll and I want to play. I take my fingers away and replace them with my mouth, joining our lips and tongues in a messy kiss paired with the circular movement of my hips against her leg. Oh, yeah… At this point any release I can get is not enough. I deepen the kiss and she moans against my mouth so filthy I…

Again I don’t know how I’ve ended up sitting on the edge of the bed with my back straight and Clarke broken, fighting to breathe. I close my eyes and all I see is red. My hair is stuck to several parts of my back, shoulders and face, wet with the consequences of this fire.

“Come here,” I don’t even recognize my voice anymore. Clarke rolls somehow to get closer to me but doesn’t sit up. I give her lips a last lick before sitting the same way again and uttering: “You like to be fucked hard, huh?” Clarke gulps. I know her voice won’t come off after that yell too so I don’t force her to do anything, she only gives me a nod. “Good girl, now kneel before your Commander.”

Clarke drags herself to the floor and sits on her knees between my legs. There’s something deliciously ironic about this that fuels the throbbing and tears my innards when I try to hold it back. Why should I try to hold it back? Understanding is a tricky matter, you can never fully get other people because you’re not them, you have not lived what they have experienced, your mind doesn’t work the way theirs do. However, you can be willing to and try. It’s not always easy, it’s not always pretty but if you really want to understand you need to have an open mind, listen and if you’re honest with this, you must never judge. I’ll show you. Never. Clarke’s willing, isn’t she? She has always stated and showed she wants to help me even if there’s no possible cure for me. She tries, doesn’t she? She has always listened, right?

She’s right here, naked and dripping, small before me, obediently waiting for my orders like a good girl. Her eyes, innocent but amused by my little game, fixed on my glaze until I start circling my hot clit and they go down, down to the prize she’s going to get. I cup her face with my other hand and pet her affectionately, entwining my fingers with golden, damp locks that slowly I put behind her ears. For this game, I certainly want a full view. My toes, palms and labia tingle with the thought of
what’s going to happen. A last stroke on her head and my hand becomes a fist.

“Eat.”

Normally, I would enjoy myself feeling her worshipping me slowly and carefully before her greedy mouth started sucking and stroking me anxiously, craving more and more until I came. But today it’s not a day like every other else. No. Today I’m the Commander and I don’t submit to anyone in any case, especially Clarke. Today we all learn our lessons. This time I support myself with my ankles on the mattress base and press her against me, ignoring her whine and fucking myself on her mouth once and again, shoving her hands away when they want to grab my butt.

I groan with every stroke, mutter a roar every time I feel her tongue inside, and clench my jaw when her luscious lips close around this exasperating, tingling bundle of nerves that drives me to madness. I can feel her against my folds gasping for air, drowning in me, and despite I obviously let her breathe, her own moans and squeaks become more and more asphyxiated and high pitched. The way she closes her eyes and devours me, following the movements of my hips, is arousing; checking her out and realizing she’s wetting the floor with the fluids running down her thighs is entirely something else. However, I’m sorry for her, my orgasm is making itself wait and I have no intention to stop playing with her until I’m content. Maybe the first one will not even be enough. She knows now, part of what it feels like at least – of course this is a million times better.

I lean my body back on my left arm slightly more, tilting my head and increasing the pace and strength of my hips rocking against her. She’s too good at this, and I don’t know how but I end up coming hard attached to her mouth. I can’t physically stop here, though. I just can’t and I don’t want to either. That’s why I never release the tug on her hair and why when Clarke gives a long lick along all my length and smiles smugly at me I sit up a bit and look down at her.

“Did I say you could stop?” I mumble and it’s enough for her to go back to her ministrations, playing a game that second by second starts becoming more and more violent and less and less fun. I’m aware and she’s too but I can’t find it in myself to stop now. I need more.

When my second orgasm strikes, the buckle of my hips becomes frantic and ragged and I suspect it’s hurting Clarke but it’s just not enough. She hums and groans against my clit, whines, whimpers, tries to grab my hips and stop me but I don’t let her go. I don’t stop.

“Enough,” she says and bites painfully in my mound, making me yelp and my hips retreat to the bed, moment she uses to pin me down and shush lowly in my ear to calm me down, to tame me.

“I’m stronger than Clarke, I could easily turn us around and fuck her mouth on the bed like I’ve done before under happier and more consensual circumstances. My addiction can destroy me, it can consume me, condemn me to loneliness, make me do things normal people would be terribly ashamed of — My hypersexuality can show the worst of me but I will never let it drive me to a point I’d cause her any harm. She’s said it’s enough and all I do is cry (for a change). That’s a lie, it’s not enough, it’s never enough. I feel a fire on my crotch that doesn’t have quite to do with the intense friction that my clit has just suffered, and even if it did the ache would still compel me to keep going to try to find the release I will never get.

“It’s ok, baby.” Clarke cups my crotch, stopping me from starting grinding on her thigh. “You’re ok.”

“I’m not,” I cry without breath. “I’m sorry.”

Have I even made any progress after all these weeks? I had never done anything like this I… I had never thought anything like this, I was about to ignore her consent and… What the fuck am I? A
monster, a fucking monster, that’s what I am. I bawl and bawl, hidden in Clarke’s chest — I cry my heart out and fuck, how is it even possible that I can still think of how good her breasts feel against my skin? I’m disgusting, oh gosh! I turn away from her but far from separating, we return to our spooning position before I can do something I’d regret… again.

“You’re ok,” she keeps whispering in my ear. I don’t doubt her good intentions and innocent beliefs but that’s not true. It’s just not. I’m not ok and I will never be, something inside of me has always tried to make me see reality but I have fooled myself thinking this was only a problem that could be fixed when it’s just who I am, isn’t it? Where’s the line that separates being a problem and having one?

Clarke hugs me tighter and kisses the top of my head as if she was listening to my thoughts. I know she can’t do that… I hope she can’t, at least. That would be the only thing Clarke is not able to do along with fixing this wrecked girl and I don’t want her to know how thirsty I am even while crying my eyes out only with the feeling of her warm skin against mine. I don’t want her to know that I’m not grabbing her hands against my chest because I want her to hold me closer but because I’m trying to keep them away from my crotch. Before her, when similar things happened to me and the girl fell asleep from pure extenuation before I could feel any real, tangible content I’d masturbate till she woke up, sometimes for hours, and despite it didn’t really fix anything there was something I could do. Now I can do nothing — now I’m supposed to endure this to my insanity and somehow wait till it magically disappears when it never does. It never does. Is this even worth it? Clarke kisses my sweaty nape and my heart breaks a little.

She is. She is indeed and I’m not. 

“I…” I need to run. I need to exercise, I need my lungs to burn and my muscles to tear themselves apart. My mind is going to blow up if I stay here. “I’m gonna get you some water.”

The bed bounces when I get up and practically throw myself at the door, ignoring Clarke’s words and concerns about my nudity and the possibility of being caught because the kitchen is downstairs and someone could see me and whatever because I’m not listening anymore. The cold feeling of the stone steps against my feet is soothing; the roughness of the surfaces, anchoring. I only open two doors before finally finding the right room and place my head in the sink, under the faucet to pour cool water on my nape and clear my mind. The water feels like a sword blade teasing my neck before dealing the coup of grace — several ice cold drops run though my jaw to my chin and down to my nose, becoming acid that burns every time I try to breathe. I let myself fall a little over the sink and drown in my bitterness with my hands closing around the edge of the counter.

Never, in my 21 years of life and almost the same of addiction, anything like this had happened to me. I’ve had all kinds of experiences with a ridiculous amount of people in an obscene number of different situations and never, not even when I spent weeks without having any kind of sexual stimulation, did I ever lose control like this. What the fuck was I thinking submitting Clarke to such perilous practices? Dangerous not because of the nature of the practice but because of me. She’s not like me, she’s not like any of the other sex addicted or kinky people I have had sex with before. Also, I know myself, I know how the compulsion works and I can barely control it when we’re being all restrained and slow, then why the fuck did I think it was a good idea to play? Because I was angry? Because I wanted to show her I can be something else? Because I was afraid of her having the hots for Roan? I’m childish and stupid and a fucking disgusting monster, and I don’t even understand how it’s possible that Clarke insists on being with someone that puts her insecurities and wicked games to her well being and her integrity and dignity.

I turn my head to one side and the other and let the water pour on my temples before turning the faucet off and pass my hands through the drenched mess my hair has become. The cloth on the counter is enough not to splash water everywhere when I take my head out of the sink and straighten up, putting all my hair back, feeling several drops of water sliding down my back, chest and
shoulders. The feeling isn’t nearly soothing enough. What am I even doing still here? Right, hiding. Whatever. I just fill a couple of glasses with water before starting to climb back the stairs, feeling the current of air refreshing my body and cleaning some of the mess in my mind. When I enter back the room drinking my water, the sheets have disappeared and Clarke is missing, so I leave both glasses on her nightstand and put my head out the door to look at the aisle. I can hear the shower. For some reason, approaching a noisy room from a dark, lonely hallway is giving me chills.

“Clarke?” It can’t be anyone else, I don’t know why I even ask. Stupid…

As soon as the words leave my throat, the door opens and something inside of me makes me stop dead on my tracks. Clarke’s figure appears through the threshold, leaning on the doorframe with her head tilted back. Her beauty hurts, the sensuality she gives off incinerates me — and there they are, purple and red marks of my shame scattered across her body. What a mess have I made, I’m a damn wild animal and some of those almost black bite marks must hurt for sure. I’m about to just go back to the bedroom, gather my clothes and go home but when Clarke extends her arm to lure me to her, my limbs move out of my control. She grabs my hand and entwines our fingers before guiding me to that shower I already know. I didn’t think any kind of stone could be colder than the floor— I was certainly wrong.

“Tell me if it’s too cold,” Clarke says gently, grabbing the shower head to direct the flow to me, form my head to my chest, abs and limbs. I’m having a massive déjà vu.

Her hands are tender and warm when they start massaging my scalp while applying the shampoo. It’s relaxing, its scent soothing, and I only wish I wasn’t so aware of her proximity or the ache burning in between my legs because this feels amazing and I can’t fully enjoy it. Only Clarke knows to do this, making me feel like a beloved little girl but not in a creepy, pedophiliac way. She’s the only one that knows how to show me affection and actually make me feel it. Her fingers run the back of my ears and go to the back of my head before falling down to my neck and start massaging it carefully. This feels so good. Clarke’s amazing with her hands at way too many levels to be normal.

“Close your eyes.” I obey and the soap starts sliding down every valley on my face to my chin. Her hand on my hair once more somehow feels like a goodbye.

The scent of a new product makes my eyes open. Spearmint. I inhale the deepest I can, trying to take it all in. Once she has applied the conditioner from half my mane to the tips and done my hair up with a simple hairpin, I turn around and take the shower head to wet her hair. Clarke looks at me in awe but stays still and lets me do my thing. I put enough amount of shampoo in my hands and spread it through some strategic points on her hair before finally starting my massage, sailing in those blue eyes of hers. I know I’m quite repetitive talking about her eyes but guys, you haven’t seen them. They’re big and blue and… out of this world. She’s not even human, she’s a goddess and I’m her most faithful servant, in case I asked myself again what I’m doing here.

“You’re so red,” she giggles before I even finish washing her hair. Rude. I’d complain or frown or something, but doing any of those things when Clarke has cupped my face with both hands and is rubbing her thumbs down my eyes and along my cheekbones is a lot more difficult than fainting, for example. “Your skin and eyes are all irritated from crying,” if her cute whispers weren’t enough already, she sets a delicate kiss on my forehead, both of my eyelids, the tip of my nose and my lips. NOW I’m blushing, red as a tomato. “Pretty girl… LEXA!” I needed to aim the showerhead to her face to make her stop looking at me so adorably before my brain ran out of oxygen, sorry. I make it up to her, though; I kiss her pouty lips and apply her conditioner with a tender massage on her scalp and then her shoulders. The knots this woman has make it look like she has another skeleton. It’s probably because of her huge boobs. My poor Skai Prisa…
My efforts not to think about her exquisite breasts fail miserably the moment she updoes her own hair and pours some liquid soap on a fabric sponge. Thinking it would be less tempting for me, she offers me another one and starts washing every inch of that voluptuous body, massaging every zone, never forgetting one. I’m feeling feverish, I need to turn around. Yeah, I’m going to be a responsible person and do my thing, and I’m not going to be distracted by her… thing. I know I express myself poorly but you still get what I mean, right? If you don’t I’m sorry but right now I don’t give a shit — I’m way too busy trying to block the tiny noises of the soaped cloth running her skin and washing myself dodging the temptation of starting to masturbate right here.

The sponge roams through my body followed by my hands, soaping me up, removing the remaining of sweat and sex off my skin. Chest, boobs, abs and quickly up again to armpits, arms, neck, down to legs and feet and… Calm down. I know what’s going to happen now. I can do it. Can I really? Of course not, I’m lying to myself again like a stupid kid running into the same damn wall a thousand times. The moment the cloth touches my center it’s so… bad, very bad and I’m right there again. It feels so good, though. My back stiffens and my legs tremble so much a fast hand against the tiling saves me from falling. I’d feel really ok if this situation wasn’t so pathetic, really — rubbing up and down in a small range all my dignity disappears through the sewer. Believe me, I don’t want to do this but at the same time it’s all I want to do now. My body craves it.

On top of it, Clarke seems to think this is the perfect moment to press our bodies together. Just great, babe. Oh, wait, she’s grasped my wrist and my motions stop forcefully.

“Don’t,” she whispers soothingly against my neck, which doesn’t make it easier at all, you know? “You’ve had enough.”

Well, she has had enough for sure after that but I haven’t, it wasn’t nearly enough — it is never enough. However, I oblige and let her put my hand away, softly pressing it against the wall. Her kind lips set a butterfly kiss on my shoulder and before I can react, the water is already pouring down on me, removing every single memory of the soap. Clarke liberates my hair but doesn’t mess much with it, she only lets the flow remove the conditioner. When it comes to cleaning my crotch, she does it fast and efficiently, only making me release a single moan. It could have been much worse. Damn! I start suffocating and coughing to take the water out of my mouth and nose.

“Clarke!” I yell at her and cough again. She’s such a child! “Come here!” I take the shower head from her hands and start removing her soap, aiming mainly to her face while she giggles and wriggles and tries to dodge the flow.

“Lex, Lex, stop, we’re gonna fall!” she laughs painfully when I abandon the showerhead and start to tickle her.

“Are you going to misbehave again?” I hug her from behind, still tickling where I can while she twists in my arms laughing and trying to run away.

“No, no, I promise!” As a matter of fact, I only stop for safety purposes. Every time we shower together she has to do the same! Ok, I might have done it to her too but there was a reason and those are just tiny technicalities.

Oh, damn goddess. Clarke has just let her long hair fall and sets herself under the flow like a damn, white-and-purple Venus, dazzling and turning me on to Hell. I need to get out from here NOW. Yet, I can’t move a muscle. This day is being truly extenuating, what the fuck is going on? Out of the blue, Clarke gives me a peck… two… three… and presses our lips together in a bruising kiss. My heart is blooming while my core is burning, what a way of screwing such a beautiful moment up. My mouth tries to claim hers deepening the kiss but before I can do anything she’s already gone and the shower’s door is open. Have I spaced out again? This is getting equally annoying and worrisome.
“Come here, you.” Clarke is waiting out there for me, a large towel extended in her hands to wrap me up. The fabric feels really tender against my skin but it’s its warmth what comforts me the most. It’s Clarke’s warmth through the cloth when her arms follow the towel and she embraces me gently, peppering kisses on my jaw. “What a pretty burrito.”

For the first time, the heat on my face surpasses the fire on my crotch, and we stay like that, silently breathing into each other, delighting ourselves in the scent of the other, which while being the same, it’s totally different. Only once I dare to open my eyes to check if Clarke has something on — I don’t want her to catch a cold because of me; that would be the last thing we need now. But I’m glad to see she has another towel tucked around her chest and conveniently hiding her breasts. She has totally done it on purpose.

Clarke’s definitely the best thing that has ever happened to me.

“I’ve noticed,” she says when I tell her about those times I space out and can’t quite know what is happening. Somehow she has convinced me to have me on a chair in front of a mirror and she’s combing my hair. I must admit that this is the most soothing thing someone ever has done to me and yet I feel really bad because she’s only there, standing up there barefoot while doing my hair and I’m here like a rich lady in 1698. She has insisted repeatedly she wants to do this but I don’t quite get it. Anyway… “Does it happen a lot?”

“Yeah, especially while, you know, having uninhibited sex.” The brush stops for a second and my heart skips a beat, thinking she can possibly get mad again. However, it soon starts again its soothing rhythm and I sigh deeply when her thoughtful expression gets blatantly reflected in the mirror.

“You were still going on the previous times, so it’s not epilepsy.” That’s good, I guess. “Maybe a method of coping…”

“And what about another hypothesis?” I roll my eyes and she scowls and purses her lips, deep in thought.

“Maybe a microhemorrhage, or an abscess, or a brain tumor, or an aneurysm…”

“I’ll take one of ‘coping mechanisms’, thank you.” Clarke looks at me through the mirror and chuckles. How can she be laughing at my brain tumor?!

“Don’t give me that dirty look, I’d bet my sore ass on the psychological cause.” Her lips place a sweet kiss on top of my head and she seems quite goofy; however, when she looks at me in the mirror again there’s some alarming seriousness in her eyes. “You should go to the hospital, though, they should run some tests on you.”

“Too expensive, I prefer not knowing.” Now the brush has stopped and for good, I believe, much to my dismay.

“Don’t you have a health insurance?” Why does she seem surprised? I’m from TonDC, you can be attacked by goats in the street. Really, be careful, you can run but you can’t hide.

“Only my father’s but it’s pretty useless, America really takes care of their soldiers.” I know this sounds quite bitter but believe me, it’s more for Indra than for my father. “And it’s not like I can afford one either.”

Her motions continue slowly while she looks at some random, lost point on the mirror. It’s ok as long as the brush doesn’t stop, it’s slightly taming the throbbing and focusing my attention on other kinds
of pleasure, a calmer one this time.

“Can I ask you something?” Despite Clarke’s casual tone my heart skips a beat. I’ve already been conditioned to fear this question, I’m feeling triggered.

“No.”

“No?” She stops combing, why? Just keep going! Oh, shit, addictive things grow on me too easily.

“Something tells me if I give you the green light we’ll have another fight and I’m too comfy now to do that.” Clarke’s eyebrows shoot up to her hairline oddly in awe.

“You think that was an argument?” You’re kidding me.

“We were mad and talking loud, you yelled at me and I was cruel to you, so yeah.” I don’t want to know what kinds of arguments she used to have with her boyfriend but knowing they were dating on and off for 8 years I can imagine. I’m so glad the asshole ran away almost leaving scorch marks behind him, if I knew where he lives, I’d buy him a new pair of sneakers.

“That was barely a disagreement,” she says and a shiver runs my spine when the brush starts tenderly combing my mane again. Thank goodness, she’s so... Oh, I see what she’s doing! Clarke’s trying to compel me to accept with her delightful brush! You know how much I love Clarke’s intelligence but she uses it for evil purposes and that makes her a very dangerous cutie.

“A disagreement on what exactly?” That should probably have sounded angrier or at least bolder but it’s completely impossible if I feel like a puppy being lovingly pet by her owner. Oh… She’s wicked! “You were judging me.”

“I wasn’t!” Clarke scowls and for a second I waver at the sight of those beautiful little creases in her frown. No, no... Don’t be weak.

“You so were…”

“I was concerned about you, Lexa.” I snort loudly and Clarke stops disentangling my hair once again, this time to surround the chair and sit on the desk in front of us. “He took advantage of you.” Her eyes seem to say the truth, she’s worried. That’s not an excuse, though, that’s… She judged me, she did! She got horrified at my ‘depraved’ nature and then she got mad at me. Clarke can’t come now, play the worried card and expect me to pretend I haven’t heard her or seen her whenever I tell some of my worst stories. Damn, don’t look at me like that.

“We both took advantage of each other,” I deadpan. It was only fair; he got something and I got something else in return. Of course I couldn’t let him keep doing what he was doing; if there was something I could do, I had to stop him — I had the moral obligation to do it. Ok, save it, I know it’s hilarious. Me, Lexa Wilde, talking about ethics and morals? I have my code too.

“He was the adult, he was the responsible of saying no to you and never, ever, making you any sexual offer in the first place, for fuck’s sake!” Her breathing is quickening again. She’s anxious, I know this was a topic we shouldn’t have touched.

“Clarke, you’re yelling at me again.”

Suddenly, her expression falls and relaxes into a blank countenance. I know she’s aware of my arguments; she just doesn’t want to say it. I don’t understand why it’s so difficult for her to just admit she’s thinking I’m a bitch. Does it hurt her inner and outer feminist?
“I’m sorry, Lexa, I didn’t mean to shout,” she says in that gentle voice she only uses to tell me those things that melt my heart with her sweetness. Don’t do that! You’re going to taint that holy tone, just don’t.

“You can say you’re mad, y’know?”

“I am mad, but not with you.” *Yeah, sure.* “Lexa, it wasn’t your fault.”

“Of course not, there’s no fault to begin with,” I huff, we’re just going over and over the same thing, it’s exhausting. Clarke frowns and crosses her arms before her chest. “I got to keep my scholarship for Law School, we were two consenting adults…”

“He was your teacher, he had a power and authority over you that didn’t work in both ways,” Clarke interrupts me. If I rolled my eyes harder they’d never come back. “Also, you’re ill.” *I don’t have a cold.* “It wasn’t an equal intercourse.” That’s technically right but…I mean, ok, I wasn’t the one who went right to his desk to ask if he wanted a blowjob but he offered and I said yes, what’s the problem? I gave my consent, my very own, very adult consent. She wasn’t there, therefore she can’t understand what really happened. The only thing Clarke is doing is making inaccurate assumptions based in biased thoughts and faith based beliefs about my persona and all the unnecessary worry. If I was in her situation I may… be… not the same but similar, she’s just being this protective girlfriend and doesn’t stop to listen to me. Clarke has this moralist, adult glasses through which my intercourse with Professor Pike wasn’t exactly equal and, ok, maybe it wasn’t but… Agh! Why does she have to make me confused about everything all the time?

“Can we just drop it, please? It happened, it’s in the past.” My deep sigh echoes hers, then she kisses my cheek and goes back to her spot behind me. “Ok, ask away.” Clarke’s winner smile appears on her face and damn if I don’t know already I’m pathetically weak.

“You’re not a very… wealthy person, right?” Oh, I’m scared, what is she thinking about? Plus, her political correctness gives me chills.

“Nice way to say I’m kinda poor.” I don’t want to snort but I don’t even control it anymore. I’m made of sarcasm and gayness.

“I didn’t mean…” My eyebrows shoot up in amusement until she catches my playful tone. “I was just wondering how you could afford having all that lingerie you’re so obsessed with having no money.” And kids, that’s why I should obey to my instincts and don’t let my heart mislead me. I’m fucked.

“Oh… Ain’t you a Sherlock?” I try to sound convincing but Clarke, as cute and honest, tender and damn good as she is, is also steel. However, it is her brushing my hair again what makes me drop my little act off. “I don’t want to talk about this.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re going to get mad at me again.” I can see the storm coming in her eyes already and I haven’t even said a word. I’m definitely not opening my mouth.

“Lexa.” Oh, no, here she comes. Clarke is beating a world record of manipulations in a day — I feel as scared as fascinated, is this my new kink? Clarke leans on me, hugging my shoulders from behind and putting our cheeks together, looking at me in the mirror. “I promise I’ll approach whatever you tell me with a broader mind but right now you’re scaring me, ok?” My eyes scan the face in the glass, feeling her warmth against my skin. Ugh, whatever, ok, let’s have it her way.
“During one of my pre-Law internships on Court I got assigned to two attorneys called Mr. Jacapo Sinclair and Mrs. Callie Cartwig.” Clarke’s already twitching, probably thinking which of those was my next target… or ‘molester’, as she prefers to think. “They’re Harvard alumni and normally they would be in charge of very important cases; sadly, right when I started my practices, they only had inheritance and quite boring cases to manage. In one of those I met Mrs. Mykulak.” If Clarke was a dog, her ears would have just shot up. “She was a filthy rich widow with some legal issues with her taxes… and she had something for me.”

“How old was she?” Clarke’s already pissed, this is not going to end well.

“Around 65 but she looked like she was in her forties…” Clarke’s jaw clenches. It’s not an excuse, it’s just the truth. “Plastic surgeries and all that, y’know… I don’t get rich people.” I rest my head on Clarke’s shoulder and get ready for the next part. Something tells me she’s not going to like it. “At first everything was only innocent brunch invitations in fancy restaurants or harmless little presents when I was stressed and wouldn’t go out. Despite my negatives, after a while the tiny presents would become big presents like rent assistance or a new phone and she became what we could call my ‘sugar mama’. Everything I wanted or needed she would give it to me, which also had a negative side. My parents started realizing something was going on because I had spent way less money in two months than I used to in a normal one. I told Mrs. Mykulak she had to stop gifting me things and she answered that was one of the only pleasures of her life. Of course she said it only to be witty when she asked for things in return but at that time I didn’t quite grasp it.” I’m utterly astonished Clarke hasn’t cut me at least four times already. “Our meetings started being at her home, and since the first time she made herself clear, she didn’t need to hide it. Mrs. Mykulak liked me and that was the only reason I was there. She would let me study in her bedroom, enjoy the quietness I couldn’t find with my crappy neighbors in my apartment and the loneliness there wasn’t in the campus library. In return, she only wanted to watch me.”

“To watch you?” I nod.

“Studying, exercising, touching myself, that kind of stuff.” I wait for Clarke to get super mad and yell again but she only stares at an infinite spot somewhere on the desk. “She really liked my body and said she wanted to delight herself with the sight of it and that’s how the lingerie thing started. I loved it, though.”

“You loved it…”

“Free, expensive as Hell lingerie and the only thing I had to do in return was doing what I usually did in my apartment? Yeah.”

A pregnant silence fills the room and the only reaction I can appreciate in Clarke is her sitting on the bed and looking at me. Seeking to look at her in a more human way, I flip the chair and face her directly, no mirrors in between us anymore. I don’t know what’s this sharp sensation in my chest and the pit of my stomach but I don’t like it at all. This has been a mistake, all of it. I shouldn’t have opened my mouth I… I shouldn’t even have come here today, we weren’t supposed to meet but I couldn’t help it when dad said I could go help Roan and the Mother with the last details of an actually unplanned wedding. Everything was telling me I shouldn’t come, from mom going out with Nia, dad putting an extra run on our schedule and obliging me to do another one in the afternoon (I almost faint because of the heat) and Roan being here in church with Clarke.

Now she’s here, looking at me with a deadpan expression that only announces a big ass storm. Would she have reacted the same to Roan’s indiscretions? Probably not, at her sight I’m only a stupid, addicted little girl that would let anyone take advantage of her and he… he’s strong and big and not really smooth. If he told her the same, she would be surprised at his wit, I can perfectly
picture it. Clarke might be older than me but the age gap between them both is exactly the same; however, the way she sees us is totally different, isn’t it? He’s strong and I’m weak, he’s a man and I’m a teen.

“Are you not going to say anything?”

“What do you want me to say?” Her dead voice is not going to fool me.

“Come on, you can scream if you want.” Clarke’s scowl cannot hide the furious spark in her gaze. I just roll my eyes and get ready for what is coming.

“I told you I wasn’t going to yell at you.” She insists on putting up a fight, huh?

“You’re mad, just let it go.”

“I’m not mad.” I snort and oh… This is going to be painful, I can feel it, she’s leaning forward. “I’m just queasy because you were the prostitute of a pedophile! And you can’t even see that!” See? She’s yelling again.

“Come on, Clarke, she didn’t even touch me once.” I let go a sigh. What a ‘little disagreement’ we’re having for nothing. “It was basically a porno show but live. Adult pornography is perfectly legal.”

“Oh, excuse me if I don’t see the difference between sexual abuse with a camera or porno style and without a damn camera!” Yeah, she keeps shouting, I’m glad we’re in a high spot inside a tower with no neighbors around close enough to hear this.

It’s not like I’ve ever lied to Clarke. Not even now that I may have or may have not taken the license to conveniently omit some details like the little fact that while she never asked to touch me she did ask me to touch her once in a hotel far from home and I accepted… and when I did so and she got off she kind of had a heart attack… or that I was 19 and scared and run away as fast as I could, and nobody ever saw me or could link me to her death because I didn’t exist for anyone close to her, except for the service and if they did spill the beans, I never heard anything of it. Her dead body probably kept waiting to anyone to find her the whole weekend, rotting there on the bed with her panties off and the straight Channel skirt up to her waist. That bedroom probably stank to sex and death when the hotel service found her. I never read anything in the papers but her obituary, I suppose the family never knew who was with her that day and couldn’t prove anything either because there was no organic material of anybody else in the corpse, they never contacted me at least. All I could find was what the paper said, that she died of a heart attack because she had a heart condition. Maybe someone did see me but the family didn’t want a scandal. It’s pretty sad anyway. I think if there was any debt between Professor Pike, Mrs. Mykulak and me, it was already paid with blood and tears. There are some things Clarke doesn’t need to know.

There’s something inside of me, something that makes my blood boil inside my veins. It enrages me, twists my tongue to try to compel me to say things I don’t want to say because while being low and technically true, I don’t really give a shit about them. So instead of hurting her, I opt to give all the emotions melting my brain another escape. I stand up and straddle her, surrounding her neck loosely with my arms and placing a tender kiss on her lips that she’s reticent to respond to. She does, though, she gives in and her lips caress mine carefully, as if she was trying to give everything in her heart another use too. The time to stop comes so I press our foreheads together and take a deep breath with closed eyes.

“What do you want me to say, Clarke?” I ask in a whisper.

Silence. I wonder if she’s heard me.
“Is this the reason why you don’t want to come live with me?”

“What?” I open my eyes and take a little distance to look at her with a sharp frown in my face.

“Have I become another Mrs. Whatever for you?” If she was anybody else, I’d stand up and leave because this is completely absurd. However, it’s Clarke and she doesn’t say these things just because; plus, her eyes are watering and if she starts crying I’ll probably die.

“Of course not, Clarke.” I cup her cheeks and kiss her lips and her nose, which is turning redder and redder every second. “There are actually many reasons why…”

“But you feel our relationship wouldn’t be equal so you don’t want to risk being trapped with me.” Ok, that’s mostly true but not like that!

“It wouldn’t be equal, Clarke, you can’t deny that. You’d be doing it because it’s you and you’re beautifully good and I know you wouldn’t ask anything in return but it doesn’t change anything.” Damn, damn, she’s going to start crying, she’s going to… “What will happen when you find out some irrelevant chick and I’ve had sex for no reason further than my doomed compulsion? Do you plan letting me just live with you forever because I’ll not have a cent and won’t be able to rent an apartment by myself?” She doesn’t answer, that’s what I thought. “I just don’t want to end up in the street.”

“You’ll never do that, Lexa, I know that.” I shake my head in disbelief. I guess she’ll learn at some point in a more painful way. “You will be tempted for sure, at first, but we’ll find a way to…”

“Also, this ‘we’ thing.” The look Clarke gives me is so full of sadness and confusion, why is it so heartbreaking? Is she…? “I don’t mean it like I don’t want us to be a ‘we’ eventually.” I hurry to clarify. “It’s just you have changed your life upside down for me and I don’t feel that’s fair. You always choose me before everything, every time.”

Clarke shakes her head and takes one of my hands, entwining our fingers as if she needed every portion of skin to touch me. She always does that, everything is always about me and what do I do? Losing control, that’s what I do. It’s not like I can help it; that’s where the inequality of this relationship starts. Clarke is carrying all the weight of this thing we both have and I’m just a burden.

“I chose to be happy,” she says softly, caressing my hand with her thumb. “I did what I had to do and you happened to be part of it, that’s all.”

“You did do me, that’s true.” Sorry, it is beyond me. At least I’ve made her chuckle and hug me till my head rests on her shoulder. Her chest would be more comfy but way more tempting too so I’m ok.

“I was comfortable with this religious life but I wasn’t happy, you made me realize that.” I doubt she’s talking to me right now. “This was only a patch to escape from my life but you taught me you can’t run away from your problems forever, you have to face them.” When did I even do that? I nuzzle her neck, hiding my face in it all I can. The pedestal she has me on is way too high. “If I offered you my apartment it was because I can’t just stay away and see your parents keep hurting you and subjugating you to control your life. You deserve better than that.”

“Do I?” I murmur against her skin.

The loss of her warmth tears a light groan from me but it’s worth it only to see those blue eyes right in front of me. She illuminates me with her light.

“Of course you do.” Clarke caresses my cheeks and my head like I’m some precious emerald she
never wants to put her hands away from. Why would she do that? I can’t understand how anyone can make you feel so special. “Lexa, you’re the strongest, bravest, cutest and wittiest girl I’ve ever met.” I’ve totally dried up, which is funny because in the opposite direction I’m soaking wet. More hilarious even, because I’m still naked and I’m sure Clarke will be able to feel it herself very soon through her hella sexy blue robe. “You’re a Ravenclaw but nobody is perfect, right?” I push her lightly with a pout and she giggles. What a goon, I can’t keep my hands away from her.

Our next kiss is a bit more intense; tender, yes, but there’s something else. She’s laughing with her lips against mine and I can’t conceal my own smile. Her hands get lost in my hair while mine grab the back of her neck to press her closer. Everything is so complicated and confusing with Clarke; every problem, both our backgrounds and the abysmal differences between us. Nevertheless, at the end of the day I think everything is worth it and all there’s no reason to rush it, we’ll figure every confusing aspect of us and our relationship and insecurities eventually.

“Lexa,” she says in a ragged sigh. I haven’t even realized I have started grinding against her thigh. It makes me feel better that her hands are squeezing my ass instead on a safe place, though.

“I think I should go, it’s really late.” Clarke nods in agreement, her forehead against mine once more while we recover our breaths before I start my quest to get my clothes back. I’m craving her and the thought of… STOP! I don’t want to lose control again, I must leave now.

Shit. I don’t even remember if I was wearing panties or not.

It’s Friday afternoon, the sun is up in the sky, there’s a fresh breeze keeping us alive in this heat and goats and squirrels running playfully in the street. However, despite all these magnificent elements of nature joining each other to create such a great environment, I’m in a house that is not mine, making bouquets that are not for my wedding. Why? That’s exactly what I’d like to know because I’m a grown up and not one to let my mother decide over what I do or what I don’t do. I’m also supposed to be able to decide where to spend my holidays and don’t allow my parents to tie me to my bed but that’s just how life is, right? The fatal reality is that I’m not sunburning in Santa Monica beach like a hot American girl in a movie; I’m not even in the church teasing Clarke and not letting her do her job, I’m not stealing kisses from her once and again while she stops my advances because she’s upset. But beware, guys, she’s not angry about my ‘come here and lick my shoe’ mistress sort of delirium. Clarke’s pissed off because I don’t seem to have a clue of how terrible suggillations are for microcirculation. That’s not what normal people should be mad about after I basically… Whatever. I have to give her that, though — the poor thing is covered in hickeys and bite marks and it has to hurt. I’ll gift her a good make-up base for Christmas if we’re still together by then.

“No, Lexa, ribbons have to be bigger for decoration.” It’s a fucking ribbon, mother, for the thousandth time.

I’m pleasantly surprised she hasn’t…

“Funny that the Harvard Law School student can’t learn to make a decent ribbon for a bouquet.” There it is. See? Mother never disappoints. Murphy snorts at my mother’s lovely sarcasm; he shouldn’t talk, though — he can’t even pass high school and seriously, it’s not like there’s a subject he can’t pass as much as he tries, it’s every single one from Literature to Calculus. As far as I know, he’s going to try it one year more until Emori leaves for college and if he doesn’t pass his junior year (again) he’s going to drop out, get his GED and finally go to boot camp. She’s the only reason why
he hasn’t done that before; it’s kind of cute if you think about it, which I’m not going to do because I
don’t care.

“A Harvard Law School student?” There’s something palling in the tone Ontari uses that makes me
feel really off after the ‘I’m going to eat your eyeballs if you breathe near my boyfriend’ vibes she
has been giving off from the first time I met her. “Impressive.”

“Thanks.” I guess.

“Tara, could you pass me that lilac, please?” The only person who never receives an order from Nia
is my mother. She wouldn’t dare to disobey the mayor’s wife. Didn’t I mention my father’s the
mayor? Mayor in a shitty town in the middle of nowhere nobody cares about, after 30 years of
military service that’s what I call life goals.

We’re all in the Azgedas’ house; mom, Murphy, Ontari, Nia and I, just as if this were a damn high
Little house on the Prairie. I don’t understand what’s going on here, I feel dizzy. Of course Roan’s
not here, God forbid he gives us some help to arrange HIS wedding. All in all, it’s better this way,
this is already stressing enough to have to put up with him and his smug ass too — I don’t really feel
like seeing his face right now. For real, the only reason Murphy (a man) is here helping with this
fuckery is because he wants to be in good terms with mom now this is probably the last year he’s
going to be home. Boot camp doesn’t have homemade food or warm hugs. Our house doesn’t have
the latter either, at least for me, but hell I’m not going to complain. Moreover, come on, those guys
are going to eat him for breakfast — he’s already too lazy to come exercise with dad and I, how is he
going to survive the army? I could literally tear him apart and use the bits of his bones as toothpicks!
I won’t, not for now at least — he has been true to his word so far, neither Emori nor the little weasel
have said anything about Clarke and I and believe me, I would know if they had. Actually, the
whole state would know, maybe the world. I mean, the subsequent bloody murder of a priest and a
pre-law, almost law, student would be a hot article. Anyway, there’s no point in wondering what
would happen if the doors of Hell opened right now.

“… I need you to go with Ontari to negotiate with some farmers the prices of the food of the
banquet.” Tell him, mom! I could look at that overwhelmed, pained frown of his face forever.
Whatever happens to Murphy is not really my business so I couldn’t care less; however, you already
know I’m jinxed, right?

“Lexa should come along, she’s good with numbers.” I’m better at disemboweling jerks. You little,
damn Judas… See? I don’t choose nicknames for no reason.

“Since when exactly?” The normal thing to happen now would be that mine was the only glare he
received but no. Why is Ontari also glaring at him? Oh, right, she hates me, how could I forget? You
know, as long as we both acknowledge her despise towards me and my categorical indifference, it’s
fine by me. A trip together would be a disaster.

“I actually think it’s a great idea.” I never liked Nia either, they all can go to Hell. Or Heaven, I don’t
want to ever see them again. No kidding now, I never thought I would crave so much going back to
college like I’m doing this summer; going back to that suffering and pain would be way less horrible
than living all this shit.

“Actually, I have plans already so… sorry.” I do, Clarke and I are watching a movie tonight.
‘Imagine me and you’ — Lena Headey kissing ladies and selling flowers, my jam. I can’t believe
Clarke has watched all the seasons of ‘Game of Thrones’ but not this movie. I definitely have to
teach her some LGBTQ+ culture. There’s not a lot to teach either but… I’m getting depressed.

“You need to have some rest too, Lexa.” What now? The moment I see how mother is looking at me
I know this is a lost fight. *I'm supposed to be a grown up*... “You spend all the time exercising and helping in church, you can have a day off too.”

“All day praying and praying…” Murphy releases a muffled chuckle under his breath that comes out as a snort, and I discreetly kick his shin underneath the table.

