Clexa goes to Hollywood

by ivywomann63

Summary

Modern AU Clexa. Clarke is an Emmy winning actress starring in a cable scifi series, who's fictional character just lost her lesbian love interest to an untimely death. Lexa is a landscaper by day fan fic/scifi writer by night. Fun, funny, bantering, lighthearted, Rom Com

Notes

Any unauthorized re-posting of this work will be dealt with harshly. I found this story on two other websites. I mean, c'mon people, don't be jerks.
Clarke and Raven spent every Sunday night in the spring in front of the TV at nine p.m. They’d been friends since they were little, growing up together, going to high school together. In high school, they thought they were in love. With each other. That lasted a few months, when they realized they made better friends than lovers. The only time they spent apart was college, as Clarke went east to a performing arts school and Raven stayed back in the LA area getting her business degree. Clarke got her first big break five years ago, in a small, critically acclaimed indie film. She was nominated for best supporting actress, eventually losing to a much bigger name. Other small films followed, and then before you knew it, she was the lead in a cable sci fi series that was now in its third season. Clarke loved the character she played, Commander Calleah “Callie” Jenkins, one of the strongest female leads on TV. Tonight was the penultimate episode, the show before the finale.

“I think a lot of people are going to lose their shit tonight, my friend,” Raven said.

“Do you really think it’s gonna be that big a deal?”

“I do, I really do.”

“I think it’ll be fine,” Clarke said, trying to convince herself.

“Fine?” Raven huffed. “Don’t think so. Ten bucks says it’s a shit storm.”

“You’re on. Monty thinks everyone will love the fact that they finally hook up.” Monty was one of the producers of the show, and one of the writers.

“Dude, they will love that, they’ll adore that. I mean, the sex scene is great, tasteful and beautiful. What they won’t like is that they kill her off as soon as you guys get out of bed. I mean, literally, as soon as you get out of bed, you barely kiss her good morning. C’mon, talk about stone cold heartless.”

Clarke bit her lip now, knowing Raven was right, fans weren’t going to be happy. The show had a very strong following among the LGBT community. She wasn’t happy when she read the script for that episode. She tried to get them to change it, give them a few episodes of happiness, but the writers would hear none of it. They said the character had to be killed off in order to move the story forward. This season had looked to be a winner to Clarke, they were finally giving her character a love interest, not just any love interest, a female love interest named Ophelia, who was worthy of “Callie”, as strong and beautiful. And the arc of this story line had hit close to home for Clarke, who had been hiding her own sexuality since she came back to LA. She poured her heart into these episodes, did some of her best work during this season, better than last season when she nabbed the Emmy for best actress in a drama.

The opening credits started to roll and they turned their attention back to the TV. Clarke’s phone started ringing. “It’s Octavia, Hey O, what’s up? You’re on speaker.”

“Hey bitches I’m at your gate, open up.” Octavia starred in the show also, another one of their strong female characters. Raven got up and pushed the button for the gate.

Octavia pushed open the door just as the show was starting. “Did I miss the sex?”

“Shut up, it’s just starting.”

Chapter 1
“Yo, Lexa! Bring the ice cream,” Anya yelled.

“Isn’t it a little late for that?”

“Hell no, you know it’s my ice cream diet, I always lose weight on my ice cream diet.” Anya was sitting on the couch with her wife, Luna. “Right babe?”

“I don’t know how it’s possible, but yes, you do lose weight when you eat a lot of ice cream,” Luna said with a smile. This was their favorite night of the week.

“Luna, you want any?” Lexa called from the kitchen.

“Why not, it’s a celebration, right? Our favorite character is getting laid tonight.”

Lexa laughed as she brought them out their ice cream. “You two are nuts. It is just a TV show, you know that right?”

“Fuck that shit, how many strong lesbian characters are on TV, little sis? This is all we got. We get to see two beautiful women consummate their relationship tonight. And listen to you, acting like you don’t watch it, you’ve been hooked for three years.”

Lexa knew they were right, she loved the show, loved all the female characters on it. She was a sci fi nut. “Well, she’s really bi, she was with that guy in the first season.”

“Yeah, but I think she sees the light now.”

They all hunkered down on the couch as the show started.

The mood changed drastically an hour later as the ending credits rolled. Anya and Luna looked shell shocked. “What the fuck was that?” Anya asked.

“Wow, no more shipping Calliope,” was all Lexa could manage.

“They had sex and then they killed her. How could they do that? What kind of lunatic writers do that?” Luna looked at Anya.

“Typical shit. They always kill off the lesbians,” Lexa said.

Anya was depressed, “I don’t know if I can even watch it next week.”

“We still have Callie, right?” Lexa tried to lift their spirits.

Raven was watching her phone when the show ended.

“Well?” Clarke asked.

“Holy hell, it’s Armageddon. Twitter’s blowing up.” She followed the producers and the writers of the show, and the response to the show was anger, a lot of anger and pain.

Clarke closed her eyes and leaned her head on the back of the couch. “Crap.” She picked up her phone and read what Raven was reading. The Calliope hashtag was trending. “God, this is bad, really bad.” She felt awful. She loved her fans, and they were pissed.

“Let me see,” Octavia said. “Yikes. Well, you told them Clarke, they should have listened to you.”
“God, you better call Monty and tell him to shut it, he’s responding, but I don’t think he realizes how insensitive he sounds.” Raven showed the tweet to Clarke.

“Oh my god, that idiot.” She dialed him immediately, got his voice mail, Clarke told him to call her back asap, and to get the hell off twitter.

Clarke’s phone was ringing now, “Here’s mom.”

Raven grabbed the phone, “Hey mom.” Raven always had a little crush on Clarke’s mom.

“Hey Raven, honey, how are you?”

“I’m good, it’s my birthday next month. We going out to dinner or something?”

“We can, or we can have dinner here. I’ll make your favorite.”

“That sounds swell. Do you want your other daughter now?”

“Yes please.”

Clarke grabbed the phone from her, “Hey mom, putting you on speaker, Octavia’s here too.”

“OK. How is everyone?”

“Good, did you watch?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“What did you think?”

“I think it stunk. Why would they kill her off so soon? And why didn’t you tell me?”

“You know I can’t talk about what happens on the show.”

“I know. Well, the whole thing seems really insensitive, and I hope it doesn’t hurt the show down the line.”

“We all hope that.”

It took weeks and weeks for the vitriol to die down. The response to the episode made national news. It was one of the strongest responses to any TV episode ever. The cast were told what to say at all interviews, the producers and writers the same. They repeated the same line over and over, they didn’t realize how it would affect the fan base, they were insensitive, and looking back, they would do it differently. Clarke was glad when it started to die down. Raven and Octavia were over for dinner one night and they were reading their phones as Clarke sketched a picture of her new backyard, how she wanted it to look someday. She bought the house about six months ago, and the backyard was a disaster, it needed a ton of work.

“One good thing about all the hubbub, the fanfic got a lot more interesting,” Octavia said.

“You got that right,” Raven replied.

“You guys still read that?” Clarke asked.
“Yeah, I’m your manager, remember? I like to keep tabs on what’s happening with your fan base. They express themselves in fanfic. Most of them are re-writing that episode, giving it a happy ending.”

“You just like to read the sex scenes,” Octavia said.

“Yeah, don’t act like you’re reading it for me,” Clarke said.

“Guilty.”

“Isn’t that kinda incestuous? I mean, are you picturing me? Your best friend when you’re reading the smut?” Clarke asked.

“Well, I picture Callie, not you.”

“How do you separate the two?”

“Very carefully. You should read them; some of them are pretty good. And, some not so good.”

Clarke sighed.

“What’s been up with you?” Raven asked. Clarke had been depressed and out of it for weeks now.

“You seen Finn lately?”

“Oh god, no. I’m so over that.”

“He serves a purpose, you know that.”

“I know, he’s my cover. I get it. Just tired of having to pose with him, acting all lovey and shit. He can be an ass sometimes.”

“So what’s bothering you?”

“I don’t know. Ever since the episode aired, it’s stirred stuff up, like I betrayed everyone. Then I think how I’m hiding out in the closet, really betraying everyone. And then I think how much I miss being with a woman. You know how long it’s been since I kissed a girl?”

“Who you? Katy Perry?”

“I’m serious, it’s been since college, that girl Maggie, remember? That was like six or seven years ago.”

“You know what I think? I think you think too much.”

“I miss being with a woman!”

Raven put her phone down and looked at Clarke. “Hey, who’s that up on the mantle?”

Clarke looked up, “Mr. Emmy.”

“Exactly and why is there an empty spot next to him?”

“Because he needs a friend.”

“Exactly, he needs Mr. Oscar. And whose childhood dream was it to win an Oscar?”

“Mine.”
“Exactly. See how agreeable you can be? You ain’t winning no Oscar if you’re an out lesbian in Hollywood. You won’t get the scripts, you know you won’t, you see it with people who are out now. So, you lay low, you win that Oscar, and in your acceptance speech, you can flip them all the bird and tell them you would like to thank your lover, Susie so and so.”

“But there’s not even a Susie so and so to thank. I don’t even have any discreet affairs. I’ve had nothing for over six years. I want a fucking girlfriend!”

“You just had a girlfriend for eight episodes,” Octavia chimed in.

“Yeah, and how did that turn out?”

“You never did say if she was a good kisser or not.” Raven always loved the dirt.

“She was OK, I think she was nervous.”

Raven looked at Clarke and saw how down she was. “Alright, you need to get laid, hey O, we need to find someone for her to bang.”

“Oh, that’s romantic,” Clarke said as her head was buried in her book.

“Find someone to nail.”

“Getting better.”

“Tap that,” O said.

“That’s me.”

“Hit it and quit it.” Raven was having fun now.

“You know me so well.”

“Casual sex partner.” The two going back and forth now.

“Keep going, you know how I love sex with strangers.”

“Fuck buddy.”

“Enough! You’re both asses,” she laughed and threw a pillow at them. “I’m destined to be alone.”

“Poor you. You can have any woman you wanted, you are that fucking gorgeous. Unfortunately, you’re too much of a romantic pushover to take advantage of it. You have to be in love.”

“How’s your casual sex partner by the way?” Clarke asked.

Raven always referred to her current girlfriend as her casual sex partner, because she felt it made her appear more bohemian. More hip. Of course, she didn’t tell her girlfriend this. “Lovely, she’s lovely.”

“Lucky shit. I’m gonna tell her you call her that.”

“That would not be wise, she would kick my ass.”

“You’re whipped,” Octavia said.

Raven threw the pillow at her.
Clarke knew Raven was right. If she wanted a chance at good scripts, she had to stay in the closet. She remembered when she was little, how she used to perform for her dad and mom. She would make a stage out of cardboard, and then hang up towels for curtains. They would always clap and tell her how great she was. Her dad made her an Oscar out of an old glass bottle and aluminum foil, and he would present it to her after every performance, and she would give her acceptance speech, thanking everyone, including the family dog, Carson. Despite all the acting at home, she never took it any further. Then her dad died when she was ten and she was devastated. Mom was a doctor, so she worked the long hours while her dad stayed home and took care of her. They did everything together. And when he died, she lost her best friend. She was left empty and alone. Her mom tried to spend more time with her, but her career as a surgeon was taking off, which meant longer hours. Other family members stepped in, but it wasn’t the same, she wanted her dad. She had a teacher at school that knew her well, and when she noticed that Clarke was so depressed over her father’s death, she pushed her towards theater, thinking maybe she could channel all those emotions into performing. And that’s when Clarke got hooked on acting for good. High school plays, community theater, everything she could do, she did. She was determined to win that Oscar for her dad, be able to tell everyone how much he had meant to her, how much she missed him still. So, the status quo for now, no soft kisses, like only women can kiss, no soft skin, no deep emotional connection. Not yet.
Lexa came home from work exhausted as usual. She crawled into the tub to take a bath. She had a date tonight. She worked every day at the family business, Wood’s Landscape and Hardscape. Her mom and dad started the store thirty years ago, but they died in a car crash five years before, leaving Anya in charge. Lexa had been back east for a few years, but a year after her parent’s death, she came back to LA to help out. She was the main designer, and also was on the jobs doing work. Anya handled most of the business side of it, running the actual store, managing the inventory, the payroll, all the things that Lexa hated. Her genius was design. She had a flair for it, and a reputation for excellence. But this wasn’t her dream. She was a writer, majored in English, and minored in astronomy, because she wanted to write science fiction. She loved sci fi, loved watching old Star Trek, Battlestar Galactica, Star Wars, you name it, if it took place in space she watched it. She graduated from Arizona State University, getting a free ride from a golf scholarship. Her parents weren’t rich, so she needed help paying for tuition, and she was a natural on the golf course. Her dream was to be published. She wrote a novel about two years ago, and sent it off to every publishing house out there, but she never heard from any of them. She knew the book was good, it was going to be the first in a trilogy. Getting published these days was next to impossible if you didn’t know someone. She imagined her manuscript languishing on someone’s desk, never getting read. She’d let other people read it, and everyone loved it. But she couldn’t get the right people to love it. She plowed ahead anyway, starting the second book, in hopes that someday, luck would come her way. Lately though, she had a severe case of writer’s block. For the first time, words weren’t flowing through her brain and onto her computer screen.

She got dressed for her date and walked out into the living room, her sister and Luna looking at the computer, laughing together. “What are you two birds doing?”

“What are you two birds doing?”

“Reading some fanfic.”

“What is fanfic?”

“Actually, it’s kinda cool. There’s a website where people write fan fiction. They take characters from TV shows and they make up their own stories, using those characters.”

“Isn’t that like plagiarism?”

“Says the boring English major. No it’s not, evidently.”

“So what stories are you reading?”

“Fanfic on our favorite show. Everyone is writing happy endings for Calliope.”

“And lots of sex,” said Luna

“So, you’re basically reading porn.”

“It’s not porn, it’s love. And is that what you’re wearing for your date?”

Lexa looked down at herself, she had old weathered jeans on, black boots, tight fitting tank, and a baseball hat. “Yeah, what’s wrong with it.”

“You look like a slob.”

“It doesn’t matter, it’s coming off in a couple hours anyway,” she said with a leering look.
“Oh god, you’re such a whore. Who’s the flavor of the week tonight?”

“Same girl as last weekend.”

“Oh, second date, she must be good in bed,” Luna said.

“Why can’t you find a nice girl and settle down? You’re thirty for god’s sake,”

Lexa ignored that comment and playfully flipped them the bird on her way out the door, “Later bitches, have fun reading about sex, while I’ll actually be having it.”

“We’ll be having it,” Luna called after her.