If I thought I was bad as a child and as a teenager, I suck as an adult. I don’t even get to stop them before they are already obliging us to leave to come back ‘before it gets dark’. Mom even takes the flowers away from me as if I had any interest in staying here doing fucking bouquets for the numbnuts’ wedding. Everything flows so randomly fast, and they show so blatantly they want to get rid of us that I barely have time to text Clarke in secret to let her know our little change of plans. I don’t want do this…

Lexa: Gotta cancel

Lexa: being forced to go shopping w/ Billy & Mandy

Goddess: Sorry to hear that but we can watch it another day

Goddess: Have fun *kiss emoji*

She’s so adorable I could jump through the car window with the car already running. I won’t, though, I’d probably break a bone and I can’t afford visiting a doctor. Although Clarke’s a doctor. No, she doesn’t have an x-ray machine, it would be useless. Anyway, why would I jump through a window? I’m turning into a brainwashed, pod-peopled goof; I give myself cavities and heavy headaches. I should start a hashtag named ‘#goals’. There’s probably one like that already on Twitter… Forget it, this is stupid. I’m terribly bored and we have barely turned the engine on.

Murphy is driving despite it’s Ontari’s car. He was so smug when he first got his license, and it was so delightful watching his wounded face when dad told him he wouldn’t drive his car — almost as good as when he let me drive the car to ‘escort’ Anya and her boyfriend and not only I didn’t do that but also I touched myself inside before giving it back. That was the second time he has ever lent me his car and the very first was years ago, when I was 18 and I had to drive my mother to Waterbury for some cooking competition or something like that. At least I can say this road trip won’t be worse than the trip back to TonDC after she lost. Plus, Ontari doesn’t seem very talkative and neither does John, which is perfect.

“We’re going to some farms first and then to Woodbury to compare the prices.” The sooner I talk…

I see John shrugging on the driver’s seat through the mirror. Oddly enough, this has been the first time we haven’t fought over who is driving but over the opposite reason. Of course I’ve won, I always do, and I’ve gotten not being forced to drive or give directions; I already have to come much to my dismay, I don’t want to be forced to do anything else. At least I’m not in an utter bad mood, you know how kicking Murphy’s treacherous ass wakes me up inside. And for some reason Evanescence is on the radio. *This song is damn old, why on Earth?*

“Can we change the dial? I’m getting emo.”

“No,” Ontari deadpans. She hates me. Whatever she may make Nia or my mother think, she plainly abhors me.

“Yeah, please.” Murphy is admitting I’m right and a hot girl is despising me, have I woken up in
another dimension this morning? “Wait, I have...”

**DO NOT TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL, STUPID MORON.** If I get out from this trip alive I have to ask Clarke if there’s a vaccine against stupidity. Looking at Ontari’s gaze through the mirror I’m really surprised she’s letting him connect his phone to the radio instead of cutting his hands or smashing his head against the dashboard. I’d back her up if she did so. *I fucking know this music...*

“Have you been prying into my phone?!” Asking is useless when I already know the answer. There’s no way he could have listened to The Pretty Reckless otherwise.

“Shut up and let me listen.” I’m going to end his miserable life.

At least he has chosen some good music. It’s not that I have a favorite band or anything, I only like songs from this one and that other one. For instance, I love this song — ‘Make me wanna die’ really sinks in... although right now it’s kind of making me feel weird. ‘(...) taste me, drink my soul, show me all the things that I shouldn’t know (...)’ Did I say ‘weird’? I meant horny, sorry, my bad. My mind is getting funny again... Look! Ontari’s singing along. I suspected she would like this music genre. Despite the murderous vibes, her bad taste in partners and the fact that she has for sure banged Roan, which is disgusting, this girl has a cool spirit — And she’s also smoking hot. I mean, raven hair, tanned skin, brown and big eyes, rocking body, sort of a badass aura... I wouldn’t mind to have a taste. *Gosh, not now...* Of course the other day’s intensive session wasn’t going to keep the throb in line.

My body works on its own and now my mind does too. I can perfectly imagine myself sitting on her grumpy face, with a sharp tongue deep inside of me and her hands grabbing my ass, squeezing it as strongly as she does with her hands behind her back whenever she sees her mother-in-law or groom-to-be around. She’s always so tense, she needs to relax urgently — plus, I want to lock those eyes full of hatred of hers with mine when I’m coming against her mouth. Just imagine what would be cupping her gorgeous boobs, massaging them, slightly pinching her nipples to make her hum against my clit right before my moans mix with hers and the arousing wet noises of her shenanigans on my aching center.

My aching center.

I twitch uncomfortably in my seat, feeling the wet patch spreading out on my underwear, never before more relieved of wearing denim shorts. The music changes and damn, I thought I could control these intrusive images assaulting my mind but... *Why are we even listening to The Pretty Reckless?* Serious question here, why aren’t we listening to One Direction or some light bullshit like that? This is a new song... *Oh, no.* Taylor Momsen gently informs a lucky priest she has a sin to confess and I’m out of this reality, only picturing Clarke, this goddess of love and intellect kissing and biting my neck with a naughty smile of revenge drawn on her lips. I keep rocking Ontari’s face but now I also get to have Clarke in all her naked... very naked glory. I’ve seen few things more astonishing than the sight of a bare Clarke Griffin with her long, blond hair falling in a cascade of gold over her back and breasts, moving her sweaty body in response to my touches. Really, think it over. How great would it be? Having a hot girl eating me out while I take good care of MY girl, indulging myself with her soft, needy noises of pleasure; touching her drenched folds up and down once and again to tease her until she begs for me. My mouth dries at the thought of claiming her lips in a bruising kiss and worshipping the coarse spot inside of her, that one that makes her squirm and... *Oh my cheese cake!* I’ve totally forgotten about Ontari, she’s not even in fantasy land anymore. It might be because she’s a hideous person, and also because I surprisingly don’t need anyone else but Clarke to give me this skin-melting heat. For now, at least.
Come to think of it, there’s only room for two in a confessional. We should definitely do it there again if I can convince Clarke and she doesn’t get mad at me for insinuating to deliberately corrupt the holy confessional again and betray the trust of... blah, blah, blah. Shit, I know that’s actually important for her and I’m being awful but I’m sure there must be a lot of kinky places where we should totally have sex. It’s a small church, though; maybe we should move to other spaces and they don’t need to be kinky in a profane way. I mean, it’s not like having sex with Clarke isn’t already exciting enough, like the recent events have proved, but I just… I want to, I don’t know, I just have this need of desecrating places in this damn town with her, you know? It might be odd and probably Clarke would have a really good time trying to psychoanalyze me, and then I’d probably use my romantic wiles to charm her (because I’m both winsome and awesome) and we would end up doing it right on the… Getting a ragged breath and an electric current running your veins when you’re in a car with a girl who has previously threatened you with slitting the most enjoyable parts of your anatomy, which only makes weirder the fact that you fantasize with her, and the filthy rat your sort of relative is isn’t probably the greatest thing that can happen to you.

“Don’t bless me Father for I have sinned,” Taylor Momsen whispers tantalizingly from the radio and the shivers shaking my throbbing core become so much to bear that I practically jolt in my seat. The sudden and strong pressure in my crotch is delicious, though.

“Can you play Taylor Swift, Shawn Mendes or any other of the ‘poopies’ you like so much, please?” I try not to sound very agitated but my petition and general flush is already odd and therefore incriminating enough.

“Lexa, I’m dumbstruck. Are you uncomfortable with nasty sins and profaning churches?” He doesn’t even look around but I know this rash blabbermouth is chuckling. The only reason I don’t punch him and smash his nose against the wheel is because I kind of value my life and he’s driving.

“You sure are dumb.”

“And you’re giving a boner to my middle finger.”

“It’s ok, that’s the only boner you can get.” This? This is a professional comeback. “Poor Emori, though.”

Through the mirror, Ontari gives him an equally surprised and amused glance. His ears are getting so red they look like sunburnt, I swear. No more music for us, it seems. What a shame. I totally see him coming, though, before he can even try to give me another low comeback I’m already dodging him and diverting the chit-chat to an ineludible topic.

“How’s she, by the way?” Fortunately, he doesn’t turn around to give me any kind of glare. Don’t think I’m kidding, he’s stupid like that! However, he does avert his gaze form the road to look at me through the mirror. If we die I’ll be kicking his ass for all eternity in Hell.

“Emori’s fine, only a bit upset since we didn’t get to celebrate our anniversary due to unforeseeable events.” I’m pleasantly surprised he actually understands the meaning of every single word he’s said. Murderous glare aside, Murphy seems more comfortable with this conversation than he did with the previous silence only broken by the songs playing on his phone. Again, weird — Murphy has never been really talkative with the exception of those situations in which he has at least a minimal opportunity of insulting me or getting me in trouble. I don’t have a clue about how that scheme could fit in this situation.

“How long have you been together?” I’m conflicted about inclining to think Ontari’s sudden interest in Judas’ love life comes from a genuine curiosity or she’s only innocently trying to start some light small talk to ease the tension in the vehicle. She doesn’t seem to be an insufferable gossip like Mrs.
Azgeda or my mother, though, that’s what baffles me the most about the good relationship she seems to have with her future mother-in-law. But if she’s not doing it for the sake of tittle-tattling and she is not a person who would react to the kerfuffle of two cretins whose better arguments are at the level of kindergarten with peaceful inquiries and chit-chatting, what’s going on inside that lovely and scary head of hers?

“Three months already.” I have to muffle my snort with a fake cough. This is ridiculous, three months and he’s already all heart eyes and sappy smiles. Ok, shut up, I know what you’re thinking. While it’s true that I’ve only been with Clarke for a couple of weeks, technically, let’s say it’s been almost two months because… anyway. The thing is I can already feel this masochistic, insane connection between the both of us and be honest here, can you really imagine someone sharing saliva and tongue wrestling with Judas? No, right? Then how can I even believe he can share feelings with anyone? That would imply his brain has that complexity.

Moreover, the thorough and deep understanding Clarke and I have of each other is stronger than anything those two baby lackwits could ever feel. Damn, I’m frankly getting mad about this foolishness. It’s not a fucking contest, Lexa, for fuck’s... The car stops abruptly and thanks Buda I had my seat belt fastened because otherwise I would have hurt much more than my clavicle. WHO ON EARTH GAVE THE DAMN DRIVING LICENSE TO THIS DICKHEAD?! Seriously, what the fuck?

“Come on, first farm.” A ‘sorry, guys’ wouldn’t have been too much but whatever.

The moment my feet touch the fresh soil of the ground and I look around, my heart skips a beat. Oh, no... I fucking know this farm and I’m going to crucify Judas after this.

My head hurts. A lot. Five hours, after five damn hours visiting every place near TonDC I thought we were never coming back. Remember when I said I was horny as fuck and practically drenching Ontari’s car because I’m a thirsty jackass? Every single bit, every single sparkle of heat disappeared the moment Costia’s father tried to carve me with a pitchfork like the angry villagers wanted to do to the poor monster of Frankenstein. In the defense of my bizarre reaction, grabbing the pitchfork and sending the poor man flying above me to the ground with a loud bang, I must say that I did expect awkwardness but never violence… and I’m almost a trained soldier. Nobody had notified me Costia had told her parents she is a lesbian and I am the one to blame for her homosexuality! Well, she didn’t probably say it that way but that’s for sure what her parents heard — I wouldn’t know, though, because the moment I put a foot into their yard, her mother yelped for her husband and he started running towards me with a damn pitchfork! Despite all this madness, I’m happy for Costia, though; it seems she’s living in New York now with her new girlfriend and two cats. What a family. It may be stupid but even if none of us actually had romantic feelings for the other, I really appreciate the memories we both created. If she hadn’t appeared, who knows where I’d have ended. Maybe I’d have had a boyfriend or two and only found back girls in my addiction.

Anyway, why does almost everyone I knew in TonDC seem to have moved to New York? Everyone except for me and Uzac Leaf, a former shady school suitor that seems to still have the hots for me. I swear I can still feel him drooling over my shoulder. Seriously, if the ‘let’s kill the abomination’ welcome to Costia’s farm hadn’t turned me totally off already… At least we have found good prices in the Flou farm, much to my surprise — a nice one, of course. Shay, also known as Luna’s cousin, hasn’t let her resentment show more than what a bunch of small glares and plain indifference may insinuate, which has been very sensible of her. Ivon Schnee also offered us good products at better prices but that was to expect given that he’s Nia’s godson. I’d have loved to see Echo around, though, but guess where she is? No, she’s not New York, I was exaggerating a bit
before. She’s in LA, getting tanned and clubbing, right where I should be and where all my friends are right now.

Nevertheless, this trip has had something amusing, something really funny. You should have listened to Ontari, seriously. Ontari and hilarity, you’ll wonder? I swear I was about to die with all that “I was looking for big, hard nuts for…” That’s what she said. “We’d like to have a juicy roast beef…” THAT’s what she said. “John, these grapes are so big and squishy, don’t…” That’s what she said. “Oh, these beans are really engorged, are you sure they’re ecological?” My dear, sweet child, that’s something that happens with the right stimulation, don’t worry. And by ‘stimulation’ I refer to the sunlight, water and nutrients, of course. “John, come here and touch them! Lexa, give those a good squeeze!” Sorry, I’m horrible and I was terribly bored so I get totally inappropriate but it certainly backfired when having an early dinner in Woodbury, Ontari said: “John, do you want to have a taste of my taco?” I nearly choked and puked my pizza, for real. I have such a dirty mind… Like I’m disclosing the secret of life, huh?

Because we had to have dinner before doing the only little thing that could have remotely made this trip a bit exciting or interesting, I’m not really in the best of moods. You can’t take someone to a city to have a taste of different types of cakes right after having dinner! I love cake, I do, and that creamy red velvet one topping other 7 fucking stages of mocha and chocolate and only God knows what else looked so delicious but I just couldn’t — I was too full. This had never happened to me before… and of course Ontari had to laugh at my pain and make the typical joke of “Don’t worry, it’s perfectly normal, it happens to everyone.” Even Murphy laughed and he never does at these jokes because they can probably happen to him eventually. I may not have the authority to respond to Ontari in another way that is not rolling my eyes without getting in trouble but Judas is another story, so I responded he was the living proof evolution can go in reverse — then he gave me another comeback and I followed suit until the girl threatened with tearing our tongues off if we didn’t shut the fuck up. It was really relieving when the real Ontari finally came to play. She’s perfectly capable of putting her threats into action, for sure, and I value my tongue too much so I shut my mouth. Maybe this needs some more elaboration because it looks like I’m being a pleasant coward; my tongue is an artist, I can’t lose it — plus, Clarke would be really sad too and I can’t allow that, especially now somehow I didn’t lose it even after pointing our Roan’s favorite cake was blueberry buckle. I honestly expected more ire or disdain from Ontari; however, she didn’t even give me a look. I won’t complain, though, I’ve survived this madness of a trip so far and all I want is getting home and visiting Clarke ASAP.

Looking through the window at the dark, blurry clouds dragged by the touch of the wind, covering a full moon that starts making its appearance, makes me realize a sad truth: I’ve wasted another day of being with Clarke. Shit. I should be taking advantage of this time we get to have together now there are no problems between us — I mean… when I go back to college and she does the same with her Residency and everything stops being new and forbidden and real life strikes us, when everything stops being about sex and cuddles and we have actual responsibilities I’m not sure if this ship will sail further to the sunset or it’s going to sink miserably like the Titanic. I’m not… Don’t get me wrong, I would never leave Clarke unless she didn’t want me around anymore, I’m clingy like that. I’m not the one that is going to realize we’re doomed and this was a mistake and will actually do something about it. Sooner or later she’ll probably find a woman or a man or someone in between or aside that will be able to actually give her what she needs and what she wants, I’m not worried about her happiness after this summer affair is over. What I’m worried, scared even, about is that she’s not going to be able to do it, to tell me it’s over until it consumes us both. How sad, in order not to bury me alone like she should do we will burn together because of this fated liaison… Or maybe I’m just emo because I didn’t have any cake, I haven’t come in hours and Clarke hasn’t texted me even once in almost… six hours. On top of all, I’m trapped with two kids who I hate and who hate me back and all I can expect for tonight is going to bed alone and masturbating silently for my parents not to hit
my hands with whatever torture device until every bone has turned into powder.

“Stop here.” Ontari’s voice feels almost like a splash of ice-cold water. I thought it was finally over but I was wrong. I’m going to lay on the road and wait for a car to run me over. Although this is TonDC already. This is...

“Sorry, kids, minors are not allowed in bars,” I snort and lean back in my seat. “You can’t drink if you’re not 21.”

“We could if you bought a bottle,” Ontari insists. I never took her for a girl who would want to get drunk with a loser and a sad lesbian. Come to think of it, it’s quite stupid she’s old enough to get married but not to have a drink, I have to give her that.

“I’m not buying alcohol to two children I don’t even like, sorry.” That would be too lame even for me.

“I don’t feel like drinking now, anyway,” and it’s John ‘my liver will poison the ground when I’m dead’ Murphy who says that, I’m in utter shock.

“Come on, I don’t have any friends here and I want to have a pre-wedding preparations toast.”

Murphy and I look at each other, both antsy at the boldness and unusual tenderness of the girl, trying to figure out what to do. Ontari will fit really well with the Azgedas — she’s already mastering the art of emotional blackmailing. Can it be contagious? Do I need any bioprotection for interacting with them now? Fuck, I hate this need of social acceptance and this annoying empathy.

“I’ll buy a bottle but we’ll only have a drink.” I end up giving up but with a serious warning, which means I’m not so pathetic. Who am I kidding? Even I know how this is going to end.

I think I’ve mentioned before I’m not a big fan of drinking. I can do it sometimes but I prefer to have my mind clear not to end up fucking my cousin… or three girls I don’t even know or care about until next day in the afternoon in order to get off till I can’t anymore and I’m almost bleeding. You think I’m exaggerating but I know exactly why I’m saying this, let’s drop it. The thing is, although most of the times I’m perfectly good sober, tonight I really need a drink… or two. And two become three and three become Murphy going to pee behind a tree and Ontari and I laughing together at ants’ shapes. We’re so rude…

“They have such funny pelvises!” And we break again into laughing our asses off.

This conversation has gone way too out of control. How much has she drunk already anyway? I wasn’t really paying attention, which is extremely weird because she’s super hot and from this angle I get to have an amazing view of her ample cleavage. That was possibly it. Damn, it’s really alluring — I won’t mind sliding my tongue from there to her neck and bite down… What am I even thinking about? Lexa...

“Don’t make fun of them, they work real hard to sustain a despotic society that doesn’t value them nor gives a thanks in return.” The little animals are coming back home after a long day at work, making a perfectly organized bee line. I envy their resilience and determination, to be honest. Ants are badasses.

“Cry me a river, in that case they should start their own revolution, drag the queen to the center of the colony and cut her royal head off.” That was unsettlingly descriptive. Is she French?

“The queen ant has no actual power in the colony. She was chosen, made a slave and forced to reproduce non-stop.” When you start using your legal formation to defend a colony of ants from
some girl who is insulting them you know for sure you’ve had too much to drink. I have grabbed the
second bottle of caramel vodka at some point I can’t even remember but now it’s time to leave it
slowly and carefully on the ground next to her.

“Whatever.” Ontari snorts and before I can even blink her foot is already smashing the poor animals
that hadn’t yet entered the tiny hole. How dares she? Is she nuts or what’s her damn problem? What
kind of person would do that? “Don’t give me that look, they’re just ants. The bigger guy leaves the
innards of the little one painting the floor, that’s the way the world is.”

“What’s your problem? They were doing nothing wrong!”

The unspoken question of the century starts shining in my mind: what am I still doing here with these
two dumbasses when I could be touching myself at home? Thinking of Clarke… She would be very
disappointed with my behavior — I couldn’t save the ants. My stomach clenches and I don’t know
whether it’s because of the alcohol or my intrusive thoughts. I need fresh air and we’re out, why is
there no oxygen?

“Chill out, they’re ants, they’re disgusting so I got rid of them.” You’re disgusting and I don’t get rid
of you.

That’s the kind of person this girl is but it doesn’t come as a surprise to me. Just like that, all her
hotness disappears in a puff of smoke. Well, the ruthless, bitchy vibes are still hot in a kinky way, I
won’t deny it, but further than that… When did I get so close to her? She looks taken aback by my
proximity, what am I even…? Oh, of course I’m grabbing the strawberry liquor from beside her to
give it a long gulp. Tonight I need alcohol more than my skin… No, that’s anatomically and
physiologically inaccurate, but I really need to be in a heavy state of drunkenness to be able to put up
with all this shit.

“Hey! Did you just finish my bottle?” Murphy slurs while taking the bottle from me with a weird
scowl on his face. I won’t offer him an answer to that for the simple reason I don’t actually know.
What a mess…

“I paid for this, it’s MY alcohol.” I huff and lay back on the grass now there are no goats around.
Yes, I value my hair a lot, thank you.

By now I’m pretty sure you have already figured out I hate TonDC with all my heart, I’ve
complained about it extensively — however, I have to admit the sky here looks beautiful despite the
patches of thick, dark clouds coating it. The moon shines, bright and powerful between the clouds,
enticing me with its light although not as much as Clarke does. When she smiles the moon, the sun
and all the stars are nothing to her beauty. There is no comparison possible on a normal basis, but
those few moments where she curves her lips and gives me a toothy smile… A tear runs down my
cheek. Great. I must be PMSing unusually hard because this new habit of crying at the tiniest thing is
not normal anymore. I’m sure you don’t see where the problem is but I must say I’m terrified of what
can happen with my period now I’ve found myself a girlfriend, for many reasons. The main one of
my concerns is what a sex addict does when they get their period and for that very reason get horny
as fuck, even more than the usual, but this time having someone around. If I needed another reason
for not moving in with Clarke… It would be a torture having her there, all gorgeous and sexy and…
damn alluring and at the same time being like I am when I’m on my period (right after I stop wanting
to die from the cramps). I know how I get but I would have to hide myself — I don’t want Clarke to see me like that.

“Is she asleep?” Ontari’s voice sounds hopeful. She wishes.

“She’s very awake.” My mouth feels really dry but I’m not having many more alcohol, for my liver,
“Ontari, are you nervous for the wedding?” What the fuck, Murphy?! This guy has gone crazy or he’s very drunk. “It must be weird marrying her ex and being here together.”

“And you still want to marry him? That takes courage,” I chuckle, my eyes permanently fixed on the sky above us. Why isn’t Judas already telling me something about my abrupt rudeness just a second after telling him off for doing the same thing? Another drunken mess. I’m using too many brain cells on this, maybe to compensate the ones I’m losing. Do we even…? Never mind, I would fall asleep if the sky wasn’t moving. I can’t count stars like this!

“I’m very attracted to those large, hard muscles”, she confesses and I can hear Murphy gasping. Yeah, buddy, I want to vomit too. I bet she likes Roan’s large, hard… EW! I can’t even finish my jokes anymore. Oh, shit, guys! I can’t believe I’ve wasted an opportunity to say ‘That’s what she said’. Shame on me. “He’s no reliable and flirtatious with everything that wears a skirt, but he’s hot, smart, loaded and makes a pretty good fuck. What else could I hope for?” Oh, I can feel the love in the air for sure. This girl is terribly fucked up — whatever, I’m not the one getting married at 18. “If I had to kill every girl he has fucked I’d paint the country red, starting by that little, filthy church of yours.”

*Hey, the church is very cle… WHAT THE FUCK?!* My heart beats so hard my body even finally finds a sitting position, an uncomfortable one because my world starts spinning.

“What do you mean?” I’m trying to keep calm and not shouting but it’s quite difficult when I’m already hearing the blood pumping in my temples. *It’s just her damn paranoia, it’s just…*

“So that smile means nothing?” I’m sure she has been fucking that blondie against the altar all afternoon, he hasn’t even texted me.”

I feel paralyzed, like all the oxygen in my lungs had escaped and none of my muscles can have even a bit to move. That’s not an evidence of anything, that’s not… Ok, Clarke hasn’t texted me either but that’s just been because I shouldn’t have a phone in the first place and it would get me into undesired trouble if I got caught. That’s it, of course… RIGHT? *Lesa, this is not you, it’s your anxiety talking, chillax… She l… Clarke likes you or wants you and…* The images of Clarke, all flustered and aroused, being bended on the marble and… and Roan… I take a deep breath, trying to control the nausea but it’s way too strong between the alcohol and the nasty pictures of Roan fucking my girlfriend against our altar from behind like… like… *Shut up, shut up, SHUT UP!*

“Lesa!” I hear Murphy shouting in the dark but I’m already running and tottering, falling and getting up through the streets.

There are faint noises of thunders echoing far away and all I can feel is a deep pressure in my chest, sucking my soul and my breath from inside like a black hole in the pit of my stomach. I don’t know where I am, only that there is a filthy corner and I need to puke all the alcohol, all my feelings and my sorrow. But that desired moment never comes.

The self-made mental image of Clarke kissing him when she should be kissing me, touching him where she should be touching me… Clarke wouldn’t do that unless she was really interested in
Roan, would she? Unless there were real feelings in the game that shouldn’t be there but Roan has charmed her. I have been stupid and have not taken care of our relationship properly — I’ve been a burden and she has finally realized sex is something she can get everywhere and healthier than… and there are a million people more interesting and less wrecked than I am out there waiting for her. Even Roan. For fuck’s sake, it had to be fucking Roan! Well, if he has gotten her, he has had to exhibit some kind of attitude she has found enthralling. Clarke is not stupid, she… Maybe they’ve fallen in love and I’m in the middle, stopping them. Maybe that was why he wasn’t interested in his own wedding, why the arrangements didn’t seem to make any progress. Maybe everyone knew already and I was an oblivious obstacle. I mean, Nia was really insistent with Roan meeting Clarke every day and Ontari just doesn’t seem to… care?

Perhaps Clarke didn’t have the heart to tell me it's over. Everything is slowly falling into place and gosh, do I understand why people think ignorance is good. Just think about it: the Azgedas’ nonsensical behavior and Clarke’s receptive attitude, her not hating on me when I went all ‘shut up, bitch, and eat’ on her, the after care, the way she got mad for the tiniest things… She hasn’t even texted me. That’s it, isn’t it? She’s afraid of leaving me because she thinks I’m just a sick, frightened kid who cannot take care of herself. She pities me.

No, I don’t get to vomit all of this poison; instead, I fall on my knees with my forehead against the wall and bawl. I cry my eyes our right there, silently and alone — the best way I know how to do it. After all this time, after all her reassuring words, it’s true. I’m stopping Clarke from moving on with her life, I… I can’t allow that, it’s the least thing I can do for her after all she’s done for me. Clarke deserves something better, someone better. Even if better means anyone but me.

Soulless, quietly and wrapped by the darkness of the night I wander through the empty streets of TonDC, teetering and tottering here and there, against this wall and that other one, right in the direction of the holy building in the center of the town, each step losing a tiny piece of a dead heart. Now it’s just dust in the wind — I’m bleeding inside but feeling nothing. I’m nothing, I’ve always been nothing and Clarke deserves everything. I drag my feet on the gravel, breaking the silence with the disgusting crunch of the layer of thin soil and dust above and the cracks that now feel so soothing. Everything feels different when the night comes, even the church — it never seemed so big before. Another thunder with its lightning and I look at the sky, covered with black clouds. Every star seems to have turned off their light, not even the moon illuminates my path anymore. If it starts raining, I swear to Dumbledore I’ll…

The main door opens. It’s almost midnight and the main door is opening.

How awkward it is, the feeling of falling. The feeling of dying. And how convenient are these summer storms to enlighten everything that takes me to that doom. Him. Roan, exiting the church after… Roan exiting the church at midnight. The following lightning makes the sky shine so much it looks for a moment like it’s tomorrow morning. I’m exhausted and confused and I can’t even feel the beatings of my heart anymore. Is there something inside my chest? I’m dead on my tracks, incapable of walking, incapable of moving. Yet nothing has changed, has it? I was coming to church for a reason and it hasn’t changed in the last… hour and a half. Woah, the time.

Of course it has to start raining.

Is the sky crying for me now I can’t keep bawling anymore? The right thing to do would be entering the building and freeing her to do whatever she wants, release her from the burden I am and my disorder and letting her live a happy, full life. That’s not why my legs won’t move. I would go crazy looking at her and knowing I’ve lost her, if I ever had her in the first place. Where am I? I never had anything, I never was anything and in the span of two months I’ve had everything and lost it again. I’ve been something inside this dead shell and I’ve been reduced to dust again. Where am I? Without Clarke there’s no Lexa, only this stoic and void existence with the only purpose of calming this
hunger for sex. There’s no moon without her eyes or day without her kisses, no more stories to tell without her voice.

I feel heavy and tired when my limbs finally decide it’s a good moment to start moving. Is it the alcohol? The heaviness of a dead body? It’s probably the water drenching my clothes. Another thunder echoes in the distance and I don’t even care — the only thing I can think of is that night at the hotel. The morning after, waking up with her. If I could only have a single regret in life it would be not having valued that moment, and it hasn’t even been a month since that. How much? Two weeks? A lifetime. Not as long as the perspective of an existence without Clarke, though.

“Lexa?” A blurry shape appears behind the glass and runs to the door, stopping in the threshold of the big doors. I don’t know when I’ve gotten so close to the church… Has she taken a shower already or is the sweat of that bastard still covering her skin? “Lexa, come inside!” Now I can see her — Clarke’s wearing a white Harvard t-shirt with her ugly, black priest trousers. What a weird choice of outfit. “Lexa!”

Clarke jogs to me — Jogs to me? She never jogs. Well, she’s doing it and her hand touches mine and… Oh, she’s dragged my drunk ass to the interior of the building. I try to smell her but it’s too late, she smells like rain and rain alone now.

“You’re freezing, come here.” I can’t move. Those eyes, so blue, so full of worry. Have I just spoiled her after-sex bliss? I’m an idiot, a drunken one — I could have waited until tomorrow. Has it been an accident or somewhere inside of me I wanted her not to enjoy this fully? Did I want her to suffer? I’m disgusting. “Wait here, I’m going to get some towels.”

Her touch felt so warm. Never more, from now on all I’ll feel will be ice burning my skin. She has had her shower for sure, she always does. What am I even thinking now? I’m drunk. Drunk but awake. Has she washed his hair too? I didn’t know I could feel this suffocating pain even deeper inside of me, biting and rotting to the marrow of my bones.

“What am I even thinking now?” The pang in my chest is lacerating, right like a blade licking my flesh. A clean jab every second Clarke’s wrapping me in her arms with this warm cloth. She kisses the side of my soaking head and it’s just too much. My eyes water again and the tears start sliding down.

My chest heaves erratically, brusquely trying to suck some air but there’s none. Clarke takes a step back, visibly worried sick and damn, I’m doing it again. She can’t make a proper decision like this! Having me bawling on her. I’m way too drunk to conceal this, to control myself. I don’t want to look at her, I don’t… Her tender hand on mine walks me easily to the altar. The altar. This time it’s full of peonies, how lovely. I should have thought of these when I prepared our dinner at the cabin, maybe then… As if she would want to stay with me more if I had chosen a different type of flowers.

Clarke cups my face so gently, so lovingly, caressing the skin, blowing at the trail of tears left behind. She’s so kind.

“Lexa, don’t cry.” Her lips set a brief kiss on my lips and my nose. “Don’t cry, baby girl, please.” And other kiss on my cheeks and my forehead and I feel so blessed.

My heart clenches in pain listening to this cinnamon roll, too pure and too good for this world. Every word that comes from her mouth makes me feel special, fuels the bitterness of these tears that burn in my eyes. She starts covering me with her sweetness, soft caresses of her lips slowly loving every patch of skin she can find — that’s all Clarke is, that’s how amazing she is; and yet there’s this pain. Despite these kisses feel like love and care for me and only for me, they are not. It’s just pity; it’s her caring for different reasons from what this sick, void soul wants. This is not what I had anymore, I can’t fool myself as heartbreaking as this might be. But it is, right? Heartbreaking. Being empty and
then full of these things you thought you’d never have, only to realize it’s been as brief as a flash in your life. Then you’re empty again. What should I do now? All I have now is this bare shell, this darkness. I wasn’t aware of how much Clarke has given this hopeless heart until I’ve lost her. Although I haven’t, she’s still here, right in front of me, and it’s burning me alive.

“Sit, babe,” Clarke whispers and I obey with deep hiccups and ragged sniff. Then she occupies her spot between my legs, grabbing my hand gently. “Talk to me. What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” I shake my head slowly, incapable of pronouncing a proper word. “Have Ontari or John done something to you?” I shake my head again. “Your parents then? Please, Lexa, say something.”

It takes me a deep long breathe to be able to build a sentence. You know, it’s quite difficult to talk when your mouth feels like bread, your lips won’t stop quivering and your nose is drowning in its own water. The ragged whimpers of my cry still echo in the nave behind the noise of the storm outside when I finally swallow the lump in my throat.

“You're such an angel, Clarke.”

“What did you just say?” I scowl. Ok, my breath is ragged and I'm blabbering but I don't think I'm that uninte... uninte... Yeah, that!

“You're such an an...”

“Lexa, are you drunk?” Ok, I may be slurring. Shit. Clarke doesn't seem pissed, though — she looks tender and soft as always, giving me a little grin and a peck on my forehead. I nod ever so slightly and she offers me her shoulder to rest my head on. “Wanna go to bed?” That bed. This altar, I’m sitting on the altar.

“You don’t have to do this.” I stutter in a low, hoarse voice and only cross my fingers hoping she has understood my babbles. I don’t think I can repeat that.

“Of course I have, I want to.” Her grin grows wider as she pokes the tip of my nose. “How could I leave such a cute girl drunkenly crying in the rain? It pains my bi heart.” What a goof. She’s so adorable and I’m this stupid, selfish and disgusting jerk but why can’t she be mine? “No, no, don’t cry again. It’s ok, you’re with me.”

“You can go, Clarke.” But she doesn’t move. I’m not sure if she hasn’t heard me or she needs further explanation. “If you and Roan… or you just don’t like me like that anymore…”

“Woah! Hey, hey, hey!” Clarke puts some space between us. Noooooo...! Well, she’s cupping my face again to oblige me to look at her in the eye. I’ll never stop getting astonished by Clarke’s beauty, not in a thousand years — All I want is locking those eyes with mine forever. Should I take a picture or would that be too sick? I probably shouldn’t. Her lips are moving. “Lexa!” I snap back to this awful reality much to my dismay. “Why in the name of Jesus would you think I don’t have feelings for you anymore?”

“I… Roan was here just a…” I’m usually more eloquent but I’m drunk right now and also FEELINGS?!

“He was flying around like a dumb mosquito, as always.” Clarke rolls her eyes and presses our foreheads together. “I’m really trying to conceal and don’t feel anything when he talks about you…”

“He talks about me?” Clarke releases a deep sigh.

“Like an annoying parrot,” she answers bitterly and pets me, tangling her fingers in my wet hair. “Sometimes I don’t know whether he’s flirting with me, trying to communicate me his undying
feelings for you or, and I’m well aware I’m a paranoid, trying to find out if there’s something between us.” I… my head hurts badly, I don’t feel like thinking anymore.

“So you don’t like Roan?” My insecurity is pretty pathetic but for some reason she seems to find it endearing. As a response, Clarke shakes her head softly, never once separating us.

“Why would you think that in the first place?”

“I… I don’t know…” If she’s moving her hand in between my hair like this I can’t concentrate properly.

“It’s ok.” She whispers and the only thing I manage to do is purring and bumping her nose with mine ever so slightly. “Lexa, Roan is in my eyes a cheater that even once tried to hurt you. He might be handsome but I’d never, EVER, put my eyes on him, ok?” I close my eyes tightly, trying to fight the headache, my jaw slack because all this self-embarrassment. “Not even if he tried to actually court me…”

“Talking to you at one inch of your face didn’t make you realize he was trying to woo you?” She might be on her late twenties but she’s way too innocent under certain circumstances. Or she’s just trying to be oblivious because… Whatever, I always think too much about everything and then things like these happen.

“Hmm… yeah but, it’s not like he…”

“He basically wanted to ravish you on this altar.” It’s an affirmation, not an answer, one that makes my stomach churn. ‘Ravish’ as in fucking her as hard as he could, not as in not even asking for her consent. I swear to God if he ever tries anything with Clarke without her consent I will serve him his cock for dinner.

“If you put it that way it sounds really creepy but he only wanted to…”

“He was trying to sweetly persuade you to let him ruthlessly shove his dick inside of you on this altar.” I roll my eyes, she knows perfectly what I’m talking about.

“And you were here to do what exactly?” I take a deep breath. She was just distracting me to get to this topic. She’s the master of evil.

“Freeing you…” Ok, maybe all of this sounds really stupid now…

“Freeing me.” She repeats, pondering my words as she leans back a bit to look at me and the intense blush that it’s starting to cover my cheeks and neck. Clarke bites her lip and her warm hand falls down to my chin. “You can bet your sweet bippy you’re not getting rid of me so soon.” ‘Sweet bippy’… seriously?

“How old are you again?” I ask with a smirk and she playfully slaps my thigh, grinning at my bravado.

“You’re a bloody brat, you know that?” Only for you.

“And now you’re English?” I snort and a spark suddenly lights up her gaze.

“I can be whatever you want me to be, baby,” she answers as she trails my thighs with her fingernails, leaning on me till ghostly licking my lower lip.

“Who’s the…?” I gulp, catching my breath. “Who’s the brat now?” Clarke raises a challenging
eyebrow and kisses me. It’s not rushed, it’s not bruising and still it’s so meaningful and… hot.

“Just messing with you.” She winks at me right before grabbing the edges of the towel around me to start drying my hair. “I’ll get you some water and a change of clothes.” She tries to go and my heart skips a beat, my hand automatically reaching for hers to stop her.

“I’ve… probably caught a cold already anyway.” Oh, no. Clarke has that smirk on her face, the overconfident one.

“Actually,” here we go, “there’s no scientific evidence of being wet and/or cold making people more prone to get sick.” I might be a brat but she’s a know-it-all.

“And what if you’re soaking wet yet totally horny?” I’m not, actually, but I feel like I have to say it. That’s a lie, though, I’m currently soaking wet but not for that reason. For once all I want is hugging Clarke and only that, laying on bed and wrapping her tightly in my arms, knowing she’s not going anywhere. I’m creepy, I know — I’m drunk, I have an excuse. This new non-lustful sensation would be something I’d be pleasantly surprised of if it wasn’t because my heart hasn’t still recovered from the thought of losing her. Although, let’s be honest, I deserved the scare — I’ve been stupid and doubted her, let toxic people mess with my head. I thank the sky Clarke’s so sweet and understanding she hasn’t gotten mad at me.

“Then you take a shower and go home to sleep until you get back to your sober senses.” Sassy.

“Clarke.” I shouldn’t after all that has happened tonight; I shouldn’t but I do it anyway — I entwine our fingers and avert her gaze. “Can I sleep here tonight? Just sleeping! I could get in trouble if my parents saw me like this.”

I can feel Clarke’s eyes on me, her thumb caressing the skin of my hand, I can hear her slow breathes and the way she swallows. Everything about her is so soothing.

“How could I deny anything to those pouty lips?” she drawls in a way that makes my heart jump and my head spin.

It’s been happening for a while now but I don’t know exactly when this started — this fuzzy feeling inside my stomach that is not the alcohol.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! As this story is getting close to its end I'd be really grateful if you filled this: http://lesbianmistress.tumblr.com/post/151147514538/dbmf-super-cool-survey and sent it to my ask box ^^

I have a huge test halfway October so I'm not sure if the next episode is going to be ready for the end of next month, sorry guys. I swear I will try, though :(
7th week - Af

Chapter Summary

“I think you hurt her feelings.” Lexa snorts and shakes her head. “You’re early.”

“Am I?” She puts her hands on my hips and kisses my cheek. “I thought I was a minute late and you’d force me to apologize to the Lord.”

I’ll pretend I haven’t… Late? The hands of my clock point five o’clock already.

“It’s still so sunny!” I blurt out. I haven’t gotten anything ready yet.

“Not as much as it used to be at the beginning of the summer, though.”

Her lips press my forehead and her body traps mine against the altar. Oh, no… There are already too many reasons for Kane to kill me, I’m not giving him more. Shit, Kane. The words get caught in my throat, resisting letting her know what she needs to know. We’ll be back together soon, won’t we? A nauseous feeling strikes my body.