“Yeah, if you come home and there’s a sock on the door, that means do not disturb,” Anya added.

“Right, don’t wait up,” Lexa replied as the door closed.

“I worry about you!”

But Lexa was already gone. Luna got up and ran up the steps, “Where you going?”

“To get a sock.”

Lexa was sitting in traffic about fifteen minutes later. Always so much fucking traffic. She thought back to Anya’s last comment. She worried about her. Find a nice girl. Settle down. That’s pretty much all she’s heard for a few years now. Problem was she had no desire to settle down.

Lexa came back into the room and nodded at the hospice nurse, who left her alone with Costia. She stared down at the woman who had been her everything for over six years now. It was hard to find the vibrant blonde she fell in love with. They met freshman year in college, living in the same dorm, on the same floor, just two doors down from each other. The first time Lexa laid eyes on Cos was in the shared bathroom. She was brushing her teeth when the blonde came in to wash up for bed. Their eyes met in the mirror and the attraction was instant. Lexa remembered getting lost in those brown eyes. She remembered thinking what an unusual shade of brown they were, almost golden, or amber. Costia had just smiled at her and left Lexa staring after her as she left the bathroom. Now she was almost unrecognizable, looking so frail and small in her hospital bed. Her cheeks were hollow, her face gray, her eyes dull, with heavy black circles underneath them. She reached down and stroked her cheek, adjusted the wool hat on her head. She picked up Costia’s hand and it felt cold, and Lexa knew the end was coming, probably tonight. Lexa crawled into bed and wrapped her arms around the woman she loved.

“Lex?”

“I’m here baby, I’m here.”

“I can’t see.”

“I got you, don’t worry.”

“It’s so cold, Lex. I’m so tired. Promise me you won’t leave.”

“I promise, I’ll never leave you,” Lexa said as silent tears rolled down her face.

Lexa wiped away the lone tear that fell from her eye, took a deep breath and pushed the thought away. Every now and again that scene replayed in her mind. That was the moment when she lost her heart. Felt like she buried it with Costia on that cold December day four years ago. Lexa hadn’t felt a
thing since. Cos was her life, her love of a lifetime. She couldn’t imagine falling in love like that again, and she didn’t want to. She’d rather spend her days alone, to honor the woman who meant so much to her. But being alone didn’t mean not having sex. Her sex drive was too high to be celibate, and as long as she kept her heart under wraps, she felt like she was being true to their relationship. So yeah, she slept around. She got to have sex, which she loved, and she didn’t have to commit to anyone, which she also loved. She had the looks and the aura which pretty much guaranteed her anyone she wanted. And she wanted this woman tonight, had been eyeing her up for weeks at the bar. Last Saturday night they got together, and it was good enough for a repeat performance tonight.

When Lexa arrived at the bar, she checked her look in the rear view mirror. Her long, dark, thick hair waved and curled past her shoulders and contained highlights of auburn. She liked to keep it under a baseball hat, because it could become unruly at times, and she liked the sporty look of a hat. She reached up and pushed a strand of hair behind her ear, her deltoids flexing with each movement. Working at the store was physically demanding, so she became a gym rat, her muscles well defined and lean looking, her five foot nine body athletic and lithe. She had dark brows framing gorgeous, green eyes with long, dark lashes. Her lips were full, and always naturally reddish without the aid of lipstick. She could have easily been a model. She knew she gave off a lot of sexual energy, the “thing” as her friends used to call it. The elusive “thing” that few possessed. But she did and she knew how to use it, especially in the last few years. She briefly thought about her friends, friends she hadn’t seen or talked to since the funeral. She couldn’t stand their looks of pity, so she pulled away from them and moved back to the west coast to help Anya with the store, a perfect situation for an imperfect time in her life. This was her routine, Saturdays spent at the bar, looking for a hookup, or just hanging out with some of the bar regulars, none of whom she got close to. It was lonely at times, but for now, it suited her.

Lexa woke up early the next morning with last night’s date wrapped around her. She tried to stealthily slide out from underneath her arms, but the woman woke up, stretched and held Lexa tighter.

“Mmm. You feel good. I hope you’re staying this time. I can make you breakfast. Maybe we can hang out for a while,” she implored.

Lexa felt a little bit of panic rise in her chest. She knew two dates with someone and assumptions would be made. She tried to let her down as gently as she could, “I really can’t, I have some work I have to finish up today.”

“It’s Sunday. We can spend the day in bed if you want,” Ontari said as she moved her lips towards Lexa, who quickly rolled out from under her and got up. She looked around for her clothes and started getting dressed. Time to make a quick getaway before future plans could be made.

“You’re really leaving? After the sex we had?”

Lexa looked down at her. Ontari was clearly getting upset. She cursed herself, this is why you don’t have two dates with someone she thought. “I really can’t stay, I’m sorry, I’ll call you later in the week,” and she bent down to give her a brief peck on the lips. She turned and hurried out of the room.

“Call me!” she heard as she headed down the stairs and out the door.

When Lexa made it home, she laughed when she got to the front door. It wasn’t a sock, it was underwear. She took it off the door knob and went into the house. She was greeted by her dog,
Yogi, “Hey baby, how’s my boy, anybody up yet? C’mon, let’s go out.” She let Yogi out into the back yard. She still had the underwear in her hand, so she put on her head, hoping it was clean, and looked in the fridge for something to eat. Maybe she would make everyone eggs today.

“Yo, get your asses up if you want some of my world famous eggs.” She listened and heard some movement. She smiled as she got out everything she needed to make breakfast. Ten minutes later Luna and Anya came down the steps, still in their PJ’s, yawning.

“Did someone say eggs by Lexa?” Luna asked.

“You know that underwear is dirty, right?” Anya deadpanned.

“Oh, gross. Who puts dirty underwear on the door?” Lexa threw the offending panties across the room.

“I forgot to do the laundry.”

Luna and Anya came down the steps, still in their PJ’s, yawning.

“Did someone say eggs by Lexa?” Luna asked.

“You know that underwear is dirty, right?” Anya deadpanned.

“Oh, gross. Who puts dirty underwear on the door?” Lexa threw the offending panties across the room.

“I forgot to do the laundry.”

Lena set the table and starting scooping out the eggs for everyone. She let Yogi back in and put some food in his bowl. “There you go Yogi bear, eat up.”

Soon they were all quietly enjoying their breakfast. Lexa looked around at this family of hers, and realized how lucky she was to have them.

“Delicious as usual baby sis.”

“Thank you.”

“Why didn’t you make your date breakfast?”

“Stop it. And I probably won’t be seeing her again anyway.”

“Why not?”

“She got a little clingy this morning.”

“Oh god forbid she likes you.”

“OK you two, let’s not ruin a perfectly good breakfast.” Luna always played referee.

“Yeah, shut your pie hole, listen to your wife. How was your porn reading last night?”

“It was good, but I was telling Luna about your porn. Remember you had that writing class at college, and you spent one week learning how to write a love scene.”

“I do remember that. And I have the porn to prove it.”

“I need to read that,” Luna said.

“Lexa’s love scene was randomly chosen by the teacher to be read in class, remember? You told me you were reading it, and the teacher had to stop you.” Anya started giggling now.

Lena started laughing too, “Evidently, I was a little too explicit. It was some chick on chick stuff. ‘Ms. Woods, this is supposed to be a love scene, not some hardcore porno,’ ” Lexa said in a matronly voice. “Exact words, swear to god. She called it porno. My beautiful love scene, porno.”

Now Lena was laughing with them, “That’s funny. You should write a damn fanfic then, bet you’d write some good sex scenes.”
“Oh my god. That’s a great idea. Write a fanfic, do it, do it.”

“What? I am not writing a fanfic.”

“Why not? Look, you said it yourself, you have writer’s block, you can’t get that second novel done. Well, maybe if you write something else, it’ll get those creative juices flowing.”

Lexa didn’t dismiss that idea, she did need a jump start of sorts. “What would I write about?”

“Write about our show. Give Calliope a happy ending.”

“Well, if I was writing that, I would give it a whole new beginning. I never thought this season flowed the way it should have.”

“Well, there you go, write a whole new season. You’re a sci fi writer, do it.”

“How does it work?”

“There’s a website that you sign into, and you post your fiction. You can post chapters at time, so you don’t have to have the whole thing done at once.”

“Alright show me this fanfic.”

“Yeah baby! We’re gonna post an awesome story, we’re gonna get you a following, and then we’re gonna get that book of yours published.”

“You’re getting a little ahead of yourself there chief.”

“Sorry, got a little carried away. But we will get you a following.”

Over the next few weeks, Lexa spent her spare time at night writing. She had to admit, Anya was right, concentrating on something else got her juices flowing again. When she had enough chapters to post, they all sat around the computer.

“OK, I’m gonna post, we need your pseud.”

“My pseud? Crap, what should I call myself?”

“I have an idea,” Anya said, “remember that little nickname you had in high school?”

Lexa remembered and groaned, “Oh no, no, no, no.”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes.”

“What was it?” Luna asked

“Hearteyes,” Anya said with a wicked laugh.

Luna looked at Lexa, “You’re kidding, right? You? Hearteyes?”

“I had a serious crush on a senior at the time. My friends said I looked at her with hearteyes.”

“Awe, that’s cute.”

“Not really, it’s stupid.”
“Since it’s sci fi, we’ll call you commander hearteyes. Done.”

“Wait, what? Did you just put that down for my pseud?”

“Sorry to say, yes I did. I like it. OK, here we go. Clicking on new post, tags? We need tags,” and they filled in all the tags that corresponded to the show. “OK, post chapter, ready? We’re copying, we’re pasting. Should we preview? We should preview.”

Lexa shook her head, “Nope, no need, I went over everything with a fine tooth comb.”

“Girl says no preview, post without preview.” And Anya pushed the post button.

“Now what?” Lexa asked.

“Now, we wait.”

“Wait for what?”

“Hits, kudos, comments.”

“What if we don’t get any?”

“Honey, you got a Lexa sex scene in that sixth chapter, you’re gonna get some kudos.”

“Holy shit, we already got a hit and a kudo.”

“How they hell did someone read it that quick?” Lexa asked.

“Who knows.”

“I’m going to bed.”

“OK, yeah, we shouldn’t watch, let’s go to bed, and we’ll wake up tomorrow, and see what we got.”

Clarke sat down on the couch with the three new scripts that her agent had sent over. Raven was tweeting or tumbling or whatever it was she did on her iPad. Clarke wasn’t very social media savvy.

“Oh, goodie, a couple new fanfics!”

“Oh my god, are you still reading those?”

“You ask me that every time. Yes, now pipe down. Go read your scripts.”

Clarke opened the first one, a typical rom com. “Do I want to do a rom com?”

She looked up at Raven, who looked bummed, “Damn, this one sucks.”

“Oh, darn, guess you’ll have to go to bed frustrated.”

“No, wait, there’s another one. Ooh, over twenty thousand words already and not finished. Now that’s a story. If it’s any good. And get this, their pseud is commander hearteyes.”

“Sounds like a hopeless romantic, like me.” Clarke started reading her script and decided there was no com in the rom com. She tossed it on the floor and looked at Raven, who was totally engrossed in her story. Clarke took her foot with a very fuzzy sock on it and stuck it in Raven’s ear, nudging her.
“Please remove your toe from my ear, I have no idea where it’s been.”

“My toe? It was just in the shower. Now the sock, I cannot vouch for the sock. I found it in the back of the closet.”

“Gross,” and she pushed Clarke’s foot down.

“Whatcha reading?”

“A very, very, well written story.”

“Really? By commander hearteyes, my future wife?”

“Yeah, I’m not shitting you. This is really good. The writer is picking up after the end of season two, and took it in a whole new direction. Really creative. Like, better than the writing on your show.”

“Oh c’mon. It can’t be that good.”

“I’m serious, you should read this.”

“OK, send me the link. Because anything is better than these three scripts, they all suck.”

An hour and a half later, Raven and Clarke were practically hyperventilating. “We should comment. You should comment,” Clarke said.

“I’m not a member, you have to be a member to leave a comment.”

“Sign up.”

“Alrighty, simmer down. ID, password, email. Done. We’re in. What should I say?”

“I don’t know. Tell her that was a fucking awesome sex scene.”

“OK, ‘dude, that was a fucking awesome sex scene.’ Post.”

“I’m going to bed.”

“Which really means, I gotta go find my vibrator,” Raven teased.

“You are crude. I was just gonna use the shower head.” And now they were both giggling. “You were right though, that was a really, really, good read. Like professional. We gotta find the chick who wrote this.”

“Yeah, I’d like to meet her. Just for the sex scene, she’s probably hot as hell.”

“You think? I bet ten bucks she’s probably some middle age house wife with three kids. Writing it in her bathrobe and curlers,” Clarke said.

“People don’t use curlers anymore.”

“No?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Hm, maybe it is some unbelievably hot lesbian that I can marry and have babies with.”

“You want babies?”
“No, that’s just an expression. How we gonna find out who this is?”

“I have no idea. Let me think on it.”

The next morning Lexa came downstairs in her boxers and tank. Anya and Luna were already at the table eating breakfast, wearing big old smiles.

“Why are you two so happy? Did we have sex last night?” She reached into the fridge and took out an apple.

“I’m really starting to think that you have an unhealthy obsession with sex. Do you want to see?” And Anya turned the computer screen towards Lexa, who peered at it closely.

“What? Does that say a hundred hits, fifty-two kudos, and sixty comments?”

“It sure does. That’s just overnight. Read the comments.”

Lexa started scrolling through the comments, noticing that they were tied to individual chapters, so she hit the drop down box for the chapter index and pulled up the sex scene chapter. These were the ones she wanted to see. She started laughing.

“Which ones are you reading?”

“The ones from Chapter six. ‘dude, that was a fucking awesome sex scene.’ I like that one. That’s my fav right there. Short and to the point. I’m gonna go get ready for a run, then I’m going to the gym. I should be in work by nine, OK?”

“OK, see you then. We need more chapters.”

“Way ahead of you, I’ve got three more ready.”
Chapter 3

The following week, Clarke was in the back seat of Niylah’s car on her way to her mom’s house to celebrate Raven’s twenty-eighth birthday. She didn’t feel like driving, so she made them come pick her up. “Thanks for picking me up you guys.” Niylah was Raven’s main squeeze right now, they’d been together for almost a year. Clarke thought they made the perfect couple. Niylah could more than hold her own around Raven and her sarcastic sense of humor.

“No problemo, Clarkie,” Niylah said.

“Yeah, we all know you and cars don’t mix so good,” Raven said.

“Oh, I’m not that bad.”

“You seem to have a blind spot when it comes to stop signs, and I don’t mean the natural blind spot found in most cars.”

“Oh my god, that happened once. OK, twice.” Raven was fixing her hair in the passenger side mirror and stopped to stare back at Clarke.

“Was it three times?” Clarke asked. Raven just nodded her head. “I can’t be good at everything. Driving is just something I’m not good at.”

Niylah made the turn into Clarke’s old neighborhood. Abby and Marcus still lived in the house that Clarke grew up in. They pulled into the driveway and parked behind Octavia’s car. The house hadn’t changed much since Clarke left, she had some good memories and some bad memories associated with it. The good was when her father was alive, and the bad was after he passed away. After he was gone, the three thousand square foot home seemed too big and lonely for Clarke. She was surprised her mom still lived here, because it really was a lot of house for just two people. They all got out of the car and headed inside.

Octavia was the first to greet them, “There’s the birthday girl,” she said as she pulled Raven in for a hug. “Happy birthday, buddy.”

“Thanks O, where’s that big lug of yours?”

“Here I am.” Lincoln was Octavia’s live-in boyfriend. They met three years ago while filming the series. Lincoln was on the show the first year it aired. He was your typical hunk, tall and muscular, contrasting nicely with Octavia’s petiteness. He had shaved his head for a new role and it made him look even more attractive. He was very much in love with Octavia, always doting on her and taking care of her needs.

“Happy birthday, Raven.” He gave her a big hug, picking her up and giving her a little shake.

“Jesus Christ, you’re gonna break my ribs, OK, enough.” Lincoln placed her gently back on the ground. He reminded her of a big teddy bear.

“You need something to eat hon?” he asked Octavia.

“Not right now, maybe in a little bit,” she answered, giving his hand a little squeeze.

Bellamy, Octavia’s brother, was there with his wife Echo. Bellamy was both Clarke and Octavia’s agent. “Hey Raven, happy birthday.” He bent down and gave her a kiss on the cheek. When he
wasn’t in a business suit, he could be mistaken for a typical southern California surfer dude. His shaggy brown hair hung in his eyes a little bit. He had an old pair of weathered jeans on and flip flops. Despite his casual appearance, he was a successful agent, a hard negotiator, and always put his clients needs above all else.

Marcus made his way over to Clarke to give her a hug hello. “Where’s Finn?”

Clarke made a show of looking around. “Uh, not here.” She felt bad immediately, “Sorry, that was snarky.”

He put his hand on her shoulder, “It’s OK, I never liked him.” He winked at her as he went back to the kitchen to help Abby bring the food out to the dining room.

Clarke smiled at that. He wasn’t so bad. She watched him as he gave her mom an affectionate peck on the cheek. They actually made a cute couple. Her mom with her long auburn hair and Marcus with his goatee, speckled with gray. He reminded Clarke of a college professor. He had been with her mom for a few years now, and if he made Abby happy, that’s all that mattered. He also didn’t expect to be any sort of replacement father to her, and she appreciated that.

“So, Clarkie, did you find that fuck buddy yet?” Octavia asked as she poured some drinks.

Bellamy overheard, “What fuck buddy?”

Clarke rolled her eyes, “Nothing, there’s no fuck buddy.”

“Clarke needs to get laid, by a chick,” Octavia continued.

Bellamy gave her a concerned look, “Is that wise?”

“A girls gotta have what a girls gotta have,” Raven chimed in. Now they were all discussing Clarke’s sex life.

“Clarke, you should be with whoever makes you happy,” Echo said. She tucked a strand of her dark hair behind her ear. She and Bellamy had been college sweethearts, and had married six years ago. They had two little ones at home with the babysitter. Bellamy junior was three and little Brandon was thirteen months. As it was with most young parents, they appreciated a rare night out with adults. “Life’s too short, enjoy yourself.”

Bellamy usually agreed with his wife, but not this time. He was not only Octavia’s protective big brother, he was a sort of big brother to Clarke also. He was a senior in high school when Clarke was a freshman, and they were paired up in the big senior little freshman program at the school. It was a mentoring program to make freshman more comfortable in the high school environment. The two bonded and stayed in touch through their college years. He cleared his throat, “I’m just saying, we have goals, you have goals, and we’ve discussed this before. I only have your best interest at heart,” Bellamy explained. “It would not be wise...”

“Blah, blah, blah,” Octavia interrupted.

He held his hand up, “Hear me out. It would not be wise at this time in your career, to come out.”

“Nobody’s talking about coming out, we just wanna get her laid, am I right?” Raven said to Octavia.

“You got that right.”

Raven went to high five her, but O thought she was fist bumping, and they missed somewhere in the
middle. Octavia just reached out and shook Raven’s hand instead, which earned her an eye roll from Raven.

Bellamy shook his head, he knew once these two got an idea in their head, there was no stopping them. “I don’t want to know anything else. Just keep it discreet.”

Raven pointed to herself, “Huh? Like I’m not discreet.” Of course, everyone knew that Raven was the opposite of discreet, which is one of the things they loved about her.

Abby clapped her hands to get everyone’s attention, “Food’s ready, let’s all take a seat, who needs a drink? Anybody?”

“We’re good, mom,” Raven said. “What’s on the menu?” As the food came out Raven started salivating. She always considered Abby her other mom. She basically took care of her when Raven’s mom passed away from breast cancer eight years before. Raven was always invited to the Griffins for holidays, special occasions, and birthdays.

“Your favorite of course, smoked salmon, done how you like it. And there’s some steak too, I know some of you don’t like seafood.”

After they all took their seats, Bellamy stood up and raised his glass, “I just wanna say, it’s always nice to get together to celebrate birthdays, and I’d like to thank Abby and Marcus for hosting again. You guys are terrific. Raven, happy birthday.” Everyone toasted the birthday girl.

“Speech, speech.”

“Speech? Fuck off,” Raven said.

Everyone laughed. “I think we should charge her a dollar for every F bomb,” O said.

“Jesus Christ, she’ll be broke before the week’s out,” Niylah grumbled.

“Let’s eat before it gets cold, pass me the salmon please,” Raven said.

After dinner the girls were hanging in the living room, while the guys went outside to smoke cigars. “So what’s hot in fanfic these days?” O asked.

Raven looked at Clarke, “Didn’t we share that story with her?”

“I think I forgot.”

“What story?”

“Really great story, I’ll send you the link. Written by Clarke’s future wife,” Raven said.

“Wife?”

“Written by a hopeless romantic named commander hearteyes,” Clarke said with a smile.

“Is there sex?” Niylah asked.

Raven gave her a ‘duh’ look. “Well, yeah, you think I’m reading it if it didn’t have great sex scenes? I mean, c’mom babe.”

“Should I be reading it?” Echo asked.
“If you like some good, smutty, lesbo sex scenes you should.”

Echo paused for moment, thinking of her house full of men. “Send me the link.”

“Atta girl,” Raven said as she successfully high fived her. She looked at Octavia, “Did you see that?”

“I thought you were fist bumping,” O said with a pout.

“But, it’s a great love story too,” Clarke said. “The sex scenes are hot, but the author is a really good writer. O, you’d like it, she’s rewriting the whole third season. Makes my friggin day when she posts a new chapter.”

“I’m in, send it to me,” O said.

Abby came into the living room, “Cake time, let’s go.”

“Should we tell your mom about it too?” Raven asked Clarke.

“What? Shut up, no.”

“You are no fun.”

*   *   *

Clarke was enjoying a quiet Thursday night at home catching up on her emails. Most of them were from Raven, who kept sending photos of gay women to her, asking her, “How about this one?” “Here’s a cutie, want me to call her?” Clarke had no idea how Raven was convincing these women to pose for pictures, and quite frankly she didn’t want to know. Her quiet evening wasn’t so quiet anymore as the buzzer on her front gate sounded.

Clarke put her laptop on the coffee table and went over to the intercom. She knew exactly who it was, because Raven liked to buzz a little song. “Who dat?”

“Open up. I gotta pee.”

Clarke pushed the button to unlock the gate and went back to sit on the couch with her computer.

Raven burst into the house, “The final chapters are done!” She ran into the downstairs bathroom to relieve herself, not bothering to shut the door.

Clarke perked up immediately. “Really?”

“Yeah, and she says in the last chapter comments that there’s smut.”

“Oh, good. I’m going up to my bedroom,” Clarke said excitedly as she grabbed her laptop and jogged up the steps.

Raven was just finishing up in the powder room, “You’re disgusting,” she yelled after her. “Can I use the spare bedroom?”

It was an hour later and both women were staring at their screens in their respective bedrooms. They were done reading the final chapter. Clarke’s phone rang, it was Raven from the spare bedroom.

“Hello?” Clarke asked innocently.
“Did you see the comments?”

“I’m sorry, who’s this?”

“Read the comments.”

“OK, OK. What am I reading?”

“Go down about ten comments, she is mentioned by name, by a friend of hers. And she replies, and they have a little personal convo. And then another friend joins the thread, and she spills the beans about where she works. Evidently, she lives here, near us and her name is Lexa.”

“Wow, that’s some good intel. Damn, I’m impressed,” Clarke said absently.

“Well, it’s really just here in the comment section. Are you reading the comments?”

“No, I was re-reading the sex scene.”

“We need to take a trip tomorrow out to Pasadena.”

“Why?”

“Because we need some landscaping done, that’s why.”

* * *

“This seems wrong on so many levels,” Clarke said. They were both sitting in Raven’s car in the parking lot at Wood’s Landscape and Hardscape. Both had sunglasses on, and Clarke had her hair pulled back with a baseball hat.

“We’re just having a little fun, doing a little sleuthing.”

“You call it sleuthing and the rest of the world calls it stalking. We’re stalking somebody. I’m the actress, I’m the one who’s supposed to be stalked, the stalkee, not the stalker.”

“Quiet. Do you see anybody who looks like they could write a lusty sex scene?”

“No, not really.”

“Hand me those pretzels, sleuthing makes me hungry.”

Clarke passed the pretzels to Raven. She took off her sandals and put her feet up on the windshield. She moved her toes around like she was practicing dance moves.

“Clarke, what the hell happened to your toes? It looks like they were gnawed on by some animal.”

Clarke looked at them. Her red nail polish was mostly flaking off. Her nails were varying lengths, some chipped and jagged. They did look pretty nasty, like, something out of horror movie nasty. Revenge of the Toes or Nightmare on Toe Street, with the chipped, red, nail polish looking like bloody little bits, leftover from her last victim. She self-consciously put her feet back on the ground. Clarke had always loved her toes, she thought they were cute, and she usually took better care of her feet. She loved to look down at them when she was walking in her flip flops. Loved to change the color every week, depending on her mood. You could say she had a crush on her toes, which probably was really weird. And now look at them. She was going to blame this lack of personal
hygiene on her “offness” since season three ended. “I guess I’m due for a pedi.”

“You think? They look like Fred Flintstone feet.”

“They’re not *that* bad.”

“Put your shoes back on, we don’t wanna scare off our sexy writer.”

Raven slipped her foot out of her shoe, raised her leg, and shoved it in front of Clarke. “That’s a nice set of toes right there.” Clarke pushed her leg away. “Look,” Raven insisted.

Clarke glanced down. They were perfect. “OK, you win the toe contest.” She involuntarily curled her toes under. They were pretty ratty.

Raven still held her leg out admiring her French pedicure, turning her foot this way and that. “New place on Sunset. I’m gonna make an appointment for you tomorrow. Can’t have one of my clients walking around with toes like that.”

“I’m your only client.”

“You’re a full time job. I mean look at your toes.”

Clarke gave her a glare. She was getting bored, it felt like they had been here forever. She looked around the parking lot and saw an older woman get out of her car and head towards the store with two kids in tow. “Oh, I bet that’s her, look, she’s in her pajamas and she has kids. Just like I said.”

“Pipe down, those aren’t pajamas, they’re lounge pants.” Raven looked a little closer. “Are those slippers?”

“I think so. They’re kinda furry looking.”

“Jesus, I hope that’s not her. Pass me my soda.”

“Where is it?”

“In the cooler in the back seat.”

“I didn’t see a cooler. You brought a cooler?”

“Underneath the blanket, on the floor behind you.”

Clarke turned around and lifted up the blanket. “Oh my, you did, you brought a cooler. For god’s sake how long is this stakeout gonna last?” She unzipped the red, soft-sided cooler and looked inside. Not much of a variety, Coke, Diet Coke, and more Coke. She could use a bottle of water right now, evidently that wasn’t on the menu. She pulled out a can of soda, noticing a bag behind Raven’s seat. “What’s in the bag?” She peeked inside. It looked like everything in aisle one at the convenience store. There were multiple bags of Doritos, it seemed like one of every flavor, there was a sizeable bag of regular M&M’s, some oreos, and beef jerky, a lonely protein in a sea of carbs. “My god you have enough food in here for days. And you really need to clean out your car.” Clarke looked at all the plastic cups, wrappers, and chip bags strewn on the floor in the back. “Cluttered car, cluttered mind they say.”

“Who says that?”

“Me. You must have fifty dollars worth of snacks back there,” she said as she handed Raven her soda.
“What? You know if I get hungry I get cranky.”

Clarke just shook her head. She was super envious of Raven’s metabolism. Girl ate like a pig and never gained an ounce. And she didn't exactly choose healthy options. “You shouldn’t be drinking that stuff, do you know what it must be doing to your insides?”

Raven waved her off, “Blah, blapity, blah.” Suddenly she straightened up in her seat. “Wait… hellowoo,” she said slowly.

They both saw her at the same time, coming out the front door, a big brown dog following behind her. Clarke pulled her sunglasses down her nose to get a better look. The woman went over to a customer, and was talking and smiling with them, tall, thin and lean, fit, really fit, like, ripped fit, with long, dark hair. She was in a tank top, cargo shorts that came down to her knees, and a baseball hat that was like a cherry on top of the sweetest dessert.

“What I’m seeing?” Clarke asked, feeling a little tightness in her chest, her breath quickening, a little heat gathering between her legs. Her physical reaction was surprising since she was never one to fall prey to lust at first sight, but she felt an immediate attraction to this woman.

“You mean those delicious calves?”

“I was looking at those delicious arms.” They both watched as she helped the customer load up plants into their car, her muscles rippling with every movement. When she was done, she glanced over to Raven’s car.

“Shit, shit, she sees us,” Clarke said, slipping a little further down in the seat.

“Relax, she doesn’t see us.”