“I’m leaving this weekend.”

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas to everyone!! It's finally here!!
It has taken me a lot (A LOT) to finish this because of college duties but her it is, guys. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t really know, Dr. Griffin,” the woman says from the other side of the line. That name is very familiar to me and still hearing it makes me feel… antsy — not bad, just a bit weird. “I’ve not heard from anyone that has added a non-relative person to their health insurance. It probably depends largely on your insurance provider and the policy you hold.”

“But if I did it, there wouldn’t be any problem with this, right?” How many psychiatrists with a minor degree in Sexology could there be in Boston? This is stupid, I have to contact the company. I should be able to add anyone I want to my insurance, right? I’m paying for it after all. I don’t mind paying more if that means Lexa’s not being left in a corner instead of treated like she deserves just because this country thinks healthcare is like tomatoes you sell and buy.

“Provided I’m getting paid, there should be no problem, Dr. Griffin.” I can tell she’s smiling against her telephone. “We’ll go through more details in our appointment but you must know beforehand that after all you’ve told me, we may consider adding some medication to the therapy.”
“Of course, Dr. Tsing, I already supposed her anxiety might need some treatment, at least for her to be able to stop the loop she’s locked in. Otherwise she won’t be…

“Yeah, yeah, you cannot get out of an addiction like hers without treating the core problem first.” Plus, the abstinence would be more awful for her than I can even imagine and pointless if the cause of everything is still there, rotting her from inside-out. Any treatment is meant to help people, not to put them in more pain, and I’m also talking from experience when I say the world won’t stop spinning to wait until she recovers— she has a life, a lot to study, a dream to achieve… And Hell be damned, I’m not having her going through all that pain again! Lexa has suffered more than enough already. “However, I was referring to maybe consider a higher… hmmm… No, I’m expressing badly today, sorry.” She clears her throat and my absent-minded pace around the bedroom stops abruptly. “As you know, there’s no specific medication for sex addiction unlike there is for alcoholism, for instance, but maybe we could push some buttons and take it a bit further is she was willing to seek some… hmmm… beneficial…” I don’t know where she’s driving at but I don’t like it. “Anyway, we’ll talk it through our appointment, yes?”

“Have a good afternoon, Dr. Tsing.”

There’s sigh of deep exhaustion inside my chest that I can’t wait to release; however, the moment I leave my finger lingering over the red symbol I start getting two… four… seven, twelve texts! What the what? A smile appears on my lips as soon I realize who it is. Who else could it be?

**Lil’ Blake:** Clarke
Clarke
Clarke
Clarke
Griffin
hey
you
CLARKE!!!!!!!
Wacha doin?
R u banging Heda?
Is dat it?
U r totally banging her
It says ure online but u wont read my texts

**Me:** For fucks sake O

I was on the phone

**Lil’ Blake:** I see
Lil' Blake: Wanted to know if u would need any help w/ the uhauling

Me: I told you she said no

So not uhauling :(

Lil' Blake: She’s so whipped she’ll come around

u’ll see

That’s not the way it works. I don’t want Lexa to be ‘whipped’ and accept only because I ask her so; I offered her another way of doing things from now on and she rejected it. Period. End of the discussion. It shouldn’t be an inconvenience of any… At least it wasn’t until she — well, she didn’t tell me but she basically hinted, intentionally or not, that I would be like that damn pedophile and, yes, I admit it, I’m frightened because I can’t help seeing similarities between the both of us. Something has to change here as soon as possible. What am I doing wrong?

Me: Anything else?

Lil’ Blake: My bro was right

U r rude af

I sit in a very unhealthy but also very comfortable position on my desk chair. This girl is entirely something else. One of a kind.

Me: Octavia

Lil’ Blake: I’m in trouble

Me: You’ve been talking to Bell abt me behind my back

Lil’ Blake: I wouldn’t

Unless u were facing the north probs

Me: סיס

How’s he doing?

Lil’ Blake: Do u think I’ve contacted u to talk abt my bro?

Me: I’ve no clue why you’ve texted me tbh

Or why you’ve been texting me for 2 weeks nonstop

Lil’ Blake: Rude
Just trying to get into the family
We r the intruders yknow?

Intruders in the Trikru family. We are, honestly, and in general they don’t seem keen to let anyone in, which scares me a bit — however, they love each other so much if there’s someone special to one of them they make the effort. It really clicked when I saw the new bond between Indra and Octavia — that mutual respect, and it’s just so beautiful.

Me: You’re already a Trikru
Language and all

Lil’ Blake: I could teach u

Hey we r gonna be in NY w/ Nyk & Anya for Halloween u gotta come!!!!!

Me: Easy there I don’t know yet

Lil’ Blake: I know u as if I had given birth to u & u gonna say yaaaas

If I roll my eyes harder they’re going to escape and I don’t feel in the mood for a blind hunt.

Lil’ Blake: Linc’s here gotta go
ry not to bang Lexa too hard she a lady ;P

I was going to send her an emoji to that, or even a sarcastic answer but I just drop it and turn on my laptop. I’m making such nice friends I’m lately. Kids, all of them… Who am I kidding? I love them, every single one of the Trikru, even Anya… although I’d still like to punch Anya until my hand broke and that stupid smile of hers disappeared. I haven’t forgiven her, though, she has just grown on me, that’s all. They’re a real family and I must admit I’m excited for being part of it. They’re silly and witty and eccentric but somehow in such a mature way. Indra, for example! She’s way younger than me and look at what she has gotten! I feel a bit embarrassed of my adrift life but soon everything will fall again into place.

My eyes close and open tiredly once and again the moment I leave my phone on the desk. I don’t even remember what I was going to do on my computer anymore, not until several blue capital letters start damaging my eyes. Shit. I press repeatedly the tiny sun button to reduce the light. Skype! Right, mom, that was it. It might be a bit early to call Abby. I’m not even sure she’s back from her night shift yet. It says online, though… although she always leaves her computer on. Whatever… When my laptop starts bleeping and making the call it’s already to late for giving any second thoughts before the screen reveals a gorgeous latina girl with shiny, black hair and a bright smile, wrapped in… Is that a towel?!
“Hello?” I blurt out.

“Hi! Clarke, right?” That’s what my name says, doesn’t it? I don’t like this. “I’m Raven, nice to meet you at last.”

The woman on the other side looks so excited and I… I’m completely speechless. Here I am, face to face with my mother’s to- my mother’s girlfriend; a girlfriend that is even younger than me. Great, great… No, it’s not, it’s fucking gross. What the fuck does this girl want me to tell her? ‘Hey, new momma, pleased to meet you. We can go bonding to a bar now you’re finally legal’?! How old is she even? 22, 25…? I’m not even going to wonder if the true reason why the girl is with my ancient mother is because she wants something else from her because Abby is quite ok for her age but… Shit, shit, shit! This is just too real. One thing was knowing that she was dating an almost teen but actually meeting her… Shit. This is awkward. I should probably say something and stop staring at her like she just landed inside a spaceship.

“Can I have a word with my mother, please?” I’m being polite… you have to give me that.

The girl in the screen looks at me wide-eyed and blinks a couple of times before the hand of a woman appears in the picture.

“I’ll handle this, Raven.” My mom’s voice talking to her sounds so tender I almost feel jealous.

Abby’s girl toy stands up, revealing her bare, toned thighs and instantly disappears on (in) the background muttering something that sounds like “I like her, she polite”, giving way to the familiar face of my dear mother. Thanks Lord, she’s fully dressed. I know this is childish but I really didn’t need to know about my mother’s morning sexual activities. She’s having some, good for her, that’s what I need to keep in mind. I need to stay positive!

“Hello, honey,” she greets me with a happy smile — too happy. She’s totally uncomfortable because of this bizarre situation too and she’s trying just to play it cool. That makes both of us. Honestly, Abby stopped being a mystery for me a while ago.

“Mother.” Ok, I’ve been a bit dry, just like my mouth now, but at least I’ve not addressed her by her name.

“I see you have met Raven.” I nod. “I wanted it to be a more formal occasion but I guess everything can’t go on as planned.”

Well… There are so many things I want to shout right now, a lot of insults to lash out. I want to ask her tasting the bitter sarcasm in my tongue if I have to call that child ‘mommy’ now — to a girl who is even younger than me, Jesus Christ. I want her to know if she realizes that only a few years ago she’d be considered a pedophile. I’m craving to look at her right in the face and asking her what it feels to give the warm spot that belonged to my dad to almost a teenager. However, things don’t happen in a vacuum. Dad died years ago and if I’ve suffered to an inhuman level, I can’t imagine the pain she has endured, everything while she was taking care of her messed up daughter. It’s only fair that I fight against myself and my verbosity, because in the end, Abby’s just trying to be happy like everybody else.

The truth about all this situation is that even though I don’t like it, it’s none of my business. For now, I just decide for some reason to make the most awkward comment I could ever do.

“She’s hot, congratulations.” I’m plainly stupid. Mom looks at me with a blank face before answering.
“Yes, she is.” Her countenance is a bit scary. “And also kind, hilarious and really intelligent.”

Somewhere in the background, I can hear the girl shouting something that sounds like “I’m a genius!” — something that makes a tiny smile appear on Abby’s lips. Another brat… I can’t even…

“How are you doing?” she asks now. “Are you eating well? Everything ok with the mysterious lady?” I roll my eyes at her playful insinuation. This feels like high school all over again.

“Uh, huh! A mysterious lady.” Mom’s girl t-Raven makes her appearance on screen, now thankfully wearing a dark tank top and shorts, putting her wet hair up in a ponytail. “What are you up to, Griffin?”

*What am I...?* What’s even this girl? We have just met, she’s younger than me, she’s banging my mother and for some reason I can’t quite understand she has the vague illusion that (I) I like her. Well, no. I may be willing to recognize my mother’s right to move on and have a sexual life like the adult, independent woman she is — I can even be polite and don’t seek confrontation, but that doesn’t mean I have to like her choices. And I’m not being childish now! I know nothing about her further than she exercises and… oh, she’s fucking my mother. Abby may like her but I’m not trusting her right away and I’m not sure if I’ll ever be able to like her.

“Yeah, uh…” Whatever. “I actually wanted to thank you, mom.” This is way harder than I expected. “I’ve noticed that you’ve sent the rest of my stuff to my new apartment so… yeah… Thank you for that.”

“You’re very welcome, honey”, she answers tenderly. “I was really surprised, you know? It’s pretty big, enough for you two. You chose well.”

I never thought I’d hear those words coming from my mother’s mouth. They curl up in my chest creating a warmth that is turning rather uncomfortable under the expectant look of the younger girl. How am I going to tell her I’m moving alone? I’m not, that I can tell you. I’d rather stop thinking about that for a second, to be honest. Weird, I think the only one who has noticed my uneasy grimace has been Raven, oddly enough.

“Any news about Father Kane?”

“Oh, right, we both will be there at the end of the week.” My heart stops. She hasn’t just…

“What?!”

“There are some business there I have to take care of,” she deadpans.

“Are you trading with goats now or what?” My mother shakes her head slowly. I don’t think what I’m asking is so stupid, is it? “You have never been here before, what kind of business…?”

“You’re my business, honey.” Perhaps I should feel infuriated at this patronizing attitude but this unusual warmth is… rather comforting. It has been a while since this felt like, you know, like family is supposed to feel.

“Is your…?” I clear my throat and my eyes scan the screen to find Raven sat on the bed in the background. “Is Raven coming too?”

Something in Abby’s face changes. A glow. She’s happy to hear me showing any kind of interest, maybe I should actively try to like the girl. Mother deserves at least that after all she has been through, right?
Suddenly, a face occupies the whole screen with its gigantic smile.

“Sorry, kid.” Raven says, sitting further from the camera in my mother’s lap. Kid… “Daddy has work to do here.”

Da… Who the fuck does this gnat think she is? When I was winning my first science prize, she was still wearing diapers; when I was having my first sexual experience she was still learning about bees and pollen. She’s a damn child, and I’m not only older than her but also a doctor with… a future very respectable career. Who the fuck gives her the permission to call herself ‘daddy’? First off, she lacks of the gender for being a dad as far as I know, and secondly, the only father I have ever had is dead and she isn’t even up to the sole of his shoes.

“Clarke, hon.” Abby looks really worried next to the girl, whose confusion soon gives way to a countenance of guilt. “That vein in your temple is dangerously swollen.”

“I… I just have things to do,” I mutter, trying not to grit my teeth. “Talk to you later.”

“But Cl…” I don’t listen to anything else she has to say before clicking the red symbol and shutting it off.

I can’t believe my mother is having her half a century crisis and dating a child.

“Fuck!” I shout to no one forgetting for a second that I’m in God’s holy house.

I lay on the perfectly made bed and try to calm myself. Seriously, the only good thing about today is that I can read the whole afternoon without being disturbed by weddings or prayers or whatever stupidity they want to make me participant of today. Furthermore, I’m meeting Lexa tonight to watch a movie. Only to watch a movie and I can’t stress that enough. After the other night I don’t think she’s in the right state of mind to face another sexual encounter. She was so fragile… Seeing her there under the rain, crying, it broke me in a thousand pieces. Why would she think I’d choose Roan over her? Even if he was a nice guy, which he’s not, why would I? She’s intelligent, witty, hilarious despite her bratty humor, sassy and sweet, and all kinds of sexy. Lexa’s cute and caring with all she does, with all she says. I want to hold her in my arms fore-for a very long time. A very long time. It’s true, Lexa’s far from perfect, anyone is, yet she’s perfect for me. She’s strong and pure and naïve sometimes but she knows what needs to be done and she does it, she fights like she’s fighting against her addiction. She’s so brave, she’s so wonderful words aren’t enough to express it.

“Ugh!” I exclaim against the pillow, a bit embarrassed of myself. I’m a sap.

I raise my arm to grab the book on my nightstand, ‘Angel time’. Kane’s coming. He’s going to be really mad at me but I’m finally going back home. I’m going back to Boston but Lexa’s still going to stay here for a while, alone with her family. Something feels suddenly too heavy in my stomach and the acid runs up my chest. I really hope it’s just anger and not GERD.

Kane’s arrival also means that everything has to be perfect. I take a long breath and let the book fall on the nightstand. Even though I have taken really good care of everything for these two years, a bit more cleaning doesn’t hurt anybody. Maybe if everything shines like new he won’t yell at me for dishonoring his church.

Once upstairs everything is impeccable with the exception of my backpack and other luggage, it’s the turn of the nave and the choir. I feel like a self-stated Cinderella and at the same time the evil stepmother. The candelabrum can never be clean enough, the altar… oh, the altar, I have to make it
shine as if God Himself had put his godly ass on it. Erase that — that was a huge blasphemy. Lexa’s
disrespectfulness is getting on me. Should I…? I’m even thinking on applying wax to the pews. That
could take me a while, though.

I can imagine the countenance on Kane’s face as I tell him that I’m quitting because I’ve been having
sex with a girl in God’s house. In his temple of sanctity. Damn, he’s going to be furious. After all he
has done for me; after gathering my pieces as I laid broken and miserable in that hospital bed and
giving me a place to run, a place to heal. After risking his reputation and position in the Diocese to
give me the space I needed to build myself back up; after confiding me his home, his beloved church
and town — I had to come and corrupt it all with my lust and reckless behavior. Nevertheless, this
hasn’t been a shallow thing, a frothy act of lust leading to this mortal sin only for the sake of sinning.
Lexa has never been that. This has been an affair, yes, but one of healing and genuine caring; a quest
to self-discovery and rebuilding our shattered souls. Together.

The lower part of the altar is already shining like new when I stand back up and release the deep
sigh hidden in my chest. I’m in so much trouble…

“Are you ok, Mother?” My heart makes an Olympic double somersault.

“Holy s…” And I turn around immediately only to find Nia Azgeda’s face at two inches from mine.
My heart stops and I fall back against the altar a bit. If I have a heart attack I’m suing her. “…holy.”

“Have I scared you, Mother? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do it.” However, she doesn’t seem repenting
at all.

If I’m truly grateful for something in life is that after Kane comes back I will never have to stand this
woman and her family again. From all the people in TonDC that I’ve gotten to dislike during these
last two years, Nia Azgeda with her dishonest intentions and wicked tongue makes it to the top 3. The
other two? Have a guess. These last few weeks I’ve also got to see a whole different perspective
of this town and its people, especially of our honorable mayor and his wife — A perspective I don’t
like at all, which is surprising because after two years of hearing even the most disturbing and bizarre
confessions I thought I had figured everyone out pretty well. Definitely, these months in TonDC
have been more revealing than… What is this woman doing with a camera?

“Is there something you need, Nia?”

The woman looks taken aback for a single second, maybe caught in her own thoughts. Dangerous.
Then, she shakes the small device in her hand and shows me her creepy, toothy smile.

“I wanted you to see the selection of decorations for the wedding ceremony. We can’t make up our
minds.” She turns the camera on but my quick hand is right in time to stop what would be a slow,
painful death.

“Actually, father Kane is finally coming back at the end of the week so… it would be better if you
discussed this directly with him.” Please… Today it was supposed to be a chill day.

“So are you leaving us, Mother?” Here we go. She doesn’t seem sad at all, a shared sentiment, for
sure. “Why is that?”

“I…” Shit, I never thought of an excuse to give because I never thought anyone would question
Father Kane’s return. Ok, no, I can’t even lie to you — I was too caught up in not being caught
having sex with Lexa that I totally forgot. I’m a bad liar… Of course I can’t tell her the truth… “I’m
afraid I am needed elsewhere.”
“Is that so?” There’s no way she’s buying it. Does she know something? I nod and try to busy myself with the fifth (probably) rearrangement of the altar’s flowers today. “The Diocese must trust you deeply…” I don’t like her tone, “… and I’m really happy.”

“I don’t know how I should take that, Mrs. Azgeda.” I try to joke the tension away. It doesn’t work.

“Oh of course I am happy for you, Mother. You know what a dear member of this community you have become.” I’m not sure if I should be relieved or pee my pants. “We’ll miss you for sure, Mother, but we can’t go against God’s will, can we?” Sure.”You’ve been the reliable confident and pure link with the Lord this place needed for two years and we will always be grateful. You have been so faithful to your charge…” Ok, there’s totally something off here. I’m still waiting for something less sketchy like ‘a friend’ but that doesn’t seem to arrive. Damn.

“I… am very grateful for your words. Thank you, Nia.” I’m not going to survive this week. “I’ll miss the place.” This is how you add ‘lying in church’ to your list of unforgivable sins.

A long, silent moment follows only to make the discomfort of this conversation more evident. It’s so long that I even have the silly thought she would be gone by the time I turn back around. Of course she’s still here, that would have been too fortunate and this is 2016. Come on! It’s already late afternoon, doesn’t she have something better to do than photographing the flowers that decorate the pews? What an annoying woman… Calm down, Clarke. When did I become this sulky and impatient? I’ve had far too many doses of Azgeda lately, that must be it.

“Did you want anything else, Nia?” I try not to sound too eager for her to go but I obviously fail.

“Oh! Sorry, Mother, I didn’t realize you were busy.” Then, something glows in her cruel eyes. “Maybe you are waiting for somebody?”

A lump tightens in my throat. She knows something, she has to. How long has she known? What the freaking Hell? Has she told anything to the Wildes? No, no, that’s unlikely; she would tell the whole town first to create the biggest drama possible. Furthermore, she has no proof, does she? It’s not like she would need it to create a juicy gossip but… Damn, my heart is beating so fast it feels like a time bomb in my chest that is going to explode anytime.

A noise echoes in the nave. If I thought things couldn’t get any worse, seeing Lexa entering the church in her inappropriate denim shorts and crop top makes my soul leave my body forever and my body gets cold. My head feels so heavy… Fuck, I’m going to faint in front of Nia and, well, with some luck and God’s help I’ll wake up in hospital or somewhere far from here.

“Lexa!” Yeah, Lexa! Mrs. Azgeda seems so delighted my stomach churns. “Ready for your piano lesson?”

Right! Oh, dear Lord, for a solid second I thought she had caught us and I was going to die, honestly. Ok, I was probably panicking for no reason but I have been under a lot of pressure lately. Nia was talking about the piano lessons! I need to relax, this is almost over and this just seems so easy so far that it’s almost surreal.

Her steps are cautious when she approaches the altar, her hands in the back pockets of her shorts. What a brat, for f*ck’s sake… She’ll never show the tiniest bit of respect for this place and what it means, will she? Anyway, I only hope Kane doesn’t get to meet her and, goodness, talk to her before she goes back to college. That would be the real disaster… Shit, he’s never going to forgive me. Unsurprisingly, Lexa offers the old lady her brightest and most innocent smile and nods like nothing is going on here. A smile is not very likely to fool Nia, though.
“You should play something at the wedding, dear,” the woman says out of the blue and turns to me. “Wouldn’t that be wonderful?”

The day we feared has arrived. So far we had been able to dodge any kind of request for Lexa to show her ‘new earned skills’ on playing the piano, and although saying that she was still learning how to read a piano score was enough for people to stop insisting before, now she’s supposedly been training every single week for about two months — she should at least be able to play something simple and short. I guess she could always excuse herself saying she doesn’t play well enough to play something decent in public yet. That thought has for sure crossed Lexa’s mind, I can see it in her eyes; however, we both now Nia is an insistent woman and somehow that excuse will fall flat in her ears. Then what can we do?

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Azgeda, but my school year starts very early in September and I’m afraid I won’t be able to attend to the wedding,” she answers nonchalantly and continues before the woman can argue. “It’s my first year in Law School and I need to get on track and get used to the classes’ rhythm as soon as possible. I’m sure the groom and the bride will understand…” What a brat.

Lexa’s quick mind never ceases to impress me. Nevertheless, something tells me Nia won’t accept her defeat so easily. Lips pursed, the woman changes the balance of her body to her other leg and crosses her arms before the chest. Then, her countenance gets lightened by that toothy grin again.

“But how aren’t you going to your childhood friend’s wedding?” she tries and fails. No emotional lame bullshit works on my girl. “Roan is going to be very sad.”

“I bet.” Lexa’s getting progressively pissed… She always gets anxious when people start being annoying. “Don’t worry, I’m sure my mother will send me lots of pictures.”

That would be a check mate. I don’t really know what Nia could come with now — maybe neither does she. A last ruthless smile.

“I’ll leave you both to your lesson, then.” The woman nods and turns around, leaving the door open behind her. I’m surprised she hasn’t insisted on asking her about the options for the wedding decoration. What an irritating old lady, Jesus Christ.

“I think you hurt her feelings.” Lexa snorts and shakes her head. “You’re early.”

“Am I?” She puts her hands on my hips and kisses my cheek. “I thought I was a minute late and you’d force me to apologize to the Lord.”

I’ll pretend I haven’t… Late? The hands of my clock point five o’clock already.

“It’s still so sunny!” I blurt out. I haven’t gotten anything ready yet.

“Not as much as it used to be at the beginning of the summer, though.”

Her lips press my forehead and her body traps mine against the altar. Oh, no… There are already too many reasons for Kane to kill me, I’m not giving him more. Shit, Kane. The words get caught in my throat, resisting letting her know what she needs to know. We’ll be back together soon, won’t we? A nauseous feeling strikes my body.

“I’m leaving this weekend.” All in one go; quick and painless like removing a band aid. However her eyes show the opposite right before becoming steel cold.

“So soon?” I nod and embrace her, hiding my face in her hair, brushing my lips kindly against her soft skin. “Only four or five days…” she whispers, obviously hurt. Exactly what I didn’t want to
“Lexa…” I lay back against the marble to have a better look at her face. She looks so serious all of a sudden.

“Can we talk about something else?” Her words sink in my chest like needles, so full of pain. My heart clenches for her with this need — I need to touch her, to let her know it’s ok, she’ll be ok, we’ll be ok. How someone made of such steel can be so vulnerable at the same time? Her face relaxes at my soft caress and turns to kiss my palm. I’ll never understand.

“We don’t have to talk at all.” I smirk with contagious gayness, in all the meanings of the word.

Every time I kiss her I surprise myself realizing how much I’ve missed her lips, how much my mouth has longed for her mouth. So much it’s even a bit pathetic. Lexa tastes like mint and summer, she feels like bathing in fresh water under the moonshine. Her touches leave a path of sparkles in my skin that practically forces me to tangle my fingers in her soft hair. This hair.

We’ll be back together soon.

The need to breathe makes me separate a bit from her, embarrassingly flustered after the intoxicating kiss, and I delight myself at noticing the matching blush in her cheeks. It’s good to know I’m not the only one this relationship is driving crazy. I may only get a little peak to Lexa’s deepest feelings in a few occasions but it’s so nice you can’t imagine. Sometimes I just feel like the stupid adult infatuated with a charismatic child, a predator, so lame depending on a possibly unrequited love with some from a different age, from a different planet. And then she looks at me like she’s doing know, with big bright eyes that seem to be irradiating adoration, and it might be just my imagination but still everything disappears: the church, America, the world. The spinning of the Earth is not a thing anymore. Nothing exists. Nothing.

“Movie,” she reminds me with a bratty, smug smirk.

“Right.”

Hec is a good guy. He’s the kind of guy that is also your best friend and would have fun cooking nights with you and silent reading afternoons. The kind of guy who really loves and respects you and the one who is your confidant. Hec doesn’t deserve being cheated on — I know Luce and Rachel are super cute together and they are in love (plus, Lena Headey is hot as Hell) but still none of those things excuse their behavior. If you’re having feelings for anyone else that is not your partner you talk to your partner before making out with that person on the roses! You just don’t do that! They might be the unstoppable force crashing against an immovable object but they aren’t the only ones who are suffering there.

Lexa can feel my sigh on her neck as my breathing goes a bit erratic, matching my current mood. Her back is against my front as we watch the tiny screen of my laptop at the end of the bed. I know it’s her favorite movie, I even get why because it is genuinely beautiful, but I… I can’t. At least nobody dies in this one. I quit watching lesbian movies years ago, it was too depressing for a baby bisexual girl. What…? Without a word, Lexa reaches forward and stops the movie. It’s not I don’t want to watch it. Damn, this was supposed to be a chill night, why do I always have to think so much about every single thing?

“You are not having fun,” she comments, resting her back on my torso.
“I am, I like the movie.” It’s not an excuse, it’s true but…

“Wrong choice, I get it,” she murmurs and grabs my hand, her stare fixed on the black screen.

“Do you?” She nods.

We lay there, silently, entwining our fingers and having this much needed break after a long day. A long month — a long life. Lexa’s here in my arms. She’s here, right? Suddenly, Lexa twists, she squirms releasing herself softly and sits on her knees and setting the laptop a bit closer to us on the bed before laying back against me. But she doesn’t stop moving. What is she doing? She raises her hips and almost elbows me in the ribs. What the…? I’m afraid to ask her why she’s taking her pants and panties off. Again, this was a chill night… or have I misinterpreted her words? While it’s true that we always end up having sex, I was hopeful we could use this quality time to just be together… or have the serious talk we need to have about the other day now she looks finally calm enough. Lexa seems to have more naughty plans, though.

“Lexa?” I don’t think I need to elaborate any further. The moment she adjusts the screen to reflect herself and her back makes contact with my body again, neither does she.

Oh, dear Jesus Christ Almighty. I would say something but my throat feels too dry and she’s shushing me anyway so I guess… Lexa moans and bites her lower lip the moment her fingers start a steady pace on her clit. This girl is going to be the death of me, for fuck’s sake. No, no, I’ll rephrase that. She’s actively and purposefully trying to kill me, I’m more and more sure every day.

Before I’m even aware my hands are already making their way to her sides, caressing the skin underneath the fabric of her shirt up the bra covering her breasts. I don’t even bother to unzip the offending piece of clothing, I just put it up, taking it out of the way to squeeze gently, making her press herself harder against my body. Her nipples are hardening slowly, so tiny and pretty. Lexa has great nipples. Fuck, everything about her is so intoxicating — every whimper, the softness of her skin, the fresh scent of her hair. Her fingers work with expertise between her legs, a bit roughly even. She’s getting more carried away than she should so soon.

Maybe I should…

“Nope!” Lexa takes my hand away as soon as it starts sneaking down. “This is for you to enjoy watching.”

Fuck. My. Life. Babe. She returns my hands to her chest and soon resumes the circular motions on her clitoris with a shallow sigh, way too sweet to match the naughty shade of her words. My tongue draws a wet path up Lexa’s neck to the angle of her jaw, from where I don’t struggle too much to claim her lips. A moan gets muffled in the joint of our mouths, coming out as a sigh too deep to be held back. A nip on her luscious lower lip, my fingernails tenderly scratching her ribs, I don’t seem to ever get enough of her. With the next muffled noise my mouth detaches and my eyes run to the black screen. Even there I can appreciate how wet she is, even there I can see how easily her index and middle fingers slide up and down, right to left over the engorged bundle of nerves that already starts peeping through its hood. It’s so compelling, seeing it there being pleasured, waiting for the big explosion. Calling me. Lexa’s calling for me and at the same time enjoying herself making me hold back — she is tempting me and at the same time wishing for me to enjoy the sight of her, wide open and vulnerable. The most vulnerable.

I’m… I’m trying not to make hideous comparisons with past situations, to focus on what she’s doing and why she’s doing it and not on what she has done and why and with whom she has done it. I’m not that woman — I’m not some pedophile that wants to take advantage of her. I’m in no way forcing her to do this. Furthermore, I legitimately like her and she likes me back, we have a lot of fun together and that’s what this is, right? Just something that normal people who like each other do. Or acting out? For fuck’s sake. I have this gorgeous creature in my arms, touching herself for me and I
can’t help thinking and obsessing about everything instead of drowning in her sweet moans.

“Stay with me,” Lexa suddenly gasps. Shit, she has noticed. I’m awful. “Stay with me.” Her free hand reaches up to stroke my hair and her breathing calms a bit. “What are you thinking about?”

_Damn._ Where should I begin? How can I even tell her? Christ, I’m not even sure what the problem is exactly. Too many questions and not a single answer. I’m not… I’m not good at managing these emotions, I don’t like to feel this way. If I could just… stop. If it could just be that easy — if I could take this out of my chest. Now I’m only worrying her and ruining one of our last days together. _We will be back together soon._ Or that’s what I need to repeat to myself like a mantra, as if I stopped it would never become true.

“Sometimes I feel like I can’t touch you.” I swallow the lump stuck in my throat and rest my forehead against her shoulder, “like you’re bound to the Earth and I’m too far up in the sky to reach you.” Maybe that isn’t all, but I’ve certainly come up with a very good way to summarize it — I didn’t think I could make an understandable explanation of the chaos going on in my head. _Well done, Clarkey._ Not so well done, though; not when Lexa turns around and leaves the laptop on my desk before kneeling on the mattress in front of me. The fun is over, I guess. I screwed it up.

Ten, eleven, twelve… long seconds pass while I wait for her to say a word, anything, for the better or the worse. Nevertheless, she doesn’t open her mouth. Lexa crawls towards me silently, grabs my hand and kisses my palm. She brushes her thumbs up and down my skin, with her eyes fixed on mine and she straddles me. She does it putting two of my fingers deep inside of her with a fluid motion. The feeling is searing hot and wet, something that I have missed, if I’m being honest. Lexa presses our foreheads together and releases a deep sigh as my fingers adjust inside of her.

“Are you sure of this?” I ask when her lips purse with certain frustration.

“Yes, you just…” I know what to do, no need for more indications.

My palm appears to stroke her clit with every thrust and how beautiful and surreal this is, damn. Foreheads pressed together, her fingers tangled in my hair, my nails scratching her back as my other hand thrusts restlessly inside of her, over and over again. Fingers curling, my hand feeling the throb of her swollen clit — her wetness sliding down my wrist and drenching the bed sheets. The moves of her hips are magnetic, enthralling. I want to get deeper, I want to… One of her hands slips inside my drenched underwear and cups me. The heat of my core elicits a moan from her lips as I mimic the movement of her hips, struggling to make contact but oh! Every time I do is electrifying. I want her to melt me, I want Lexa to drink my body and soul and be able to touch and feel every single part of her. If all the complexity of our lives was about this, about how the hell we can be even closer and belong to each other and ourselves at the same time. If there weren’t mental disorders, toxic towns or toxic families; if there weren’t people to disappoint and faiths to break. Maybe then we could finally be happy. Maybe someday.

_Shit._ How selfish I can be, huh? Lexa is here giving herself whole to me and trying to bring me to the seventh heaven and here I am, whining about more drowning insecurities. Why can’t I just stop
“Sometimes…” Lexa’s lips against my ear feel like a calming gesture for a tormented mind — her soft moan as she takes my fingers in and out of her is fuel for the flames that extend from her hands to my lower belly, up to searing my throat and dry my mouth, “I wish you could come inside of me to be able to feel your pleasure,” she whispers and in my surprise I don’t realize I’ve stopped my motions — not until she rocks her hips so desperately against my palm that my fingers twist in a weird way and I have to conceal the pain clawing my fingernails in the skin over her shoulder blades. “To feel that you are enjoying this too and I’m not just using you to act out like I always do.”

My heart breaks painfully slowly. What do I have to do for her to believe me when I tell her that she takes my breath away? That her mere existence is a ray of sunshine in my darkness — the light at the end of this hollow tunnel. I’m the fucking worst! Maybe a good thing would be actually being there when she’s trying to show me how she feels about me instead of obsessing about past lovers and… I’m doing it again. Fuck!

I lay her on the bed and kiss a trail on her neck at the same time that I speed my motions. A groan gets ripped off my throat the moment I feel three of her fingers smoothly entering me. The way we move together may seem erratic at times but the truth is… we work like the mechanism of a clock. Our pleasures build slowly and this time it is hers the first one to strike. Lexa’s hips rock frantically and she captures my mouth, pulling me closer from my neck. I already expected my orgasm to take a bit longer than usual so I don’t waver and don’t give her any reason to disturb her ecstasy. When she stops squirming and moaning under my body, I support myself with both of my hands at both sides of her head, taking her in and out while her fingers play inside of me, touching all the right spots in all the right ways — and when it finally comes, it feels like the sun. I melt in her arms, burnt inside-out.

Lexa turns us over, topping me with gentle hands and covering my sweaty body in butterfly loving kisses. I’m tired and full; however, I don’t feel spent at all. On the contrary, I’d like to wrap her in my arms and cradle her with my love, bring her to extenuation knowing it has been us all the time, for the pleasure and enjoyment of us both. Because I can’t find in me a better way to express what I feel right now than making her feel at least a bit loved and free of her eternal burden — than giving her some release and protecting her in my arms.

Lexa falls back, laying on her side of the bed, her chest deliciously heaving with the after-bliss spreading through every fiber of her body. I take my time to join her, trying to make my legs move and my mind work. She was right, her chest is way more comfortable. The pads of my fingers hover over her navel, carefully and gently caressing the skin around in circles and diverting to her hipbones every now and then. I can feel her breath hitch when my teeth sink gently in her breast and my index starts taking over and driving down to run her never ending skin, drawing faint, random shapes right to her folds, still swollen and wet. And hot. I can’t help biting my lip at the feeling of her hips rocking. She’s so needy… I know she’s trying to give me a second to recover before we keep going and she’s not having exactly a good time at this very moment but I can’t even start holding myself back for teasing her. Gathering some of her cum, I start teasing her entrance once more. That’s not going to torture her that much.

“Clarke…” she whispers in a husky voice, slightly buckling her hips; unintentionally even.

I nuzzle her neck and pepper it with soft, open mouth kisses, lulled by her sweet sighs and whimpering. Lexa turns her face and tries to capture my lips and how much things change, right? Barely a month ago I wouldn’t get a kiss as much as I tried and now look at her, desperately craving for my lips, so vulnerable in my arms. I’m tempted to play a bit but let’s be honest, I’m putty every time she looks so helpless. Sucking her lower lip, I hear her moan louder but it’s not still time to take things further.
“Lexa,” I whisper against her lips and her tongue strokes mine in an unplanned attack. This brat, I swear… “Can I ask you something?”

Her soft breathing is the only thing I can hear. Is she…? Lamely pretending to be asleep, of course she is, she’s a brat after all.

“Lexa, I know you’re not asleep,” I mutter with gritted teeth. Nothing.

What can a girl do to make her reckless girlfriend stop pretending she’s asleep in order not to talk to said girl? Actually, I’m sure there are many ways to do this: a slight shake, a pinch, a shout, a slap even… I opt to shove two fingers inside of her and circle her clit with my thumb until she can’t help her moans.

“Fuck, Clarke,” she whines and sighs when I put my fingers out. “You’re going to get mad at me whether I say yes or no.”

“I promise…” Her snort interrupts me. Damn, brat.

“Whatever you want to ask me you already know the answer so what’s the point?” Lexa props herself with her arm and the loss of her warmth… hurts.

“I just wanted to know how did you get your laser done if you don’t…” She’s looking at me with an unimpressed face. “The old lady again?” My palms are starting to feel itchy. How is it possible that there is so much scum with so much power in this world?

“She liked it better like this and I didn’t mind.” I clench my jaw. I still can’t wrap my mind about the fact that she cannot see how people are abusing her. How is it possible that people have hurt her this much? So much she thinks this is all normal. “It hurt like Hell, though.”

Of course it did, and that woman didn’t care. She didn’t care about how much it would hurt because she didn’t care about Lexa. If she had cared… if she had respected her instead of using her for her pedophilic fantasies she would have respected her and her body. As if Lexa could be less desirable with more or less hair or this underwear or that one. Lexa’s surreal in every aspect, every single piece of her is beautiful and all those monsters using her, tearing her apart to get only what they want from her, have made her think all that abuse and humiliation was all she deserved. All she deserves. That she’s worth nothing, that her only value is her looks and her body, and how she uses them. And yes, I get mad. I’m furious because she’s so… vulnerable behind that wall and that uncaring mask of hers. The first time I took care of her in the shower as she deserved because she was so, so sad and so, so desperate she couldn’t believe it. I saw it in her face, in her glassy eyes, the hint of living something new, something good without owing me anything in return and that’s not fair. Not fair.

Lexa, who tries and fails and cries because she’s afraid of falling into her compulsion’s control and hurting me. Lexa, who makes dinner and makes soft love to me because she knows I need it and I love it. Lexa, who’s playful and a brat, and quite kinky too and that is funny and… gosh, amazing but it leaves her so, so exhausted and vulnerable she can’t handle it by herself. I’m here; I’m here for her whenever she needs me — I want to say it, to tell her I’m not mad at her the moment her plump lips turn into a thin line and she straddles me, seeing my disconcerted, sulky face. With her, whose hands caress my ribs and…

“Lexa!” I laugh and twist once and again but she won’t stop tickling me.

Her giggles are contagious and every lame attempt to fight her won’t end this happy torture. My neck, my sides, the pits of my knees — she finds all my ticklish spots with terrifying ease. I’m choking on laughing, I can’t breathe or think, only squirm under her strong body trying to make her
fall on the mattress beside me again. The way she laughs, though; so young, so alive — genuinely
cute with that bliss and the surreal glow she gives off. This is what I want to hear, this gift from
Heaven. This gorgeous shine that illuminates the ugly world we live in. It’s her. Lexa. Messed up
Lexa, broken Lexa, suffering Lexa, and also the light. One of a kind Lexa, the only one that can
make this world beautiful again. A piece of art inside-out. So unseen, so hurt, so abandoned. People
have looked at her and in the immensity of their ignorance they have burned her. But Lexa’s life, you
know? She will reborn from those ashes because on top of all she’s strong and pure and this world
would never allow its last spark of hope to die. I won’t. I won’t if I have to confront her parents, the
Diocese, this whole damn town or the entire army of the United States. I won’t allow them to keep
damaging what is so beautiful — what is so important. To me.