The woman went back inside and Clarke let out a sigh of relief. She had no intention of being caught stalking some chick, even one as lovely as the brunette, her own body be damned. She didn’t want to be on the front page of the National Enquirer. “We should go, now.”

“We’re not going. Did you see her?” Raven looked over at Clarke with a little wonder in her eyes.

“Yeah.”

“She was hot. What if she’s our writer?”

“Oh, we are not that lucky.”

They waited a couple minutes more, and they were rewarded when the woman came out again, taking some plants to put out front for display, the dog once again close on her heels.

“Oh lordy Jesus, what does it feel like to fuck a body like that?” Raven asked.

“You are so crude, why are you so crude?” Clarke just stared, fascinated by the woman’s graceful movements.

“C’mon, you ever sleep with a body like that?”

“No.”

“Don’t you wanna find out what it’s like?”

“Oh my god you’re ridiculous.” Clarke continued to watch as the woman moved the plants around,
trying to find the perfect setup. She had to admit, she did kinda wonder what it would be like to touch that body. Of course, she wouldn’t tell Raven that. The woman kept moving the plants around, then stepping back to critique her setup. It took her a good four times of rearranging before she seemed satisfied. Clarke could tell by the way the woman carried herself that she didn’t lack confidence. She held her head high, her posture impeccable. Clarke was a little mesmerized, finding it hard not to follow her every move. She watched as the woman looked back at the dog and said something. Clarke tried to catch what she was saying but they were too far away. The woman went back in the store and Clarke felt a pang of disappointment.

“Where you goin’ beautiful?” Raven asked softly. “Come back,” she said even more wistfully, leaning her head out the window for a clearer look, without the distortion of the windshield.

Clarke made a conscious effort to stay rooted in the car, because her body felt compelled to follow the woman into the store, buying every plant in sight just to have the opportunity to speak with her. Clarke took a deep breath, she needed to get a hold of herself, she needed to calm down. She was the one being ridiculous. “Hey Columbo, how long are we going to sit here?”

Raven pulled her head back inside the car. “For as long as it takes.”

“As long as it takes to what?”

“Figure out if this is our mystery writer.”

Five minutes later and the woman came back out the front door again with a couple more plants. Clarke’s body heated up again, her heart palpitations increasing. This little stake out was gonna be the death of her.

Raven needed to speed up the sleuthing process, so she leaned out the window again. “Lexa,” she said, louder than a regular speaking voice, hoping to get a reaction of some kind.

Clarke punched her, “Oh my god, shut the hell up.”

The woman did look around a little, her eyes resting on their car again. Raven slapped Clarke back, “It’s her, it’s her.”

“You are an idiot. That is so not her.” Now they started arguing a little, not noticing that the woman was approaching their car.

Lexa had been watching the two women for fifteen minutes now. They were just sitting in their car, and from her vantage point in the store, she couldn’t make out their faces very well. They both had sunglasses on, that much could see. She felt a whack on her butt and she jumped.

“What are you looking at?” Anya asked. She leaned her chin on Lexa’s shoulder trying to see what she was staring at. “Anything good?”

“Nothing important. Those two women in the dark, blue Acura have been sitting there awhile, just found it odd, that’s all.”

“Maybe they’re stalking you. Jilted lovers or something like that.”
“Yeah, right. Cause I’m so stalk worthy.”

“Luna wants to know if you wanna go out for dinner tonight.”

“Sounds great, your treat, right?”

“Guess so. Be careful when you go back out there. Don’t need my baby sis being kidnapped by a psycho ex-lover.”

“One less mouth to feed.”

“Yeah, but Yogi would miss you.”

Lexa playfully shoved her away, “Get outta here.” After Anya walked away Lexa turned her attention back to the mystery women. She decided to go over and see if they needed any help. She picked up the last of the plants that needed to be moved outside and pushed open the door. She arranged them around the pots that were already there. She thought she heard someone call her name and she looked around. Not seeing anybody in the vicinity, she headed towards the car. The two women seemed to be arguing when Lexa poked her head in the window, “Hey.”

The brunette screamed, “Aaahh. Holy shit you scared me.”

Lexa just smiled at her, looked her over, then looked past her to check out the blonde in the other seat, who was staring straight ahead. Lexa felt she had seen her someplace before. “Can I help you ladies?”

The brunette stammered a little, “Ah, well, we were, just sitting here...”

Lexa could tell by their profiles that they were both attractive. Not a bad thing if they were indeed stalking her. She rested her arms on the door and looked around at the mess in the car. “Wow, how long have you guys been here?” She couldn’t see their eyes because of the sunglasses. She could tell they were a little nervous, the brunette was tapping her fingers on the steering wheel and the blonde kept jiggling her leg. “Were you interested in any plants or landscaping, or anything?”

The brunette was the first to speak. “Yeah, yeah, we were interested in landscaping,” she looked over at the blonde who nodded her head. “Right?”

“Right.”

They seemed oddly afraid to get out of their car. “Do you want to come inside?” Lexa asked. “Or I can get in your backseat if that makes you more comfortable,” she said with a big grin. That got a reaction from the blonde, who snickered. Lexa leaned into the car to look past the brunette, eyeing up the blonde again, damn she seemed familiar. God, maybe she slept with her. Blondes were her weakness, her Achilles heel.

“No, we can go inside if you want,” the brunette said.

“It’s not what I want, it’s whatever you want,” Lexa replied, a little flirty, trying to catch the blonde’s eye, but no luck so far.

“Let’s go in, I’ll go in.” She turned to the blonde, “Why don’t you make that phone call, and I’ll pop inside and talk landscaping.”

Lexa’s dog was outside the blonde’s window now, growling and whining. Lexa smiled down at the her, “Yogi must like you, he only talks to people he likes.”
The blonde looked out the window at the dog, who was staring up at her. “Yogi?” she asked.

“Yeah, Yogi bear.”

She reached her hand out the window and started rubbing Yogi’s head. “Wow, you do look like a bear, hey buddy, hey Yogi bear, you’re beautiful.” Lexa watched as she opened her door and started petting Yogi’s back. “Who’s a good dog, who’s a good dog. I wish I had a treat for you, but Raven ate everything.”

Lexa was thoroughly enjoying watching the blonde love up her dog. Her insides warmed up a little as she watched her lean over and give him a hug. The warmth started below the belt and stayed there, her heart rate kicked up a notch. She could barely make out the blonde’s features, but somehow her body knew what it liked.

“Should we go in?” the brunette asked Lexa.

The voice seemed to come from far away, as Lexa’s mind was busy removing the blonde’s clothes. The question finally registered, and Lexa nodded her head without looking at her. Somehow she couldn’t pull her eyes away from the woman who was showering affection all over her dog. Now Yogi was pasting wet, sloppy, kisses all over the blonde’s face, who obviously enjoyed them from her peals of laughter.

The brunette opened the car door, almost taking Lexa’s head off, “Let’s go,” and walked towards the entrance of the store.

In the interest of keeping her head intact, Lexa tore her eyes away from her dog and his new friend, ducted when the door swung open, and started to follow. She glanced back one more time and saw the blonde give Yogi a kiss. “Lucky dog,” she said under her breath. She turned back and had to jog a little to catch up to the other woman. She caught her before she got to the door, pulled it open and led her inside. “C’mon back here, this is my office, I’m Lexa by the way,” she reached out her hand.

“I’m Raven,” the woman said, giving Lexa’s hand a firm shake.

“Nice to meet you Raven, and your partner’s name?”

“Partner? Oh yeah, no, that’s Clark, Clar, Clare.”

Lexa gave her a look, it sounded like she didn’t know her own girlfriend’s name. Maybe it wasn’t her girlfriend. “OK, have a seat. So, what were you guys interested in?” Lexa sat waiting for Raven to speak. She felt Raven give her the once over and then shift in her seat a little.

“Raven?”

“Oh, yes, she, we just bought a house, and it needs a lot of work outside. There’s a pool, that looks like shit, and gardens that look like shit, and a patio, that basically looks like shit. So, we were thinking of redoing everything.”

Lexa bit back a smile at this woman’s backyard observations. If it truly was as bad as she made it out to be, it would be right up Lexa’s alley. Fixing disasters was her specialty. “That sounds like a pretty big job. The best thing to do is for me to come over and look at the space.”

“Oh, you’d come out to the house?”

“Yep, is that OK?” Raven’s eyes seemed locked on Lexa’s lips for some reason. She patiently waited for Raven to resume eye contact. “Is that OK? If I come out to the house to see the space?”
“Yeah, that’s great.”

Lexa watched Raven shift in her seat again, she’d have to check that chair later, maybe the cushion was bad. “Do you want to set up an appointment then?”

“Sure, what’s good for you?” Raven asked.

Once again Raven’s eyes had wandered from her face. Lexa took a quick peek down at herself to see where the girl was looking. She decided she was staring at her bicep for some reason. This woman was checking her out but good. Lexa flexed a little bit and watched Raven’s eyes get a little bigger. Now Lexa almost laughed. She tried to get Raven back on track, she still had a lot of work to get done today. “Where you guys at?”

“Where’s who?” Raven asked distractedly.

Lexa knew women found her attractive, but this was a little over the top. “Where do you guys live?”

“Oh, Clar….Clare lives in Glendale. I mean we….her and I…live in Glendale. Together. We live together in Glendale. Recently. We moved in together. I mean, we lived together before, but we just moved in. Recently. Like yesterday.”

Lexa just kept nodding as the woman stammered and stumbled over her words. This interaction ranked right up there with the weirdest in recent memory, like top five. “You just moved in yesterday?”

“Did I say yesterday? No, I didn’t say yesterday. I said…yesterday last month, you must have heard me wrong, or maybe I said it wrong, but that’s what I meant.”

Scratch that, this was number one. It shot right to the top. Lexa continued her nodding, because she didn’t know what else to do. “Well, I’ll be near there on Thursday, so I can stop by in the afternoon, like around three? Is that good?” Lexa wondered what she getting herself into. She made a mental note to make sure someone knew her whereabouts that day. Anya wouldn’t realize she was gone for a couple days, so she would tell Luna.

“Yes, you’re perfect, I mean, that’s, that’s, pretty perfect, really perfect.” Lexa’s head nodding must have been contagious, because now Raven was the one with the constant head bob.

“What’s your address?” Lexa asked. Raven seemed to pull herself together and gave her the address, along with her phone number. Lexa gave her a business card. “I’m one of the owners, so I’ll take good care of you. Here, take some of these catalogs with you, might give you some ideas. So, we’ll see you Thursday.”

Raven just sat there, fingering the business card, staring at Lexa’s chest.

Lexa looked at her with a bemused smile, raised her eyebrows, “So I’ll see you Thursday.” First she couldn’t get the girl out of the car, and now she couldn’t get her out of her office.

Raven seemed to suddenly realize the situation as her eyes snapped back up to Lexa’s. “Oh, yes, yes, Thursday,” she said, getting up now, and reaching across to shake Lexa’s hand, “we’ll see you then.”

Raven walked out of her office and Lexa sat back down in her chair. She weighed the pros and cons of this upcoming meeting. The pros, hopefully seeing the blonde again. The cons, never making it home because they were a couple of ax murderers. Easy decision. Pros outweighed the cons. She was hoping the two women were just roommates.
Raven walked quickly back to the car and got in. “You’re welcome.”

“What?”

“You’re welcome.”

“What am I thanking you for?”

“She’s coming to the house on Thursday to look at the yard.”

“What? Are you kidding me?” Clarke asked, Raven just smiled at her.

“No, I am not kidding. And I have confirmed that she is our mysterious writer. That was Lexa. Clarke, she’s perfect.”

“Perfect for what?”

“Your fuck buddy.”

“Whaat?”

“You heard me.”

“Oh my god. Is that what this is all about? Finding me a fuck buddy? I thought we were just having fun ‘sleuthing,’ ” Clarke said, making angry quotes around the word.

“Clarke, she’s hot. I mean, really smokin’. Green eyes, your favorite,” saying the last part in a sing songy voice. “Chick oozes sex, I swear it was just, like, coming out her pores. Her lips are really nice. She’s got this vein running down her bicep, oh man, that was sexy as shit. She flexed a little bit and my undies got a little wet. Whew.”

The more Raven talked, the more animated she got. “She’s got these muscles, like, actual chest muscles, I couldn’t take my eyes off them. You know me, nobody makes me nervous, chick had me squirming, she’s a perfect sexy ten is what she is. I am seriously in love with her already. I was kinda in a daze in there. I just sat there staring at her, and she had to like, snap me out of it and usher me out the door.” Raven took a deep breath after her rambling.

Clarke just looked at her for a few seconds, horrified, and then she just shook her head. “So let’s see, you stared at her lips, you stared at her biceps, and you ogled her chest. Jesus Christ she probably thinks we’re nuts. First we’re sitting in her parking lot for, like, half an hour, like we have some irrational fear of landscaping, then you’re sitting in her office in a catatonic state drooling over her.”

Raven started laughing as she started her car, “This is gonna be fun.” She looked in her rear view mirror, “Where’s the dog?”

“Yeah, my god, don’t run over her dog, that’ll put a damper on your plans.” Clarke spotted Yogi, “Over there, by the door, you’re good.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On Thursday, Lexa made her way out to Glendale. She followed her GPS and turned into the driveway of the address that Raven had given her. She pulled up to the security gate, leaned out her window, and pushed the button. The house was much larger than she anticipated. These types of homes in this area were worth a few million at least. She wondered what jobs the two women had to be able to afford this piece of real estate. She still had her head out her window when the security camera moved. The lens came out and focused, moving closer to Lexa’s face. She slowly moved her head back as the lens kept coming closer and closer. Talk about zooming in, she thought. She heard static and then a voice.

“Hello?”

Lkea shifted closer to speak into what she thought was the microphone. “Hello?”

“Hello?” said the disembodied voice.

Lexa paused, was this a game of hello chicken. Who would be the first to give in. “Hello?”

“Who dat?”

Lexa opened her mouth to speak, then closed it, she could have sworn she was talking to Raven. “Ah, Lexa Woods, I’m here to see Raven and Clare?” A buzz sounded, and the gate slowly swung open.

She shook her head as she pulled through the entrance. The strangeness surrounding these women continued. She was glad that Luna knew her whereabouts. She focused on the task at hand, and began looking at things with a critical eye. The driveway was long and circular, made up of eighteen-inch terracotta tiles. They must have been installed recently, since there were no visible cracks. In the center of the circle was a green space, with a run-down fountain in the middle. Water slowly dribbled out of it, making Lexa think there was something clogging up the intake hose. She stopped driving, got out the file for the house, and made a quick note, ‘replace intake hose on fountain out front.’ She wondered what kind of budget they had, because maybe a whole new fountain was in order. The cherub spouting water out of its mouth was a little 1940’s. But then again, some might consider that retro. She needed to get a feel for their style and taste. The weeds around the fountain were hip high, and she felt the need to make another note, ‘industrial strength weed whacker needed, or possibly a small hand grenade’ she wrote, smiling to herself.

She parked her black pickup truck near the front door and looked at the house. It was impressive, with white stucco and red trim on the windows. A large picture window in the front of the home was surrounded by English ivy, that snaked its way up to the second story Juliette balcony. Brick-colored clay tiles covered the roof, giving the house a Spanish flair. A step-up brick patio led to an oversized black front door that was trimmed in copper accents and copper hardware. The landscaping on either side of the patio was also overgrown, weeds of varying heights sprouted up, invading the perennials that were trying to peek through. A couple of palm trees anchoring the garden on either side of the door needed to be trimmed back. Lexa made a couple quick notes in her book of what she saw out front. When she was done, she grabbed her briefcase, walked up, and rang the bell. Raven opened the door immediately, startling her. She deduced that it probably was Raven checking her out with the super zoom. She hid a smile.
“Lexa, good to see you, come in, come in.”

“Thank you, wow, the house is beautiful.”

“Thanks. Clarke will be right down.”

“Who’s Clarke?”

“My, uh, partner.”

“You mean Clare?”

Raven was caught, “Yeah, that’s what I said, Clare.”

Lexa felt like she was slipping down the rabbit hole a little. wasn’t a bad feeling. It was just a little bizarre, this chick was bizarre. They came through the hallway towards the dining room and Lexa saw the back yard from there. “Holy shit, oh excuse me.”

“Oh, don’t worry about offending me, fuck is my middle name.”

Lexa turned and smiled at her, and Raven felt herself blush. Killer smile.

“This is beautiful, may I?” Lexa asked as she went to open the French doors.

“Please, let’s go outside, and hopefully Clare will be down soon.” She looked up the steps, “Clare!” She yelled so loud Lexa flinched. “Lexa’s here. She’s here, now.” All Lexa could think of was “ma the meatloaf” scene from The Wedding Crashers. She almost started laughing, because that scene always cracked her up. It had an honorary place on her facebook page.

They went outside and Lexa took stock of everything. It was in pretty bad shape. “Yeah, you were right, it does look like shit.”

“Yeah, but it’s fixable right?”

“Yeah, really depends on how much you want to spend.”

Raven waved her hand dismissively, “Money is no object.”

“Well, let’s crunch some numbers before you make a statement like that. I’ll break it down for you. Pool renovation, this much, patio, this much, etc etc. OK?”

“Great.”

“Let’s go inside, look at some pictures, then I’ll take some measurements, and I’ll have pricing back to you in a few days, sound good?”

“Yes, sounds good.”

By now Clarke had made her way down to the kitchen, not knowing why Raven was calling her Clare, but that was all she heard, she didn’t hear the part about Lexa being there yet. “Hey jackass, why are you yelling Clare, do you have some woman tucked away in here that I don’t know about,” just as Raven came into the kitchen with Lexa. They all stopped what they were doing and stared at each other, well, mostly Lexa stared at “Clare”, who wasn’t Clare, but the one and only Clarke Griffin. She was good at keeping an emotionless face, so she just looked at Clarke, then looked at Raven.

“Hi, sorry, meet Clare Griffin, I mean Clarke, Clarke Griffin, this is Lexa, I’m sorry, last name?”
“Woods.”

“Right, Woods Landscaping, how could I forget? Sorry about kinda lying to you before. Clarke likes to keep things on the down low, you know what I mean, she’s an actress.” Raven said, not knowing if Lexa recognized her or not.

“Yeah, I recognize you, and I totally understand, about the down low part,” Lexa said, her eyes on Clarke, the Clarke Griffin, wait til Anya heard this one. No wonder she seemed familiar in the car. And man was she prettier in person than on TV. She went across the room with her hand out, eyes never leaving Clarke’s. “Nice to meet you.”

Clarke shook her hand and found her gaze wavering, Lexa’s stare was a little too intense for her. She still hadn’t spoken, she was a little tongue tied.

“I’m actually her manager,” Raven said, “not her girlfriend, I have my own girlfriend,” she said quickly.

“Yeah, and I have a boyfriend, Finn Collins.” Clarke had no idea why she blurted that out. Raven gave her the stink eye for that one.

“OK, now that we've got that out of the way,” Lexa said.

“Do you have a boyfriend, or girlfriend?” Raven asked.

“That would be a girlfriend, and no, nothing serious.”

“Why?”

She shrugged, “Not my style?” She bent down to pick up a binder. Raven made eye contact with Clarke, and mouthed, “perfect,” to her. When Lexa picked her head up, she caught a little bit of that exchange.

“Are we still interested in landscaping?” Lexa asked with a small smile, having no idea what the hell was going on here. There was definitely a weird vibe in the room.

“Yes, absolutely,” Clarke said.

“Alright, I can show you my portfolio of things that we’ve done in the last few years, maybe give you some ideas. Or if you guys came up with ideas?”

“Clarke actually sketched out some stuff. I’ll get us some water, and then let’s sit in the dining room.” Raven returned with three glasses. “Lexa you sit here, and then we’ll sit on either side so we can both see, OK?”

Clarke went and got her sketch book and took her seat next to Lexa. She found she was really nervous, god knows why, but she was, Raven was right, girl was sexy as hell, and every time she met those green eyes, she felt like Lexa was taking a piece of clothing off her. Commander Hearteyes? More like Commander Sexeyes.

“Let’s see what you got here, wow, these are really good.” Lexa looked at Clarke with admiration.

Clarke blushed, like a sixteen year old, hadn’t blushed in years, and here she was blushing like school girl. “Thanks,” she mumbled. And now she felt like crawling under the table. What the hell was the matter with her?
Lexa had to take a moment to control her mouth, because she was about to let loose with a big old grin, Clarke Griffin blushing was too fucking cute. She put her binder on the table and began flipping the pages, explaining the different pictures, what kind of work was involved in it, trying to find pictures that matched what Clarke drew.

Raven was not paying attention, girl turned her on majorly, not that she would ever do anything, because this was all about Clarke, but it certainly didn’t hurt to look. And smell, damn, what was she wearing, sniffing, apparently too loudly, because Lexa looked at her in mid sniff, “Sorry,” Raven said sheepishly. “You smell nice, that’s a nice smell, what is it?”

“Calvin, it’s men’s cologne, I like men’s cologne better than women’s perfume, for me.”

“Yes, well, that’s nice, Clarke, doesn’t she smell nice.”

Lexa turned towards Clarke, who hadn’t really smelled anything, so she leaned in towards Lexa’s shoulder and took a whiff, oh boy, that went straight to her crotch. “That’s nice, yes. Smells nice. Fits you.” Lexa looked back down to her binder and Clarke mouthed “what?” at Raven, who raised her eyebrows. Lexa felt like she was caught in the middle of a screwball comedy. And oddly enough, she was kinda digging it.

“Are you guys, wanting a three way or something?”

Clarke groaned, “Oh my god.”

Raven was quick to reply, ”No, no. My god no.”

“Just getting a weird kinda vibe here,” Lexa said hesitantly.

Raven knew she had to take the bullet for this right now, before they lost her. “Look, this is all my fault. I’ll admit, I find you incredibly attractive, like, really. I have a girlfriend, so I am in no way hitting on you. Just trying to explain why maybe, we are acting weird. I’m so sorry. Please don’t freak out.”

“OK.” Lexa turned to Clarke.

“I have a boyfriend,” she said, louder than before.

“Yeah, you said.”

With Raven looking at her behind Lexa’s back, mouthing “stop it,” Clarke knew that this was one of the most humiliating days of her life.

Raven took a deep breath and let it out, “OK, we good? Let’s get it together ladies. Let’s look at some pictures.” They started to finally look at the book, when Raven’s curiosity got the better of her, and really, she could never shut up, “So, have you ever had a three way?”

Clarke reached for her water at that point, wishing it was alcohol.

“Yes. I have.”

Now Clarke was choking on her water, “You OK?” Lexa asked with a concerned look on her face.

She nodded her head, “Yeah,” more coughing, “went down the wrong pipe.”

Raven was into this discussion, “So what was it like?”

“Huh, yeah I guess it would be. Was it with two other women?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s a lot of high maintenance right there, three women.”

“Well, two of them, I am not high maintenance. Anyway I can say I had one, but I doubt I would do it again. One on one is better.” Clarke wasn’t even listening, she was wondering if it really was possible to die from embarrassment.

“Clarke?” Clarke didn’t realize Lexa was talking to her, and looked into those green eyes and was lost for a moment.

Boyfriend my ass, Lexa thought. “Which of these designs do you like better?” Clarke just picked one, her insides were churning too much now. They spent another half hour going over which things they liked best and some decisions were made. Lexa got up to go outside to measure.

When she was gone they both breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh. My. God. That was a disaster. What the hell were you doing?” Raven asked, slapping the table.

“Me?” Clarke gave an emphatic point to Raven. “I was gonna get you that lobster bib we have you were drooling so much.”

“She must think we are complete and utter morons.”

Clarke was completely flustered. “She is out of my league sexually. I mean, a three way? Who has three ways?”

“Hot fucking women do, apparently.”

“Well, that’s intimidating as hell.”

“Stop it. You’re fine. You’re Clarke Griffin. Emmy award winning actress. She should be shaking in her boots to just meet you.”

“Well, that’s not what’s going on here, in case you haven’t noticed. I’m the one who can barely look her in the eye.”

“Why did you keep saying you had a boyfriend?”

“I panicked,” she said sheepishly. “She makes me nervous.”

“Do you think she’s attractive?”

“My god yes. She’s extremely attractive. Those eyes, they’re piercing, and green. You know how I love green eyes.”

“Well OK. She’s gonna be your fuck buddy, come hell or high water.”

“You’re a jackass.”

“I love you, too.”
Lexa did her measurements, came back inside and was getting ready to leave. Raven’s phone rang so she grabbed it and waved goodbye. Clarke walked her out. She tried to channel her inner Callie, strong, confident. “Do you have our contact info?”

“Yeah, I have Raven’s phone number.”

“Here, do you have a piece of paper, I’ll write down my email and phone number.”

“I’ll just put in my phone, what is it?” Clarke gave her the info.

“You can email me the prices, or call, whichever is best for you,” Clarke said.

“Alright, here’s my card, you can call me or text me if you think of something we didn’t cover today, OK?” Clarke took her card and their fingers brushed. School girl crush, that’s what this felt like. And she was twenty-eight. So it was pretty pathetic.

Lexa leaned against the door jam, “Probably take me a few days to put something together.”

Clarke looked at her again, “Sorry about all that in there. You probably think we’re assholes.”

“No, I don’t think that. You cats are a little strange, but I was flattered, to be honest.”

Clarke laughed a little. She liked that, you cats. Now they were just looking at each other.

“You have beautiful eyes, I’m sure you hear that all the time,” Lexa said.

Clarke felt the blush coming, “Me? God, no, you, you have the beautiful eyes, green eyes are my fav...are great.”

Lexa caught that little slip up. “Well, blue eyes are pretty great too. I hope your boyfriend appreciates them. It was a pleasure meeting you,” she stuck her hand out and Clarke took it, felt the warmth, felt the calluses from working outside. Lexa started walking away, but turned back, “I am a fan of your show you know.”

“Oh yeah?” That warmed up Clarke’s insides a little, knowing that this woman watched her show. “What did you think of the season?”

“It was pretty fucked up at the end there.”

“I know,” Clarke said sadly, “I wish it would have turned out differently.”

“So does my older sis and her wife. They’re really big fans. They were depressed for a while.”

“Not you?”

Lexa shook her head with a sexy little grin and a wink, “I guess I’m made of stronger stuff.” She turned then and continued the walk to her truck, not turning, but waving a hand in the air, “Goodbye Clarke Griffin.”

Clarke couldn’t wipe the stupid ass grin off her face at that moment. She watched Lexa walk down the driveway, watched that tight little ass in those jeans. She could have eaten her up with a spoon. When the truck was down the driveway and out the gate, she closed the door and came back inside. She felt like she needed a cold shower.
Lexa made it home from Glendale in time for dinner. Luna was an excellent cook, and she was in control of the kitchen at dinner. “Yogi needs a bath, I think he rolled in something.”

Lexa bent down and took a whiff, “Holy shit buddy, what dead thing did you find.” She put him out back where she would hose him down later.

Any came down and they all sat around the table discussing their days. “So how did your meeting in Glendale go today?”

“Interesting to say the least.”

“Oh yeah, why.”

“Because of whose house it was.”

“Who was it?” Luna asked.

“Guess.”

“Whoopi.”

“No.”

“Ellen, Ellen has a secret cottage.”

“No.”

“The queen of England.”

“No.”

“Give us a damn hint then.”

“OK, let’s see. She’s blonde.”

“That narrows it down to a million women in LA county.”

“She just got laid a couple months ago on TV.”

Both of their mouths dropped open. “No,” they both said at the same time.

“Yes.”

“No, that blonde on Real Housewives of LA?” Anya said.

“No, you shithead. Callie, your favorite character.”

“I know, I was just kidding. So holy shit, you got to meet Clarke Griffin?”

“I did.”

“What was she like?” Luna asked.

“Well, she didn’t have makeup on.”

“Oh no, was it horrifying?” Anya asked. They both looked at her. “What? You know, those stars sometimes wear so much makeup all the time, you don’t even recognize them without it. And they’re
not as pretty as you think.”

“No, it wasn’t horrifying. It was the exact opposite of horrifying.”

“Really?” Luna said with a smile.

“Yeah, she was, she was really pretty. Pretty fucking beautiful actually.”

“Listen to you, you sound smitten. Smitten like a kitten.”

“What else? Was she nice? Was she funny?” Anya asked. They had all watched interviews with Clarke, and she always seemed really funny.

“Oh, she was sorta funny. She was a little awkward. Shy. Her manager was there, some other chick, who was a bit of a wingnut. They were so uncomfortable, and acting strange. And I know you’re gonna think I’m cocky, but I thought they were hitting on me, or wanting to hit on me.”

“Both of them?” Lexa nodded her head. “Both of them were hitting on you.”

“Possibly.”

“So what, pray tell, did you do?” Anya asked with a very serious look on her face.

“I asked if they were interested in a three way.”