Her tickles soon become tender caresses in my skin. Her giggles, soft kisses and nips up my jaw. Her
tongue taps my upper lip, seeking from entrance right before she captures the lower one, playing
with it like the brat she is, worshipping my mouth and a trail of love down my neck. The skin in the
valley of my breasts becomes sensitive at the soft touch of her lips. My belly button, hipbones, my
mound. Her tongue dances playfully on my folds and my clit before finally diving inside of me,
taking my breath away.

“Hmmm…”, she moans devilishly. “Clarke, you’re deliciously salty.”

“I must have been thinking of how much I hate straight white men trying to queerbait the LGBTQ+
audience in order to gain popularity only to put another ‘bury your gays’ on us in full stray bullet
style.” I don’t even think of what I’m murmuring until I’ve said it. Well, it’s true although maybe no
sex conversation. However, Lexa seems to find it hilarious because here she is, losing her shit
between my legs. I’m not going to complain.

“Have you been watching Buffy again?”, she asks, almost suffocated.

“No.”

“Then you have started getting into the gay rep muddy waters, huh?” I can’t hold back my giggle.
And whose fault is that? “The walking dead?”

“No.”

“True Blood?”

“No.” Anatomically inaccurate vampires? No, thank you.

“The Catch? Saints & Sinners?” I haven’t even heard of those, to be honest.

“No and no.”

depressing. “Damn, this is sad.”

“No, sad is that Susan Ross from Seinfeld died from licking toxic envelope glue.”

“Sain… what?” Lexa must be kidding… She looks at me with big wondering eyes. She’s not joking.
Oh my good…

“Damn, you make me feel like Methuselah.”

“I don’t know who that is but I’m going to make you feel really good if you stop making me laugh.”
I roll my eyes so hard it hurts.
“Now you’re kidding me.”

“I know who Methuselah is, I went to religious school, high school… and kindergarten.” She makes a disgusted grimace that I try to wipe with a buckle of my hips that she controls pressing them with surprising strength to the mattress.

“When I start earning a decent amount of money, I’m going to produce a series where all the straight couples will die from something stupid and the gays will prevail,” I comment, playing with her chestnut locks as she kisses my inner thighs.

“That’s a sin.” She’s right but she only says that to pick on me.

“You are a sin.” And how much I love that sin.

“Clarke,” she says, her lips caressing the skin of my mound. “Please, I need to focus here.” How charming.

“I snort and relax on the bed.

“I wouldn’t dare to disturb your concentration, Miss. Please, proceed.”

“Thank you.” I can feel her tongue hovering over my folds; her breath, warm and intoxicating over my core.

“You are so romantic, Lexa.” Am I sacrificing my own pleasure to make this brat laugh? I probably am. I just need to hear her once more.

“I am romantic,” she defends herself and sucks on my clit, circling it afterwards. I muffle my loud moans with the pillow until I’ve recovered some control over myself. Damn, she’s so good at this.

“Of course, what can be more romantic than a tongue well working on a clit.” My words come out a bit slurred but it’s the best I can do while I’m melting.

“A tongue well working on a clit and flowers?”

There’s a point of inflexion and then we both burst out of laugh. This girl, I swear. How did I end like this? What did I do in this life or a past one to deserve such… an angel? A brat, that’s what she is. We laugh and laugh, unable to stop, unable to breathe. She does it against my thigh, against skin that welcomes her breath and joy with pleasant goosebumps — I do it out loud, leaving the pillow forgotten beside me and unabashedly showing my happiness. This. This is what I always wanted and never thought I would get. Is this a dream? She must be.

Lexa crawls up my body leaving a lovingly trail of kisses — up my belly, the valley of my breasts, my clavicle, my neck. She nibbles my earlobe and a deep breath leaves my body when she bites softly on the helix, making my fingernails scratch harder the skin on her back. Chestnut hair falls like a chocolate waterfall next to my head when her lips meet mine. She kisses, nips and bites, sucks on my lower lip and my tongue, using hers to caress the roof of my mouth and swirl playfully around my own. My teeth then capture her upper lip and pull gently, eliciting a moan coming right from her chest — my hands run up and down her bare shoulders, leaving soft, red paths behind, and my sneaky leg makes room between hers. We turn around once, like an omelet, leaving me on top with a great view of her flush skin and soft breasts — I even allow myself to play with those luscious nipples. We turn a second time, Lexa likes to owe me but I won’t give up without a fight. No! The third time we fall to the ground with a loud noise.

“Fuck!” I swear, mainly because of the shock and not the pain, even though it should be more to expect. Fuck. I realize. “Lexa, you ok?”
There she lays on the floor, right under my body. Lexa seems more surprised at the result of our innocent bed play than anything else. No blood, no tears, no strange noises. I try to get away from her but a hand on my thigh quickly stops me. At least she doesn’t seem to have any neck pains or back pains either. Her breathing starts picking up and that giggle starts leaving her mouth again. Great, she may have hit her head. I need to examine her just to be…

“Lexa, wait.” But she’s already pulling my thigh up to her head level and showing that devilish smile that I know so well. Oh, Lord… Tender teeth sink in the hot flesh of my inner thigh before I can do anything else.

Her tongue eases the light, delicious soreness and runs slowly up, teasing me, never touching my folds despite my needy groans. What a damn, fucking brat. I’m way too horny for this playful, devilish behavior. I jerk my hips, encouraging her to make cont… Fucking Hell! I can feel it deep inside, tasting me eagerly, her fingers clawing at my thighs while I ride her face. Her lips close around my clit and suck lightly, shaking it softly with her soft tongue. I can’t think, I can’t… Fuck. Lexa drags her tongue through my slit, moaning with the taste of the flavor dropping from my folds, and places her soft lips over my clit, slowly circling her tongue around the hard bud. Sighs become whines and whines become moans, loud ones, deafening ones. This girl is driving me through the road of insanity and the worst part is that I love it — I love her fingernails sinking in the flesh off my butt, pulling me closer; I love her tongue taking the deep road inside of me. One of my hands entwines with her locks, pulling her closer, begging her to eat me faster, deeper, harder — the other one reaches back to her drenched core, collecting some of her wetness to worship her clit in synchrony with her work. I want her to feel it, I need her too feel it.

“Babe!” I whine feeling two long fingers curling inside of me. I’m breaking apart, I’m going to melt on top of her, burn in flames, explode.

Her lips on my clit feel like heaven and yet it makes my body burn like hellfire. It makes no sense — nothing makes it anymore and now I’m wondering if something ever did. My throat is dry and sore, I’m sure she will make fun of me because of it at some point, no later than tomorrow, probably. However, now I have other things in mind. This pleasure — she’s making me feel so good. I know she needs more, I want her to stop feeling her legs for a while, I need to give her what she needs. Feeling the rock of her hips under my busy hand and taking into account how deliciously hard she’s sucking on my clit as her arousal grows, it’s not going to take her long to come undone. Neither will I.

“Fuck, Lexa!” I speed my movements on her clit and she follows suit, struggling to keep my hips in place. I can’t just control them, I…The frantic rhythm of my hips peaks in the exquisite ecstasy against her plump lips and a last, hard thrust when her own orgasm arrives.

I know that I meant to make her legs jell-O but right now it’s me who feels slippery and falls next to her, legs entwined, covered in sweat and ragged breath making my chest heave up and down. A giggle forms in my throat when her gasps arrive to my ears. Lexa’s limp on the floor, flushed and wet — gorgeous. This was painful for my knees and probably her back too but, fucking Hell, it was incredible.

“Baby,” she tries to say, totally out of breath, her words followed by a soft laugh. “I’m calling you Squirtle from now on.”

My mind is such a mess right now my brain feels like compote. Whatever she’s saying, I cannot process it right n… Oh. My cheeks feel hot with an intense, sudden blush. This damn brat, I swear to God…

“Asshole,” I huff, struggling to turn around and rest my head on her chest. Her answer? A light
suffocated laugh.

She’s lucky I’m the cuddlish type of girl and her neck looks really appetizing from here, otherwise instead of caresses on her sensitive skin and lovingly trails of kisses from the crook of her neck to her jaw, she would receive the brat treatment she deserves. I haven’t thought of what could that treatment be about but… it would be harsh and ruthless. No pity for the wicked. Damn, the Diocese would be so proud of me right now… if we don’t take into account the part when I’m naked after having sex with a parishioner in church.

It is when we climb back to bed that I resume my shenanigans, stroking tenderly every spot of that angel face of hers. She’s so cute I can’t even — here, smiling at me, relaxingly enjoying my cuddles.

“Have you thought of taking meds?” I blurt out. Nice bed conversation, Griffin. I should learn to shut up but I just can’t. For some reason, my melted mind thinks this is a good time for a show on medical verbosity. “I mean for your anxiety, there is no medication for hypersexual disorders themselves.”

Lexa hums. I don’t know if she’s answering affirmatively or just enjoying my kisses — she’s adorable either way.

“I went to a Psychiatrist that wanted to give me some but my parents didn’t want me to take them and me neither, to be honest,” she answers and looks at me sternly. “I’m not crazy…”

My body freezes in the spot for a second, only a moment before I understand the insecurity behind her words and bump her nose affectionately.

“I know there is a lot of stigmatization, baby, but please think about it this way. If you have diabetes, you take your insulin, don’t you?” Lexa nods. “With anxiety, depression and other disorders it’s the same. You know that they are both with you even if people insist on telling you to ‘chill’ and to ‘go out and be positive’. A snort leaves my throat. I had so many of those you can’t even imagine. “That is not how it works, that people don’t have a fucking clue of what anxiety or depression or anything is.” She seems to be absorbed in her own thoughts. That’s probably a good sign. “I don’t know how crazy you think I am after my suicide attempt,” Lexa opens her mouth to say something but I’m not done yet with what I have to say, “but I must tell you that I also have anxiety and depression and I take my meds… well, sometimes I forget to take them or to buy them and I can’t take them until I go to Watersbury the following day BUT the thing is my life has been way better since I started with my medication and got used to it.” I caress her neck with the tip of my nose absent-mindedly. Why the hell does this topic still hurt? “The world is still mostly shit but at least I don’t feel like it’s swallowing me, I can be happy, I can relax from time to time. Now I can.”

Lexa keeps silent for a moment, hopefully thinking of my words. She doesn’t have to feel ashamed of what she’s going through. She’s not less strong or less valid, for fuck’s sake. I’d like to see what all those people would do in her place or mine. This is no way to live and they like to guilt trip us for seeking help. I honestly feel sick.

“Would you tell me about it?” This is the first time Lexa has asked me about my mental illness. I never thought she would but here it is. How far we have come since those early days on July.

I need to take several deep breaths before the words start coming out my mouth. I know I’m naked but I didn’t feel it only seconds before. I’m vulnerable and I had forgotten how this felt.

“There was a time when it would wake me up from my sleep – slaying what used to be happy or wet dreams and turning them into nightmares. Nasty dreams full of blood and insects and loss. Suicidal dreams. I felt like poisoned and venomous, making everyone around me suffer. For almost 3 years everywhere I went turned to black and it swallowed me up, wrapping me with its darkness. For
months I couldn't yelp... but I didn't think anybody could do anything to save me, that they would laugh at me and tell me what I needed to do was change my point of view and go clubbing or whatever. Some of them... some of my friends did it, completely oblivious of my pain while they watched me crumble and drown. I felt so, so alone...” I take a deep breath, Lexa’s thumb caressing my skin in the most soothing way. “At some point I didn't care about anyone, not even about myself, I just wanted to lay and die. At some point I lost all my friends because they got sick of my permanent sadness and irritability. I thought they were getting sick because of me, because I was dragging them with me to this pit of despair and it took me more than a year to understand it wasn’t my fault and they should have at least listened to me screaming.” The lump in my throat won’t pass despite my efforts. Yet, the soft sensation of Lexa’s lips against my palm gives me the strength to keep going.

"This is not that time, this is what I have overcome. I’m at the beginning again. “But I wasn’t myself. I didn't even recognize myself in the mirror with my face sucked thin and my pallid skin. I was so tired... not even sex was a method of coping anymore. I felt like I had completely lost myself in the way."

"And then you tried to..." She can’t even complete the sentence. It’s fine. I’m fine. I’m fine.

"Oh, that came 6 months into my untreated depression."

"You don’t have to talk about that if you're not comfortable."

"I'm..." The deep buried sigh leaves my chest and my lump disappears with it. I’m fine. "I tried and I failed because... well, whatever, and I got internalized into a hospital, where my previous colleagues and friends now were my doctors. Way to end a girl's desires to die."

"Clarke..."

"I was in therapy for a year, the first 5 months without meds because antidepressants may increase young people's suicidal thoughts, and I quitted therapy after I decided I was recovered enough not to have to listen to an asshole telling me how I have to cope." Lexa looks at me with raised eyebrows. "Yeah, I know that doesn't sound like I'm actually ok but I came here and I had my maintenance meds and my religion and my peace and it just got better."

"So you have been taking meds since then?" Oops.

"Well... no. My doctor said I could stop meds so I technically finished my treatment the 10th of July but I... my doctor said I'd better go back." Something shines in Lexa’s eyes. Please, don’t... Please, don’t... Oh, shit, her eyes tell me she’s blaming herself. I fucking new it, damn Lord...

"Clarke... did I...?" I’d like her to sound like a hurt puppy now, anything that told me this is shallow and she’s not deeply injured but she is. I know, she is. Damn Lord...

"No, no, no, Lexa...!"

"Oh my God, it was because of me!" She shifts on bed. "Of course you'd react suddenly so well to everything I did, you were high!" Excuse me?

"First off that's not true, I handled it in the most... pragmatic way with a little help and it wasn't all of a sudden, it took a while, believe me, for the pills to help me and for me to figure out what to do because you turned my world upside down and didn't treat me very well. And second off, I don't appreciate the way you are talking about me taking meds, at all, Lexa.” Rude brat from Hell...

"I'm sorry, babe, I didn't mean to say it like that." I know. “When I get angsty sometimes I use bad humor,” I also know that. “I'm really sorry, you know I don't think that way... I..."
"Come here" I pull tenderly from her neck and suck on her lower lip. This clumsy, little brat. I love her so much. Lexa caresses my upper lip with her tongue, seeking an access that I gladly give her. She feels so warm, so gentle it’s scary how she can make me forget all these bad feelings. We separate with a last nip, courtesy of her bratness. I would have pouted at her bravado wasn’t it for that soft smile that makes me want to cover her in kisses. "What I meant telling you this... story," I clear my throat, making time to recover my talking skills. I may need more time, though. A deep breath. Ok, now, “is that it's okay taking meds. If you have diabetes you need your insuline.”

Lexa nods and hugs me tight against her chest, the only place I don’t want to ever leave. So comfy, so... What the fuck is that alarm? Lexa reaches to my nightstand and grabs her phone. She has a lot of missed phone calls and a text from John. What’s going on now? This was our moment! Before she looks at me I know what she’s going to say.

“We’ll talk later, baby.” A last kiss on her lips that doesn’t last long enough. “You should go now.”

Everything stops when I hear it — my movements, my breath, the dancing flames prematurely lighting the candles. It sounds like that monster under your bed when you’re a little child. The roar of the blue car is so familiar I don’t even need to look outside to know who is coming. I do, though; only out of respect for Father Kane I wait in the steps of the church for them to park the car. Damn. I thought Marcus would be the one who unsettled me the most but mom looks so... 3D. She looks younger than ever, she has even gained back that weight she lost after dad’s death. Is she blonder? She may have had highlights done. Her long hair falling on her shoulders is something I haven’t seen in a while, not even before the wedding debacle. She always wore it up in a ponytail due to her job or an updo, if there was any special event. Wait. That’s it, how foolish of me. I’ve barely have seen her out of the hospital in 20 years. It’s a bit sad, I guess.

Abby closes the driver door and raises her sunglasses to give me a stern look — meanwhile, Kane surrounds the car to grab his luggage. It still creeps me out how close these two are. Elementary school friends and look at them: a nationally famous surgeon and a priest with a lot of influences in the Diocese. Today I’m going home with her. After the Mass I’ll leave this town forever and give back to Kane the place he belongs to. I’m leaving today and I haven’t even had the chance of talking to Lexa in the whole week. I can’t leave like this. How could I not be worried when she left like that several days ago and she hasn’t called or answered my calls or texts since? She knew I was going home this weekend, and no, I’m not imagining things or being overprotective. I haven’t seen Titus, Tara or John either, not even after going to their house and they are not gone! — the car is still parked there. Emori hasn’t been able to contact Murphy either.

This has actually been a lonely and quiet week. No parishioners have come to church in 4 days and this is getting fishy. Something’s wrong.

“It’s good to see you again, honey.” Mom hugs me tight and kisses my cheek before whispering to my ear. “We have to talk.”

The frown appears immediately in my face as the stare of the Father locks mine. He touches my shoulder affectionately as he passes next to me to his home and fuck, there’s something very off here. With a last look at my phone, making sure there are no new messages or missed calls, I turn around ready to confront whatever may come now. What could go wrong, anyway?

“Welcome home, Marcus,” mom says despite that was my line. She doesn’t bother to walk up the
aisle and just takes a sit on a pew while Father Kane grabs his stuff and takes it up to his room.

“It’s good to be back.” We hear from the stairs, reverberating against the stone walls of the place.

I bet he has missed this. The peace, the calming joy, the purity… Especially the purity. My eyes go straight to the altar. Yes, especially the purity. What a mess I’ve done here. I take a deep breath and prepare myself for the moment Father Kane comes back downstairs to talk to me… or yell at me, I still haven’t decided yet if he would or wouldn’t do that. Abby stands up and hugs me tight — I rest my head on her shoulder and wrap my arms around her, trying to get all the energy she’s trying to give me. Things must be definitely messed up.

“They know,” mom whispers in my ear.

It takes me a second to realize. They know. The Diocese knows — they know about me, about Lexa. Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit… Fuck. They know, they fucking know. But how? Has anybody told them? That’s impossible, we… We have been careful, very careful — there’s no way they could find out because the Lord has told them so. Not a good time to think of blasphemies and to name God’s name in vain. For fuck’s sake! How have they fucking found out?! Are they coming here? Are they going to excommunicate me or something? Probably. Damn it! Is that why Marcus doesn’t seem very rushed in telling me what’s going on? He’s totally going to wait until after the Mass. This is a total ambush and I can’t even say I deserve something better after what I’ve done to him. I betrayed his trust first — I corrupted this sacred place. Now he’s going to hand me to the Diocese and rightfully so.

Petrified as I feel, mom’s arms around me are a calming blanket, an anchor, a place of safety in the middle of this sudden Apocalypse. You’d think I’m exaggerating but that’s exactly what it is: the end of my life, all I knew and liked about it. Everything has been crumbling down lately — Lexa’s radiosilence, the odd behavior of the parishioners, the lonely silence of this place that has been turning more and more into a prison more than my place of freedom. I’m almost 30 years old but I feel like a kid again, like for the first time in years I truly and genuinely need my mom.

“Are you ready?” Marcus’ voice startles us all of a sudden. He’s already dressed up in his priest garments for the Sunday Mass, wearing a matching, calm smile on his lips. No, I’m not ready. Even though I’ve done this thousands of times already, with and without his guidance, today this meeting is going to be different. Today is my very last day — on church or Earth, I don’t really know yet. Whatever the case turns out to be, I’ll be leaving this sick town in a few hours to never come back and I may say that the only hope I still hold at this point is to see Lexa there on the front row, exactly like I did for the first time all those weeks ago. So beautiful, so feral, like a true vision of God. Who could have told me someday I would be thinking of that moment and those which followed like ‘the good old days’?

“It’s time, Clarke.”

The first time I ever did this, Marcus offered me the stole with a wise, sympathetic smile on his face. Today, and despite everything, every sin and sacrilege I have stained his sacred place with, despite the treacherous jab to his trust, he does exactly the same. Some people could say this is only him being understanding out of respect for the friendship he shares with my mother but the reality is… this is just Marcus Kane. Nevertheless, the part I have to play is a bit different this time from what it was during that time. I’m told to climb upstairs to the bell tower and pull from the rope. The bells strident noise call for the parishioners to assist the holy Sunday Mass once and again — I hate this sound so much, it makes my head pound in pain. I guess this is what I deserve for my reckless behavior meanwhile Marcus waits outside like I’ve done so many times, waiting for his sheep to come like a shepherd guiding a flock. I don’t think anybody will appear, and it certainly seems like
I’m right — it’s just an odd feeling in the back of my head that I can’t quite understand. Don’t misunderstand my position about this; I couldn’t care less if they come or not, more company in Hell. Furthermore, I have many more things in my mind right now.

The absence of any news about Lexa has gone beyond worry already. I’m frightened and irritated… and somehow I feel empty. Look at those bastards! Unbelievable. No, it’s actually very believable. Looking through their windows first of all to see who is directing the holy ceremony, people have started coming out their houses and spreading the news like powder in the wind. Fucking town full of vipers. Yes, vipers. Marcus knew they wouldn’t want me, he… They know too, the parishioners know too and… Lexa! She hasn’t texted me or come here. I haven’t seen Titus or Tara, not even John! I’ve already said this… I already knew this, how can I be so stupid?! I climb down the stairs in a rush, almost falling several times, with only one thought in my mind.

“Clarke! You’re going to start now,” my mother grabs my arm before I can take these garments off and go through the back door. I never thought she would insist on me staying in church. The noise of people gathering in the nave and taking their seats is starting to get lower and lower. I can’t go there, I don’t want to go there — not when Lexa is probably suffering right now. How can I possibly stay calm and go there, stand in front of those people who know and judge me for what I did, for how I love her? How can I do that when I haven’t seen her in days, knowing that she’s likely to even been hurt? If I have to be there, behind Marcus, under the piercing stare of her mother I will go mad… Tara! Of course, she has to be here. Think, Clarke, think… I can’t just storm into the major’s house and what? Kidnap her willing daughter? I have to talk to her, at least to know if she’s ok. Then I can call the cops if necessary and…

“Come on!” Abby turns me around and practically pushes me inside the nave. The silence falls heavy in the holy house of God and it hasn’t been his minister’s achievement.

Have you ever felt like you want the Earth to open and swallow you whole? Burnt and naked under the stern look of dozens of eyes. I would like that now — being swollen and taken to Hell if that meant I could be with her forever and in peace. With a little luck, these people and I wouldn’t end up in the same place and we could be happy. That’s all I want and I’m not a vicar in training anymore. What am I even doing here? Oh, yeah, I’m standing by Marcus in this difficult day — difficult thanks to me and my altar spoiling tendencies. The side stare he gives me isn’t nearly as severe and uncomfortable as I thought it would be. He says nothing to me, though, he only talks directly with the altar boy.

“Beloved in the Lord: Our Savior Christ, on the night before he suffered, instituted the Sacrament of his Body and Blood as a sign and pledge of his love, for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of his death, and for a spiritual sharing in his risen life,” Marcus starts. No need to greet back his people or make any further introduction or explanation to his comeback. Maybe he should; perhaps the best thing to do would be just come clear in front of these people fed with gossip and things overheard under treacherous walls and doors. “For in these holy Mysteries we are made one with Christ, and Christ with us; we are made one body in him, and members one of another.” Perfect diction. I used to envy him for his natural calm and deep spirit, and then feel guilty about my sinful feeling. A capital sin. Do I still believe in that? Aren’t humans like that by nature? Just look at these people and their flaws — their endless flaws; and still they judge me as if I was going to Hell for… love. And corrupting a holy place with sex but I don’t know exactly how much they actually do know about me and Lexa. Or how. “Having in mind, therefore, His great love for us, and in obedience to His command, His Church renders to Almighty God our heavenly Father never-ending thanks for the creation of the world, for his continual providence over us, for His love for all mankind…” That word always felt odd in my mind, “…and for the redemption of the world by our Savior Christ, who took upon himself our flesh, and humbled himself even to death on the cross, that
he might make us the children of God by the power of the Holy Spirit, and exalt us to everlasting life.” My eyes run through the crowd, stopping from time to time when catching the severe stare of any angry citizen. For God’s sake... I can’t spot Tara; she’s not in the front row or anywhere to be seen. Fishy... “But if we are to share rightly in the celebration of those holy Mysteries, and be nourished by that spiritual Food, we must remember the dignity of that holy Sacrament.” I’m not stupid, and even if I’m not really focused on the ceremony I know Marcus is low key talking to me too. However, all I can do now is panicking and thinking about what kind of horrible things Lexa must be suffering. WHAT CAN THEY HAVE DONE TO MY GIRL?! I picture her, so gorgeous but losing her glow lock in some room, maybe even… Maybe even tied again, crying in her despair. They better haven’t touched a single lock of her gorgeous head… No, no. If they’re hurting her, I swear to God… “I therefore call upon you to consider how Saint Paul exhorts all persons to prepare themselves carefully before eating of that Bread and drinking of that Cup.”

The cup. Lexa’s tongue running up the valley of my breast, catching every single drop of red wine. She’s so pure, so adorable… so strong and fragile. Such a damn brat. I flick uncomfortably in my spot, my knees suddenly feeling heavy and my body uneasy for different reasons besides the attentive stare of unwholesome and nosy people. I have to go… I can’t stay here arms crossed while Lexa is… I have to go. My attempt to step back doesn’t go unnoticed to Father Kane, who raises his voice, stopping me before I can even finish moving my foot.

“For, as the benefit is great, if with penitent hearts and living faith we receive the holy Sacrament, so is the danger great, if we receive it improperly, not recognizing the Lord’s Body. Judge yourselves, therefore, lest you be judged by the Lord.” He takes a deep breath. I wonder how he hasn’t choked yet with all this verbosity. “Examine your lives and conduct by the rule of God’s commandments, that you may perceive wherein you have offended in what you have done or left undone, whether in thought, word, or deed. And acknowledge your sins before Almighty God, with full purpose of amendment of life, being ready to make restitution for all injuries and wrongs done by you to others; and also being ready to forgive those who have offended you, in order that you yourselves may be forgiven.” I still believe this. To an extent. It’s just I’m making myself some new questions now and I cannot find the answers I seek for in religion anymore. It’s not everything about Lexa and what she and our relationship have meant to me, it’s more than that. It’s inside of me and it has always been, way before I came here. This was my redemption, my last solace when there was nothing else that could make me feel in peace. “And then, being reconciled with one another, come to the banquet of that most heavenly Food. And if, in your preparation, you need help and counsel, then go and open your grief to a discreet and understanding priest, and confess your sins…” Not anymore, “…that you may receive the benefit of absolution, and spiritual counsel and advice; to the removal of scruple and doubt, the assurance of pardon, and the strengthening of your faith. To Christ our Lord who loves us, and washed us in his own blood, and made us a kingdom of priests to serve his God and Father, to him be glory in the Church evermore. Through him let us offer continually the sacrifice of praise, which is our bounden duty and service, and, with faith in him, come boldly before the throne of grace and humbly confess our sins to Almighty God.”

That… was a long speech. Never during any of the gatherings I’ve directed have I given such an extensive one. I have read passages of the Bible and used them to talk about certain matters of concern, of course, but Marcus has the same facility to talk about God’s word tan I have to talk about inflammatory intestinal diseases. Had. I guess everyone has their passion and they stick to them forever, no matter what you do or where you are. This was never my thing, as much as I wanted it to be. Now I know for sure who I am and what I have to do; and that starts finding where and how the freaking fuck is Lexa.

“…spake these words, and said: I am the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have none other gods but me. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.” Father Kane keeps going. I think I’ve missed part of it but
it’s ok. It’s not like I need to intervene anymore. “Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them.”

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law,” the parishioners utter in a monotonous tone.

“Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.” I did this way too many times…

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.” Was this ever this creepy?

“Remember that thou keep holy…” I’m such a sinner… I can’t even believe this.

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.”

“Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.” I did that! Until I came here to become a vicar, at least.

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law,” I murmur with them.

“Thou shalt do no murder.” If they have hurt her, I’ll be breaking this one commandment too.

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.”

“Thou shalt not commit adultery.” At least one I can say I have never been tempted of committing.

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.”

“Thou shalt not…” So many things.

What time is it? I look at my wrist and realize I forgot dad’s watch. Fuck. When was the last time I wore it? I can’t even remember, I could never wear it to direct any ceremonies. Damn, damn, damn… where is it now? I can’t believe I’ve lost it, how can I be so fucking…? Clarke… Two of my fingers find my radial pulse. Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum… My heart rate is so fast I don’t even have to search for the precise spot to feel my blood pumping. Of course! The watch is in my jewelry box. I’m only panicking about this to avoid keep panicking about Lexa — obviously that’s not the most intelligent thing to do but, you know, my girlfriend is probably scared and hurting right now while I’m here listening to a fucking discourse about how I shouldn’t sin! TOO LATE.

Damn, I still haven’t forgotten that day I saw the faint burning marks on her wrists. By the things we’ve talked and she has said and showed me, I wouldn’t be surprised if physicality with her parents wasn’t a rare thing. Why have I allowed this to happen? Why didn’t I take her far away days ago? Because she’s not a defenseless girl and I’m nobody to tell her what to do. Fuck it, sometimes adults also need help.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” In this town, that would send them all to the purgatory for eternity.

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.” Yeah, ask for mercy, you dimwits.

“Thou shalt not covet.”

“Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.” It’s finally over…

No, Marcus has other plans. A psalm, wonderful.
“The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing. He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters, he refreshes my soul,” Father Kane says with enviable musicality. “He guides me along the right paths for his name’s sake. Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil…” I will fear no evil, “…for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.” I can see the smile on Marcus’ lips. He loves this psalm. “You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.” …in the presence of my enemies. “You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. Surely your goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

The parishioners stand up and the Father takes another deep breath. He missed this so much…

“Blessed be God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,” Marcus says.

“And blessed be his kingdom, now and forever. Amen,” they all answer.

“If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” I John 1:8, 9. Kane is not being exactly subtle with the ‘sining’ topic today. “Let us humbly confess our sins unto Almighty God.”

A pregnant silence is kept for several seconds until everyone starts talking at the same time as if we all had reached an agreement.

“Most merciful God, we confess that we have sinned against thee in thought, word, and deed, by what we have done, and by what we have left undone.” There was a lot of thought and deed sinning… “We have not loved thee with our whole heart; we have not loved our neighbors as ourselves.” How could I when this is a pit full of rats. “We are truly sorry and we humbly repent.” The only thing I’m sorry about is disappointing the Father. She has never been a mistake. “For the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, have mercy on us and forgive us; that we may delight in thy will, and walk in thy ways, to the glory of thy Name. Amen.” If there’s any forgiveness.

“The Almighty and merciful Lord grant you absolution and remission of all your sins, true repentance, amendment of life, and the grace and consolation of his Holy Spirit. Amen.” I really hope this is true; however, as long as I’m with her I don’t care. “Blessed be God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,” Marcus starts again and, dear Lord, was this ever so long?

“And blessed be his kingdom, now and forever. Amen.” Is the parishioners’ answer.

“Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid: Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.” Lexa would have a lot of comments to do about this. I can’t help showing a little smile at the thought of her snorting and making sarcastic jokes about Marcus’ words. “Hear what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.” Again, oh my God, this is never gonna end. “And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.”

“Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy Immortal One, Have mercy upon us.”

“Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.” He grabs the wafers. Good, this is almost done. “O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away
the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.” *Come on...* “Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.”

“Amen.” the parishioners answer.

“The Lord be with you.” Marcus turns to face me and offers me the holy chalice and the wafers, urging me to participate in the most sacred part of the Mass. I thought he wouldn’t dare, that he would think I’m not worthy anymore. I am not, but Marcus is too kind. Way too nice.

“And with your spirit,” they stand up and move like bees in a hive to communicate in front of me.

Their queen, though, soon lets herself be noticed. You know, bees are fantastic creatures with a very ruthless society. When they don’t like a queen, they destroy her mercilessly — however, if they do accept the queen, they follow and adore her to the end of times. These people have found a new queen, and her name is Nia Azgeda.

“Father Kane,” she speaks, loud for everyone to shut up and listen to her. “The community would like to talk about a particularly uncomfortable and disgusting matter that affects the holiness of TonDC and the Anglican Church itself.”

“There is a time to speak and a time to be silent.” Marcus calm and simple answer makes me raise my eyebrows. Of course it won’t make her keep quiet but I’m glad to know he’s definitely on my side.

“That’s why we have decided to speak out.” Whatever Nia’s planning, it’s going to be awful; but she being the mastermind here doesn’t excuse the rest of the parishioners. What’s this even? A coup?

Marcus gives me a flash side stare and his eyes dart back to Nia’s, running through the faces of every parishioner in the church afterwards. There are no signs of benevolence in them. *This is going to be painful,* and I don’t have the time to waste it with whatever mischief Nia’s mind has planned. I have to find Lexa.

“Don’t worry, Father, it will be only a second.” The woman articulates that evil smile of hers and suddenly looks at me in the eye. I can feel how all my blood goes to my limbs to start running away but I know I can’t leave Marcus alone to take care of everything when there’s a very religious, very angry crowd waiting to jump at his protégée. “Today we’re not only here to welcome you, Father, we’re also here to show our disgust and the feeling of betrayal in our hearts at the horrifying spoiling this holy building has suffered in your absence.” Yeah, that’s what I thought she would say.

With a straight face, Marcus nods and steps up, never looking at me — not once. Maybe he just wants to play dumb and pretend he doesn’t know a thing, and if that was the case I wouldn’t blame him, to be honest. Although, again, that’s not Marcus. I trust him and whatever he has in mind.

“You’re talking about the recent dismissal of vicary of Mother Griffin, if I’m not wrong.”

They start looking at each other. Fools. The only one that keeps her steely pose is Mrs. Azgeda, who looks more and more like a hyena ready to peel the meat that the parishioners may leave in my bones after they’re done than a woman. What have I done to her? Apart from putting up with her annoying obsessions and hysterical family problems. I’ve been patient and sympathetic, do I really deserve this from her? Oh, right, I don’t think she cares.

“Your looks and the way you talk, the friends you choose and how you interact with others...” she
starts. “Everything must back up what you say and defend here in this holy temple.”

My lips part to defend myself but Marcus is faster than my words. Behind that face of peaceful quietness lays the feral passion of a teacher, a tutor, a protector.

“Whatever the Diocese considers and decides about Mother Clarke, her work and behavior aren’t a concern of the parish but the Diocese and hers and their only.” He looks at me openly for the first time and my eyes get clouded by a sudden wave of gratitude and affection. “Besides, if you ever thought of me as a confident, a guide, a friend or role model, I’ll tell you this and you must trust: Clarke Griffin is the example of conscientiousness and hard-work, the epitome of loyalty and truth of spirit.” Marcus…

“I don’t doubt Mother Griffin was misguided by bad influences but that doesn’t excuse the great offence I saw her committing here in front of our Lord.”

“You saw?” I blurt out, unable to believe what she’s saying. “Is everyone here, you all who I’ve listened and given advice to — all of you that I’ve comforted and helped in the worst of your days for two years, standing in this place with wretched faith in me because of the words of one woman?”

It is a bit hypocritical, I’m aware; however, I can’t help but being in awe at the brittleness of their friendship and admiration.

Nobody dares to give an answer.

“That’s what I thought.”

“I have friends in the Diocese, Mother,” Nia hurries to intervene, widening the ugly smile in her face. “You renounced to your faith and this church weeks ago and then you spoil the house of God getting here that whore.” I squint my eyes and Mrs. Azgeda starts talking loudly. “I have a video record in which you can see Alexandra Wilde and the Mother practically fornicating in this very place only a few days ago.” What the…? “What do you answer to that, Mother?”

…fuck? The worst part is that I cannot say I did never corrupt this place because, well, I did way too many times. Seriously, I don’t know when or how she could possibly see us. Record us! A few days ago? What was I doing a few…? We were only doing stuff in my room at that point, it’s impossible she could see us!

“I don’t know exactly what you think you saw but I can assure before God that…”

“Two people can be found guilty of fornication even if they don’t get to… the coitus.” The arrogance of her statement gets shadowed by the feeling of relief that fills my body when she interrupts me so I don’t have to make up an excuse from the top of my head. I didn’t have a clue of what to say without shamelessly lying in the house of God. “That’s why Saint Paul gave us the works of the flesh, to know that also includes, the impurity in what it is said and done, the insolence and debauchery. Those lacking of shame won’t inherit God’s kingdom! Where is your limit, Clarke?”

My limit.

After months of meaningless sex and booze binge I reached my limit. I was so sure that was the end of the spiral down destruction I just binged on other stuff and ended up in hospital. I am a doctor — in the depths of my conscience I knew pills are made for the human body and taking a million wouldn’t kill me if someone called for help. Did I know mom was coming home? Like every night to take care of her messy daughter, I guess. Was that my limit?
Debauchery.

I was the first person that thought what Lexa and I did was the desecration of all the holy things in the world — an offense to God and the Church, and my well-deserved ticket to Hell. Little did I know in that moment, giving my body and my soul in the altar, that if there’s a Heaven, it is wherever Lexa is. I’m not excusing the improper behavior of the student of vicary — the sins we committed are out of discussion at this point; the meaning of my words is more deep and felt than I ever thought I could feel. I love her, I don’t regret a moment I’ve spent with her or a thing said out loud or in the intimacy of our sheets.

“There’s no use in lying to you now.” I give a sided look to Marcus and step up. “To the accusations of being in a relationship with Alexandra Wilde, I confess not my guilt but my great fortune.” The whole church is looking at me but I’m not afraid. Not of them, not of Nia or what they could do to me. The flame of fear burning me inside comes from other lands. “Between us there’s friendship, trust, love and yeah… there is passion as well but…”

“Having a passion doesn’t mean you must act in consequence. If you want, actually desire to become clean before God, you can.” Did I interrupt you? I squint my eyes at Nia’s words, begging to God to be able to annihilate her with a stare. But God doesn’t seem very favorable to me lately.

And I finally understand.

Nothing I could tell to these people, nothing I could claim would be effective. They don’t want to hear my say, they have come here to condemn me. For what? Improper behavior in a church? Staining the good name of this community? If there’s any name to spoil. Or is it something else? Homosexual behavior, maybe? I don’t know. I don’t know and I don’t care, but these people are looking at me with darker and darker eyes and I think I should get out of here.

“Clarke!” Abby calls me from the back side of the nave.

Marcus eyes tell me to go to her. To run to her. This is getting dangerous, I need to go get Lexa. Stumbling backwards while Father Kane tries to calm the crowd, always under the despicable look of Nia Azgeda, I reach the hallway and mom pulls from my arm to take me upstairs in such a rush I could have got a sprained ankle. Lexa. But I don’t care. Lexa. I couldn’t care any less. Lexa. Where is she? I need to go to her.

“Clarke, grab your stuff,” mom insists but I can’t quite react and process what is happening. “Clarke!”

She passes through me and grabs the backpack and the couple of bags already prepared in the floor of the bedroom. There’s something else coming from her lips but I can’t understand it when the only thing I can think of is…

“I’m not going anywhere until I know for sure Lexa’s ok.”

I rush downstairs, almost falling several times because of the inconvenient irregularities of the stone steps, and try to reach the back door striding through the kitchen when Marcus appears, covered in sweat and red as a balloon, closing the door to the nave behind him and leaning against it. A loud hit on the door. Things must have gone insanely wild.

“Clarke, you have to go now!” he shouts right in time for my mother to appear downstairs and throw a bag at me that almost makes me lose my balance. I don’t understand I… I can’t wrap my mind around what is actually going on but I don’t care. The safety of only one person is in my mind right now, and I don’t have a way of at least knowing if she’s hurt or not.
“But Lexa…” I try, but with another hard thrust on the tiny door Marcus has to hold himself to the sharp stones of the wall not to let the parishioners in and Abby doesn’t even hesitate before pushing me to the back door.

“Put the bags in the trunk while I help Marcus.” Mom throws her keys at me and leaves what she was carrying on the floor before rushing back inside.

I… I… I can’t breathe. Lexa. My legs won’t answer. Lexa... My left foot moves forward and I use the impulse to keep doing that. I should start doing weight training or carrying less things to my spiritual retirements.