Anya’s expression didn’t change at all, “So let me get this straight,” she paused for effect, “you go over to Clarke Griffin’s house, famous actress,” she nodded at Luna, who nodded back, “Emmy award winning actress, possible client, dates some actor?” Snaps her fingers at Luna.

“Finn Collins.”

“Right, Finn Collins, you go to her house, and ask her if she’s interested in a three way.”

“Yes.”

“Are you a fucking moron?”

Lexa started laughing. “You weren’t there, they were acting really strange.”

Luna cleared her throat, “What was their reaction?”

“Well, here you go, Clarke said, ‘oh my god,’ and Raven, her manager, said, ‘no no god no.’ ”

“You say that like you just shed light on the whole thing,” Anya said.

Now Lexa was rolling, the absurdity of it all was just hitting her, the serious looks on Anya and Luna’s faces, “Wait, no wait. The Raven chick then admitted to me that they were acting weird, and that it was her fault, she was, ah, that she found me incredibly attractive, and she was sorry, she was acting weird.”

“I can’t wait to hear what else was said.”

“Well, Raven did ask if I ever had a three way.”

“Oh no, you didn’t.”

“What?” she asked. Everyone in the family knew when that happened; it was the topic of a very
lively discussion one night.

“And what was Clarke’s reaction to your answer?”

“She choked on her water.”

“Needless to say we won’t be getting that job,” Anya said.

“Trust me, I’ll get the job,” Lexa said, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

So, two things, "ma the meatloaf" is hysterical, and two, a three way with Clarke and Lexa? Who’s in? If Lexa puts that eye makeup on, i'm in.
Two days after Lexa had been out to see them, Clarke and Raven were sitting in Bellamy’s office going over some contracts.

“Ok, sign this, this is the makeup spokeswoman contract. They want you to start shooting these spots next week. And, what else, they want you for a guest spot on ‘Family Life.’”

“Really, that’s cool, right?” Raven asked Clarke. Clarke was looking at her phone. Raven snapped her fingers, “Yo, pay attention.”

“Sorry, I was just checking my email. What did you want me to sign?”

“Oh, just a multi-million dollar spokeswoman contract, that’s all. Sign it, I need a new car.”

Clarke signed the paperwork in front of her.

“I have this script for you too, now it’s not the lead, but I think it’s a really strong part, the headliners are big.” Bellamy said. “So read it tonight, they want an answer by the end of the weekend. The director would love to have you. And it’ll only be a month shoot, it should wrap up before the series begins shooting again in July.”

“Great, thanks Bell.”

“So, did you get any emails?” Raven asked.

“No,” Clarke said, a little disappointed.

“Damn, I hope we didn’t scare her off. And when I say we, I mean you.”

Clarke looked at her sideways. “Me? Me? You were the one asking her about three ways for god’s sake.”

“Well, I wasn’t the one who kept shouting, ‘I have a boyfriend, I have a boyfriend.’ You might as well have yelled, move along, nothing to see here.”

Clarke had no retort. She did say it. Multiple times. But she felt the jolt when their fingers touched at the door saying goodbye, and she hoped Lexa felt it, too. She sighed. All she could do was hope that Lexa wasn’t too turned off by their shenanigans. “Well, she said she’d get back to us in a few days. Few means more than two, today is just two days.”

“Well, aren’t you the little optimist. I like that.”

Bellamy looked back and forth between the two of them, “What are we talking about?”

“Clarke’s potential fuck buddy.”

Bellamy groaned, “OK, I don’t need to hear this, I’ll be right back, I want to make copies of these,” and he got up and left.

“Don’t you got a secretary to do that shit?” Raven asked as she looked after him.

“I think you made him uncomfortable with the fuck buddy comment.”
“So, why don’t you text her?”

“I’m not texting her.”

“Why not, she said you could.”

“I feel stupid. I’m still embarrassed over the whole scene the other day. She probably thinks I’m a nutcase.”

Raven grabbed her phone.

“Hey, what are you doing, give that back, Rav, don’t.”

Raven stood up and Clarke went to grab her, she avoided the grab and ran into Bellamy’s bathroom and locked the door.

Clarke ran over to the door and laid her head against it, “Oh my god, Raven, please don’t do what I think you’re doing, please. I’m begging. I’m sure she thinks very little of me already, please, don’t humiliate me.” Clarke heard the swoosh of a text being sent. “Oh my god, I hate you.” And she slid down next to the wall and sat on the floor.

Raven unlocked the door and tossed Clarke’s phone back to her. Clarke was afraid to see what was sent. She took a deep breath and read the text.

=Hey Lexa, I was just wondering how expensive it is to add a spa to the pool. So if it's not too much trouble, please include that in your quote, thanks Clarke.=

She put her head back, smiling. “Thank god, you scared the shit out of me.”

“Hey, I’m not gonna make you look like a douche, OK?”

Lexa was sitting at her desk when her phone dinged. She picked it up and looked at it, and a huge grin spread across her face. The question now was, should she be flirty? Or professional? She laughed at herself, professional? Hell no, not when there was a beautiful woman involved.

=Hey blue eyes, I was just thinking about you.= Lexa texted.

Clarke and Raven were making their way to the elevator when Clarke’s phone went off. They both looked at each other, then down at Clarke’s phone, reading the text. Raven pushed Clarke into the elevator, “Ha! I knew it. Success. Do you need me to answer that?” she said as she reached for the phone.

“No.” Clarke slapped her hand away. “In fact, I need some privacy.” And she shot back out the elevator to the hallway, “I’ll call you later, I promise.” And the elevator doors closed. Clarke knew Bellamy had an empty office that she could use. She went into it, shut the door, and sat on the floor.

=you were? =

=absolutely= =been thinking about you for weeks.=

Clarke stared down at her phone for a second. =you only met me two days ago=

=wait, who’s this?=  

Clarke did a double take. Was she teasing her? She had to be, right? Her name would come up with the number. She had to know it was her. =it’s clarke. And you are not funny.= Clarke fired off.
=oh, clarke, I thought you were another clarke.=
=there’s only one clarke=
=trudat=

Now Clarke smiled. She was teasing her. Whew. Before she could think of a reply her phone dinged.

=almost have your pricing done. but now you’ve added to my work load, which means i have to stay up late=

Clarke mulled over her response. =guess you’ll have to pull an all-nighter=
=it’s gonna be hard to stay awake. Why don’t you come over and keep me up?=

Clarke almost dropped her phone now, she felt all light and fuzzy inside. Her heartbeats felt like a bass drum pounding in her chest. Be cool Clarke, be cool. This girl’s a player, and probably a professional flirter. She had a brief image of Lexa’s fingers flying over her phone as she texted, and from there, Clarke pictured those fingers doing something else. She needed to get her thoughts out of the gutter immediately. =drink coffee.=

The reply was instant. =but coffee ain’t beautiful=

Oh, those fingers, they were fast and strong, and Clarke’s mind wandered so far she might need a road map to find her way back. Her heart continued to pound. OK, she just called her beautiful. Oh god. Stay calm. <you obviously don’t have the right coffee.> Was that funny? Clarke hoped that was funny.

=LOL=

She got an LOL, “I got an LOL.” Clarke said out loud to no one. She was one step closer to not being a dork around this woman. Before she had time to pat herself on the back, her phone went off again.

=maybe you should bring me some beautiful coffee=

Clarke told herself to keep playing it cool, play it cool! =maybe you should take a cold shower and call me in the morning= Clarke was feeling it now. Why she was almost cocky.

=like a woman who plays hard to get=
=then you’re gonna love me, mic drop= Clarke put a fist in the air, Boo YA! That was a good one.

=LOL, i’m crawling into that shower now. goodnight clarke=
=goodnight lexa= Clarke put her phone down and took a couple of well-deserved deep breaths. OK, that went well. She felt good about herself for the first time in two days. Her phone buzzed again, and a shot of pure excitement shot through her body, expecting another text from her now, favorite brunette. Only it was the wrong brunette. It was an automatic meeting pop-up from her calendar.

Meet with Raven Reyes to discuss future casual sex partner. 8PM. Clarke’s House. Accept. Decline.

She had half a mind to decline. But she did need validation, so she accepted.
Clarke was pacing in the living room later that night. Raven was reading the thread. “How’d I do?”

“I think you hit a fucking home run,” Raven said with admiration.

“Really?” Clarke was smiling wildly now, pumped her fists. “Yes!”

“I mean, ‘mic drop’? Genius.”

“I know, I’m not even sure where I got that. It just flowed out of me.”

“Proud of you Clarkie. Now, what are you going to do when you see her again? I mean, is this confidence going to be there?”

“Absolutely not,” Clarke said definitively, her smile locked on her face.

“You are a nerd.”

Clarke put her finger in the air, “That, is the problem.”

“You will not get laid with that attitude.”

“I’m well aware of that.”

It was Sunday now, a “few” days had passed. She was out to brunch with her mom, Raven and Octavia.

“So, Bell said he gave you that script, you’re taking it I hope?” Octavia asked.

“Yeah, it’s pretty good, I told him this morning that it was a go.”

“When do you start?” Her mom asked.

“Not for two months. The shoot is in Canada. Should be about a month.” Clarke fiddled with her phone again. She hadn’t heard anything yet today.

“No emails?” Raven asked slyly.

“Not yet.”

“Who’s gonna email you?” Octavia asked.

“Abby, cover your ears.”

“Why?”

“Clarke’s potential fuck buddy,” she said to O.

“Raven, my mom. Mom, sorry about that.”

“Honey it’s ok, you’re 28, you should be sexually active. On that note, I think I’ll visit the ladies room.”

“Great, thanks for freaking out my mom.”
“She’s not freaked out.”

“So, fuck buddy, spill it,” Octavia said.

“Clarke’s gonna get it on with her landscaper, who’s a fucking perfect sexy ten, mind you,” Raven explained.

“Landscaper? When did this happen?” O asked.

“You know that fanfic writer?” Raven asked. “Whose story we’ve all been reading?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, last week we did a little detective work—” Raven started.

“We stalked her—” Clarke corrected.

“We kinda sat in her parking lot for a few minutes—” Raven explained.

“It was hours, there was a cooler—”

“And I went into her office to talk landscaping—” Raven continued, ignoring Clarke’s commentary.

“Where she drooled over her—”

“And then she came out to the house—” Raven continued.

“Where we both drooled over her—”

“So, we were sitting at the dining room table—” Raven said.

“And she asked us if we wanted a three way—” Clarke stated.

“To which we replied no—”

“Then Raven asked if she ever had a three way—”

“To which she replied yes—” Raven noted.

Octavia, whose mouth was slightly open when the story started, and was now completely agape with incredulity, put her hand up. “Wait. Hold on. Just wait a minute.” She paused. “What’s the cooler have to do with anything?”

Raven and Clarke stared at her.

“What now?” Raven asked.

“The cooler, I don’t get the cooler…” O’s voice trailed off as she correctly interpreted the looks she was getting. “Oh, the cooler isn’t important, is it?”

“No. The cooler is not important. Is that the only question you have?” Raven asked.

“Yeah, that was it. I guess. So, a three way, cool.” Octavia sipped her drink. “Are you gonna have sex with her, Clarke?”

Raven huffed, “Well, if she doesn’t bang her, I will.”
“Actually, I’ve been thinking about it, and I think I can do this, I really do,” Clarke said.

Raven and O looked at each other. “Really?”

“Yeah, I think I’m ready for a little fun, a little casual sex. No strings attached.”

“That’s my girl.”

“I am so ready, baby! Cheers!” Clarke’s phone started ringing. “Oh shit oh shit it’s her.”

“Pick it up,” Raven said.

“I can’t, I can’t, oh shit. I can’t, oh shit,” and in her panic, Clarke tossed the phone over her shoulder. Thank god for otter boxes.

Raven picked it up off the floor, “Oh for the love of god and all that’s holy,” she said, and swiped to answer it, holding it up to Clarke’s ear, forcing her to take the call.

“Hello,” Clarke said timidly, taking the phone in her own hand, holding it like it was a live grenade.

Octavia and Raven started giving her encouraging signals, leaning in a little to try and listen.

“Clarke, it’s Lexa.”

Clarke once again channeled her inner Callie. She could do this. “Hey girl, how are you?” She got a wink and a thumbs up from Octavia, but she could tell Raven was waiting for a proverbial shoe to drop, because she started giving her the relax sign, pointing to her chest, taking deep breaths.

“I’m good, how are you?” Lexa asked.

“Oh, you know, living the dream,” Clarke said, hoping for approval from her besties. O looked happy, Raven looked constipated.

“Yeah, I guess you are. Hey, I have your prices for you. Thought maybe I could pop over and we could go over everything.”

“That sounds great, when can you make out with me...it...uh...when can you make it out, this way. To me...with prices.” The proverbial shoe just dropped on her head. And it was a size sixteen. Clarke’s confidence was fading fast. She looked to Raven for some much needed support, but all she saw was Raven’s horrified face and her swirling finger in the air, as she mouthed at her, wrap it up, wrap it up.

“How about tomorrow night?” Lexa asked.

“Sounds perfect, I’ll be home after five, so whenever you’re free, just stop by.”

“Alright cool, I’ll see you then. Bye Clarke.”

“Bye.” Clarke hung up. “I am so not ready, I am so not ready.”

“You’re fine,” Raven said, lying through her teeth.

“Why am I acting this way? Have you ever seen me like this?”

“I have not,” Octavia said. “And I’ve known you for four years.”
“Somebody explain please.”

“You’re just attracted to her, that’s all,” Raven offered up.

“I’ve been attracted to people before.”

“Maybe she’s your lobster, you know, like Friends,” Octavia said.

Clarke looked at her with eyebrows raised, “She is not lobster material. She’s had a three way for god’s sake.”

“Oh, right.” O nodded her head.

“Do you want me there tomorrow night?” Raven asked.

“No, it’s better if I tackle this alone.”

“Picture her in her underwear,” Octavia said. Raven and Clarke looked at her. “You know, the Brady Bunch, when Jan had to give a speech, and she was all nervous, they told her to picture everyone in the audience in their underwear. To make her more comfortable.”

“What the fuck channel do you watch?” Raven asked.

“Tell me you don’t watch the reruns of the Brady Bunch.”

“I don’t watch the Brady Bunch.”

Clarke looked at Octavia, “So, you want me to picture this perfect ten of a woman in her underwear. Do you hear how asinine that sounds?”

“Oh, I forgot she was hot, that’s probably not going to work.”

“You think?” Clarke said with sarcasm. She had about thirty hours to get her shit together, before one of the most attractive women she’d ever met came knocking on her door. She hoped she could pull it off.