“What is going on?” I hear Abby asking while moving a chest to lock the door. “This is bad, isn’t it?” The surgeon in her is able to keep calm even in the most difficult situations. I’ve always envied that of her.

Father Kane doesn’t answer immediately and all I can hear are the loud hits on the door. He is scared. This relaxed, humble man who only did good things for these people is afraid. For me. His words become a sharp whistle in my ears and I can’t understand a thing until a mix of incredulity and horror reflects on my mother’s words.

“You must be kidding.” What...? What...? Abby opens the back door of the church and rushes to shield me. What...? “Those hicks are not throwing my daughter to a well. They’re fucking insane!”

This is the first time I’ve ever heard my mother saying a bad word but the occasion deserves it. I feel like the monster of Frankenstein confronting an angry mob with torches and pitchforks. Really what do they think this is, Salem trials? I’m too in awe to be scared, honestly. This is surreal.

“You need to go now!” Father Kane closes the door behind him and urges us to the car.

“But Lexa…” I try but mom is already throwing the luggage inside the trunk.

“No buts, I have to get you back to civilization.”

“I’m not leaving without Lexa!”

One thing is for sure: if they are coming after me, they’ll go after her and I can’t picture Titus or Tara throwing themselves in front of their sinner daughter to shield her from the feral ‘justice’ of their community. This looks like a horror movie, a nightmare haunting me in my sleep. I’ve always been well aware this place wasn’t exactly normal but this is an entirely different thing. I can’t leave Lexa behind and alone. Not now, not ever. I won’t — she’s my girl, she’s my people. My people.

The crowd is starting to come off the church in a bizarre vision of anger and violence by the time Abby pushes me inside the car and occupies the driver’s seat. Mom turns on the engine and the giant mob soon becomes a harmless mass of tiny spots in the horizon. Still, my mind is full of one only and burning fear. Lexa — My heart is beating so fast that it could probably stop any minute now. I don’t need this dull headache to realize I can’t breathe and I’m having a panic attack. What a mess, fuck. I curl up in the backseat of mom’s car, not even caring anymore about whether Father Marcus is still following us with mine or not. I can’t even remember at what point I gave him my keys or if I gave them to him at all. I can’t… focus. Focus. I need to focus, that’s what I need. Shit, breathe. Did I give them to him? Tears start flowing down my face matched by bitter and painful whines that Abby cannot ignore. I can feel the car stopping as she pulls over to reach back to me.

“Breathe, baby,” she says and thank you, I hadn’t thought about doing that! “You’re ok, you’re safe.”
“Can you…” I whine and gasp, struggling to continue without breathing. My tears feel so acid against my skin that burn it wherever they touch it, “…realize I don’t care? Lex-Lexa’s still there a-and… and I don’t…”

Out of nowhere, mom seems to appear on the backseat next to me, wrapping her arms around my body as if I was a baby, hugging me tight against her chest and kissing the top of my head. She cradles me in her arms trying to comfort and brush off my sorrow, just like that time not so long ago. When dad died. I don’t want to think about that, though — especially now my mental health is being pushed so far from the edge. I can’t, I have to put myself together. For Lexa. Breathe, breathe… Two out, one in, two out… Slow… My fingernails start hitting the door at a steady pace. Ta-da… ta-da… ta-da… I think Marcus has gotten out of the car to check out for us but I can’t think about that now, I have to focus. Bum-bum… bum-bum… Steady like the beating of a drum. Bum-bum… bum-bum… Systole, diastole. From cava to right atrium. Bum. Right ventricle. Bum. Lungs. Left atrium. Bum. Left ventricle. Bum. Shit, I’ll probably have to study how to read the ECG again. Mom says something — I don’t understand.

“Fifteen minutes,” she repeats in a whisper and I turn my head to look at her. “You have fifteen minutes and we are out.”

I’m going for you.

The statistic probability of them answering the door only by knocking is close to zero, especially with mom and Father Kane waiting on the end of the street, doing a watch in case the angry mob shows up, which will probably do soon if I know them well. However, they do answer — after days of silence and self-imposed seclusion Titus opens the door.

Marcus has said that nothing of what has happened here has had anything to do with Lexa and I. As infuriating and it may sound, that has been his truthful explanation of the situation. We have only been the pawns in some rural, twisted game of power in this little kingdom of theirs — The coup wasn’t against me, against Lexa or whatever happened between us. Everything was against the major and his wife, the two more respected and influential members of TonDC. Everything was about Nia Azgeda and her determination to run this place; and we got caught in between. After all, what could possibly ruin your reputation more than such a scandal leaded by your only child? Regarding Marcus’ sources and own wild guesses, Nia has tried to find out the real reason of Lexa’s return to home but in the process she came up with something more… juicy. Roan had probably already told her about Lexa and her friend in the Diocese almost certainly filled the gaps. Come to think of it, I don’t even think Roan and Ontari were going to get married — they may be in lust but they’re not in love, that I can assure you. Maybe that was exactly the reason, having sex before marriage is not acceptable and you know every wall and door in this place has ears and eyes — furthermore, they weren’t exactly shy about it. That wouldn’t be good for the Azgedas’ reputation; however, I still don’t understand why someone would bring a person you don’t love to meet the parents… Anyway, they made too many questions probably to confirm the gossip of the Diocese and I played along, blind to their real intentions like a fool. God, if I had just shut up…

That’s at least what Father Kane said. Nevertheless, looking eye-wide at the dark bruises coloring Titus’ left eye, cheekbone and his knuckles, seeing the dry roughness of his parted lip, I can’t help but wondering if there was actually any godly or fatal mischief in all this story. This was never about us, he has said, and still I’m sure that’s Lexa’s blood on the floor.
“Where is she?” I didn’t think this was possible after such a terrifying vision but my voice doesn’t tremble, not a little bit.

“You’re not welcome here,” he answers dryly but keeping that steely fortitude of his. “Get out before I force you to.” The man steps back and attempts to close the door.

“I’ll call the police!” What a weak attempt to stop him, I realize. Far from scaring him, his only glare leaves me frozen in my spot in the threshold.

“Tell them that General Wilde says hi.”

Speechless and lost. Hopeless and alone. I have barely needed five minutes to be sent to Hell in militar style. The door closes in front of me with a thud and the image of the blood burning in my brain. I can't breath, I can't think. I've lost her — she's injured and alone somewhere and I've lost her. I've failed her. This is the worst of nightmares. The sharp, cracking noise from the alley turning the corner is the only thing that wakes me up.

Chapter End Notes

I repeat: I promised a happy ending so don't freak out too much.
I don't have a clue about when I'll be able to update but I will as soon as possible.

Have a nice Christmas!
8th week - Derdekea

Chapter Summary

"You were our punishment after our unworthy, sinful behavior before marriage." Mom! That I didn’t know. Wild… I want to yell and laugh at their hypocrisy. They were too much of horny teenagers to even act according to what they so steely believe in – and I was wondering for all these years if I was an alien or a product of alchemy because my progenitors were like rocks without hormones and I am this sick lustful fuck. “We were too weak and we succumbed to the Devil’s doings and in return I had to give birth to an abomination."

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! It's good to be back. I have no excuse for having taken so long to post this but I'll only say this school year has been really busy and has also taken a true toll on my mental health. Anyway, it's over so here you have what was promised. The next part I'll try to publish it soon, it's going to be a long af epilogue that will conclude these gals' story and I swear it's going to be sinful and not as painful as this fucking chapter.

TRIGGER WARNINGS: suicide mention, abuse, rape mention.

I’ve already told you (extensively) in several occasions about my full acting out party adventures — but I can swear that no hangover or long session of frantic sex with no breaks and the following dizziness has ever equaled the headache that is drilling my head right now. Long lost the track of time, the only thing I can do right is lying on the bed and breathing slowly, trying not to make any brusque movements so the world doesn’t start spinning around me. There’s a general soreness in my body that I have only felt after a crushing session of training and… shit. I honestly don’t want to think how my face must look right now — Not that I would obsess about scars or anything like that, my face is only one of my several strong points an-Dammit! How am I going to show my face in a trial and convince the jury if I look like Scar from The Lion King? It hurts like hell too, especially when I… you know… breathe and that stuff people have the habit of doing. It’s frankly annoying — and please, ignore the fact that Clarke would roll her eyes like she always does at such impolite manners while thinking I’m a savage brat but I have to say it. Fucking pardon my French but this is hella painful. I want a bag of ice.

My mother is looking at me, sitting on that chair in the corner. She has been there for a while now — I couldn’t say if hours or days but for sure she was already here after I came back and got treacherously ambushed by a certain viper and my very own father. Isn’t family something wonderful? This may have taken you aback but no, mother wasn’t there to trip me up, she was too busy destroying what was left of my property and basically going insane in my room after watching a video of Clarke and I kissing on the altar. Kissing! Oh my Lord, forgive our terrible sins! For
fuck’s sake… If Nia had had the opportunity and recorded us having wild sex right there, I don’t know what she would have done — probably burn me in the stake for being a sinful, Satan’s whore or something like that. Perhaps karma would have been good to me and she’d have had a stroke so at least I wouldn’t have been tied to this bed again but running away to Canada while they drove like crazy to the nearest hospital. Don’t think I don’t know my honesty is creepy as fuck but, you know, when life gives you lemons… you wish the lemon tree burns so you can make a nice barbeque.

No, I’m not cursing my ancestors because I’m a petty little asshole who cannot fix her problems on her own. I tried to escape this boring torture, I did — In fact, I’ve just waken up a few hours ago… or minutes, I don’t know. I must thank Murphy for the opportunity, actually. There was so much noise downstairs in the kitchen that they didn’t even hear how I broke the headboard to free myself. Getting out of the house was going to be a way more difficult task, visibly. As much as I’d like to believe I’m made of steel, I wouldn’t have been able to just open the window and jump to freedom even if I wanted to because now it seems like they have installed iron bars in my room. Just like jail. Awesome, right? Anyway, the noise was coming from the patio… or the kitchen… whatever, so of course I tried to sneak through the living room, only to be caught redhanded by daddy dearest and fall face first in the last moment. However, I fought back, guys — I wouldn’t just stay put as he kicked me and tried to drag me back to that cell. I took him down by kicking his ankle; he fell like a rock during a landslide and I’m pretty sure he sprained it. I jumped back on my feet and tried to reach the exit when a chair crashed against the wall right at my left. He threw a fucking chair at me! And then another one as he stood up, and a glass vase, which I had to dodge by rolling to the back of the couch. I’m not even going to question his terrible aim because it played in my favor but I didn’t think he was that old already to fail like that. A stray piece of glass left a gash on my belly somehow but it isn’t deep, don’t worry, it’s barely a scratch. My father suddenly pushed the couch, making my back and the back of my head slam against the wall and trapping me so he was able to grab me by my arm and drag me to the bottom of the stairs. He tried to drag me up so I pulled and made him fall on his ass right before getting on top of him and giving him the black eye he has deserved for years. My knuckles hadn’t burned so much in a long time — not since the last time I sparred with Indra, I think.

Every punch on his jaw was a hit I had endured during these long 21 years of life; every time I smacked his head against the floor of the living room was a time they had tied me, insulted me, humiliated me, yelled at me… For that time at six I got spanked for hours for being curious about myself and my environment, only to get confused at eight when he took me to the military base, gave me a piggy-back ride and showed me the planes and the honor medals and explained what every single one meant to a bright, big-eyed me. That day I accidentally took on one of the soldiers when I turned around and hit him with something I can’t even remember right in the balls. I thought dad was going to beat me up but he laughed along with the rest of his comrades and that was probably the moment he decided to train me. Training — that was a good thing between us, probably the only bond we’ve ever shared. I was ten and even at that time I could realize the difference between us. He trained to destroy while I trained to protect — to protect Lincoln, Luna, Gustus, Anya and Indra… Hell, even Roan, from bullies. I trained to become more powerful for my people while all he did with his strength was beating lower rank soldiers if they did something wrong — and us, he also liked beating us. When the time came for me to become stronger than my master he didn’t like it. He didn’t like when I got to punch him, or when I dodged all his attempts to hit me. He didn’t like to find himself laying on the floor at the feet of his 15 year old daughter. I wonder who was more hurt: father or his manliness. I guess that it was the last one because he suddenly stopped sparring with me, just like a crybaby. From that moment on, he only made me run and bend like one of his soldiers. He enjoyed being in command way too much.

I was lucky to be able to keep training with my friends on my own, otherwise I probably wouldn’t have endured all the beatings that followed. I still can recall that one when I refused to babysit Murphy because he was a noisy, little monster and I had to study for my finals. As much as I hated
John, I wouldn’t let him see anything really ugly so I just stayed as still as I could. Nobody should have to endure something like that, neither a 16 year old nor anyone. I guess our relationship went from bad to Hell from that day on until he made himself very clear when he refused to pay my college tuition. Somehow I got the scholarship and mom’s pride was too powerful for him to resist at least paying for my apartment. I haven’t received a Christmas present or birthday card from them in four years, though — not that I needed it. I was actually avoiding them by joining free and random plans that usually involved booze and sex and that was way more fulfilling than having them face to face again. As long as they paid and didn’t bother me I was ok, even if I wasn’t able to control myself… but that’s another story that I’ve already told way too many times.

That is the exact reason why I still cannot understand what they were doing in Boston that day. They hadn’t visited and vice versa in four years, why on Earth would they appear in my house and start meddling on my stuff as if they were searching for drugs? It doesn’t make any sense, just like every event that has followed that moment, especially SAA. That was a big mindfuck… one that ended up in a fuck-fuck and a pretty unexpected punch in my jaw by who? My old man, of course. First I was a better fighter than he is and then I was better at satisfying women, of course he would be furious. Kidding-no kidding. Now seriously, military republican abusers don’t like gay people in general but hate them to their guts if they’re part of their family. I swear I saw him crying in outrage the day the “Don’t ask, don’t tell” policy was set aside by our real dad, Mr. Barack Obama. I have a t-shirt with his face and it… What was I saying?

My back touched the ground but I managed to roll on the floor and get back on my feet with a nimble motion. This is what happens when you rest on one’s laurels and your mind starts drifting away when you’re fighting, gentlepeople. A tug on my t-shirt and two strong arms locked my neck from behind, choking me with great force. Fuck! I couldn’t even make my elbow hit him — but I wasn’t even close to give up. I jumped and, propelling myself in the furniture, I made us both fall. His knees hit the floor as I launched myself again and made them bend, falling on top of him and quickly rolling aside to freedom. Father was fast enough to get back on top of me, not so much to dodge the foot that helped me throw him against the cupboard. As soon as I stood up, he flew at me and grabbed me by my clothes, wrestling until I slapped his hands off and threw him back to the ground. He was furious, livid as a red hot poker. He charged against me so I lifted him up and let us fall again on the floor, making his back crash hard. He was doing really good to be a retired old man. Then he started playing dirty.

My father grabbed one of the pieces of the disemboweled chairs and tried to hit me with it while I was on the ground Didn’t look good for a girl, no. However, I intercepted his arm with my legs and made him taste the sour flavor of the floor one more time. I got back on my feet as quickly as I could but he was already there, throwing a punch at my jaw that almost made me lose my balance. I dodged the next one, though, and jumped to his shoulders to lock his neck and try to take him down again. Yet, he’s an experienced grandpa soldier, so he slammed my body against the wall as if I was a rag doll — and fuck, it hurt so much I couldn’t breathe or move. He took advantage of my moment of shock to throw me to the other side of the room, grabbing me by my legs, my body sliding on the table and crashing against the back of one of the couches. The floor was so cold it was almost tempting just laying there, giving up and accepting whatever was to come — but that’s not me, is it? Get kicked down, get back up. That’s my way, the Trikru way, and that’s how we survive. I used the back of the couch to stand up, not with a lack of struggle, and it was also my salvation when my father kicked the table and I jumped at the couch to avoid it. You can take me down once with that but not twice. And then I saw it, clear as water. I took a step on the heavy wooden table and swatted his neck, which made him wince and gasp for air.

My memory is a bit blurred here. I believe I climbed off the furniture and observed him there, flinching as I tried to catch my breath. I’m sure that, at least for a second, I was proud at myself as I had been able to fight for my freedom. I had made him fall on his sorry ass, given him a black eye…
He was struggling and I was beating his soldier butt. Until a sudden push made me trip and hit the back of a standing chair mouth first. I’m pretty sure it was my mother who did it, and quite surprised all my teeth are intact because that was a pretty hard knock. I lost consciousness and probably split my lower lip. That would explain why it burns and it can also be one of the reasons why I feel so heavy — those injuries bleed like hell.

Well, here I am again, feeling my wrists burning because of the ropes — I don’t even try to fight them anymore, everything hurts too much. I must admit some external help would have been, you know, nice and all, but let’s be honest: if this is happening to me because of only two bastards, I can’t even imagine what Clarke is going through against the whole town. Yet, I’m sure she’s resisting just fine and I’m also trying to keep the thought of her driving to Boston and leaving me behind away from my mind. Well, fuck. I suck at being optimistic. No, no. Clarke wouldn’t do that… and even if she did, I could perfectly understand her. I’m just a fuckup living in a fucked up hickhole with an even more fucked up family, and outside I’m this filthy addict enduring all the shit that comes from an ungrateful degree that doesn’t pay back. This is me being positive, guys, I’m trying.

“If you’re going to stay there looking at me the whole day, you’d better take a picture.” My voice doesn’t sound like mine even if I’m trying to put all my sassiness to display. “It would last longer.” It’s husky and dry, and every single word hurts, but mom doesn’t seem affected the least by it. I don’t think she has noticed any difference either.

The chair makes a hoarse noise and the chestnut hair of my mother seems to get closer. She sits on the edge of the bed and grabs something from the ground. The unmistakable sound of a zip running up and down and the sudden smell of antiseptic soon cloud my senses. Holy damn…!

My face must be full of scratches and gushes because, Hell, how much it burns the moment the wet gauze touches my skin. Perhaps I don’t look like the good, old Scar (yet) but at least I must be a Pinhead after his acupuncture session — one with way better hair, of cou- Ouch! My jaw clenches automatically to conceal the pain. I’m not giving her the satisfaction of hearing my whines of pain. Fuck! My lip has definitely suffered a lot.

“I’ve always been a decent woman,” my mother utters between her teeth. I don’t even know if I’m supposed to be hearing it by the way her face fills with the shadow of seriousness. “Fearful of the Lord and always obedient to His word.” Look, I can stand the ties, the pain all along my body, the fact that I’ve basically been kidnapped and beat up by my crazy ass family — however, if she’s going to start complaining and praying to whoever while she’s here, I prefer dying. “While most of the women of our generation were rotten inside, I was one of the chosen ones. My womb was fertile thanks to God’s grace and will.” Where she is driving at with this, I don’t have a clue, but I’m already bored.

With a sudden click, my mom lights a cigarette and takes a long, deep puff that escapes her nose and mouth in the shape of a grey, dense and stinky cloud. This is the first time in my life that I’ve seen anyone in my family smoking. Well, that’s not entirely true — I remember my uncle, who smoked like a chimney. However, this actually is the first time I’ve seen her smoking. She doesn’t even cough or flinch in any way and her handle of the tiny joint is quite relaxed so I can be fairly sure that this is not the first time she’s doing this. Not at all. I can picture my mother while we were at school, sneaking out of family parties or even her bedroom at night to go outside and have her dose of nicotine. If I was wondering where my addictive tendencies came from. It’s awkward, though — realizing that besides what they have let you see in your childhood growing up, you don’t really know your parents at all. Who they really are… or maybe more like who they were. Were they the same before getting married? Were they happy or were they sad, full of unfulfilled dreams that escaped their hands in the last minute? Did they like to hang out with friends and get wasted or high?
They will never tell you if you ask, so how would you know? Just like if they did prefer vodka, gin or rum — probably rum. Were they the sleeping around type? Who knows? And yet the saddest part of it is that it doesn’t even matter. Nothing of that stuff changes what they are now, the people you know. You could seek for an explanation for their behavior but the reason has happened so long ago that it wouldn’t make any difference. If mom was TonDC’s local drug dealer or dad was a fuckboy for his own pleasure or because of his own family trauma, it doesn’t matter anymore. Whoever they were isn’t important now because there is no longer a redemption or salvation for who they are now. These people here and now are Titus and Tara Wilde: these ties that bite the flesh and the bruises in my skin, the reeking smoke in the air and filling our lungs with death.

I know my reality is already sad enough but I can’t help thinking about this odd stuff from time to time. You already know me, I must have a philosopher’s soul. Right now what is really bothering me, however, is where the Hell she’s going to put her filthy ashes when there isn’t an ashtray around. She better not burn my things, I kind of like them even if they remind me of this house and this life.

“The truth is”, mother says and I feel even excited. This will be the first time something like that comes out of her lips, “I never wanted to have a daughter.” I’m really trying not to roll my eyes at the disappointment, already thinking she was going to tell me something I didn’t know. My mind was already wandering and dreaming the sweet dream of having been adopted when I was born — Mom and I look way too much alike, sadly. “You were our punishment after our unworthy, sinful behavior before marriage.” Mom! That I didn’t know. Wild… I want to yell and laugh at their hypocrisy. They were too much of horny teenagers to even act according to what they so steely believe in – and I was wondering for all these years if I was an alien or a product of alchemy because my progenitors were like rocks without hormones and I am this sick lustful fuck. “We were too weak and we succumbed to the Devil’s doings and in return I had to give birth to an abomination.” This is the most beautiful compliment she has ever given me. Rude. “You have never been anything but a disappointment.” So not surprising. “Always playing the good girl to cover your mischief and draw everybody’s attention but I…”, stop pointing at me with that finger, “I knew better. I saw through your doe eyes and found the devil himself.”

No. You may be thinking that I should talk back, answering in my own Lexa way to her insults and despise. Nevertheless, let me tell you something — the only thing that takes me aback about this is, in fact, that she has finally had the guts to verbalize it. There is no use in getting angry or fighting, especially feeling this pain in my ribs and… I probably have sprained my wrist. How could I? There’s nothing I can do in this situation and a girl must pick her battles. It’s not like there’s anything she could do or say to hurt me any more than she already has done during these last 21 years of my existence. And you know what, guys? I’m even glad. Yes, I’m glad to be here so I can see how fucking ugly they really are because nobody else does, and this way I can finally learn to leave them behind, not letting them and their shit drag me to Hell and destroy me under the premise of some fictitious sacred bond. Now I can stop defining my life after the ways I can make them love me because now I know for sure there’s no such a feeling in their hearts. This is my chance to pursue real, healthy happiness and to do that I have to get the fuck out of here.

“Listen,” mother blows the stinky, suffocating smoke in my direction, making me cough painfully. Charming. And my mouth tastes like blood, this is amazing, “when your mother is talking to you.” A thumb and a strong index on my chin force me to look at her. She’s enjoying herself being the center of attention and telling her sobbing old fashioned stories. Doing it is probably a relief to her — finally taking everything out of her chest and saying it out loud, I mean. The sad tale of her life. I bet venting her existential rage like this, to me, is some sort of cathartic experience. If this works for her maybe the next time I should try torturing her while telling her my fucking damn biography.

“All those filthy manners of yours…” and she keeps going, of course. “All the dirt and the disgrace that you have brought into my life — with which you have always stained everything that was
 remotely precious to me.” Then Mother makes a long stop in her speech, sight lost somewhere in the room with the nasty cigarette clinging from two thin fingers and creating a dense, dark cloud above us. She has probably just had a stroke... Please, God, let her have a stroke. I’ve given her so much joy as a daughter I’ve literally blown her mind, right? Wait, wait... How am I going to deal with an old, destroyed father, an annoying whatever Murphy is, and a frozen bitch from Hell? Life gets difficult sometimes, no kidding, but now she’d better be reacting before this smoke suffocates me.

“Mother...” Nothing. I probably would have gotten a much better reaction talking to a wall. “You are right, you are so right.” Speaking was never this difficult. “I am a shell of a person full of bugs and worms and there’s nothing pure about me at all.” Look how she reacts when I admit she’s right! “Yet, I can assure you nobody has ever experienced any more holiness than I did that time Clarke’s fingers were buried deep inside of me while you were making your confession.”

It doesn’t happen immediately — In her eyes I can see how her brain is processing what I’ve just said. I thought I would be sorry for my sharp tongue sooner but a few moments go by and I’m still looking at my mother, who is too stunned to get herself together. Shitfuckhell! It digs in my arm so easily, so so easily... The heat spreading through my body feels like a very bad fever and, for the record, I’m glad I have never read ’50 Shades of Grey’ otherwise I’d have felt swindled. Not sexy at all. I’m not even kidding, guys, this is not a moment to joke about but... FUCK! A few drops fall down the sides of my face and a few others follow them down my chin. Am I crying? I am. You’d be crying too if the filthy joint was biting your skin. I’m not yelling, though, and I don’t think I will — my body is already using all its energy in twisting anxiously and the current pain striking me along is probably blocking my mind. Have you ever read about the typical hero bearing torture till they (he) cannot even feel the pain? Well, BIG LIE. Why could that be? I should ask...

My mind is starting to separate in two, like it’s dissociated. I think that’s the correct term, anyway. Probably, I don’t really know; Psychology has never been my field of expertise. I’m here and I’m not — But if I’m not in my room and everything is just a story, where I am? This feels like staring at my life from some kind of limbo... a limbo, yes. Am I dead already? No, death doesn’t hurt and this pain is very real so I guess not. I never liked Philosophy that much either but this reminds me of Socrates’ theory about the ideal world. Maybe if I keep thinking in my own stuff, the real moment won’t feel so messed up? No, still hurts like Hell. Fucking junky philosophers...

My life is a mess per se, who am I even kidding? This is unbearable and I want to break my vocal cords by shouting at her to stop. No begging — Heda doesn’t beg to anyone, but... just... Stop! Stop! NO MORE! I just want her to stop.

But she doesn’t.

The touch of a blade against your skin is cold and way sharper than I imagined. For the first time in my life I can understand the sudden rush of fear that makes people’s expressions fall when someone threatens them with a knife. However, talking form experience, nothing feels so excruciatingly penetrating as the head of a needle sinking in your skin until it makes a hole. But a needle is tiny, you’ll say — trust me, it can make a pretty decent hole. She makes her own drawing in my upper arm for it not to show too much, which... is a good sign, actually, because that means that she doesn’t plan to kill me. Now that I’ve given up she’ll have the pleasure of hearing me in pain, I hope she’ll know when to stop. Maybe I’m hoping too much. Whatever happens in the end, I want good music and cake on my funeral; and if I see a priest that is not Clarke anywhere around me I swear to Anne Boleyn that I’m coming back to life to kill them all.
Funerals are so awkward. People who haven’t met in years meet without really wanting and say without really trying some comforting words to the sad family the person has left behind. They can’t be comforted, everyone knows it, and still you can hear people apologizing everywhere as if that would change anything. But if you don’t follow that pattern of behavior you feel even more awkward, don’t you? Then you have to sit and listen to a jerk advertising again and again their religion and maybe even talking about their childhood instead of talking about the person who is supposed to be the protagonist of the event, especially if people don’t want to make things sadder and choose not to share memories of the deceased. In those situations you’ll be lucky if you hear someone actually talking about the defunct once or twice in an hour. You don’t matter. Did you ever? I don’t think I ever did, at least.

For some time, don’t ask me how much because I lost track of time long ago, I wonder how it would have been having been born in a normal place, being the daughter in a normal family. I don’t mean ‘boring-normal’ but a family in which fighting to death or tying your children to bed posts wasn’t something normal. Somewhere people don’t trust the management of their beloved town to a popularity contest and where there weren’t angry mobs with torches and pitchforks chasing after the gays in 2016. To be honest, at this point I’ve also given up on that. There is no way out of here. I’ll never become a judge or have no-babies and an apartment or a house with Clarke… Dreaming of alternative realities isn’t going to help me escape this place, anyway — and that happens way more often that I’m sure it’s normal. Dreaming of alternative realities, I mean; or more like picturing what would have happened if they hadn’t come to my apartment that day and found out what I am. How deliciously wicked would have been coming back at the end of the summer for an unknown reason and finding their corpses rotten by the unbearable heat. The stink of their death would have brought me peace and it may sound wicked but this reality is too. I am the corpse now, after all, or an almost-corpses. An almost so many things I have already stopped myself from keeping thinking about it. Depressing, truly.

Looking at my arms I can still catch the smell of burned flesh and dried blood, making me flinch with acid in my nose and a bitter flavor on my tongue. The heat it left behind is suffocating too — if only I could open the widow… Someday these wounds will heal, I hope, or maybe they’ll just leave a nasty scar, especially after the salt. I wish I was only referring to my mother’s current upset behavior of sorts about apparently having stolen her beauty, youth, fertility and having touched the forbidden treasure or something like that. No — nevertheless, I could feel the punishment for all of that. Every tiny white grain in my open flesh was from her view retaliation for my deadly sins. A merciful chastisement, even — although, if you were to ask me, it shined more by its lack thereof. Have I not redeemed myself already from whatever I must apologize? I doubt she will ever have enough — Mother will keep going, keep trying to destroy me but what she doesn’t know is that… right now I feel nothing but pain, and pain is something I can understand. That’s why she has never been able to command but be commanded, because she’s impulsive and her way of proceeding, even her way of lashing out is uncreative and shallow. She’s so shallow. That’s the main difference between her and Nia Azgeda. Damn Lord, I must be crazy already — that has sounded like a compliment to that viper in my ears.

Steps. Is she here again? If I have to hear one more time her say ‘that girl has left without you’ or ‘you were just her toy, did you really think she could want anything else from you?’, I’m going to spit in her face like a llama. Hold on, I’m not saying that she may not be right but I can’t take that bullshit anymore. Plus, I still have hope… maybe? Those steps aren’t mom’s, they aren’t loud and forward. The sound of the key inside the lock is somehow clumsy, even. The door opens quietly and a sharp nose appears before anything else. No, that is definitely not my mother.

“Holy shit, this looks like a very kinky porn… with a low budget.”

“Fuck off, John.” I’m not completely sure that I’ve said that out loud; perhaps I’ve only thought
about it but don’t doubt for a second that if I have actually said it, my words are full of deep meaning. Fucking kid.

“You fucking stink… Fuck! You have pissed yourself, how old are you?!”, he says as he approaches the bed. I have not… Ok, I may have. The fuck he wants? The smug expression on his face falls and freezes the moment he’s close enough to appreciate the mess mother has made of my body.

This is embarrassing to admit but… I feel a bit ashamed of him seeing me like this. Ashamed of my position, of the bruises all over my body, the burning marks on my wrists and arms and the dry blood falling from my mouth. I can’t stand him looking at me with that mix of horror and pity, knowing that I can barely breathe and suspecting by the evident change of colors of my torso that I may have some broken ribs. To his eyes I am vulnerable and tiny, a little injured scared animal he has to rescue. Who the fuck is this person? Lexa Wilde was never that — she was strong, she was a warrior, a leader. Why am I talking in third person about myself? No fucking clue, I have probably already lost my mind. More, I mean. You already know I’m not the epitome of sanity, precisely.

I don’t want his pity. I don’t want his help… Well, maybe I do want his help but — fuck! Just shut the fuck up and get me out of here. I want to yell — no, I want to scream, I want to destroy. Let’s be realistic for once, yes? There’s no escape from this hell. I’ve tried, failed and suffered the consequences once, I won’t trip on the same rock again. No, no, hear me on this, ok? I’m not giving up — for some reason, or lack thereof, but think about it carefully: if after the last time mother has done this to me, what will be the next? I’m not afraid for my life, I know she’s not going to kill me and that’s what frightens me. I’m not a coward, I need you to understand this. I just can’t do this anymore — I can do the rage, the despise, the beatings, the anguish… but I can’t bear this… this… dehumanization anymore. I… I know it’s quite similar but it’s not the same, let me explain: a girl can be beaten, insulted and despised by whoever, that bothers me to an extent but that’s not the big deal, you know? I have always been a thing to show off for my parents. I know my friends love me but I’m their Commander, for Murphy I’m an obstacle between him and Titus and most of the rest of the State’s population see me as a nice fuck. I’m the broken thing Clarke has to fix. These thoughts won’t stop playing in my head once and again like voices screaming at me that I’m not a person. Again and again, day after day.

I’m not a coward, I’ve just had enough. My head is so messy right now, I can’t…

“How the fuck has she fucked you up so much in two days?” Two days. She has broken you in two days, Lexa. Fucking weak… This has felt like two months, honestly. Murphy is staring at me- sorry, staring at my wounds, a frown and a static grin on his face. Perhaps he’s waiting for an answer I can’t give to him, this is not a situation that can be explained by reason — this family, this place escapes all form of common sense. What does he want to know, huh? How Mommy dearest has been able to do that? If he’s going to be the next? Why is he even here?!

“Come on, we have to go.” Sure, go ahead, I’ll catch up with you later. I have no intention to move but before I can realize, he has somehow removed the ties from my wrists and now he’s leaning over me with a knife in his hand. At this point I wouldn’t be surprised if he took advantage of the situation and killed me. At this point I don’t think I’d mind either, to be honest. No luck, though — he’s trying to li- MOTHERFUCKER! That sound has come from my ribs in response to him digging his filthy, rough fingers in them. The fucking twat is going to die so young I swear to God…

My limbs leave the mattress limp and slowly as Murphy’s face starts getting redder and redder. I had almost forgotten the sensation of- you’ll think this is stupid but I have really missed the feeling of the air around my legs. I’d enjoy this way more if my pain didn’t spike with every step John tries to take. Ok, up to this point I must make something really clear: I’m not heavy, at all. Now try and explain me why he is having so much trouble to breathe and…
“You let me fall,” I get to whisper, “I’ll use… spine as a tooth picker.” He’s shaking, he’s- His knees gradually start to fail and he has to leave me on the cold, tough and very uncomfortable floor. It’s nice to feel another surface, though.

“Is that how you talk to your knight in a shiny armor?” The nausea I feel may be something worth of being worried about. I think at some point Clarke said something about the danger of cranioencephalic trauma that comes with vomiting but I can’t really tell if I’m about to barf because of the torturing or actually picturing Murphy as a knight in shiny armor.

You know, sometimes I’ve fantasized a lot about living in like… maybe not medieval times but probably the 16th century and all the fancy dresses and- Gosh! I’d die for a masquerade ball. I’m not one to enjoy big crowds and clubbing and that stuff but I’d love to go to one of those baroque European balls. I would wear a long and shiny black dress and a black mask and Clarke… she would be wearing a golden dress and blue paint around her eyes. We would dance, slowly tempting each other with soft touches and naughty looks — we’d make each other fall even more in love with a stare and a smile and then make promises on the balcony… Oh my god, I’m totally hallucinating, this is not good! So either I’m crazy or suffering from a pretty bad physical condition and I’m alone because I don’t even count this weak fuck that can’t even lift me. Ok, that was mean and he probably doesn’t deserve it after all the effort trying to rescue me. Yeah, the guy is trying… I just dislike him so much. A good action doesn’t make up for years of being a pain in my ass, not even if he’s technically the only member of my family (or whatever this thing is) who is not trying to kill me. That’s nice, I guess. Geez… Perhaps the captivity is already taking a toll on me but I may be getting the impression that I shouldn’t go so hard on Murphy. He’s not entirely a bad child, I suppose, just another annoying teenager that has been surrounded by very bad influences.

“So fucking fat,” he gasps trying to catch his breath. “Did you eat a cow while lying there like a lazy bitch?” You can forget everything I said — this dumbass has exactly what he deserves.

Give me a break, honestly. I don’t lash at him, it’s not worthy and I don’t think I can gather enough energy to stick his head into his butt. I close my eyes and open them again. Sadly he’s still there. A hand extends in front of me and the feeling of Murphy trying to incorporate me with the least care makes me flinch with pain.

“You’ll have to lean on me and walk.” Of course, silly me, how didn’t I think in just standing up and walking before? Oh, little Lexa, you’re so stupid. My fucking lineage… Fuck them all, just leave me and run. Seriously, I don’t even feel like making more insulting commentaries about him anymore, I just want everyone to leave me to die in peace. But I try because there’s nothing else I can do and, don’t ask me why, I still kind of hold dear this life… somehow, you know? I try because deep inside of me there’s still a little spark of hope, a little flame of faith in myself and Clarke and the fact that I can still escape this prison. Things don’t have to be like this.

So many words, so little action. Grabbing his hand, the pain in my ribs is excruciating, unbearable, taking my breath away and making my legs flail. *Nope, nononono... not like this.* I can’t do it. My jaw clenches with the shout of ‘*Come on!*’ in the back of my head as my knuckles turn white around his wrist. My ankle delights me with a sharp jab of pain that alters my equilibrium and makes my body flinch. A cry of pain gets drowned by John’s left hand on my mouth, clumsily covering my nose too and my teeth sink in his skin.

“Easy, easy.” *Easy your ass.* “We have time.”

They will be up here in any minute — I can hear their steps and voices downstairs but Murphy doesn’t seem bothered by them at all. Unless it’s my imagination. Come to think of it, the last few days have been stressing enough to definitely drive me to crazy street so… it may be my imagination;
really, Murphy is the chickenest chicken I have ever met and now he looks too calm, if he isn’t freaking out that would mean he knows something that I don’t and that thought is way more unnerving than having gone mad. Why would he even be helping me? This… this is not right. Shit, I’m totally nuts.

“Come on, we have to get to the stairs.” That doesn’t make any sense, I’m totally hallucinating in bed. If anything, I could be hallucinating Clarke’s eating me out, not that John is here. “She’s coming soon.” *Mhmm*? “The priest was here a couple of days ago.” I can’t breathe. “said she was coming back with help.” No one can help me. “She’s bringing reinforcements.”

I…

“Bitch, you crying now?”

I… Clarke…

“Lexa.”

My knees feel so weak.

“Lexa, do you need to stop for a bit?”

We have barely reached the door yet I already feel like fainting, drowning slowly in my own tears. Mother is so confident she knows best, she enjoyed herself putting me down, making me feel worthless, saying that I wasn’t anything else than a lay for Clarke — I don’t know how I started believing her, I truly feel unworthy of Clarke’s affection, as stupid as it may sound all of the sudden. How often will she have to prove her feelings for me to make it sink into my brain? Even I can see how annoying it sounds but… she’s going to come back for me and that’s so…

“Fuck, come here.”

The hallway never seemed so endless before. John patiently helps me cross it despite his blatant nervousness, keeping my slow pace without saying another word. What would they do to him if they caught us redhanded? After all the things they have practiced on me, after all I never thought they would dare to do, I’m not sure. They may be benevolent, though — they have always liked him better than me, especially mother. I had never understood it until all of this happened and, you know what? I pity him, a lot.

Hey, wait. I don’t know where he’s taking me. To be fair, my current state of partial unconsciousness barely lets me know where we are right now but he has said we have to reach the stairs, right? Yet we’re not going in that direction. Or I definitely wasn’t in my bedroom… I… don’t ask me to think with this maddening lifeache, please. Murphy’s body is suddenly substituted by a chair to support my body — it’s uncomfortable, yes (very much), but it’s true that it took him a great effort to help me stand up from a bed once and I’m not surprised he doesn’t want to do it again. Mainly because he’s a lazy ass — it was already too much kindness for a day. I’m confused, what are we doing in this bedroom exactly?

Drawers and doors open and close quietly around me once and again. It’s impossible to only focus on one of them, the movement is making me dizzy, but I can tell he’s gathering stuff.

“Here”, and he puts a bunch of things in my lap as if I could hold them. Jackass. “Eat something.”

The first thing that draws my attention is a crumpled black and white plastic bag full of… seeds. *What am I, a fucking hamster?* Seeds and what’s the…? Candy. Exactly the kind of nutritious food I need, seeds and candy. And a light Coke. *Are you f-ing…? Lexa…* I’m going to force myself to at
least try to be nice and not petty because he’s putting his skin on this and I don’t have any more skin to lose, and it would be cool if we could get out of here alive someday. I hate to admit this but, as much as I can hate Murphy (and believe me when I say that I hate him to my guts), despite all we have been through, he’s trying to help and... I know that blood must have blood and that’s the way I have always survived but maybe just for today we can make a truce.

“Come on, you need it,” he urges me and I look back to the food trying not to wonder where these have been before and for how long. “We still have a little time.” No one could tell. “Don’t look at me like that, I mean it. Eat.”

If he’s so sure we have time to spare, why the rush before? Are we waiting for something? Maybe whatever he had planned has already blown up and he’s trying to think of a plan B. Not very reassuring thoughts, Lexa. If Murphy is involved, the plan is unavoidably doo-No, Lex, positivity and gratitude. I have to remind myself that Clarke is the mastermind behind all of this and she’s so clever... I need to hug her, I need to feel her against my body and her arms around me. Hey... There’s no way on Earth Clarke would work along with Murphy. Ok, that’s not entirely true — she would probably be open to a deal, but I’m not so sure about John. If we get out unscathed and have our happy ending, remind me to treat him to a beer. Well, not like buddies... Ew! Better remind me to give him money to buy himself a beer to drink it alone while I’m anywhere else, enjoying my life with people I actually don’t mind meeting for more than three minutes.

On the other hand, if this is a trap and he’s tricking me for some reason, you won’t need to remind me putting out his freaking eyeballs and throwing them in the toilet. Although I’m sure that’s a bad kind of pollution... Anyway, wish me luck — I’m eating something offered by someone with the kindness of The Lion King’s hyenas.

“It’s not poisoned, don’t worry.” He’s way too eager to make that clear... “I’m doing this to return a favor, don’t think I care about you or anything.”

It might be my current particular state but he better not be talking about THOSE kind of favors. Clarke would never do that, anyway. I’m going to break his femur and shove it inside his urethra.

“It was like a Frankenstein’s movie.”

Have you ever frozen in your spot? Looking at someone talking whether it is your teacher, your mom, a friend or maybe nobody — maybe it is the TV and you’re supposed to be watching it but you’re not listening, you’re not seeing anything whatsoever. Everything in your mind is this frightening loud scream, all the stuff you need to yell at nobody, just take it out of your chest right there right in that moment before you explode. Stop! Shut up! I can’t, I can’t! Stop it! No! No! No! Shut the fuck up! I’m not ok, I need to stop! I have to stop! I can’t do this anymore! I need to scream! Scream! I’m tired, I’m so tired... Shut up, shut the fuck up! Drowning. I’m drowning. Stop it! Fail, fail. Stop! Shut up! Enough! And sometimes there aren’t even words but that loud cry of insanity. You’re a ticking bomb and if you were tenderly wrapped by the loneliness of your bedroom in the dark, you would coil up, bury your face in your pillow, bite hard and try to yell as loud as your lungs would allow you without your family or neighbors noticing your cries. But you can’t in that moment. The way I generally cope with this is writing all of this down on a paper. I have pages of my class notebooks full of similar and tiny ‘NO’s, maybe more pages than actual notes some weeks. However, what can you do when you don’t have anything at all in hand? When all that’s left is your broken bones and torn skin.

I don’t even want to think of the answer I’m unconsciously picturing in my mind.

I can see John’s lips from time to time, framed by the rebellious rays of sun that creep under the crack in the blinds. They’re so thin it’s almost just a line and I wonder how such slim lips can ward such a
big mouth. Although everything about Murphy is thin and sharp: his eyes, his jaw, his nose, his chin… Maybe there’s some beauty in them, although for me it’s like… when you hear a song that it’s not bad but not really your style and you appreciate it but don’t get it.

“How are you going to remember the plan if you’re not fucking listening?” That rancor burns. Why is he even doing this, this… this doesn’t make any sense at all. “Can you stop looking at me like that, for fuck’s sake?” he whispers. “I’m paying back a favor, I told you. And no, I’m not fucking telling you anything else.” My level of curiosity right now is directly proportional to my appreciation for life. Nonexistent — in case you need further explanation. Nevertheless, as the epitome of a drama king that he is, John turns around and sighs. He’s totally spilling the beans. “Something has been happening…” See? “… for some time.” Highly explanatory, indeed. “It was just… this Ontari girl. She’s not what she-… I didn’t want to but she wouldn’t stop.” Whatever is left of my heart jumps inside my chest. Shit! His hands are truly shaking and he has to turn them into fists to stop himself. Did she…? That fucking piece of scum! That’s not ok, that’s… that’s so not ok. I’m tearing her to fucking pieces!

In a probably naïve gesture of sympathy, I squeeze Murphy’s hand, trying to bring him some comfort, as if that could be possible right now. It’s not like I could do much more either, especially in this state. And in this Estate. The harm is already done and it looks like I’ve been clumsy and made him uncomfortable because he takes off his hand and rubs it.

“When ever you appear bad stuff happens.”

“Clarke…”, he hesitates, “whatever, she made the bitch go and made sure she wouldn’t try again and keep blackmailing me saying she was gonna tell Emori.” He’s so embarrassed he can’t even look at me. It’s not his fault, shit… Murphy clicks his tongue and turns to me. “I’ll get you out of here and I don’t want you anywhere near this town ever again, do you hear me? This is not your place anymore.” Then he huffs and leans on the window. “Every time you appear bad stuff happens.”

I may have to apologize to Clarke.

You see, I don’t want to be one of those people who start their sentence with something similar to ‘not to be racist/homophobic/sexist…’ and a lot of other stuff — when they do, you know for sure that whatever comes next is going to be terribly offensive. I’ve been thinking a lot about something these last few days — or hours, I’m still not sure… whatever this time has been. Anyway, Clarke trying to kill herself has popped in my mind with reasonable frequency and I think I may have come to understand something. Or I’m totally wrong, we’ll see.

When talking about mental health there are two different types of people. Actually, no, there are three: the ones who haven’t suffered them, the ones who suffer them and those who have studied about them and take them seriously. The first ones are probably the ones this should be addressed to, especially while talking about depression and suicide — a tricky topic, though. These are two strongly linked situations but they don’t have to go together every single time, and all of that is the reason why behind the whole conversation. The social conversation about suicide, not this messy soliloquy. I mean to make some sense of all this blabber, I swear. I feel like there’s a majority of people who may hear the word ‘suicide’ and get the chills as if it’s going to get it on them and they change the subject. These individuals are annoying but not nearly as irritating as those who think people who kill themselves are cowards or weak in any way — they call them fools and inconsiderate towards their families, blaming them for their own pain. Because they don’t understand that this is what’s all about. The pain.

We all can be that person and say that everyone’s in pain as an excuse, as if we were in some way jealous of someone’s pain, as if this was a contest. Of course there’s pain everywhere, life is so painful sometimes it’s hard to just keep going. Yet, some people can take so much pain you will probably wonder if they’re just tougher than you — we’ll go back to that one later. If we’re going to
paint our sorry faces let it be with guilt and understanding and care just enough to try to really get them… even if the thing about this is that we won’t be able to and that’s ok for us. Everybody is afraid of that kind of pain that crushes the soul and leaves behind no more than empty sacks of flesh – it’s ok. I myself have to admit that in my own anxiety I’ve felt all the pain around me, all of it running like acid through my veins, fire burning my innards to ashes and I’ve wanted it to stop. Everything — but not quite like that. I have never desired for death, although maybe for a long, long coma, just a long sleep where nobody could reach to me. One of those that last decades.

This is actually the point where I don’t want to sound offensive so I’ll try my best to show my thoughts in order and slowly. If I say something stupid, though, forgive me, please, I’ve pissed my pants.

These last few whatevers, I’ve reached the conclusion that, life drama-wise, I may have a lot of tickets to be one of those people who don’t have another way out — I’ve even dealt with depression associated with my anxiety before. Then, why haven’t I had those thoughts? Not being a unique snowflake, drama queen, listen for a second. Was it because, as this society as decided like I said before, not everyone reacts the same way to pain, therefore I’m stronger than Clarke? No fucking way. If I can assure you something, only one thing in the universe I’m certain of, is that Clarke Griffin is the strongest person I’ve ever met in my life. This being the case, could the reason be that, mental health-wise, Clarke is more mentally ill than I am? That could probably be the solution many people will give to such a question — but if that’s true, how come that some people who kill themselves are classified with the label “moderate depression” or “minor depression” instead of “severe depression”? Can that progression from minor to severe happen in… I don’t know, weeks, hours, minutes? Like a bike that goes through a very steep slope. Then there should be a bottom so as people like Clarke can go back to the surface. It’s a very complicated thought for me right now, I guess.

Maybe you shouldn’t pay attention to the words of a crazy girl that has recently gone through torture for hours, maybe all I’m going to say to you now is my very own delusion. However, as I’ve been sharing my stupid thoughts with you for more than 200 pages, I believe it’s too late for shutting up now. I learnt from Clarke’s stories that maybe not everything is as simple as ‘the ones with severe depression die, the minor ones are just sad but sometimes…’ Let’s say that we’re all generic human beings. What can make someone get to that point of inflexion, the way with no return to death? Humans are like big mirrors. Glass. We can be scratched externally and cracked internally and if that happens a piece will fall and then another one, and another one and so on; nevertheless, the mirror may be still standing. If a beloved one dies, some people end up killing themselves and others don’t; when you go through bullying, some people have enough, some people don’t. When people lose everything and/or fall into depression some of them commit suicide and other people don’t. I believe every mirror has its spot that you can hit with great, sadistic aim the first time and will make it fall apart and become dust. If I’ve learnt something from Clarke it’s that you can be torn apart from the outside, but only when they break you so insanely deeply these thoughts and actions appear in scene.

We go through life receiving small cracks, losing small pieces to people and circumstances that want more and more of you but despite the pain you may be going through you will never understand those standing in a big pile of crystal dust. So I have to apologize to Clarke because I know everyone is suffering their own pain and I accepted right away that her mirror was cracked open but never asked further — and this wasn’t only because I didn’t want to asphyxiate her or be inappropriate, it was mainly because I took our differences for granted and didn’t even know how deeply she felt broken, how much was left of her mirror. And I saw the problem in her instead of those factors that had taken her pieces away, because as much as I can tell her ‘you’re not broken’ it isn’t true and there are many reasons why. I’m not here to save her or put her back, her mirror is broken already and stands precariously on her tenacity. I cannot ‘encourage’ her to rejoice in her pain by admitting the plain truth that she’s trying to make me understand — it’s not about me. The only thing I can do
for her, or Murphy, or everyone with a new crack in their mirror is shielding them from more stones. Shielding someone from life? What a difficult task.

Now, where do we go from here? I’ve been telling you all this shit like a crappy philosopher who has no clue about what they’re talking about, bullshtting all of you who don’t know shit either and those of you who do, who maybe have experienced this in your own flesh and bone. It’s a miracle if you’re still here after all this nonsense and all for what? I’m only sharing my annoying inquietudes with you or maybe even reaching my own conclusions while talking. I may also be trying to space out from all this shit or maybe to put an end to the garbage and the ignorance that have led me to the point where there’s a still standing girl depending on a broken one out there and a cracked up guy here, all of them breaking a little more for this useless piece of garbage. Perhaps I’m just tired of people thinking those are the weak who need fucking salvation when what they need is fucking unkind people to stop fucking breaking their souls and minds to the point nothing means anything anymore, nothing is enough anymore and for God’s sake, why am I crying again?!

Everything is just so fucked up and Clarke is so good, and my parents are batshit crazy… and… and John was being harassed and raped in front of my eyes and I saw nothing, HOW WAS I SO BLIND?! And on top of all I’m here complaining about the food after spending some bonding time with my own mother, who, insane as she is, has found a new hobby in putting out stubs in her daughter’s skin to make up for her time in church, I guess — yet, all I can think about is the rudeness and filth of this world and…

“Hey, hey! Breathe. Don’t start panicking right now, they’re gonna hear you.”

Furthermore, there’s nothing I can do to change it because it’s not about Lexa for once. The fucking ‘Lexa Show’ is done and what’s happening around? Everything is happening so fast, going down, spinning around… I can’t… Every single thing is so complicated, there’s so much pain everywhere and I feel so drawn to it that it’s like I need to feel it all at once. Her pain, my pain, his pain, and Luna’s, Octavia’s, Costia’s — the people’s deafening scream for help. Why does nobody else listen? Why can’t we hear them out loud? How can we even sleep at night?!

“Fucking in time, they’re here already.”

I was made to break everything I touch, even here. John turns around and takes a step to the door, opening it just a little bit to be sure the hall is empty. Then he disappears through it and leaves me alone in his bedroom. This had never happened before — actually, I don’t think I’ve been here more than once or twice in my life. Of course John has a horrid taste in decor, and totally cliché, I may add. — with all those car posters and the videogames. Finally, he comes back with a bag on his back, fully opens the door and strides back to me.

“I’ve packed some of your stuff, come o…” His hand freezes in my arm, pressing the circular patches of burnt flesh so hard I have to clench my jaw to bear the pain. “Fuck, fuck, no, no…” With his nose stuck to the window, John’s soul seems to fall to his feet. “He has a shotgun.”

As such weird sort of siblings, we had never been as synchronized as we’re now. Our hearts jump in our chests and stop right in the same moment we see our father aiming his weapon to Anya. My father has definitely lost the last trail of sanity that could have been left in that bald head of his. Well, at least now I’m not the only one who actually sees them as what they are — both of them, my mother and my father. I wonder if Murphy still wants to stay with them after all of… The fuck?! TITUS HAS A SHOTGUN AND IS POINTING IT AT ANYA. I need to save her, I can’t let her…

“Don’t you dare to move that lame ass, you’re not going anywhere.” John’s arm pulls painfully from me back to my place. “Haven’t you learnt a thing? Or maybe you want to play the martyr and make
your girlfriend pee her pants when dad blows out your head with that gun,” he snorts. “She may find it even more disgusting to fuck a pile of bloody guts, if that’s even possible.”

I have to admit the fucker is right. If it only depended on me, I’d stand up… somehow, and knock him out, or jump through the window if necessary to be next to Clarke. I think I’m feverish. I probably am because I swear I can see a shadow of pity in Murphy’s eyes. What if I just get swallowed by the earth and everything explodes? Doesn’t look like it, instead he helps me stand up and take a seat by the window so at least I can see what’s going on. First row to watch a tense spectacle that I really hope doesn’t end in tragedy. Such scene set almost in the threshold of my childhood home is something way more public than I had expected. Out there for everyone to see — tons of witnesses hide behind those windows and look at that tall, bald man armed with a military shotgun. To be fair, that would be if the good old neighbors of the Wildes had any intention to say or do a thing. They wouldn’t even call the authorities if my mother poisoned me and threw my corpse through the window to rot on the street. —although they would make sure everybody in this town knew the very last detail of it, even the way my corpse smells.

Known faces stand in front of the weapon, stiff at its presence, just like dad wants it to be. I guess Kane, Anya or Clarke are no rivals for my father after all, not even the brawny Lincoln or Indra; however, if a Trikru army knocks at your door even the most stupid of men knows you’ll need something powerful to dominate the field. As strong and despicable my parents may be, they are still two middle aged people and my friends are eight counting Clarke’s mom and Father Kane.

“Uncle Titus,” I’m somehow relieved Anya has finally spoken. I knew she would start by talking in full niece quality. “Let her go, don’t be so irrational.”

“Get out of my property.” My father’s words are slow and final, intended to be intimidating but Anya won’t fall for that, she’s not a kid anymore. If I didn’t know he would never shoot her, the fact that she’s stepping towards that gun would make me faint.

“Nobody will be able to save you if you raise your gun against a police officer, you know that.” Anya, on the other hand, doesn’t need to try to be scary to make everyone get goose bumps. Titus’ face shows no expression — still, he allows himself to be sarcastic.

“Today we see if blood is thicker than water.” He seems to only be willing to acknowledge I’m part of the family and not an ashtray when it’s in his interest. “If you want it to be this way, officer, I’ll let you know that my hand won’t shake against trespassers.”

“Come on, Mrs. Wilde, we only want Lexa back,” says Lincoln, always the pacifier. “There’s no need to get violent.”

“You aware he’s pointing at us with a shotgun already, right?” Octavia has a point with all her sassiness, but I suppose dad is not in the mood for a nice chat. At least he’s not aiming at Anya anymore.

“You should be ashamed of yourselves!” Mother has this innate talent to turn everything into a greek tragedy. “We have taken all of you uncountable things into our home, fed you, hosted birthday parties for you since you were children and you pay us back like this?” Horrible, horrible people, wanting to free their friend from their parents, who are torturing her. I sometimes wonder if this town is actually the real world or if there’s something in the water that makes them all crazy.

“Tara, we’re not here to…” Clarke! That’s her voice even if I can’t fully see her next to Nyko. What…? DON’T YOU FUCKING POINT AT HER WITH THAT THING, FATHER.

“It’s Mrs. Wilde for whores!” I don’t even feel like making a joke.
“Be respectful when you talk to my daughter, madam!” Momma lioness is taking care of her cub. I wish she’d rip off my mom’s head with a bite. Not something sensible when a gun is around, though.

“Tara, please.” No, Kane, no…

“And you! All of this is your fault!” Mother steps towards the priest, who I’m sure is really glad to be behind that car. Is it his? I don’t know, I hadn’t seen it before although it looks expensive — it must be Abby’s. It’s a shame it’s such a expensive car, it will end badly if Kane keeps being so close to it now my father has straightened the weapon, ready to take down anyone who makes a wrong move even if that person is the priest.

“If you hadn’t brought this… witch into our homes none of this would have happened!” I wouldn’t be surprised if people came out of their houses and started making a pyre. I know I’m being repetitive but I really must know: why do I have to have such a ridiculous family? And who expected me to be sane and normal when these freaks have been the ones who raised me? “This was our town, we were its protectors. Now we are pariahs!”

“Is it because your daughter is dating the priest or because now everyone knows she’s a lesbian?” Oh, no, Clarke, baby, don’t do that…

I don’t need to look closely at my parents to know mom’s red furious and dad has that vein on his forehead on the verge of popping. No Christmas family dinners after this, I suppose. Octavia seems to find Clarke’s badassery quite entertaining — I would personally facepalm myself. It’s not like Clarke saying stuff that impulsively, she’s nervous and she’s showing it like a beginner. Not even a sound, that’s not good.

“Listen,” she tries again, “we only want her back.”

“Alexandra is not yours to have her back. She’s our daughter.” Just like who owns a car or a fridge. Or more like an ashtray these days.

“She’s an adult now.” I was already wondering when Indra was going to say something. “You’re being unreasonable, sir.”

More and more people are crowding the street to see this disgusting spectacle. Town of gossips… I hate this place so much.

“Excuse me, Lieutenant.” Dad finally puts his gun down. “You come to my house…”

I can’t take this any longer. If I’m getting out of here I’m not going to let my friends see me like this… or smell me. For fuck’s sake, I’ve pissed myself, this is so embarrassing. These are the situations when you think over your life and… I have bored you enough for this century with stupid blabber, I’ll give you a break, don’t worry.

The pain stabs my ribs the moment I stand up, supporting myself on the window. Murphy doesn’t seem to notice at first, too focused on the conversation taking place outside; nevertheless, my knee hits the chair (ouch) and the noise alerts him.

“The fuck you think you’re doing?!”

“I’m full of…” Ouch, ouch, ouch… “biological fluids, I’m gonna change my clothes.” I can imagine him rolling his eyes as I drag my damaged body to the door and through the hallway. At least he’s not trying to stop me. I must smell really, really bad.

When I finally arrive to my room I can see the bed is perfectly made. So I wasn’t tied up there, after
all, otherwise it would at least smell of pee and… humanity. I could lay on it for a while, actually, part of me is craving to — the other half of me, however, is probably getting PTSD with the mere thought of it. Plus, if I lay now, I won’t be able to stand back up. I’m not going to fool around and be picky about what I wear, I can barely get to the wardrobe, of course I can’t stay there to pick something nice.

First off, my underwear. I have never been so happy to wear some white, clean pants — I have never had any difficulty to remove my clothes either but life takes you aback sometimes. I should probably sit down to do this. AAARRRGGGHHH! My legs have failed and I’ve fallen to the ground with a loud thud, just like a rock. MY NOSE IS BLEEDING! For fuck’s sake… When all of this winds down, I’m cutting out the swearing, I promise, but right now it fucking hurts. I need all the remaining blood I have! Shit. There’s a tiny red pool on the floor and I’m leaving bloody prints on the wardrobe’s doors. Someone is shouting outside but I can’t understand what they’re saying, I’m too busy trying to stop this silly hemorrhage. Can you imagine? Surviving a beat up and my mom’s torture to die with my pants down from a nosebleed. I don’t think there can be a more stupid death than that — except maybe dying of a stray bullet. I feel like French people in the 16th Century, when they used tons of perfume and wigs so they didn’t have to take a shower. Why did I have to grab some denim shorts that turn out to be tight as fuck first? Don’t wear tight pants when everything hurts, it’s almost impossible to put them on and-fuck! I’ve stained the shorts with blood. Ok, it’s ok, step by step… I need a minute before sliding out of the nasty shirt and grabbing a clean one. Well, a minute… call it ten. The shouting outside is getting louder and louder — my mother’s high pitched voice is unmistakable.

“Lexa,” Murphy rushes in and the son of a bitch grabs me by the arm. “Quick…”

He yanks me to the hallway and pushes me inside the room again, making me fall on the bed and… yes, my nose is bleeding again, so much I’m swallowing some blood and I’m starting to get dizzy.

“Shit! Shut up” I’M COUGHING TO TRY NOT TO CHOKE ON MY OWN BLOOD, OK? He closes the door behind him and clamps my nose. Yeah, that will help me not dying.

The quietness gets suddenly interrupted by a loud stomp in the hallway, followed by the sound of more steps coming up the stairs — three people there, for sure. And mother. In fact, she’s started yelling really loudly and she’s giving me a headache. Or maybe it’s the blood lose… John lets me take proper care of my own nose and carefully opens the door, peeking before finally deciding to get out to mother’s swearing and screams. God, it’s almost like she was being murdered.

“I’ve known your mothers for years and you come into my home! UNINVITED!” Someone put her out of her misery, please.

A loud noise in the hallway, like a stampede, surprises John and makes him step back, further from the door.

“Where is she?!” shouts the strong voice of a man.

“Gostos, I wouldn’t yell at the woman with the gun…” Luna! Oh, wait… what? Mother!

More loud noises — none of them a shot, thankfully. There’s already enough blood painting this house’s floor. John’s lips make a thin line as he steps towards the door.

“Tara, put that shotgun down.” Clarke. My Clarke and a shotgun in the same tiny space. No, no… No, no, no…

Murphy hurries and opens the door only enough to pop his head out and, doing the best performance
of his life, he decides to play the innocent infant’s card. It’s annoying how good he is at this.

“Mom, is everything ok? What’s wrong?”

A smooth sound, a click and a thud. I don’t need to see it to know that either Luna or Gustus have disarmed my mother. If I wasn’t so exhausted I could totally feel the warmth of this pride of my Trikru — not complaining because in that case I would also feel how my heart breaks a little more knowing I split this family apart with my unstable vagina but… that’s the past, I guess. Otherwise why would they be here now?

“John, go back to your room.” I could laugh to death. Mother seems genuinely afraid for Murphy. My life must be a joke, I swear it has no other explanation, otherwise my mother would never be seriously thinking that my friends are dangerous. But… I mean… she thinks my father and she are only teaching their daughter good manners. This rage is making me dizzy.

“Where is she?” Clarke, I’m here! Clarke! But the words won’t come out. This is getting more and more surreal every second.

People running raggedly, probably pushing each other against the walls, some screams here and there but no words, and thankfully no shots either. Suddenly, a door closes loudly and there’s silence for a few seconds before the steps start getting closer at a fast pace, harmonized by my mother’s deadly screams in the background. Have they locked her in her bedroom? They have totally locked her in the bedroom. I’m so proud of my people. Also, I had never heard my mother saying that word before.

“Shit,” Gustus’ determined face falls the moment the door bangs open. Yeah, shit. I don’t even want to look at myself in a mirror.

“Lexa!” two women shout at the unison. Clarke and Luna look at each other before a blonde lightning crushes me in her arms. “Sorry, sorry… Oh, baby…”

“I’ll carry her, take her stuff.” Everything is going too fast all of the sudden, although Gustus’ arms lift me steadily and unwaveringly. At least that way I won’t throw up in a last show of my pathetic life here. “Heda, long time no see.” Correct bastard, I’ve missed him.

Clarke seems a bit overwhelmed by the situation too but she obeys and grabs the bag Murphy has packed for me before following us downstairs. The last thing I hear before leaving the house is my mother shouting at Murphy for help while banging the door. Suddenly, the ragged screams of the multitude asking for my head or Clarke’s or whatever, stomp in my head like the worst of migraines. Too bad, they’re lacking redneck fury and the matching set of torches and pitchforks. I can’t even understand what they’re saying, everything is going too fast.

“Hey!” Octavia yells at the baker’s son when they start pushing Lincoln.

And then everything stops: the movement, the noise, the rush… The light hits me in the eyes and I don’t know if I should cry even more because I’ve just realized they’re dry as hell. There’s a saying that is: good things don’t last long… or something like that, but it’s true. The initial quietness is soon broken by the first grunt among the crowd. As soon as we exit the house, every single villager, like feral animals, start stepping into our path to block our way to the car. Pointless decisions made in meaningless situations, that’s the core of this place. I’m the stain in their precious TonDC, shouldn’t they just let me go and try to fix everything I have supposedly ruined? Maybe they’re thinking of other ways of cleansing… or they’re not thinking at all, which sounds like them. At this point I’m not surprised by anything anymore, to be honest — everyone here has made perfectly clear since day one that I left civilization behind the moment I stepped back in this town.
All those angry, serious faces seem the same in the multitude, all but one. A smile stands out in the crowd, the ruthless shape of cruelty shining with dark light. Nia’s finally the Queen and there’s little doubt about it anymore: she dominates them all.

“This sacred place has been aggravated by the nasty morals of a traitor,” I’d dare saying she’s referring to Clarke, “a wolf among the faithful sheep who only believed in good and good did to her.” We’re supposed to be talking about the same people outside my house, willing to beat me to death or something like that for something that has nothing to do with them, right? Only checking.

“She must pay!” everyone shouts in unison. Yeah, these nice people.

“In the same way, it is our duty as committed members of this community to eradicate the rotten peas in the pot to prevent the sickness to pollute the holiness of this place.” Oh, that’s me for sure, Nia’s looking at me. “She…!”

“She must pay!” Costia’s dad seems to be enjoying this more than anybody else. Was it up to him, he would definitely burn me in the pire like a witch. Soon the rest of the villagers follow him in his shouts, getting more and more excited to get my head.

“Whatever it might be, we bleed today, brothers and sisters, and not only because these two stains in the spotless story of TonDC.” This woman definitely has shit for everyone.

“While this man,” an accusatory finger rises and points to my father, “will receive his punishment at the ballot box next week, this other one,” Father Kane won’t leave this town untouched either, “has betrayed the most sacred vote to all of us and our Lord letting the devil in, leaving us to let us rot in Hell.” I don’t like the sound of this. “I say that Marcus Kane and the two dykes deserve a punishment appropriate to their kind!”

The multitude cheers and whistles to their queen like a dumb flock of sheep. I can perfectly see these people voting for Trump… I mean, I know these people would vote for Trump even if he came, shot a couple in the face and took a shit over their dead bodies. Actually, that sounds like something he actually said… Ugh, I need to move to Canada. I swear to whatever if that dickhead wins and the whole country becomes like this place I’m dropping a nuclear bomb and leaving to live in space till life is possible on Earth again. What a good idea for a TV show that heteros may fuck!

It may come as a surprise to you but despite the angry crowd trying to kill me, the woman asking for my head on a silver plate and the fact that we are awfully outnumbered… I’m not scared. Ok, maybe I’m a bit scared but not too much because I’m with Clarke and my kru… and Luna has a shotgun, which (and I never thought I’d say this) makes me feel relieved. At least I know she’s not going to use it against me… at this very moment.

“Nia, this is insane.” I think it’s cute that Clarke is still trying to talk some sense into these people. Cute and foolish, because there’s no way they will listen to a ‘dyke’, a ‘sinner’, a ‘traitor’ or an ‘outsider’ and now she’s all those four things to them. “What are you doing? And for what? We’re leaving this place, it’s over. Let us go.” If only it was that easy. Anya puts a hand on her shoulder to hold her back but Clarke’s stubborn. “There’s no need to get violent.”

That’s the point where she’s wrong.

“There you’re right, there’s no need.” Nia’s nobody to be underestimated. “Take them and anyone that tries to help them.”

And this is way worse than I thought it would be. How long until I go back to my couch and my laptop? These guys don’t seem too eager to give them back to me anytime soon. I’m not really made
'to live in the bottom of a well of a pit — first of all, I’m a human being, and secondly, there’s no wi-fi. It actually astounds me how I am capable of keeping joking even under situations like this. If this is no proof of how done I’m done with this shitty life...

The first blow doesn’t come from them, much to my surprise, but from Octavia, right after the smith makes Lincoln fall to the ground with a hard push. Lincoln is gigantic, just imagine how the smith must be. Well, the little feral Octavia has just given him a broken nose and has put him on his knees — in case you were wondering how she turned me on so much that I blew therapy the day families were visiting. Heda approves, they make a charming couple. That being said, she’s also an impulsive girl, which ends up in a proper fight between a whole town and ten friends, and guys, I’m in no shape to fight. Yes, we’re fucked.

My brain isn’t working as fast as it should to think of a plan. Plus, I doubt I can shout over the loud noise of the fight — and still something must be done. As talented as my kru may be when it comes to fighting… because they are, you only have to watch Indra blocking fists, smashing people to the ground and twisting arms while Octavia breaks limbs and noses with quick and strong moves. Or Gustus! Kicking every human being who dares to come closer — however, as I was saying, we’re massively outnumbered by these hicks and everybody can fathom the terrible outcome of this battle the moment they start surrounding every single one of us. Shit. They have even given Kane a black eye, I’m sure that’s some sort of way straight to Hell. Suddenly, an awful loud noise deafens me. Too close, way too close — if Gustus wasn’t protecting me with his massive body, covering my head with his arm, I can assure I would have had to buy a hearing aid. Luna is holding the smoking shotgun high in the air as every fighter looks at her frozen in place. I guess one thing is having a typical-less-drunken bar fight in the open and another very different thing is having your life threatened by a crazy chick with a gun. Funny the way the tables turn.

In my actual dizziness, I was already expecting to listen to Luna’s soft, calming voice; nevertheless, the one sounding is definitely not hers. I didn’t think this was possible… at all. Maybe this place can still take me aback from time to time.

“What the fucking fuck is this? Have y’all lost your mind?” Roan seems unsure but, hey, you only have to look at the general picture in this street. Honestly, this looks like one of those Astèrix and Obèlix comic books with all the roman soldiers flying around. Roan steps in front of us and as authoritarian as his last name allows him, he looks at his people in the eye, one by one. “Take a moment to think of what you’re doing. Punching a priest?” Their faces look so guilty all of a sudden, this is hilarious. “Trying to hurt an US Army Lieutenant and a Boston detective? You don’t need to be too brilliant to realize this will end with all of you wearing orange suits while your families starve, do you?” I never ever thought Roan Azgeda would become the voice of reason. This is getting awkward.

“And you’re going to Hell!” Not helping, Octavia.

“The laws of this community are clear!” Here comes the mother.

“Unwritten laws.”

“Ancient laws!” Nia looks so offended I could burst out of laugh… if I had the energy to. “Are you going to ask us to betray centuries of tradition now?!”

“Are you going to ask them to commit a punishable crime because of a stupid Town Hall?”

“For the sake of doing what the Lord wants us to do!” Roan chuckles but his mother won’t stop. “To erase immorality from this land and not to be dragged to Hell by these… these… individuals.” When did we start with the good manners? Nia gives us a dirty look out of the corner of her eye. That’s
more normal.

People look confused and, honestly, I can’t blame them. This family jab match is getting faster and faster and none of them seems willing to stop. I want morphine.

“And what exactly is immorality to you, mother?” If they start a philosophy debate now, I’ll just pass out, I swear. I’m so tired, we could be sneaking out of here while they’re fighting each other but still we’re cheering the family drama. “One of the main teachings of our Lord is: ‘You shall not lie’. Oohhh… Nia’s pissed.

“Roan…” she warns him in a deep voice.

“If y’all wanna listen to a truthful queen, think twice ‘cause this woman is nothing but full of bullshit.” I’m suddenly getting flashbacks from school. When did he go back to his teen years? Nia’s gone silent with his rant all of the sudden; I bet she wishes she had never spoiled him like that. “First off, I’m not engaged,” Roan reveals. Shocker. Wait, no, it is a shocker because these rednecks didn’t have a clue. “The girl is only a damn booty call.” Charming, just… charming. I’m not a fan of Ontari at all, but he could at least not point at her while saying that. No, you know what? Fuck her, she’s a fucking rapist. She better be wishing the ground swallowed her right now.

“I don’t think they need to kn…”

“Come on, mom! They’re all making colorful shits with ribbons and buying dresses for an event that will NOT happen.” The villagers of TonDC look more and more pissed every second; they even start looking like my mother’s vein: all swollen and red. “And if it’s immorality what all this shit is about, let me tell you that I can’t remember the number of times I’ve had sex with Echo in church school in the past. Yes, the house of God has been the local fuck nest for years!” While it is true that he’s an asshole and shouldn’t have named names… fucking Echo, I can’t. Seeing her blushing is so hilarious, you don’t even have a clue. She was always the one giving us all those prudish lectures and look what we found! Luna doesn’t seem surprised at all, I bet she knew.

As the crowd starts its irritating wave of murmurs and focuses on Mrs. Azgeda and her own dishonorable son, we all start sneaking in the direction of our cars. Sometimes running away is better than having your friends mugged for mass murder. Father Kane and Abby Griffin are the first ones to get into the car — I’m surprised she didn’t say a thing, maybe it was the smartest option, but knowing Clarke I thought she would at least throw something to Nia’s head. Anya and her boyfriend lead Lincoln and Octavia to their car while Luna makes sure Echo gets to hers without a single scratch. Not even with the petite girl already inside of the car I can stop listening to her yelling over the mob to add fuel to the fire.

“How dare she using us like her spawns when she’s the first one to bring disgrace to this town?!” She’s not even from here but I must admit she does it perfect already. The last thing I see before Clarke helps me enter the car is my parents’ faces. My mother is finally down and Titus is holding her, all disemboveled and bright red with fury — she obviously wants to scream a bit more but she’s too taken aback by the amount of public surrounding the house. It’s not the same when we’re alone together and I’m tied up, she’s getting stage fright now. My father’s eyes fix on me before the door closes, steely, cold, like the eyes of a stranger. You could say I’m lucky because I know for sure that if I stayed in that house, I wouldn’t reach 22 years old.

“Are you just going to let them leave unscathed?!” Nia tries to bribe her people for the last time. “After all they’ve done?!”

“They won’t come back.” The last ruling of the major is final. I will never come back home. If I can say this was ever my home, that is.
I didn’t want to but the two Griffins insisted. Plus, I had no chances to win that fight if Anya was backing them up too. As I wouldn’t explain the nature of my wounds to any authority figure because… well, just because — exposing my family seems too complicated for my head to bear right now and I don’t know if it will ever feel any different; anyway, I kind of agreed to go to Clarke’s mom’s clinic. Yeah, ‘kind of’, by which I mean I didn’t show any sign of resistance. I know they’re all worried because I haven’t said a word since we left TonDC, or even before — they have even had more than three doctors to check me up for brain damage. It’s just that I don’t know what to say, I don’t know what they want me to say but I can’t stand their pity looks, that’s the main reason why I didn’t want them to see my injuries. I don’t seem to have a choice anymore, though, so I just pretend to be asleep most of the time, cowardish or childish as it might sound, so as not to have to face reality. Not just yet. I need just a little more time to mull this over. The next step was Abby sending some shrinks to my room to make me talk. I know the woman means well but, really, I’ll talk when I want to and only then, thank you very much.

It’s not like I’m enjoying this or anything like that, ok? Do you really think that I want to see how my friends keep suffering under the possibility of me being scarred forever? And I’m not talking about the scars my physical wounds will leave. They all take turns to be with me and still Clarke has been here most of the time I can remember, trying to talk to me with little success. Zero success, to be honest. I can’t do it yet; plus, pain meds don’t help exactly. I just need some more time to think about this summer and all the insanity surrounding it, about my whole life, honestly. I wish they’d understand that.

There’s one thing I know for sure, though, which is that I have to start doing things differently. I cannot keep going from one rock bottom to the following one once and again.

“Mu…” Clarke mumbles unintelligible words and sleepily rubs her nose.

Staring at her when she’s asleep next to me on the hospital bed has become my favorite hobby these last few days. Actually, it is the only thing that doesn’t make me itch or hurt between all my wounds, the bandages and the IVs. I even have a thing inside my urethra to pee inside a bag! I doubt this is human treatment and I’m so sorry for every patient ever who has gone through this before. Well, I must say I guess this is better than pissing your pants — damn it, now that I was getting used to doing it lately. And among all this ugliness she’s so fucking gorgeous. Sorry, so incredibly gorgeous! I’m trying to curse less, I may have to go back to my classes soon and I don’t want a ‘fuck’ to slip out of my lips in the middle of a trial.

“…for my people…” Her blonde hair, her luscious lips and that tiny mole above them. She’s a picture, she’s my angel.

The door makes a noise and I hurry back to my pretended sleep, putting my lips against Clarke’s forehead. This warmth doesn’t last more than a couple of seconds, sadly, because someone dares to wake my angel up. She was so peaceful!

“Any problem tonight?” Abby sounds genuinely preoccupied. She seems nice.

“I don’t think she has slept very well.” I mean, it’s been a ‘meh’ kind of night. “She’s still asleep, though.”

“I can see that.”
“No bringing your girl-toy?” Clarke’s such a grumpy baby in the mornings I have to conceal a smile.

“That would have unnecessarily made you upset, wouldn’t it?” Despite being the one with fresh scars, I must admit Clarke and her mom have issues. “Also, enough girl-toys in one room already.” Burn! Hey, wait a second…

“Haha, so funny in the mornings, mother,” Clarke snorts and caresses the back of my hand with her fingertips.

“I can say the same, daughter.” I think they’re good, though. “Her friends will be here in five minutes so you can go home and have some proper rest.”

With all that has happened — the mob, the burning, the runaway… I’m a bit lost regarding time, but I wonder, shouldn’t Clarke be back to her job or Residency or whatever already?

“Hey, good morning, baby girl.” Clarke talks with such an adoring tone. She’s a gem, a true gem. Her palm feels nicely warm against my cheek and I have to bring myself to open my eyes again. “How are you feeling?” She never stops trying, does she?

“Hurts.” Maybe after all this time I owed her more than a single word as a response but this is the best I can do. For now, at least.

The warmth of her body returns to me as she lays beside me again and caresses my ear with the tip of her nose and her lips before whispering in my ear.

“Finally.” I thought she was going to scold me for not talking in so long.

“Well, at least now we know for sure she’s not brain damaged, right?” Echo’s voice comes from the hallway, as nice as always. Why is she even here? Even though the three of them saved me, none of them have been here before. Plus, she hates me — she has despised me even before all the Luna thing happened.

“Heda, it’s good to hear you again,” Indra says as they enter the room. She’s so correct all the time, I love that about her.

Shit. As much as I love Clarke’s breasts (and believe me when I say I’m their biggest fan), they’re painfully hitting my fresher injuries. Her lips against my cheek are so soothing, though. We haven’t been so close in public before — I honestly thought it would feel way more uncomfortable than it does right now. I’m quite ok. In fact, the only thing that makes this situation less ideal is… well, apart from me being in a hospital and injured by my parents… and potentially traumatized… What was I saying? Anyway, hey! There’s still a good thing here and it is the amount of drugs they’re giving me for pain and stuff. I’m relaxed as a sloth and high as a kite, so much that the thought of Clarke in her white doctor robe healing me in quite different ways hasn’t even crossed my mind… Till now… Shit.