“Is the Brady Bunch even in color?” Raven asked.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

So, here's the thing. I have to start moving forward with Clarke and Lexa's romance, and I'm gonna try and keep the funny vibe going, but more Clarke and Lexa means less Clarke and Raven. And we know that Raven drives the comedic bus. So I apologize now if things aren't quite so slap sticky funny.

This chapter Clarke stars in her own reality tv show.

Monday afternoon, and Lexa was getting ready to go see Clarke. She checked out her outfit. Nice slim fitting lightweight hiking pants, her sandals, and a form fitting Wood’s Landscaping tee shirt, green to match her eyes. She went downstairs and Anya was just getting home from work.

“You going out to Glendale now?”

“Yeah, you know the traffic will be a bitch so I thought I would leave now.”

“You wearing that?”

“Yeah, what’s wrong with this?”

“Nothing, you look nice,” She said with a smile.

“Thanks.”

Anya picked a small piece of lint off Lexa’s collar, then wagged a finger at her. “Listen, I know you view every hot woman as a challenge, but let’s keep it in our proverbial pants shall we? This is a big one if we get it. This could open all sorts of doors for us, nice paying jobs. You know that right?”

Lexa could keep her libido in check, if necessary. For a little while. “Yes, I do, I get it.”

“I’m serious, Lexa. We’ve never had an opportunity like this. We’ve talked about getting into that neighborhood, and how it could really grow our business.”

“I know.”

“And I know Clarke’s gorgeous. And I know it’s your thing to sleep with gorgeous women. You’ve gone through more than I can count the last couple of years. But I don’t need you hitting on my favorite actress and ruining a chance to get this gig.”

“Oh my god, I said OK,” Lexa said, exasperated. “I promise I won’t sleep with her.”

“Alright, good.”

“Tonight,” Lexa said under her breath, because she loved to rile her big sister up.

“What?” Anya’s face started to turn a little red.

“Nothing.” Lexa smiled at her and winked.
Anya playfully duffed her in the head. “Get out of here. And behave.”

Clarke was pacing her living room. Lexa had texted that she should be here in half an hour. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She should be here soon. She’d been obsessing over this all day while she was at the commercial shoot. Analyzing her own behavior, why the girl made her so nervous, how she was gonna control her nerves. This whole thing seemed so ridiculous. OK, she was attracted to her, no big deal. She didn’t have to go to bed with her, she didn’t have to do anything she didn’t want to. Maybe she should have a drink maybe that would calm her down.

Mistake number one, Clarke was no drinker, two beer Betty was her nickname. She went to the cabinet and pulled out a bottle of tequila. Maybe a quick shot? Isn’t that what you do with tequila? She poured a shot and downed it. On an empty stomach. She was so busy working today that she barely had any food. She made a face, because she hated the taste of it. How many do you need to relax? She wasn’t sure, maybe one other one and that would be it. Down the drain went another one. She decided to treat this like an acting role. She had to play a cool, together woman. She could play that role. She jumped when the buzzer at the gate sounded. She pushed the button and watched the truck come up the driveway. Lexa got out of her truck and Clarke watched her walk up to the door. Damn she looked fine. The door bell rang, and, ACTION.

Clarke opened the door, “Hey Lexa, thanks for coming out, I hope you didn’t hit a lot of traffic.” She could do this.

Lexa smiled and took Clarke’s outstretched hand, “Oh, you know, you’re not in LA if you’re not in traffic.”

Clarke assessed the situation, or really assessed what Lexa was wearing. Her ass looked fine, as usual, she had flip flops on, and her toes, which were adorable by the way, were painted with a bright blue. Clarke knew she was starting to feel a little too good. “Nice toes.”

Clarke was rewarded with the first of many award winning smiles. “You like them?” She said as she wiggled them.

“Adorable.” Oh, she just called her toes adorable, was that in the script? “Hey, you want a beer?”

“Only if you’re having one.” Lexa thought she already smelled a little alcohol on Clarke’s breath.

Mistake number two, Clarke should never mix alcohol and beer. “Sure I’ll have one, is this OK?” She showed a bottle to Lexa.

“Yeah that’s great thanks. I’ll just set up here on the dining room table if that’s alright.”

“Yes, that’s fine.” Clarke went to open the beer bottle and shot the cap across the room. She got on her knees and looked for it, but couldn’t find it. Well, she’ll be stepping on that in bare feet later. She stood back up and swayed a little bit, grabbed the counter to steady herself. She felt loose, she was cool, keep the camera rolling.

“Here you go,” Clarke handed her the bottle and took quick swig from her own. She sat down next to Lexa.

“So I have your written proposal here.” Lexa got out a folder, “and I have your design loaded up in the computer here. We have software that can show you a 3D version of what it would look like. I had taken some pictures when I was out back, so we can do a before and after thing.”

Her fingers were flying over the keyboard, “Wow you type really fast,” Clarke said.
Lexa turned to her and smiled and Clarke felt butterflies, real butterflies, starting in her stomach and moving lower. “Well, you know, I’m a landscaper by day and a writer by night. So I type a lot.” Of course Clarke knew she wrote, but played dumb, “You write? That’s cool, what do you write?” “Believe it or not, science fiction.” Clarke playfully slapped at her shoulder, “Get out. Is that why you watch the show.” “Yes it is.” “Well, I’m an actress by day and an artist by night.” “Really?” “Yes, those pictures over there are mine.” Lexa looked over at the two paintings on the wall and was seriously impressed. She got up to walk over and look closer. She turned back to Clarke, “These are amazing.” “Do you like them?” “I love them, I really do. Wow, award winning actress and talented artist, aren’t you the complete package,” Lexa teased. “Do you have a studio here at the house?” “Yeah, I turned the third bedroom into one. It faces the back of the house.” “Ah, you get the morning sun there.” “Yeah how did you know that?” Lexa walked back and sat down next to Clarke. “It’s my job to know that stuff.” “Well, I feel like I’m in good hands.” Lexa gave her a killer look, “You’re in very good hands.” Fluttering again. Clarke took another swig. She felt like she was entering a dream state. Tequila induced unfortunately. This was the exact moment when loose slipped into tipsy. Lexa saw that Clarke’s eyes were getting a little glassy, now wondering if maybe she wasn’t in the right frame of mind to make this decision. She better get on with it while she was still coherent. Clarke felt like she might be losing control a little and made mistake number three, she finished off her beer and went for another one, this one for courage. “So show me what you got,” she said as she sat back down. Lexa showed each section of the backyard, giving the breakdown on costs, showing the least expensive way of doing things, to the most expensive. “Listen, “ Clarke leaned in very close to speak, “it’s really cute that you keep showing me these less expensive options, but trust me, I can afford it. I’m in the movies.” She whispered that last part like it was a secret among friends, “And I want to get it all done, so, where do I sign?” “Are you sure?” Lexa was worried that maybe she wasn’t in the right frame of mind to make this
decision. “Why don’t you think it over for a few days?”

“Where do I sign?”

“OK, but please, if you have a change of heart in the morning, just let me know.”

Clarke nodded.

“Here are two contracts, one for us, one for you. You just have to sign both copies.”

Clarke stared at the paperwork in front of her, seeing three copies, even though Lexa said there were only two. Her head started to pound, and her ears felt hot. Lexa handed her a pen. She took it, and petted her arm a little, “Thank you.” Yes, Clarke was officially off the reservation. She signed and put the pen down, “When can you do me?” she asked. She furrowed her brow. Something wasn’t quite right with that statement. Oh Christ, fix it! “When can you do the work?” she corrected, reaching out and grabbing Lexa’s bicep. “Oh my. That’s nice.” That was her inside voice, right? She giggled. At nothing.

Lexa smiled as she looked down at Clarke's hand wrapped around her bicep. “Thanks.”

Clarke held on as Lexa reached out and closed her laptop, feeling her triceps flex, and the rush of heat that fluttered in her chest earlier? That never really left? Sunk below her waist and settled in at the top of her thighs, making her undies a wee bit moist. She groaned, and put her head on Lexa’s shoulder, not wanting to let go, suddenly wanting to feel a lot more than her bicep and triceps.

“So, next Monday, is that good?”

Clarke nodded, still leaning.

“My concrete guy won’t be here for another couple weeks, but I can start laying out the new gardens.”

Clarke nodded again. She picked her head up, and she did not feel so good now. She was afraid to get up because she might fall over. CUT, somebody yell CUT please, cause this take was going down the shitter fast.

“Are you OK? You don’t look so good,” Lexa asked.

“I don’t feel so good. God, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Why?”

“I didn’t eat today and it was a stressful day, I was up at 4am, and then you were coming over and I needed to relax a little, so I did a shot of tequila, I think 2 shots of tequila, and here’s the thing, I don’t drink. I have a beer once in a blue moon. And now I don’t feel so good, and I’m sorry for messing this all up.”

Lexa felt a lot lighter all of a sudden. She was bummed when she thought she might be a drinker, and now to find out she wasn’t only made her more attractive. “You didn’t mess anything up Clarke. I just hope you don’t regret signing this contract tomorrow morning.”

“I won’t I promise,” she raised her hand, “I swear,” and then she grabbed Lexa’s hand, “I promise.”

Lexa held onto her hand for bit, liking the way it felt in hers.

“You got nice slips,” Clarke said, now slurring a little.
“Oh, thanks. You do, too.” Lexa smiled. Oh boy, tipsy Clarke was irresistible.

“Oh, you’re nice thanks.”

“Do you want to lie down or something?”

“Oh you want to cuddle? OK.”

“No, no, I meant just you, maybe you should lay down since you don’t feel good.”

“I think that is a very good idea. However, I fear when I go to get up, I will immediately fall on the ground, thereby, capping off another humiliating moment with Lexa. It’s my new TV show, my reality TV show, my humiliating Lexa moments.”

Lexa was laughing a little now. “Hey, it’s OK. We all get a little drunk sometimes. Let’s get you up and over to the couch.” She got up from her chair and helped Clarke up. She put her arm around her waist, and her other arm around her shoulders, and she walked her over and helped her down.

“There you go. I’ll get you some water.”

Clarke laid down and groaned. How could she have possibly fucked this up again? Raven was gonna bitch slap her.

Lexa came back and sat the water on the table in front of her. She watched as Clarke’s eyes started to droop and then close. She took a blanket that was over the back of the couch and laid it on her, covering her up. Lexa smiled even though her eyes were closed. Lexa went over to her computer and started packing up. There was something about this one. She was nutty and sweet, and Lexa liked it. As she walked to the door, her phone buzzed. She pulled it out of her back pocket and looked down at it, it was from Clarke, =thankyou=. Lexa smiled as she looked over at her and saw her phone drop out of her hand and fall on the ground. She walked over and picked it up and laid it on the table. Clarke’s eyes were still shut, and her breath was shallow and even, sleeping? Lexa sat down on the coffee table and watched her for a minute. She had really long lashes; she had a cute nose too. Lexa adjusted the blanket back up under her chin, and moved a strand of hair away from her face. She felt like she could look at her for hours and never get bored. She wondered what it would be like to wake up next to her every morning. That snapped her out of it, where the hell did that thought come from? She got up and walked to the door, locking it and pulling it shut behind her, and got in her truck. She needed to get that thought out of her head fast, so she headed for the bar to find a diversion.

She got there around nine p.m. The owner, Indra, was behind the bar. Indra was a good friend of Lexa’s and Anya’s. She and Anya went to school together and remained close.

“What are you doing here on a school night?” Indra asked kiddingly.

“Oh, just needed to clear my head a little.”

“You want a beer?”

“No, just water.”

“Why does your head need clearing? Let me guess, a woman?”

“Yeah, somebody who is off limits.”

“Married?”
“No. Just off limits.” She turned around and surveyed the room. Every time her eyes landed on a blonde, she saw Clarke. Maybe a red head would be better. She spotted a very attractive woman who had auburn hair, and just looked at her. It didn’t take long for her look to be returned. They held each other’s gaze for a few moments, then the woman made her way over to Lexa.

“Hey, do I know you?”

Ah the oldest pick up line in the book. “I don’t think so, I’m Lexa,” and she took the other woman’s hand in hers.

“I’m Claire,” and Lexa felt like someone just threw a bucket of cold water on her. Suddenly she wasn’t into it at all. For the first time in a long time, she didn’t want to get laid by some beautiful stranger. Her phone rang at that moment, she looked down, it was Anya, probably checking up on her. She leaned into the woman’s ear, “Hey I’m really sorry, but I have to take this.” The woman gave her a booboo kitty face and Lexa walked outside. “Yo, what’s up?”

“Where are you? I’m checking to make sure your clothes are still on.”

Lexa laughed, that would have been a pretty ironic comment half an hour from now if she had followed through with the redhead. “Yes, still fully clothed, I’m on my way home now.”

“Alright, be careful.”

When she walked through the door all three of them were sitting on the couch with expectant looks on their faces. Yogi wanted his walk, and Anya and Luna wanted info.

“Well? How’d we do?”

Lexa got the contract out of her briefcase and threw it at Anya, “There you go big sis, signed, sealed and delivered.”

Anya flipped through the contract. “Oh my god, wow, she’s doing all this?”

“Yep.”

“Damn, and you didn’t even sleep with her? I’m impressed.”

“As you should be.”

“So, no three ways or two ways took place?”

“Nope.”

“It was uneventful.”

“Yes.” Lexa held up a finger, “Well, she was drunk and asked me to cuddle with her, but other than that it was uneventful.”

Anya and Luna stared at her for a moment. Then started cracking up, “You almost had us,” “That was funny.” “Cuddle with you, you crack me up.”

Lexa knew they wouldn’t believe her, “I’m beat, gonna walk the dog and hit the hay.”

“Good job, hearteyes.” That earned them another bird flip.
So, let’s recap, there seems to be three major mistakes here.” Raven and Clarke were at Octavia’s house, since it was her turn to have girl’s night. Clarke sat on the couch with her head in her hands, and Raven paced around the room like a prosecutor. Octavia was there for comic relief. “And what was mistake number one?”

Clarke mumbled something.

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“The tequila.”

“Oh, not just the tequila, the fact that you didn’t use a shot glass, Miss Blake what did she use?”

“Let me go back in my notes, here, she used a standard eight ounce glass, filled half way up with the alcohol in question.”

“There were two shots,” Clarke painfully admitted now.

“Oh, so now we’re looking at an eight ounce ‘Clarke shot’ of tequila. Remind me to never hire you as my bartender.” Raven continued her line of questioning. “Why two shots?”

“I wasn’t sure of the exact procedure of shot taking, because I do not drink.”