“Harper has sent all the stuff you left in your apartment to Clarke’s place…”

“…if that’s ok with you,” Clarke completes. I know beforehand she’s going to start rambling about all the alternative choices I have to live with her, none of them nearly as heavenly as the thought of waking up next to my angel every morning. Don’t get me wrong, I still have my reservations about this next step, and under normal circumstances I wouldn’t even think of moving in when we have only been seeing each other for a month and a half. Yet this, good or bad, is all but a normal situation. “I mean, you’ll be out of here in a couple of days and…”

“How did you contact Harper?” That’s the real question here.
“Candles’ is not a good password, Heda.” A frown appears on my face and Clarke has to hide her face in my neck to not lose it and start laughing — Echo is less sympathetic, though, and Abby doesn’t even understand what this is about. I can picture all of them surrounding my phone and trying to find out my… My phone? “John put it inside your bag.” Indra has always had a certain ability to read my mind — I bet it was her who unlocked the phone.

Her breath on my neck feels warmer and warmer as she gets more comfortable in bed with me. Is she…? She’s totally falling asleep on me. Fairly enough, she has been taking care of me nonstop — it’s her time to rest. How long has she been up?

“Clarke, you need to go home and have some sleep,” her mom says as she caresses her leg affectionately, putting into words what we all think. Turning painfully on the bed, my lips brush my angel’s cheek, feeling her tender smile. I agree with her need to go home and I’d encourage her to do so but I wish we could cuddle like this forever.

“I’m staying here now Lexa is finally talking.” Yeah… I’m not sure that we could have long conversations anyway, but the sentiment is appreciated.

“Clarke, you need to rest, you have been here for too long,” Abby insists but Clarke, stubborn as she is, only shakes her head. “You need a proper bed.” I’m not going to lie, I’m weak. So, the moment she snuggles and kisses my jaw she starts convincing me. No, Lexa, be strong.

“Girl, go, you need a shower,” Echo adds. “And your beauty sleep.” She’s always so not nice and very blunt.

“Yes, Clarke, come on.” But she only grunts.

I guess there are times when you have to side up with your mother-in-law for the very good of your girl, even if she doesn’t like it. Plus, that gives you more family points and a bonus family Christmas party is granted.

“Baby, you actually do need a shower;” I whisper in her ear. Despite her pouting face, helping the family I do feel a bit better. It’s not that she doesn’t need a shower — she has been here for as long as I can remember and she does; however, sometimes a girl must do and say what she must do and say, and if that involves telling your love that she reeks to get her to sleep in a decent bed, that’s what I’ll do. For my people, in Clarke’s words.

“I may also warn you that Lincoln and Octavia have taken into their hands the paint of your new place.” Indra’s the most effective of all of us. I don’t need to be there to know that they are covering our walls with colored dicks, and Clarke can imagine it too, I’m sure.

“Okay,” she kisses my forehead and my nose and suddenly I find myself searching for her lips too, but I can’t find them before she’s too far from me to reach them. “I’ll be back in the afternoon, though.” I guess that’s enough. “Love you.” I nod and she slowly leaves my bed, helped by her mother.

“You won’t drive this tired, honey. I’ll give you a ride, ok?” Abby puts a caring hand on her daughter’s back to guide her to the exit. Good point covered. I don’t know about Clarke, but this way I feel more relieved letting her go.

Where’s the new apartment, by the way? Clarke must have chosen one near her workplace, which is very good because I’ll know she’ll be safe on her way home from night shifts. Don’t get me wrong, right now I may have all this domestic feeling, which doesn’t mean I won’t piss my pants the
moment I run out of these drugs. However, right now the idea of having a fresh start with Clarke brings back my will for living.

I just hope not to fuck this up.

“I’ll go get you some water.” My throat does feel a bit scratchy but it’s not like I can speak much more, anyway. However, Indra is gone before I can stop her and there’s only Echo and I alone. We look at each other with all the lack of comfortability possible due to the distance and those lots of disgusting words said between us. This is going to be fun.
Epilogue - Blessed

Chapter Notes

Hey! Hey, you! Yes, you, the one that has been reading this work for looooong hours. It’s almost over, you can do it!

Now seriously, this is the last bit of this story and I wanted to say something. It’s been a rough couple of years for me, personally. This fanfic started in a moment I was feeling very vulnerable and unstable and it helped me to keep in touch with reality, I guess. It was an anchor so I wouldn’t get lost in the chaos of my head and in my life. Writing DBMF and seeing your reactions were the only things that made me happy when my anxiety was in its worst and I’m glad I could use whatever is in my head to entertain you, even if it was for a while. Of course, in these years a lot has happened, and everything regarding this story hasn’t been that bad. In fact, some of the best things of the last few years have had to do with this Clexa fanfic. Because of it, I’ve met great people and had great conversations and debates about certain topics that, sadly, are still very invisible in any society. I’ve also made great friends like my beta reader (sí, tú, bollera del Averno), kudos to you, bitch — nobody can imagine how hard you’ve worked in this. Also, you've become one of my best friends. Due to this story I’ve also met my girlfriend. I’ve edited this part about 15 times to keep it cool, you have no idea how flustered I am right now. Oversharing, let’s move on!

I wanted to thank all of you for your love, support and your immense patience during these 18 months? This is for all of you, guys. I hope you like it and see y’all soon <3

I’ve always been told that I’m ungrateful. An ungrateful daughter or sister or friend, sometimes even an ungrateful lover for some reason probably related to my addiction. However, September was the moment when all of that changed because I could never have forgiven myself if I hadn’t paid back Harper’s kindness. She fixed the problems with my faculty papers, she respected and kept my secrets, sent my things to Clarke’s place and, on top of all, she saved my trunk from a pitiless redneck style destruction. Not that I’m proud of it but every addict has their very own stash of drugs and having my especial chest back after all these months made me feel more at home than anything else. My fanciest underwear, my toys, my accessories… I could have cried when I saw it there, standing there, closed with its triple lock among more boxes with my stuff and some white paint buckets.

Sadly, I couldn’t go through it immediately for a wide range of reasons: my injuries were still fresh, there was barely space for anything but dissolvent and brushes, Lincoln and O were around almost permanently for the first few weeks, as well as Anya (who Clarke trusted as my babysitter, for some reason), and also… I didn’t really want Clarke to see it. Don’t get me wrong, I trust my angel with my life and I know this is something I can talk to her about freely but I was a bit ashamed, maybe, and scared. Part of me knew that the best thing we could do with that stuff was throwing it away but another part of my brain was terrified by the possibility of that happening. Addictions suck, am I right? Plus, there’s some heavy stuff there and I didn’t want to scare her — Clarke can be so innocent sometimes.
Once I was recovered, the paint was dry and the house was finally ours, I girled the hell up and revealed my embarrassing secret to Clarke. Contrary to all my expectations, Clarke didn’t have a bad reaction — she actually ended up fucking me hard with a strap-on against a wall… and on the new sofa… and against the kitchen counter… and on the kitchen counter, if my memory serves me well, because by that point I was barely me anymore. Without even realizing, with all the TonDC mess and my recovery, her new job and the work on the new apartment we hadn’t been able to get as intimate as the both of us desired — and we needed it so bad, guys, painkillers ran out too soon and I was going insane again, so much you can’t even imagine, so much that the moment we exploded I could only cling tightly to Clarke’s hot body with my face deeply buried in her chest so as not to scream from pure pleasure because I desperately wanted so as not to scare our poor new neighbors. Her teeth sinking in my neck and her fingernails scratching my butt hard as she went inside and outside my body with such savage desire were more than enough to turn me into a desperate horny mess and, my gay Lord, it felt so fucking good. At least till the moment I just couldn’t stop and at the same time I couldn’t get more so the horny mess became a crying mess and Clarke spent the rest of the night tenderly kissing my face and cuddling me in my sleep.

During the first days of that September I decided to cut down on swearing, not only because I finally started my first year as a proper Law student but also because talking to my new Psychiatrist was becoming rather violent every time I started getting annoyed and that’s not appropriate for a lawyer. ‘Fuck you, you fucking fuck’ isn’t a very eloquent way of talking to your doc. She didn’t deserve that either, I know she didn’t — she was the one that gave me these little pills that allow me to sleep and make my head go slower before I go insane, after all. I just lost it, I have no excuse. When she said she could add some stronger medication to sort of castrate me chemically I freaked out and lost it. She even said I didn’t even have to tell Clarke if I didn’t want to and she wouldn’t realize because antidepressants are also often used to treat anxiety — still I rejected that option, but I haven’t talked to Clarke about it, not even now. After all, the meds were helping… more or less. Furthermore, I didn’t want to bother Clarke, you know? She had a lot on her plate already and she was already paying for my stuff and taking care of me much more than I could ask for. I seriously hated and hate her job, Residency is a bitch. There were nights when I was already asleep and Clarke finally came back so physically and mentally exhausted that she got naked and slid under the covers next to me. In those moments, I woke up and felt her loving and tired arm wrapping me tightly, putting me closer against her and soon I used to start feeling something wet running down my shoulder, drawing a straight path to my back. In those moments when Clarke cried from pure exhaustion and hopelessness I embraced her hug, entwined our legs and let her hide herself behind me. I know she doesn’t like it when I see her crying and even if I wanted to kiss every tear, every fear and all her sorrow away, I respected her desires and took content in kissing her hands softly, letting her know I was there for her, that she was not alone. I will always be with her.

I had truly found an angel.

The first time Clarke ever sang to me while playing her guitar it was Thanksgiving. We were technically invited either to Anya’s in New York or to her mom’s. Unfortunately, none of us had enough time to do anything fancy, so we grabbed some money from the swearing jar and ordered out some sushi. I set some aromatic candles, some pillows and a blanket, Clarke grabbed her guitar and we spent a delicious night eating on the floor. At some point of the night she cleared her voice and started playing ‘My heart will go on’. Ok, yes, cheesiest song ever, but it’s also so beautiful and… goodness, guys, I can’t find the words to start describing how I felt. I swear I could reach heaven listening to her voice — I had to stop myself from laying on top of her and start kissing her nonstop because I really wanted to keep listening. For someone with such a little musical skill like me, this was something out of this world.

I remember laying on my side on the floor with my head propped up cozily, taking in the soothing sound of her voice as my heart started beating evenly. This mixed feeling of wanting to listen and, at
the same time, craving to rest my head on her lap and closing my eyes. The thought of eternity that
never before had popped in my mind, as if this, I, could actually live forever. Don’t get me wrong, of
course everything wasn’t ok — we couldn’t expect anything else from a relationship with a
nymphomaniac, yeah? However, we were doing really well with my ‘special needs’, if you want to
call it that way. Like that time we went clubbing with the NY kru to celebrate Octavia’s birthday
and… Ok, listen, I had never considered myself a good dancer — maybe normal but not bad-normal.
The thing is, I must have some killer moves because Clarke almost ended up fucking me right on the
dance floor, which wouldn’t have bothered me at all, I must say, but Anya and Linc didn’t appreciate
it that much. O and Nikko were too drunk to be aware of us. I really could have fucked her right
there; nevertheless, we were savagely cockblocked by my supposed friends — I was so glad Clarke
is another horny gal like me the moment she called a cab… Not that much when I realized our hotel
was almost half an hour away from the club. Yet, again, I love my girl and my mental health does
too. Clarke fucking Griffin sat beside me in the taxi and signaled me to be quiet while her fingers
started lingering around the hem of my unzipped shorts. Don’t ask me who or how they were
unzipped because I didn’t care enough to remember, however, it turned out to be a very convenient
accident. At first, I thought she was only going to torture me the whole car ride but then her fingers
started entering me with great easiness. Fuck, so great. Fuck, I shouldn’t say ‘fuck’ but damn…
DANG! And the driver didn’t have a clue of what was happening in the back seat because, and
listen carefully, he was having a whole conversation with us! Well, with Clarke, I was in no position
to speak. Clarke kept talking to him the whole time about some nonsense I can’t even remember
while her fingers were working pitiless, circling my clit and then hitting my walls with curled fingers
—not a single wet noise from my soaked core to be listened while her voice and the faint radio were
muffling them. I was so wet, you cannot even imagine. Come to think of it, I can’t remember
whether I made sure I hadn’t drenched the seat but I honestly couldn’t care any less, at least in that
very moment. The next morning we did get a gentle note from the hotel stuff asking us to be quieter
in the future. Clarke couldn’t even look at their faces during the check-out.

I wish being loud and get told off by hotel staff and neighbors had been the one and only obstacle in
our relationship.

Everything has the two sides of a coin: sports, jobs, experiences, relationships… The dark side of
ours wasn’t pretty at all and I know it was mostly my fault, every single time. Some of you may think
that such a statement isn’t fair nor healthy for any relationship, but believe me, I’m mostly the only
one to blame. Despite the buzz of the first time, I can still recall it quite clearly. First unforgivable
mistake: drinking — I have my rules for a reason, and I’m not supposed to be near to any alcoholic
beverage, both because I’m on medicines that mixed with alcohol could literally destroy my liver and
kill me and because I have enough trouble controlling myself while sober. However, it was an
especial occasion, the night after our first midterms, and of course people would want to celebrate,
which drives us to my second mistake: going clubbing. Come on! Everyone knows that you may not
want it, you may only want to have a fun night with friends and go home; still, despite the best of
your efforts, someone will try to court you and you don’t have a word in that. Clubs are like mine
fields. Acknowledging that fact, I should probably have stayed home with a book… but Clarke
wasn’t home and I didn’t want to be alone with myself because I knew I would start touching myself
compulsively again.

So I didn’t.

She was a brunette of brown eyes and skin. By the time she appeared, we were having some cocktail
with a peach liquor that had a sexy name I cannot recall. She caught my eye. It wasn’t even a gay
club — God forbid these super macho lawyers will ever step into one, the gayness could get on them
or something — yet, the girl wasn’t discreet at all about her likings in her way of looking at me.
Whether she was with friends or partners or alone, I don’t even think I paid attention to, because
once I saw that thing in her eyes, everything else in that place stopped mattering. It probably was just
my imagination, she must have been one of those girls who are aware of themselves and what they want and what they have to do to get it — a normal person would have probably think of that option first. I’m not a normal person, am I? No, I’m not, and I swear that in that moment I was frightened because that thing in her eyes actually convinced me. I really thought she knew. I saw a spark in her stare and my drunken mind twisted it into wickedness, making me feel that she knew about me and my addiction. I believed that she wanted to help me, be my release after days without getting any despite all the anxiety and the stress that came from the midterms. I’m scum, I know, and the best part is that ‘all those days’ were barely seven days since Clarke had had 2 night shifts the previous week and another one that night. A week and I was already out of it, even taking my medication. I didn’t think it twice, probably that was the main problem that night. I wouldn’t have been able to do it even if I had tried, so when the girl gave me that look and headed for the bathrooms I followed her, no hesitation.

When I arrived, the girl was ready for me on top of the sink, eyes shining with lust and part of her lower lip provocatively trapped under teeth. I double checked the bathroom to ensure our privacy and locked the door. Every action, everything I did was a step towards an endless fall, another second passed until my final act out. Body over heart and head. That’s not me, you know it as well as I do, but if that person wasn’t me, who was she? Another monster that I cannot justify, another jab to Clarke’s heart, another atrocious intention attached to a guilt that I will never be exempt from. I approached the brunette as a panther, enjoying the lingering pain of the delirium that the wait was embedding my head into. The girl wasn’t one for waiting, though, and that she proved as she started undressing herself even before I had even had the chance of entering her personal space. Eager, was everything in my head as her hands rushed to the button of my jeans. In that moment, I was hit by the shine of celestial light. My phone vibrated inside the tight, back pocket of my pants — I could have ignored it and move on to the girl, and I wish I could say that I looked at the phone to see who it was and not to shut it off. Still, I looked at the screen and Clarke’s adorable pouting face appeared over the text: ‘when the gf is clubbing and you have a night shift’. And then another text: ‘kiddin, babe :P Have fun!’ followed by three big red hearts. My breath froze, my face fell and I started having a panic attack like I hadn’t had in weeks. I know that the girl looked at me but I don’t even know if I paid attention to the expression on her face — probably not. Then I just ran away… well, to be fair, I almost crashed the door and then ran away, not even saying goodbye to my colleagues. I had talked about things like this to Clarke before, and to my psychiatrist, and I should have probably told Clarke about the incident right after it happened — however, provided that my attempt was never successful and I didn’t even touch the girl, I thought this was a problem I could solve on my own. I started by promising myself I’d never, ever enter a club again.

Yes, it was a mistake. A huge one. Had I told Clarke we could probably have done something about it… or she could have dumped me and ended this madness — I would have gone back to my very own spiral of self-destruction and she could have moved on and found happiness anywhere else, somewhere better. Someone better. Yet, I didn’t and time went on.

After our first Thanksgiving, or our first separated Thanksgiving as I had to study for midterms and Clarke had another shift — which wasn’t a big deal because we both found difficult to find something worth of being thankful in this country after Dummy Trump’s shameful victory and my final loss of faith in humanity — we decided to spend Christmas together. At Abby’s. I like Clarke’s mom, I do, she has been nothing but good to me, a great mother-in-law, but she’s also a woman with a strong character just like Clarke so when she and her daughter are in the same room… well, let’s say that a volcano erupts, there’s an electric storm and a tornado destroys Arcadia Bay, all at the same time. That being said, you’ll probably think that I was the one that anxiously changed my outfit the strong amount of 12 times and tried way too many hairstyles for the night but no. However, I should probably had known better; I should have been at least a bit like that, or at least I would have if I’d known what was waiting for us there. Yet, having been as cautious as I normally am, I could
never have prepared myself for the moment when a gorgeous and painfully familiar brunette opened the door. Raven Reyes — yeah, that one, my beautiful and deliciously wild SAA sponsor frozen in the threshold. Her eyes opened wide, just like mine, at the vision of the other and I’m sure she also felt like fainting. Nevertheless, you should know Reyes — far from blanking and making obvious that something was amiss between us, she rushed to introduce herself to Clarke, who was already all but pleased with her presence, and then greeted me carefully, almost coldly. Something I mustn’t forget in that moment was that I basically ruined her life, throwing away all her advances in recovery and the hard work of years — That tiny detail could probably be one reason for her to hate me and rightfully so. It turned out she wasn’t mad at me; in fact, she was the best of supports in such a tense environment. Some people never cease to surprise me.

If there is something you have to know about Abigail Griffin when you’re invited to her home is that she is the perfect hostess — the first formal presentation was closed with a smile and a warm, affectionate hug and soon we sat to have some light, delicious appetizers and the first dish: vegetal lasagna. A tiny teardrop started forming in the corner of my eyes before the view of such love and warmth, way more than I had ever experimented in a family outside my kru. Abby was being a normal mother and like every other she would have ungodly inappropriate questions to make so as to ensure the wellbeing of her daughter. She couldn’t be qualified as someone to blame for such intense evaluation, I will always admit that I’ve been quite problematic to Clarke, to say the least — that’s the truth, period. Precisely because of that, I hadn’t felt yet the delicious taste of the warm veggy lasagna in my mouth when the first ruthless question about my plans of future and how Clarke was, at that point, paying for everything went off in our faces. Not that she didn’t have a point, which she did, but it felt like a punch to the gut. Yet, maybe that could be an opportunity to get allies to convince my stubborn girlfriend to let me get a part-time job to pay for my maintenance and share some expenses so I won’t feel like a girl toy — No chance, though. The moment I mentioned it Clarke started her habitual rant about how I must concentrate in getting better and my studies and how that was already enough for a person, especially with my current family drama, which had only begun. It didn’t come as a surprise that I didn’t even hear from my parents during Christmas — it did take me aback that I received news from Murphy, who was planning on going to boot camp the coming year and informed me of my parents frequently meeting with their lawyers for an uncertain reason. At that time I thought they wanted to divorce from me or take me off the inheritance line but… I’ll talk about that later, yes?

Christmas dinner, we were talking about Abby and Raven. And Clarke. You see, my baby is an angel, you all know that by now. A temperamental angel sometimes. If the money conversation had just ended there, everyone would have been able to resume the night unscathed, probably. But Abby mentioned something about not letting me take care of my own business or not letting me evolve as a person and Clarke took that very personally because… I don’t know. Maybe it was just personal stuff I never knew about or the rudeness of the statement, perhaps it was her hypocritical remark about the difference of age between us and she talking about me as if I was a child. I didn’t really mind but Clarke did, she did mind a lot. Yes, Clarke is a pure being on a normal basis but when someone pisses her off she can turn into a true monster. That’s how Raven and I found ourselves in the middle of the crossed fire between mother and daughter.

“Taking care of the girl I love so she can go through hard times as smoothly as possible is not letting her grow?” If that question was already full of outrage and quiet rage, Abby’s categorical raised eyebrow turned it into a blast. I swear the vein in her forehead was a whole different and sentient being by that point. “Like what you did for months to her when she went to… what was it?” She was talking about Raven but she wasn’t even speaking to her or looking at her. I was, though, and both of us knew this had nothing to do with either of us so we made the silent deal of not taking anything that happened at that table personally.

“Rehab,” Raven answered quietly, trying not to get crushed by the lightnings in the storm between
the two women. I could never have imagined that she would have told her about her problem. No, that’s a lie, I could — still, it took me by surprise.

Now, probably everyone is wondering about the same thing so I’ll verbalize your worries so we can explain it correctly: did Raven cheat on my mother-in-law when she, Octavia and I acted out… more or less instigated by this douche? Oh, shit. Yes. I have never desired more that the ground swallowed me whole. What were the odds? I’m jinxed, guys, if I hadn’t told you before. Maybe God was punishing me for being a ragging lesbian.

“Drugs? Alcohol?” She wasn’t trying to embarrass her — I suppose that as someone with an addict girlfriend she was curious about that fact… which didn’t make Raven less uncomfortable. Actually, Clarke’s naivety didn’t make the question less painful for the girl, especially if we take into account that Raven’s mother was negligent and an alcoholic herself. Obviously, my angel couldn’t know it, I was surprised Abby knew it at all.

“Nymphomania.” Bold. I almost hit my head against the table.

Clarke’s expression changed in a second. Empathy, that was. The thing about Clarke is that she may try to be all bad and bitchy from time to time but she can’t help being a babe. She makes my heart feel like a summer storm.

“How are you doing now?” That was a genuine question. Fun fact, at that point I wasn’t sure of how much Abigail knew about my condition but she didn’t seem to be aware of it — thankfully, though, I wouldn’t be comfortable in the same room with my mother-in-law during our formal presentation otherwise. Clarke probably had only told her about my anxiety issues or perhaps she had told her I was a ‘troubled person’. ‘Troubled’, that sounds like something Clarke would say.

Raven peeped at me out of the corner of her eye, just a very quick move right before answering.

“Doing fine, thanks.” I really wondered whether she hated me or she was just being cautious about the topic. I mean, did she hate me, she would have some legitimate reasons to do it. I was ready for anything.

“If my daughter has no more invasive questions to ask, maybe it’s high time we had the dessert.” With deep horror, I could see Clarke’s eyebrow raise at Abby’s crass comment. Not that she wasn’t right but she also wanted to summit me to a third degree, pointing out Clarke’s attempt of doing the same came out as a bit hypocritical, to be honest.

Everyone knew the night was going to be a disaster but you’ll understand someday that there are certain obligations when you belong to a family, especially if it’s not a blood one. That’s life, you know? When mother and daughter’s faces started turning red, Raven and I stood up, freezing for a second before she said:

“We’ll bring it.” Raven Reyes, mistress of avoiding chaos.

We ran to the kitchen and the moment we crossed the threshold, the accusatory yelling contest started. I don’t remember how long we waited there but I can tell it wasn’t more than five minutes before it went from ‘you’re a naïve and lonely old woman’ and ‘you’re a bratty know-it-all who cannot hold a grip on her own life’ back to its cold status. You may think it’s not that bad but believe me, little eruptions of smoke also came before the Vesubius turned Pompey into an ungodly ash tray.

“Who said that family meetings were boring?” Raven chuckled as she offered a clean rag to me to wipe my hands — it turned out I had put my hand on the side of my plate at some point and covered my little finger in lasagna. Perhaps I was anticipating too much but in that moment I accepted the rag
as a white flag between us and wiped my fingers clean while she was taking the soufflé from the fridge.

“This was such a bad idea.”

“Nah!” She smiled and gave them a look through the kitchen door. “They’re creepily alike, it’s just normal that they would crash like lightnings.”

“I wouldn’t say that much.“ And I snorted. I was quite aware of their similarities but one thing was the fact that they shared characteristics because they’re mother and daughter and another different thing was qualifying it as creepy. Anything similar between my mother and I? THAT is creepy.

“Come on?” Was she asking me or…? “The two of them are incredibly stubborn, skeptic, they’re both doctors, they love art… they both have two younger girlfriends that are sex addicts…”

“That’s utterly circumstancial.”

“Is it?” the girl giggled just as mother and daughter took a sip from their glasses of wine at the same time. Yeah, that was a bit odd but it could also have been a coincidence… or most likely not after they both crossed their right leg over the left one and changed their posture exactly at the same time. Creepy as hell. I couldn’t help it, I laughed my ass off and Raven followed suit.

The way the girl looked at Abby was really familiar. It was the way Clarke looked at me or I looked at her and, in that moment, I wished that Clarke would ever be able to see that too because Raven Reyes would be the most respectful and less patronizing person her mother would ever find. “I never got to apologize for what I di-“

“What we did,” she corrected me. “Nothing to apologize for. Two don’t make a consensual mistake like that if they both don’t want to… or the three of them.”

“Octavia said something like that too,” I snorted and Raven frowned.

“Have you been in touch with her?” She didn’t mean just that, obviously.

“Not like that,” I sighed. Octavia was… and is family. “She’s dating one of my best friends now.”

“Boy, if I thought I was jinxed…” The sound of our soft giggles was muffled just in time by the noise of the soufflé tray hitting the counter a bit too hard. “You’re like a black hole of bad luck.”

“Amen.

“Are you two making the soufflé from scratch?” Please, don’t kill me if I admit that in that moment I didn’t even know who, if mother or daughter, said that. Both of them are so sassy when they want and everything was giving me goosebumps.

Raven, who was looking through some drawers, suddenly stopped and fixed her eyes on me.

“How are you doing?” Good question.

“It’s painfully slow.”

“Do you have any support group now? Or any professional help?” I nodded. The atmosphere was suddenly too dense to breathe easily. “I’m glad. I’m going to a great place now, it’s an organization of addicts’ relatives and they provide a whole team of sexologists, psychiatrists, exercises… It’s really good.” Another nod. “If you ever feel in need of something different, I’ll hook you up.”
“Thanks, Raven.” *Really.*

The girl shrugged and grabbed a kitchen lighter. You know, one of those super long ones that look like wands conjuring a *Incendio*. I loved to play with those when I was a kid, and I once set Murphy’s eyebrows on fire — I wish that happened when I was a kid. Just kidding, guys… or am I?!

“Oh, ya’ know…” she added and lit the soufflé. “If you feel the temptation, I could volunteer to punch you in the face. Whatever froots your loops.” Raven smiled but I wasn’t completely sure she was kidding. “Careful, we’re on fire!”, she shouted while lifting the tray with the flaming dessert and then turned to me and spoke in a whisper. “Hope this doesn’t go boom.”

Not even now I understand if she meant the food, our secret or the night; however, there was one thing that went without saying: nobody should ever know what happened between us in the past, especially Clarke and Abby. It’s not being a liar, guys. Why would we do things even more uncomfortable with that? Lesson for your lives here: some things are better left unsaid and forgotten if they have nothing to do with your actual relationship and therefore don’t interfere with your partner’s health either. Furthermore, what happened in that dining room in our brief absence has never been mentioned either — something not yelled or shouted, not apt for the lovers’ ears, family private affairs? It’s not that Raven or I ever asked, really, and yet we knew something had definitely happened since the room was quiet, nice and warm at our arrival. Did I ever plan or think to ask, Clarke’s behavior when we got home was enough to wipe the idea of my mind.

‘Lioness’ would be my word to describe her if somebody asked me what kind of earthy creature Clarke would be. Not in my best moment of the night did I ever try to actively ignore the way her blue eyes had been looking at me, how they shone all the way home; however, I knew that despite the tingling feeling in my hands and the warmth lying between my legs, I couldn’t acknowledge her intentions in the car if I didn’t want us to have an accident — I’m afraid to admit that for a moment I wanted to be like Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct 2*… yeah, that bad movie that nobody but me has ever watched. Just google ‘Basic Instinct 2 driving scene’ and come back, for f- ugh!... please. Anyway, that’s the reason why I decided that the following Christmas dinner would be at home.

I remember stopping at the threshold, waiting for Clarke to open the door with her key and smelling the suddenly refreshing smell of the wood. No, this is not one of that moments when someone includes irrelevant sensations they had at a certain point, this shit is important — Clarke had to go by herself to choose the new drawer for my office a certain embarrassing amount of time later because I was damn triggered by that smell after that night. I was waiting, almost scratching the door with my nails like a puppy, eager to leave that public space and get to the coziness of our home to do… ungodly things, very, very ungodly things. Yet, she kept looking at me and I wondered, not repulsed at all by the idea, if she was going to just fuck me right there for all the neighbors to listen and watch. She didn’t, though. Clarke finally opened the door and stepped inside before me, her hips moving sinuously, invitingly. Like a feline, she went directly to the bedroom, giving me a peek over her shoulder before disappearing through the door. I was mesmerized, a walking being with no conscience — me, long ago lost in her eyes, trapped in a spiral of messy thoughts and fantasies far ahead from my physical location. So much that I almost brook my nose against the door frame by not paying attention and clashing with it when I approached. Still, that was not the reason why I was triggered later. Thank goodness Clarke was walking towards the bed and didn’t see me so I could just regain my lost dignity without screwing the mood. For her, not for me — I was pretty much for it.

The bed softly squeaked when Clarke started crawling on the mattress. Then, her blue eyes shone as she turned around and placed herself on the bed like the most tempting box of chocolates. That was the mood. She wanted to entice me, she wanted to tease me, to drive me insane and she was doing it
so well. Practically jumping on top of her, I licked up the valley of her breasts till her clavicle and bit down, delighting myself in the soft noise of her most quiet moans. Then her hands cupped my cheeks as she pulled me closer to capture my lips. I whined for more, I needed much, much more. I almost ripped the expensive dress off, but I didn’t — she would have killed me if I had. I threw the dress somewhere behind me and went back to the game.

“I want these.” My hands scratched a path up from her hips to her boobs under the bra and I soon started playing with her nipples.

“But they’re mine,” was her answer and I started whining again, only stopped by her lips. “I can share...”

A smile took shape on my lips, printing into her mouth when my hands gave her boobs a gentle squeeze. Clarke giggled — I tried to take it all in: her smile, her perfume, her laughter, her nails scratching my back in her way to my bra, which she rushed to take off. Putting my leg between hers, I pressed her down in the mattress and bit her neck hard at the same time that she yanked my skirt down along with my pants. I wasn’t going to let her have the upper hand, so I nipped, scratched and kissed down to her belly and took off her thong, biting gently on her mound before going back up. She wrapped her legs around me, giving me like that the space to sink my nails in her thighs and pull her impossibly close, trying to ease the intoxicating and tingling sensation in my skin with her warmth. Clarke sucked my lower lip into her mouth and buckled her hips to put me up; however, she was begging for another thing and that was what she was going to get.

Clarke yelped. Biting her upper lip a bit too rough to be considered gently is how I finally got to release myself and hold her down with a hand against her chest. I definitely had an appetite for sexy things — her nipples, for example, or the shape of her hips. The damn mole on her upper lip, dark and pretty among all the redness I had left there. Everything about Clarke is so seductive.

“Baby!”, she shouted when I lifted her by her thighs and she wrapped her arms around my neck.

Beds are fine, beds are awesome, I have nothing against them, really. In fact, what I wanted to do to her would have been much more comfortable in one, but where would be the spice of life then? I pinned Clarke against the wall and kissed her lower lip once before stroking her tongue with mine, eliciting a moan from her mouth. Clarke fisted my hair and pulled me closer to kiss me back. I felt warm, hot, sweating — I wanted to drink her whole, to feel every part of her, to appreciate every single note in her gasps and moans. Clarke’s wetness was spreading fast down her butt, making her slippery in my hands, so I had to press her harder against the wall and dive my hand in her wetness sooner than I’d have wanted to keep her stable. Her nails drew a bloody path on my shoulders when two fingers entered her and curled to hit her walls. My groan muffled her gasp while I fought to keep her in position without hurting her. I had had sex in all kinds of places and positions but that time was being particularly difficult with all the eagerness and everything being soaked by that point.

“More,” she pleaded and I added another finger and my palm to rub her clit.

Our moves were frantic and also erratic at times but so perfect. My back and her butt cheeks were bleeding but we felt no pain, only a desire and pleasure that filled the room and constantly leaked into our veins. That night was wild, for the better or worse, all rules were broken. Whereas Clarke came around my fingers twice and twice more in my mouth, it took me more breaks and time than ever to get my release but I did, many times, mainly thanks to Clarke’s golden tongue, that one came straight from heaven. Damn... Anyway, it was savage and the next week we regretted it up to a certain point. Let’s say that if you have to buy black shirts because you have to perform a mock trial and your back wounds keep reopening and you keep bleeding, there’s something you’ve done wrong. The funniest part for me was that Clarke couldn’t sit for almost two weeks because of the
bruises and cuts in her butt. She was the one to ask to be spanked and I happily made her wishes come true for as long as she wanted me to. I also put moisturizer on her butt when she asked me too, I’m not heartless, and also did she — putting moisturizer on my neck and shoulders. My girlfriend bites like a true vampire, I’m telling you, although I’m not too eager to be saved from this one.

At this point of the story, those of you who haven’t fallen asleep through this 350 pages dissertation on my life know me well enough to know that I’m what people would call… a slut and a bitch in a full display of their sexism, but I’m also a woman of her word. I have my code and that’s for a reason we all also know: when I slip, I screw things up. I swore to the gods I would never go out with my colleagues again but of course I did. Years later, you’ll ask? If only. It was at the end of the school year. No club this time, though, instead we went to a pub to grab some beers — only chilling with light alcohol and back home to sleep for a century. Another girl, another bathroom. How… how is it possible that queer women follow me everywhere I go? Straight people says we’re like 15% of the population worldwide. Well, is the 7.5% of the human race living around me like electrons? I put the guys aside, of course. Ok, ok, the thing you want to know doesn’t have to do with Math. No, I didn’t touch her, I didn’t even get to the bathroom. I really wish it was because of my new progresses and self-control but everything kept sucking and I was still looking for my dose to release all that anxiety of the finals. My salvation came in the least expected shape: a tiny, savage girl that almost ripped my eyes off. Octavia Blake’s face was very telling when the initial surprise of bumping into me at the bathrooms’ line left place to sudden anger when she saw the girl I was following and understood what was going on. So she grabbed me by the arm and took me outside. Fair enough, though, I was mostly self-embarrassed by my behavior and sorry for her, she must have been to the very limit and yet she stayed with me to help me focus. It was her night out, visiting with his brother for the first time in the year, probably — yet, there she was, calming the mess I was. The saddest part of all guys is that she was trying to help me and part of my stupid brain was so madly jealous because everybody else seemed to be doing great and there I was, almost cheating on my angel, the best thing in my ridiculous life. I felt so hopeless, so frustrated, like not a single thing I had done, not a single tear shed or blood drop bled had been of any use in the end. It wasn’t working. Sometimes in your life you get to a point of inflexion where you can either take everything and throw it away or go for the most desperate solution. In my case, I went home and made an appointment with Dr. Tsing for the following week — I said yes to her pharmacological experiment and those high doses totally killed my libido.

I wish I hadn’t done that.

Maybe it was the depression cooking inside of me, secondary effect of the new pills, it seems, or maybe it was the unavoidably reality of my life. At that point I was sure it was the latter — I just could never reach happiness or participate in my angel’s. For weeks I felt so detrimental to her existence that I would just pretend to be asleep when she got home and we basically started communicating by fridge messages, something you can find cute but it was actually a nightmare. Everything was so frustrating. I stopped answering the texts of the Trikru group, even ignored Anya worried texts from time to time when their insistence turned so unbearable that I just wanted to stomp on my phone and put it down. Then they started their conspiracy with Clarke. It didn’t bother me too much because my mood reached a state in which I just couldn’t care as long as they let me be, but at the same time it did. The thought of her eyes constantly in my back and their voices talking about me made me angry and sad, and I started turning into the dour being of the room Clarke slept (and only slept) with from time to time. Every so often, she needed some freedom of the burden I was and preferred to take the couch. I could see her wither around me. I was trying, I was really trying but the pills were too strong. Now I like to think that if somebody would have stepped up and said anything, if anybody had found out and obliged me to drop those meds, things would have been very different. Not even Murphy said a thing when he stayed with us for a week on his way to boot camp. I guess
he was too focused on his future and some stupid bullshit my so called parents were talking with their lawyers, according to him; however, the moment I heard ‘Titus and Tara’ I stopped paying attention. I know what you’re thinking — now I know that the smartest decision would have been dropping the medication and find another solution and yet, terrified as I was I couldn’t see another way out. When September arrived, I went back to Dr. Tsing for my appointment — alone, even if Clarke had insisted on coming with me. It was ridiculously difficult but I finally was sincere to her about my situation and fears, and my desire to go to the previous medication even if that meant I would have to go from home to class and viceversa. She didn’t think that was a good idea so she only reduced the dose a bit. Not nearly enough.

The second Christmas we spent together, we spent it at home for very different reasons from the past year. Raven and Abby came for dinner and I had spent a whole week thinking about how I would approach the conversation to ask Raven for the phone number of that organization; however, when the moment of truth came, I couldn’t say a word. Instead of taking the girl aside as I had planned, we all sat at the table and a brand-new discomfort begun. This time though, I couldn’t care any less.

“When am I going to have grandchildren?” That’s how all started, when Clarke chocked on her risotto.

She looked at me, all red from her efforts not to die in such a stupid way but I avoided her stare, unsure of what her intentions were and not really in the mood to have that conversation — especially because I wasn’t really sure where she stood in that aspect and I was and am adamantly against to breed anything that can turn stupid. Plus, I have worked too hard on my body to throw it all away for an alien parasite.

“Don’t look at me, I’m not carrying,” was all that I said.

“Well, me neither so… sorry, mother,” Clarke smiled, looking relieved.

“You could always adopt,” Raven added when she saw Abby’s disappointed face. She should just have followed my lead and kept her mouth shut and sealed if someone was not asking anything to her directly.

“Or have puppies and cats like good queer wom-“ I tried to save the situation, but it was already too late. Clarke was pissed.

“Would you like to have children, Raven?” Who the heck cared? Why did she have to be like that? Raven didn’t even know what to answer, it was a trap, there was no safe response. So Clarke took her silence as a ‘maybe’ and looked to her mother. “You could change your arrangement so you wouldn’t even have go through adoption, mother.”

That was cold! It was also plainly rude and mean and that was my queue for a time out. I kicked Clarke’s leg under the table and discreetly signed Raven to stand up. It was time for us to grab the desserts. I don’t even remember what it was that time, all I could see was Raven’s countenance of frustration when she leaned against the kitchen wall and sighed. I followed suit, whether it was because of having to go through another family war or just because of having to be alive. Raven was a good person but I couldn’t blame Clarke either — if my new mom was younger than me, I’d also be angry and kind of disgusted. It would be easy to say that maybe Clarke needed to spend more time with Raven but even if she did and knew how amazing Raven is, the fact that she was younger than her would always be there — I preferred not to put much more thought on something with no solution and that had nothing to do with me.
“They both can be bitchy when they want, gosh.” Raven whispered and I answered with the only smile I could draw in my face.

There was nothing else to say, only time till we had to go back. The sudden silence of the dining room was terrifying. Had they finally killed each other? A storm was coming and the worst thing was that it was chasing after me.

“Lexa, baby.” Those words always meant I had done something really wrong so I tried to procrastinate as much as I could in the kitchen before having to follow Raven. Clarke was looking at me with a blank countenance on her face. I had made a blunder this time. “Mom was just telling me about this group Raven used to attend, you know? How was it again, mom?” I wished she wouldn’t repeat it even if Clarke already knew the truth.

“A.L.I.E.” Abby didn’t have a clue, good for Raven.

“ALIE, quite a name, huh?”

Sitting down slowly as Clarke made a fake tiny smile I knew I was screwed. No, let me say that again and be fair: I knew I had screwed up big time. By Raven’s stare to Abby, she might have dodged her bullet but there was still something wrong between them, probably the fact that Abby kept talking about her personal issues without her permission. Clarke and I weren’t the only ones that had a huge fight that night; however, ours could have shaken mountains as if they were leaves. The worst part was that I had nothing to defend myself but a weak “I knew how you’d react if you knew”, which was true, and a “it happened long ago, meant nothing and we didn’t think that was in any case relevant”, which was also true, so what else did she want me to say? Did she want me to yell at her and fight too? She was right that was it, but me being quiet made her yet more angry. If Clarke had any reason not to like Raven, that night was the last drop. I had never seen Clarke that livid, especially not against me — her eyes were tearing up and she kept raising and lowering her voice to try to control herself and not giving a spectacle to the whole neighborhood. I was crying too, I cried a lot that night although not because I was frustrated or mad but because the sudden thought of losing Clarke paralyzed and terrified me.

I lost count of all the times I apologized that night, of every failed attempt to calm my angel down and tell her how sorry I was, that I had thought it was the best because it had meant nothing but it would make everything weird, and eventually, to tell her how stupid and how wrong I had been. That night I slept on the couch, and the following one, and the next one, and for a week it was all cold treatment and avoidance — I could understand it… to an extent. For… duh… sake, I hadn’t cheated on her! We didn’t even know each other back then. If Abby knew what happened and she was rightfully mad about it, I’d understand because I had sex with the one that was her girlfriend in that moment but this was ridiculous. Yet, I knew it was difficult for Clarke at so many levels that I couldn’t even comprehend. Ashamed as I can be to admit this, I didn’t like to think of her reasons to be hurt because that would mean that I couldn’t keep intentionally ignoring the insecurities that Clarke was bearing inside about our relationship. Cowardice, it is called — and as I was a coward, Clarke wouldn’t forgive me… Perhaps that was not the only reason but everything seemed to be adding to the problem. So somehow the first day after Christmas holidays, not only I was able to have a shower and go to class, something that had been a nightmare for months, but I also gathered the courage to buy a big box of chocolates and a bouquet of big, gorgeous lilies and go to the hospital in time for the end of Clarke’s shift. Something you need to know about Clarke Griffin, though, is that she doesn’t like dark chocolate, which may seem stupid but ultimately was the deal breaker, the reason why we broke up. I felt stupid, stupid and sad and every day after that felt like a pack of hounds were painfully devouring my… I’m obviously joking, guys, chillax. I bought the milkiest chocolates of the store, and some white chocolates too. She loved it. I only asked for her in the reception and went up to the doctors’ office. The place was already empty with the exception of
my angel finishing stuff in the computer — It was a relief, to say the truth, otherwise Clarke may have really got even madder at me and I wouldn’t have blamed her as we both know the difference of public display of affection and embarrassment. She didn’t run to me but she walked, which was nice too, she smelt the flowers, cupped my cheeks and kissed my lips.

“Reckless pretty girl,” she said as she hugged me tight and buried her face in the crook of my neck. “You’re annoyingly cute, did you know that?” I nodded and she giggled, she was happy even if what I was feeling in my skin was the cold wetness of tears.

We went out to a sushi restaurant, all in the spur of the moment but we found a table somehow; then we went back home and laid on the couch, eating chocolates while watching Imagine Me & You. Such a great movie, goodness. At a certain point, pretty advanced the movie, Clarke realized that there was no dark chocolate in the box and raised her stare to look at me, her head leaning on my chest.

“I think that you could make me love dark chocolate,” she said with that husky voice that is only Clarke’s and I widened my eyes when her hands sneaked under my shirt and my bra. “I’d love to lick it from these nipples.”

She turned carefully around, tapped my upper lip with her tongue and I gladly let her in. Everything was fine, alright, perfect… it was good, it… Nothing flowed there. No, that’s a lie, something was flowing a lot in Clarke and I could already feel it as she rubbed against my leg but there was no throb on my side or urgency. It was like we were talking about the weather and that, my darlings, had never happened to Lexa Wilde. In fact, as I was taking Clarke’s clothes off by force of habit or embarrassment for my situation or lack thereof, I started making the math and realized something frightening: Clarke and I hadn’t done a single thing in three months. That afternoon I understood two things as we made love in the tub. Clarke lured me there, her blonde hair falling like a Venus in golden cascades on her luscious boobs, so long that the ends reached the beginning of a fitter abdomen than I remembered — thing number one: I had been paying so little attention to Clarke that I hadn’t even realized she was going to the gym in her free time for some reason I couldn’t understand because she had always hated sports and she was mind-blowing gorgeous before too. The second thing I realized, I did it when she was already in the water, like a mermaid singing to drown the sailors, and it was the most shocking of them all. I was chemically castrating myself.

I tried. I made balance of what I did prefer, whether killing everything I was by dying inside or having the chance of cheating on Clarke, and of course I chose the first one. I tried to be a good girlfriend again, to be attentive to her doings and needs despite my blatant depression, my numbness and lack of desire. I tried with all my soul and body and brain; however, the only thing that seemed to make me react Clarke-wise was the fear of losing her and the sadness. That was all I felt, sadness and desperation — I was slowly spiraling down, even regarding my grades and I couldn’t just get out from there. It wasn’t until the end of my fourth year in law school that I understood that, just like the addiction wouldn’t let me live, that wasn’t a way of living for me either. There was no Lexa in the empty shell I had become. Nothing had improved either; on the contrary, my relationship with Clarke had begun to be undeniably tense and that tended to end up in little fights about trifles that turned into the biggest dramas. We hurt each other sometimes so ruthlessly that sometimes none of us knew if we were lovers or enemies. Some words can truly murder.

Everything, every insult, yell, scream, every reproach was leading us to our inflexion point. It was just another night of June. I had the final mock trial left about a week later and I was about to explode because it was actually the exam that would determinate if I got my LL.M. For those of you who don’t know, I had finished my Juris Doctor degree focused on Criminal Justice the year before
and in two weeks I was going to graduate as Master of Laws, which is yet another year dying there that I had only got to spend because I had luckily had sex in the past with two of the associates of one of the firms I had been doing practices with and they were afraid I’d tell — Remember what I told you about that vampire sect thing? Yeah, woah, I thought the same thing. Anyway, it was my first and last chance to acquire that title because nobody else seemed to want to give a beautiful newbie a chance or a recommendation letter. However, it was a big time for Clarke too since that night she was actually graduating from her sub-specialty in Clinical Cardiac Electro-something-I-cannot-remember. The graduation was actually after lunch, a huge event with fancy dresses and food and then a party — I wouldn’t assist to that one but I was going to the ceremony to see my baby graduate for sure, and that’s why I tried to study as much as I could in the morning. To be fair, my case was an especially shitty one but I knew my teacher and the rest of the jury were going to love it — I was a state lawyer and I had to defend an abuser, who was obviously guilty. Yeah, it was quite a delicate matter but at the end of the day everyone deserves the best defense they can get and I’d have to deal with these cases while being a newbie. When you’re the damn queen of the court, you can choose the cases you get, while you’re the ass of the court, you do not.

Normally, Clarke does not meddle with my stuff but that time she actually had some free time so she sat next to me on the desk while I was reading some papers of the case for the one hundredth time and peeped at them while munching something I guess that was chocolate — not delicious black chocolate, by the way. She was enjoying herself, I knew that even if I wasn’t looking at her, at least till the moment she clicked her tongue. Then I was screwed.

“Would you do it in real life?” I knew what she meant but I didn’t want to engage in an argument, I had to finish what I was doing. Plus, it was like she always wanted to fight, I was so tired.

“Mhmm?” was my reply without even looking at her.

“Would you really defend a guy who abused his wife?” She was more and more mad again and I hadn’t even said a thing yet.

“You can’t be picky when you’re a nobody.” I sighed and put the papers back into my folder, knowing I wasn’t going to be able to work that morning. “Victory stands on the back of sacrifice.”

“Tell me you’re fucking kiddin’.” Clarke swearing out loud was all an ire demonstration.

“I’m perfectly capable of separating feelings from duty, Clarke.”

To say she was outraged is a huge understatement. In fact, she was so pissed at me that she wouldn’t even look at me when I hugged from behind, rested my chin on her shoulder and complemented her dress. She was insanely gorgeous, I can assure you that — I looked at her and only wanted to hug her and kiss her skin, to look at her forever because she was the most wonderful vision I had ever seen. But she only looked at herself as if she was fighting her tears back and released a deep sigh before smoothly releasing herself from my arms. It felt so void, so lonely.

We had to sit in different spots on the ceremony and even if the laughter of people indicated it was being an entertaining event, all I could do was looking at her hoping she would look at me back. She didn’t, though — of course she didn’t. I was glad when the old man said her name and she went up to shake her hand with that relieved aura and radiant smile. In that moment she was happy, truly happy. Victorious. In that moment, she didn’t have to think of me or my problems and bear it along with hers. In that moment, she was free. Believe when I say that I didn’t want to take it from her, that if there’s only one thing I want in this world is Clarke’s happiness because she deserves it more than anyone I have ever met, but what could I do? I had to girl the hell up and realize we needed to talk… extensively, but not that evening. At first, I did what I thought was best: I went down, hugged Clarke only hoping she wouldn’t push me away and waited aside for an embarrassing amount of time while
she and her colleagues congratulated each other and took selfies of themselves — that was until the clock marked five o’clock and I decided it was high time for me to go since she was going to have dinner and then clubbing or whatever. I told her I was leaving thinking she would kiss me and say a quick farewell although I knew my baby, I knew she would put me aside, hug me tight and I’d just say my goodnight and wish her a good night. She didn’t kiss me, though, and I must admit that rubbed me the wrong way. That was the reason why, after four hours or so of unsuccessfully trying to study and eat, I decided I had to go to that party and have that dance and shots she had been waiting for months with her.

Yes, I hesitated many times, wouldn’t you have done it? Maybe Clarke didn’t even want me around, maybe I was going to spoil her especial night, but I had to risk it and I was going to do that in the most charming way possible. Everything was for her: heavy eyeliner because she loved how it made my eyes stand out, soft lipstick, loose black dress, glitter… I even did my braids back, the ones Clarke loved so much for some reason. I took the car but only because I realized I couldn’t take those shots because I had taken my meds that morning. The city was quiet that night, not much traffic, not many people out. It felt almost relaxing and when I arrived to the club’s parking lot around 11:30 pm I just stayed there with the engine turned off and the doors locked. I felt it on my skin, in the deepest part of my bones, I knew I was losing her and myself and it felt freezing cold. I wished Clarke would just tell me everything was going to be ok like she always did and warm me with her light but she wouldn’t do it anymore. What frightened me the most was that darkness that seemed to surround us wherever we went lately. Had I consumed her? Had I taken everything from her? We were trying all the time and it was only harder, I was so tired. Remembering everything from our past to our present I can realize all our mistakes, all the things we could do different to prevent our disgrace but there’s no point in it now, right? Then my phone went off and I realized I had been holding my breath the whole time. It was Clarke.

“Clarke, are you ok?” My head stopped.

“Y-yeah, it’s Bree, Clarke’s colleague,” answered a female voice. “Clarke had you as her emergency contact so-“

“Is she ok?!” That woman was more than tipsy, I paralyzed.

“Yeah, I mean…” I only wanted to yell at her to spit it out. “She’s kinda inebriated and someone should take her home.”

“I’m nearby, be there in a minute.”

I rushed to open the door without noticing my seatbelt was still on and was out of breath for a second. Then, I cursed out loud like I hadn’t done in years, locked the car and ran to the entry of the club. At least the gorillas didn’t make much trouble letting me in, otherwise I would have knocked their dicks in the dirt. I would have and nobody would have found out because the music was loud as heck and there wasn’t a single soul in the streets. The place, however, was crowded to say the least, full of doctors and nurses and other stuff, and all of them were drunk like an old uncle on Thanksgiving Day. I was actually a bit worried about the future of health services, at least until I saw a dirty blonde and an Asian boy with Clarke’s purse and jacket.

“Hey, I’m Lexa!” I shouted as high as I could, only hoping they could understand what I was saying.

“Oh, it’s you!” The girl said and took the purse form the guy’s hands. “You her lil’ sis? You’re so cute,” she slurred. Her younger sister, because Clarke and I were so alike, right?

“Where is she?”
“A bit busy right now,” she started laughing and turned around.

Clarke was leaning against the bar in an uncomfortable position that I assumed had to do with the fact her head was swaying, probably against her will. I didn’t want to know how much she had drunk but I bet that night Clarke was going to puke even her innards and I had just finished the deep cleanse of our bathroom that week. Not pretty at all, but that wasn’t the worst, sadly. There was a guy next to her, a straight one, I correctly assumed. See, there is a pattern in the men that tend to approach Clarke, they’re all tall, muscled and they have the same fucking hair that looked either as if a cow had licked their heads or as if they hadn’t brushed it in a month. Let’s call him Generic Dick #1. Normally, if someone approaches my woman with luscious intentions, I’ll first let Clarke deal with it and if they don’t take the hint, I’ll fucking rip their heads off — this time wasn’t different. I approached slowly, waiting for the moment my angel told the guy to fuck off…but that didn’t happen. In fact, I got a very HD vision of Generic Guy’s tongue as it entered my Clarke’s mouth. And Clarke, surprised at first, took it in and kissed back.

It was a lighting streaking my soul, followed by the thunder and the fire burning my body. It would have been so easy to just leave, walk away and resign to this relationship and say that after all we were not meant to be together, and believe me, that thought went through my mind for a hot second. But I was still breathing, and as I might have been burning every reason I had left to live to keep my existence simple during years, I decided I was going to take another turn that time. Because I loved her, because I love her. Nothing of what was happening was even real. I closed the distance between us and tenderly grabbed Clarke’s hand, resisting my first impulse that was breaking the dude’s nose. They separated as fast as two drunk messes can move, both in awe. Clarke shed a tear but followed me without a word as I escorted her to the exit. Now, the car ride was going to be difficult. I was really trying to talk to her so she wouldn’t fall asleep and die in my car and also so she would communicate with me and not vomit in my car. We had to stop a couple of times in our way home but the car was fine. I was really just trying to keep a cold mind.

It was past 1 am when we arrived home and Clarke rushed to the perfectly clean bathroom. I held her hair so she wouldn’t cover herself in that yellow and black goo coming out of her mouth and tried not to think about what she had had for dinner. Reeking and disgusting, guys, never drink too much. I really didn’t want to be her the next day when the hangover struck her. When it looked like she had definitely emptied her stomach, I helped her to clean her mouth, removed all the make-up I could and undressed her before carrying her to bed. Clarke, who hadn’t said a word up to that moment and had only moved as I had ordered, sat on the bed. I put her clothes in the laundry bin and came back quickly with a washbowl and a water bottle in case she was dizzy again.

“Are you ok, Clarke? Do you want some water?” I filled a glass and offered it to her. She grabbed it but didn’t drink, she only stared at me.

“You’re not gonna say anything?” What could I say? I just kept quiet while she drank the whole glass. “Lexa, say something.”

“I’m not the most ideal person to talk about… this kind of stuff.” At all. “Plus, you’re drunk, Clarke, we’ll talk in the morning.”

“Don’t do that!” She threw the pillow at me, and not kindly. “Speak your fuckin’ mind, dammit!” I clenched my jaw.

“Clarke, it’s enough, sleeping time.” I tried to put the covers over her but she squirmed, kicking everywhere like a child and stood up, precariously.

“Stop pretending that I can read your mind!”
“What do you want me to say?” I went off. “That I’m so effin’ disappointed in you right now?! That you are a mess?! Or are you waiting for me to tell you that you can go fuck him if you like him so much you’d just…”

Clarke hugged me tight, drenching my neck with her tears, but I didn’t want to feel her warmth, I didn’t want to smell the alcohol and smoke from her skin, it was like acid painfully melting my body in the worst way possible. She babbled a thousand apologies against my skin and it burned, every single one of them was engraving on my skin with fire and I had to push her away. ‘No’, I wanted to say but the words didn’t come out, ‘no more’.

“Lex, I… I wasn’t thinking, I was surprised and I just…” I turned around, I didn’t want to hear a thing, not in that moment. “It was a tiny mistake, I… couldn’t bear it anymore!” I closed my eyes and tears ran down my eyes. I didn’t even really blame her. That wasn’t even the problem. “You haven’t touched me in months!” There it was. “I haven’t seen my Lexa in months! You’re not around and when you are it’s like you’re not really here!” I knew that. “You’re in antidepressants and I understand what they do but I just… I don’t know where you stand anymore.” She didn’t know me anymore? I closed my hands into fists and turned around.

“Sorry, the sex addict didn’t notice any of that,” I yelled, not minding that I could bother the neighbors anymore. “Maybe I’ve been taking these fucking pills because I really don’t want to fail you, have you thought of that?!” It could have ended there but Clarke was in a fighting mood and once you open the Pandora box, you can’t shut it back.

“Do you think I’m stupid? Do you think I don’t know what you’re taking now behind my back?” Why wouldn’t she shut up? “That is your fucking choice, not mine!”

At first, I couldn’t just believe what she had said and then I didn’t want to acknowledge she was right. I had been trying to hide my new agreement with Dr. Tsing for a reason but she just didn’t understand. Clarke couldn’t even fathom how close I had been to fall, how many times. Everything I did was for her and yet that was how she treated me after all we had lived. I turned around, grabbed my car keys and stormed through the door with Clarke’s sad words haunting me: “Stay, stay, please. Don’t leave me.”

Never in my life I have had a speeding ticket; in fact, from the moment I got my license three years before I hadn’t even had a ticket, not even a parking one. I had never done anything to break the law — However, that night I just wanted to get out and I had nowhere to go so I just drove faster and faster until my tears clouded my eyes and I stopped seeing the road. I parked somewhere near a park in Mount Auburn Street, which I realized later was actually a cemetery. Perfect place for my mood, no doubt. What was I even doing there? Oh, right, feeling sorry for myself, making a point after such an argument. I was sad, scared and alone and the only thing I could think of was all the steps in the way that I had missed, all we had done wrong to end like that. For starters, our relationship had grown in a toxic ground — everything started going wrong from the moment we made it all about sex. All about sex. From the very beginning, then. Clarke was also to be blamed in that aspect, though; I could have fucked up by being an addict but she did the same by being a priest. She isn’t like that, she’s a girl that likes to be seen like one — although it is true that Clarke mainly likes acknowledgement for all her work, she’s also very insecure about herself, you know? After all that time in the seminar and even before that, with all her heartbreaks and the people who has left her, she likes to be praised and desired. Who wouldn’t? She needs it, even if it’s just a tiny thing, a detail, a ‘you’re even more gorgeous today’ or a ‘I’m so proud of you’. Instead of making each other’s good points stronger we just kept our flaws alive and burning. Like candles, but way less pretty. Did we ever do anything ok at all? I think we didn’t. We had problems because every couple has at some point, and it shouldn’t have been a big deal if we had taken care of them properly. Instead, we were scared and felt uncomfortable with them so we just tried to ignore them until everything blew up in
our faces. In the meantime, we thought we were immortal, or at least I did. I thought the only one that could f**k everything up was me. Was I wrong about that too? Yes, indeed.

Everything I was asking for in my life was a chill, happy existence next to Clarke and the work I had been working my ass off for my whole life. I just wanted someone that could love me and some achievement here and there to see my job paying off. Was it really so much to ask? Being able to be out there after my job and go have some dinner with my girlfriend, maybe bump into somebody she knew and realize I am a part of her life the way she’s a part of me. I only wanted to know we existed and we had a chance outside rotten places like TonDC. The only thing that I wanted for us was knowing that we loved each other no matter what. For some time I really thought we had that especial something, was everything just an illusion product of our sick naivety? Suddenly we seemed so brittle. I was devastated, destroyed, bleeding inside with every piece of my broken heart stabbing me inside and yet, I refused to believe it. Perhaps I was just too coward to get out of my denial.

The sun was rising in the horizon when I parked the car we shared in our garage — or better said, Clarke’s car in her garage, because I didn’t really own a thing. We had definitely done every single thing wrong in our relationship. What a freaking mess we were, guys, you have no idea. If up to this point you have thought at any moment that our relationship was perfect, amazing or any kind of good, please, I ask you to read again and reevaluate because the only thing that we didn’t do wrong relationship-wise was thinking of having a baby only to keep it going. Thank goodness we both think there are already too many idiots in the world to have another one. Everything felt void, strange, as if I didn’t even exist there, as if someone had sucked my soul — so I went to the only place that felt familiar: our bed. Luckily enough, Clarke had managed not to puke anymore and she looked completely passed out on the mattress, or that was what I thought until I laid next to her and she held me tight. Silence is good, silence is nice, but she had to speak up.

“Did you have a good f**k?” After all that time she’d still think that about me.

“I couldn’t have even if I wanted to, remember?” My mouth felt sour but I was too tired to lash out. “I’m dropping my meds, I feel better without them.” I felt her nod against my neck. “I have never cheated on you, y’know? Even if I was very close to a few times.” Clarke didn’t even move. “I’m sorry I’m such a burden.”

“It was my fault, he kissed me and I was too drunk.” I wasn’t even talking about that, I didn’t care. Everything was simply not right. “I’m not…perfect. I’m exhausted.” I couldn’t blame her. “Sometimes I can’t keep standing the darkness and the sadness that fills me whenever something wrong happens in the hospital only to come here and feel the same.” I gulped and it felt like acid down my throat. “I’m tired of the monster of green eyes following me everywhere in the most unfortunate moments and the voices that cloud my mind yelling that nothing is going to be ok.” I knew that too well. Then her breathing stopped and a muffled cry came out from her chest. “I’m doing the best I can.” She was, that was the worst part. We both were. “I can’t keep trying to live up to your expectations.”

I rolled on my side, kissed her forehead and hugged her tight against my chest. Had this relationship broken her after all?

“I know you’re doing your best, baby, I’m really proud of you.”

“Yet you are disappointed, and rightfully so.”

“…” Damn, smartass. I sighed my soul out. “I’m not even mad about the guy thing. I have seen you drunk enough times to know you’d have kissed back a llama had one kissed you.” Clarke tried to rise her head but something that I bet was her massive hangover didn’t let her. “But I was really hurt because you did it right there, in front of anyone to see and nobody…” I clenched my jaw. “Do your
friends even know that I exist, Clarke?”

“What are you talking about?”

“It was like… I was just some child that followed you like… like a fangirl.”

“Lex, what are you talking about, seriously? They know.” She sounded annoyed, probably because I was raising my tone and she had to have a deadly headache. However, I couldn’t just calm down. “You even bought me flowers, everyone saw it.” That wasn’t any better. I was getting really mad again. “I mean, I didn’t make a big statement but they know.”

“They all looked at me like…”

“Like what, baby girl?” Her hand reached to me to caress my face but stopped in the way.

“Like I am just some girl toy for you until you meet a good man or whatever to marry.” In fact, I only wanted to say ‘man’ but I didn’t want her to think that was what rubbed me the wrong way. It wasn’t about that, it was me being overlooked for being young and a woman. If, say, Clarke was dating a guy my age, he would be overlooked for being young and those people would believe she was playing with her toyboy till she found a man. Well, same thing with homophobic sprinkles.

Clarke blinked a few times and then squinted, trying to concentrate on what I was saying over her crushing hangover. Her fucking younger sibling, that was what they called me. If they had called me her ‘friend’ at least I would have known that either they were homophobic as hell or straight people are just dumb. Nevertheless, ‘little sister’ was meant to be harmful, to make me feel small as if everything between us was a hallucination and I was just an entertainment to Clarke while she waited for the real thing. Maybe that girl was drunk and thought it was fun or maybe she was just scum, anyway it hurt and now I didn’t know how to shake off that harrowing feeling from my chest.

“Have you been talking to Raven?” I shrugged. As if I couldn’t have my own insecurities without anyone brainwashing me. I also probably needed to calm down a little bit. “Lex, if after 4 years you haven’t still realized that I’m madly in love with you I don’t know what else I can do.”

Although she was obviously right, it wasn’t that easy. I didn’t know what I could do either because I knew that she loved me and that I meant something to her but at the same time it didn’t sink in for some reason. We had been together for 4 years, most people in the world in our place would be making wedding plans at this point… Not that that was my thing, which was not — I wasn’t opposed to getting married at some point if it was Clarke… but maybe in 4 more years. First of all we had to repair the disaster our relationship currently was and that was going to take some time.

“I love you too, Clarke.” I leaned forward to kiss her but stopped dead on my tracks.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’d love to kiss you and make love to you but you’re hangover and your breath smells like shit…” Clarke whined and rolled to bury her face in the crook of my neck so I just hold her and caressed her head till both of us fell asleep again.

The following morning, Clarke really wanted to die so I did the only thing a loving girlfriend can do in these cases: keep her hydrated and keep quiet.

Normally, when someone has a long-term objective, they start really well by doing their best and with time it all wears off and the final result is… nothing. Gladly, that was not our case. We…
Clarke and I decided to make a kind of stop till my final exam was over and then we started talking extensively about the things we needed to change in our relationship to make it work. For starters, I was dropping Dr. Tsing meds, gradually, of course — Clarke said antidepressants and that kind of psychiatric drugs may have a rebound effect if you just leave them at once and I didn’t want to start feeling like actually killing myself. I couldn’t keep living like that, we couldn’t keep living like that, Clarke was right when she said those pills made my personality so plain it was like dating a mannequin. I had been so caught up in my own indifference for life that I hadn’t even seen what Clarke had been going through — She thought I didn’t touch her because I didn’t want her like that anymore! So she had started going to the gym to appeal me more and that’s just so... heartbreaking.

Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad Clarke now can take the stairs to come home and not die in the way but she hates it and that’s ok. Plus, I love Clarke, it’s not about being fatter or skinnier or more muscled, it’s about her whole goddess-like self and damn, I love her body so much the only thought of it gives me the tingle and I want to mingle, if you know what I mean... Better forget I said that. Regarding Clarke, she kicked that chick’s ass, Mary? Jolene? Patty? Connie? The ‘lil’ sis’ asshole — I don’t even remember how I called her the last time but I totally made the name of the bitch up. Actually, I hate most of Clarke’s colleagues because they’re all obnoxious and pretentious scum. Everyone but Monty, the hospital’s informatic guy, he’s cool. Clarke also talked with Generic Dickhole Guy #1 to clear up any misunderstanding between them before I did, which drives us to the third point of our agreement: Lexa shall not do anything for Clarke without asking her first because she’s her own person, she’s an adult and can decide for herself. Also, Lexa doesn’t mean to kill, only maim or seriously injure. Ok, I added that last part but it was exactly what it sounded like. Clarke doesn’t take very well the fact that ‘you do things for her without asking her if she wanted that and then you try to put it on her as if she begged you for it’. Lexa no, Lexa’s sorry. What else? Oh! She agreed on giving Raven a break since I was going to attend her SAA group and Clarke won’t ever admit it but she’s grateful. Finally, Clarke wasn’t going to take more night shifts than necessary now I was going to start working too AND she had to let me choose the scented candles of the house so I didn’t have to smell that rubbery bullshit she had in the living room anymore. She disliked those too but she was too proud to admit it.

I’d love to tell you that everything from that moment on was absolutely perfect, that the next day we were back to our sweet days and nothing would ever take us apart, but I can’t. It took a while, not too long, but a while. Things were a bit cold between Clarke and I even if we were making the effort to be back to normal — we went on our dates, cooked together, she would come with me to therapy and then we would take baths together from time to time but there was still something off. Furthermore, our sex life wasn’t getting any better and as the medication of Dr. Tsing was wearing off, I was starting to notice the absence of the effect. It wasn’t that bad as it was years ago but I truly had thought I would never feel that maddening throb and tingling again — anyway, I started focusing on the amazing art of finding a job. Nobody seemed to want an outstanding Harvard graduate; yet, it didn’t take Cage Wallage, bullshit master, more than 3 hours to make it into his father’s friend firm. That burned like hell in my tainted, unholy soul. It outraged me even more than the cheesy, floppy, disgusting incestuous last minute plot twist relationship in Game of Thrones — way to reduce a great TV series to the same boring straight love story spiked with something forbidden. Still salty. Anyway, finally, I, Lexa Wilde, got an offer. In Canada. Yeah, I know, best thing ever but Clarke already had a job in Boston, how could I even think of asking her to come because I got a job abroad? Especially after the state our relationship was in. I couldn’t... although I really wanted. Just imagine having the opportunity of legally fleeing Trumpland.

Jobless and tired, I fumbled with the keys at the door that night of December not putting any real effort to open it. Clarke had told me before that she had an extra shift and I wasn’t too eager to come back to an empty apartment — so I went directly to the shower. About half an hour later, I came out comfy, rested and smelling of lavender, wrapped in my towel. I didn’t even bother to switch on the lights in the hallway, that was the reason why I noticed the candles’ light so soon. It was so intense
that for a moment I was afraid something was set on fire, but it didn’t smell of smoke. It smelt of Clarke’s perfume. The music was low and enticing, setting the perfect environment for what waited for me only three steps from where I had frozen up. Fine black heels made her legs look stunning, slightly covered in a fluffy, white and red tiny skirt — a huge black belt and a sleeveless top in the same style than the skirt, her long blond locks falling down her shoulders and on top of her beautiful head, a fluffy Santa Claus hat. Clarke was a picture, making a confident pose in her revealing Miss Claus outfit and smiling widely. I didn’t know what to say, I… What I felt… Fire. I couldn’t process it all.

“Happy birthday”, her husky voice wished me and she was right, it was my birthday. All those missed calls from my friends started making sense. I had answered none, I wasn’t having a very good day. But none of that mattered. In that moment, I was too busy trying to figure out if I had peed myself or I had just squirted. “Tadaaaaa…!” Clarke said, a bit unsure all of the sudden. It was totally the latter. There’s nothing in the universe as stunning as her. For a moment, I was truly blocked, absorbed in the vision of that goddess. “Lexa?”

‘Wow…’ was everything my mind could organize in the chaos of my head. She was offering me to lose control. She knew I wanted to give in. I was blocked, feeling nothing but a pretty particular sensation that electrified me from head to toe. Clarke is something beyond me. I kept staring at her while the current was holding me, gluing me to the ground as I stayed hypnotized. Until I surrendered my self-control to her.

She pronounced my name again with that voice and my legs started working again, bringing me to her. The apartment was small, I could have guided her to our room but I wasn’t exactly thinking in that moment. Clarke stared at me, stepping back as my body stepped up, pressing her against the wall of the hallway. I didn’t want to stop staring at her and at the same time I needed to take her all in; I wanted her to keep that fitting costume on and yet I needed to feel her searing skin. I bit my lower lip at the thought of seeing her dance with that on, opening and closing her lips while singing a song, her blonde mane waving with the rhythm. We weren’t even touching, her clothes and my towel never once brushing, and her breathing was already getting uneven. Ah, yeah, I was wearing a towel. That one soon fell down, letting the small drops falling from my hair run down my back and my chest. Her eyes wouldn’t meet mine — that bothered me. Without a word, my hand closed around her jaw firmly but not rudely, and directed her face to me. She tried to kiss me — she tried to bite me with hunger but I didn’t let her, I kept her in place. She was my present to unwrap and I hadn’t decided the best way to do it yet. Slowly, I caressed her lower lip with the tip of my tongue, so close to her that I could perfectly smell the perfume from her skin. Then, my fingernails scratched down her neck and chest as I sucked her lower lip in my mouth and pulled from it. I decided that I wanted to tear that from her body, to see her bare, flushed and hot for me. However, I only got to put it down her breasts before realizing that was more than perfect. Her hard nipples would have caught my attention for longer, but Clarke had had enough teasing and attacked my mouth. Like an animal. I responded in style and we ended up on the ground fighting for dominance, scratching, kissing, bruising, moaning, biting, licking until my hand scratched her inner thigh hard and her legs opened as she steadied herself holding the edge of the furniture. Directly facing the mirror of the hallway, Clarke could see me emerging from behind her and digging my teeth in her shoulder as two of my fingers thrusted hard inside of her. Her eyes closed and her lips parted. I could feel her clit getting bigger and harder the more I rubbed it with my palm, her wetness hot while she was taking me in.

Sweat drops started falling down her neck. I started playing with her breasts, caressing them, gently squeezing, playing with her nipples, to scratch her chest hard afterwards. Clarke moaned loudly and steadied herself with a hand on the mirror, which started getting foggy with our hot breathes. Clarke is so erotic, everything about her drives me crazy in the best of ways — her gasps, her moans, the way her chest heaved and her ragged breathes. The way her loose hair was wet and stuck to her face, some locks playing around her parted lips. I could have breathed her, I wanted to drink her. Finally,
she started squirming violently against my body and her voice disappeared inside her throat. A last moan and she fell limp on my arms. I could hold her and laid her on the ground to rest. My beautiful angel. She definitely needed some water so I attempted to stand up but my legs were painfully stuck to the floor.

“Where… do you think you’re goin’?” Clarke struggled to say and managed to flip on her back. “… not goin’ anywhere.”

“I’m not?” A smile appeared on my lips and somehow, I started crawling up her body. Suddenly, I could feel the cold air surrounding our bodies, contrasting with Clarke’s heat. She shook her head and tried to pull me closer. “Clarke, we have a bed right there.”

“Now you care about the bed,” she grunted and started crawling down my body.

“Clarke? Cla-ah-arke!” I fell on my elbows as my girlfriend pulled my butt closer and proceeded to eat me out on the floor. Best birthday ever.

How did I manage to fool a woman like Clarke to love me? I still cannot understand, but it seems I charmed her so much that she even wanted to follow me everywhere in the world. She didn’t even think about it twice when I asked her — don’t think it was all because of me because, had I known that was the case, I would have never allowed her to do it, not after all she had fought and especially when she and her mother were on speaking terms again. For a long while, she had been craving for a brand-new job in a country where health services were a right and not something that can bankrupt you, somewhere she could feel she was really helping people and not ruining them. Also, she had been receiving some offers from different hospitals now she had finished her Residency because of all those seminars and doc meetings she had attended during these years. I knew Clarke could charm everyone, I just didn’t know it would be to that extent but I was so glad and proud. Yet, she asked me for something in return: to keep in touch by skype with my SAA team. I accepted, of course, and to seal the deal, Clarke designed something for me. Ink for my skin to cover the scars of past. A new skin to a new life. The tattoo was massive but the tattoo artist did a good job and Clarke was with me the whole time. If I thought my back looked amazing before, you have to see it now, guys. The only thing that bugged me was that I couldn’t exercise or anything really in a couple of weeks, but I prayed to the Lord and He gave me strength… Clarke took all the night shifts she could those two weeks and I was in too much pain to attempt to do anything. Plus, masturbating on your front is uncomfortable as heck. All in all, it was the start of my recovery.

It didn’t take too long to fix the papers. Clarke’s boss was a bit annoying but I would be irritated too if I had a gem and she wanted to go. We didn’t get much help from my new lawyer’s office getting a new apartment, although we made use of that extra time to find a decent house near Toronto, in Brampton. A bit expensive but we both were going to have kind of decent salaries… even if Clarke was going to gain way less than she would have in the USA. She didn’t mind, though, she only needed enough money for us to live well and with no worries and neither of us had expensive needs. Thankfully. Our underwear doesn’t count.

It’s the night before moving out, we have decided to say farewell to this apartment where we have lived so may happy and also catastrophic moments with a living room picnic, surrounded by flowers and candles. No need to explain which one of us has added which one of those, right? Clarke has also picked some classic piano music to play low in the background as we eat for the last time the sushi from our favorite Japanese restaurant. If there’s something about the States that I’ll miss is this sushi — and my kru, of course, but we’ll keep meeting the same so… I haven’t started my salmon nigiri when Clarke shows me a tiny box, my heart stops and the piece of salmon drowns in the soya
sauce. Dammit. I raise an eyebrow only to make time to process what is happening, to think of an answer.

“Clarke, you’re creeping me out.” Not my most brilliant answer ever, definitely.

“What?” She looks surprised. That’s not good. Or is it? Shit, have I fucked up again? “Oh… Oh, no, no, no! I’m not asking you to marry me, Lex.” Thank goodness. “Oh my god, no.” she laughs and I’m starting to feel a bit offended out of the blue. “You’re the young one, I let that to you if you want that at some point, I’ve already had my own relationship with a wedding.” Ouch. After all this time, I guess that the only one that flinches at that story is me, but I just picture her there in the altar, so gorgeous and in love… and the fucker running away with another girl. It ended up GREAT for me but I don’t like thinking about Clarke suffering, ever. “At some point we should, though, you know?” Now the eyebrow raises by itself. We should? That doesn’t sound like Clarke “For legal purposes, I mean.” It still doesn’t sound like Clarke. It sounds like me, though, which is both great and creepy. “My mother would never give you any problems if something should happen to me but your parents are a different story…” Touché.

“That’s right.” Sadly. Anyway. “We’ll talk about this later, yes?” Please. My eyes drift back to the tiny case. “What the hell is this?”

“I was thinking about what you said.”

“I say a lot of things, Clarke.”

“About people not taking our relationship seriously.” I can foresee this being genuinely cute. “And I know you don’t generally care about what people say but I also know it hurts you sometimes… because it also hurts me.” Oh, baby girl…

“Clarke…” This might not be a proposal but those are rings. Silver ones, though.

“These are not wedding rings but something better.” And cuter. This girl is going to burn down my icy soul. “As humans have developed some stupid traditions for showing people’s ownership of others,” Clarke rolls her eyes with those words and I love her so much, “I thought of changing it a bit.”

“These are rings, Clarke.”

“Silver rings, way prettier.” True, indeed.

“Still the same.” I’m being harsh but maybe… only because that’s what she’s expecting of me? If I lay her down now and squeeze her like a plushie the way I want to I may cover everything in soya sauce and that would be inconvenient.

“You think so? Read the inscription.”

“‘Ai hod yu in’?” Something feels painful on my face and I blush at the realization. It’s my smile and I’m a sap. The heat runs up to my cheeks.

“I wanted it to say ‘remember to take it off when you’re fingering your girlfriend’ but it was too long.” This is the girl I’ll marry someday soon. “Or that’s what the old man said… I think it was just an excuse…” And when I’m ready to do it, I’ll be the happiest woman in the world.

“Clarke, you’re the child of this relationship,” I fail to contain my laughter but she doesn’t care, she seems to like it. “What does yours say?”
“It’s blank for now, I wanted you to work a bit.” You better work, bitch, huh? Shady baby.

“You know it’s going to be something terribly obscene, right?” She’s totally counting on it, she wants to think I won’t dare but she knows me better than that.

“I count on that,” see? “and I’m wearing it forever.”

“As long as it’s forever…” I smiled and tenderly kissed her lips.

How funny will it be that people don’t get it when they read in her silver ring ‘Don’t bless me father for I have sinned’ but she always blushes?

End Notes

How was it? Did you like it?
Let me know in the comments ;)

You can ask me things and follow my nonsense here: http://lesbianmistress.tumblr.com/

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