“Yet, still, you reached into the cabinet and pulled out a bottle of tequila. What were you hoping to accomplish?”

Octavia held up a finger. “Objection. Badgering the witness.”

“Shut the fuck up, Jan Brady.”

“I was hoping to bolster my courage,” Clarke said glumly.

“OK, I guess that’s a simple mistake. But then we have mistake number two, which is? Jan?”

“Ah, never mix beer and liquor,” O stated.

“And then, the final nail in the coffin. The second beer. Miss Griffin, what is your nickname?”

“Two beer Betty.”

“And why is that?”

“Because I can’t handle my alcohol.”

“Bingo. Tell her what she’s won, Johnny.”
“You’ve won the chance to not sleep with Lexa Woods,” Octavia said in her best game show voice.

“I don’t think it’s as bad as you’re making it out to be,” Clarke said.

“Why is that?”

Clarke puffed herself up a little now, “Because she’ll be at my house this Monday to work in my yard, probably in a tank top, boo ya! Defense rests!” Clarke stood and held her imaginary mic up high, getting ready to drop it, very proud of herself.

“Don’t you do it, don’t you drop that mic,” Raven warned.

Clarke dropped it, defiantly.

Raven put her hands on her hips, “You pick that back up, you pick that right back up.”

She gave a quick shake of her head.

“Go ahead, pick it up. Right now, or I swear to god...” Raven left her idle threat hanging in the air.

Clarke pouted a little, bent over, picked her imaginary mic back up, and put it on the sofa. She sat down in a huff.

“That was not mic drop worthy. Have you heard from her yet?”

“No.”

“OK, later in the week, you reach out to her, via text, since you just babble and drool when you talk to her, and you confirm that appointment on Monday. Got it?”

“Yes dear.”

“Do you need me to come over and help you text her?” Raven asked.

“No, I’m fine, Jesus, I can certainly send a text.”

“Do I need to lock the tequila away?”

“Shut up.”

“Alright, maybe we can salvage something here.”

Lexa was lying around on the couch with Yogi the Wednesday night after the meeting with Clarke. She wanted to reach out to her, but she didn’t want to make her feel bad. The little she knew of Clarke was she would be embarrassed as hell. But she seemed to really need a Clarke fix right now, analyzing why that was would have to wait until later.

=hey, just checking up on you, making sure you’re ok=

Clarke looked down at her phone, simultaneously feeling two things, happy and mortified. =feeling fine, now. sorry about the other night, luckily don’t remember much=

=don’t apologize, shit happens. you’re good. what happens on the couch stays on the couch=

Oh my god what happened on the couch, Clarke started to feel a little frantic, what did she do? Did
they make out? Oh god, did they kiss? Oh god did they kiss and she doesn’t remember it? That was the more horrifying thought. =did we kiss??=

Lexa looked at that one, oh honey you’d remember if I kissed you. =even in a drunken stupor, you would remember that=

Clarke blushed for what seemed to be the one hundredth time since meeting Lexa. She was relieved, at least she didn’t miss that. All the talk about wanting to kiss a girl again, and she would have missed it because she was toasted. She wondered if Lexa was a good kisser, she had a really sexy mouth. Of course, she would be a good kisser. A sudden picture of Lexa putting her mouth on other things came unbidden into her brain. Her blush just went postal.

=hello?= Lexa typed.

Clarke got her mind out of the gutter. =sorry, got momentarily distracted. what happened on the couch, pray tell=

=you really don’t remember?= Clarke thought for a moment. That night was still a little bit fuzzy. She only remembered waking up on the couch. She didn’t remember getting to the couch. =no, do I have to be mortified? because if so, it’s better here on text than in person, so just tell me and my mortification will be complete. is that even a word? mortification?= =according to Webster, yes. and it wasn’t bad. you just wanted to cuddle.=

Clarke looked at that, nodded her head a little. She did like to cuddle. =obviously I have a cuddling problem. i’m a closet cuddler=

Lexa was thoroughly enjoying Clarke the texter. She was totally different on text, much more confident, sexy confident. “Yogi, this one may be trouble my friend. Let’s see what she does with this,” =and there may have been some fondling at the dining room table=

Clarke bit her lip. Did she get handsy? =need I ask who did the fondling?= =well, it wasn’t me=

Clarke gulped. Oh god, she got handsy. =well that narrows it down, what pray tell did I fondle?= =my bicep. And I have to admit, I was digging it.=

=well, it seems I once again managed to humiliate myself = Clarke typed. =and….=

Clarke groaned. =oh wait, there’s more=

=you called me your reality show, humiliating moments with lex= =perfect. i’ll make sure you get your royalty checks=

Lexa wanted to cheer Clarke up, =don’t sweat it beautiful, you’re secrets are safe with me. See you monday? bright an early? 7am?= Clarke brightened up with the beautiful comment. =yes, 7am is fine. i promise i’ll keep my hands to myself=
Lexa sent a sad emoji.

Clarke smiled at the sad face emoji. She’d rather not keep her hands to herself, and it seemed Lexa might feel the same way. She bit her bottom lip as she typed back, =knock it off see you then=  She had to keep a little semblance of order here.

=bye clarke=

=can Yogi come? I loved him=

=let me ask him, he’s right here=  Lexa looked at Yogi, “What say you, Yogi bear? The girl has the hots for you. Maybe one of us can get to first base.”  =Yogi says yes=

=great, see you then=

=one more thing, what's your favorite color=

=why, you gonna buy me a lollipop or something=

=no silly, for your flower gardens=

=oh, I love purple and golds=

=done=

Clarke was not totally depressed after that exchange. There were some positives. Lexa called her beautiful, again. God that made her feel good. Evidently she felt Lexa up. There must be something positive in that. She tried to recall that moment, but she was drawing a blank. Damn, that would have been a nice thought to carry with her the rest of the week. She’d have to have a go at that again when she wasn’t drunk off her ass. Lexa did text her first, so she was obviously thinking about her. Clarke sighed, she had to admit, this was the most alive she’d felt in a long, long time, despite the levels of humiliation. She thought about Monday now, and felt a little giddy.
Monday morning.

Lexa was right on time, and Clarke buzzed her in with her crew. Clarke watched her get out of her truck with Yogi and direct everybody where to go. They all parked in the driveway and walked around back. Clarke circled back to the patio where the french doors were. Lexa was near the patio now with a measuring tape, she was dressed like that day at her business, tank, hat, and those cargo shorts that were a little big for her, and made her ass looked spectacular. Clarke opened the door, “Hey lady, nice ass.”

Lexa looked up with a wide grin on her face. Clarke came through the door onto the patio. “Are we at a hug hello stage yet? Cause I’m a hugger, as well a closet cuddler.”

Lexa looked at her, and made a big dramatic show of tossing the measuring tape behind her into the grass, like a no look pass in basketball. She came up to Clarke and wrapped her arms around her, picked her up a little and put her back down. “Good timing, you’re getting me before I’m sweaty.” Clarke’s heart skipped a beat, and then started to beat a little faster. And, there may have been a little moisture between her legs.

“And here’s my Yogi bear, hey buddy, remember me?” Clarke got down on her knees to greet him, and Yogi rewarded Clarke with a big old sloppy wet kiss right on the lips and into her mouth.

“See Yogi, I told you one of us would get to first base today.”

Clarke started laughing at that. “He’s so beautiful, I’ve never seen coloring like this. I mean, he really looks like a golden brown bear.”

“Yeah, you don’t usually see long hair brindles, usually its short hair.”

“Where did you get him, I’m assuming he’s a rescue?”

“Yeah, we both rescued each other about 4 years ago. I got him back east.”

Clarke realized that there was so much she didn’t know about Lexa. “He’s got a big head,” Clarke said.
“Yeah, that runs in the family.”

Clarke smiled back up at Lexa. “What do you think he is? Breed wise?”

“They said Australian shepherd mix, I’m assuming the mix is pit bull because of his coloring, and his big blocky head.”

“Well, he’s welcome here anytime, everyday you’re here feel free to bring him.”

“Thanks Clarke, that’s sweet.”

Clarke got up and started to head back into the house, looking back at Lexa and smiling.

“Clarke, watch out.”

And she promptly walked into the french door. Banged her forehead.

“Are you OK?” Lexa went over to her, and cupped her face with one hand, “Let me see.”

“Am I bleeding?”

“No, but it might bruise a little. You’ll live.” Lexa rubbed the spot a little bit, and smiled.

“Well, that’s par for the course, right? Just when I thought I had my shit together, the reality show continues. I’m sure I’ll be in a cast by the end of the week.”

Lexa started laughing now, and Clarke joined her, “I gotta go, inside, I’m sure I have something better to do than run into things. Like put ice on my face.”

“Eyes forward, blondie,” Lexa said as Clarke disappeared into the house, but was back in a matter of seconds.

“Oh, before I forget, because of my recent concussion, I just wanted to tell you that the pool bathroom does work, so feel free to use it. And the outside fridge over there is stocked with water, Gatorade and beer, so help yourself.”

“Thank you, that’s very thoughtful of you.”

Clarke was pacing around her studio all morning, checking out the action in the back yard, sorting through feelings, formulating a plan. Around lunch time she saw the crew drive out to get something to eat, leaving Lexa and Yogi in the backyard alone. Clarke went out onto the patio. Lexa was sitting with her back against the retaining wall, drinking a bottle of water, her boots and socks off. “Hey, do you want something other than water?”

“No, I’m good thanks.”

“Is it lunch time?”

“Yep.”

Clarke came over and sat down next to Lexa.

“I don’t know if I’d get that close, I’m pretty gross right now,” Lexa said.
“I don’t care. How’s it going out here?”

“Pretty good. The new pavers will be coming this afternoon, and we’ll put them in over the next few days. How’s your head?”

Clarke rolled her eyes, “I’m such an idiot. You bring out the idiot in me.”

“You’re not an idiot.”

“Yeah I am. It’s like the three stooges around here. I literally just walked into a door.”

“I think your knees were weak from that awesome kiss from Yogi, I bet you weren’t expecting it to be that good, and it threw you off.”

Clarke giggled at that one. “You’re funny.” She sighed a little bit, “You know, I can be funny, I can be cool funny.”

“I think you’re funny.”

“No, this is dork funny. I’m dork funny around you. Not cool funny. I say stupid things and I do stupid things. I walk into doors, I babble, I get drunk.”

“And you’re blaming this all on me?”

“Yes, I am.” Clarke playfully shoved her to the ground. “It’s all that sexual energy you give off. It’s uncomfortable for us mere mortals.”

“Well, I’m sorry I make you uncomfortable. I’ll try not to be so sexually appealing.”

“How you gonna do that? You’d have to show up for work dressed in a burqa.” Lexa started laughing. “And that wouldn’t be enough, because those peepers would still be showing, so you’d have to be in a burqa and ray bans, then maybe you wouldn’t turn me on.” As soon as those words slipped out Clarke groaned.

“Wait, wait just a cotton pickin’ minute, turn you on? We were talking about uncomfortable, not turning you on. Am I turning you on Clarke?” Lexa started poking at Clarke.

“No, no, I didn’t say that.”

“You did, you just did.”

“Oh god. I don’t like you right now.”

Lexa stretched herself out on the grass and put her hands behind her head. “So I’m turning you on. That’s titillating.”

“Titillating? That’s a big word.”

“Yeah, writer, remember? The burqa comment was cool funny by the way.”

“Was it?”

“Yeah, you were cool funny and titillating all in one conversation. I think you’ve put your past struggles behind you.”

“Whatever.” Clarke stretched out next to her, all her nerve endings firing. “You know, just because
you turn me on doesn’t mean I’m gonna sleep with you.”

“Who said anything about sleeping together?”

“I think we should just be friends, don’t you?”

“Absolutely. And just to clarify, when you say you’re not going to sleep with me, there was no
“ever” in that sentence, right?”

“Ever’s a long time, so no I didn’t say that.”

“So the door is cracked open, am I right?”

“It’s cracked, but there’s a latch over it. And it’s really hard to get it open from your side.”

Lexa just grinned at that, paused a moment before asking, “How’s your boyfriend?”

“God, you saw through that right away, didn’t you?” Clarke turned and looked at her, and was
captured up in those green eyes again. “Turn the peepers off, please.”

Lexa reached up on head and put her sunglasses on. “How’s this, better?”

“Yeah.” Clarke looked at her, looked away, looked back, waited a few seconds, “No, who am I
kidding, I like looking at them,” as she sat up, reached and took the sunglasses off of Lexa’s face.
She put them on instead. “How do they look?”

“You look hot, smoking hot.” Lexa was still stretched out on the ground. She was thoroughly
enjoying this conversation.

“Good. So we’re gonna be friends right?”

“Yes, besties. Do besties get to flirt with each other?”

Clarke thought about that one, she enjoyed the flirting, “Yes, flirting is allowed.”

“What about random touching.”

“How random?”

“You know, like,” and Lexa took her foot and ran it up Clarke’s leg.

“Oh yeah, random touching’s OK.”

“Cuddling? I only ask because of your condition.”

“I cuddle my friends all the time, ask Raven.”

“So that’s on the yes side.”

Clarke nodded, still rocking the sunglasses.

“And I guess we’ve already established hugging is OK, we went over that earlier, right?”

“Yes, hugging is very important to me.”

“Kissing?”
“With or without tongue?” Clarke asked, as she hid her smile.

“With.”

“Hm, I don’t think so.”

“Sounds like it might be a gray area.”

“No, not a gray area. Probably like a no fly zone.”

“Without tongue.”

“Like a kiss hello?”

“Yeah a kiss hello.”

“Yes, that’s allowed.”

“On the mouth?”

“Yeah, I guess so, that’s OK.”

“What happens if I go to kiss you hello, and my tongue accidentally finds its way into your mouth? Like it slipped or something.”

“Like on a banana peel?”

Lexa tried to keep a straight face, “Yes, yes, on a banana peel. Like would you reject it right away, or would there be some possible lingering. Like you knew it was an accident, so, why not enjoy a moment or two of it. In your mouth.”

“Hm. I may allow some lingering,” holding up her index finger now, “may, depending on how good the operator was.”

“That’s fair.”

They were both smiling at their silliness now.

“Nice guns by the way.”

“Thanks.”

“You probably have a six pack too.”

“I do,” and Lexa went to pull up her shirt.

“No, you don’t have to show me, oh, fuck me,” Clarke said when she got a look. “OK, we good? We’re friends, promise me we’ll be friends.”

“I have to promise?”

“Yeah, promise.”

“OK, I promise.”

“You have to raise your hand like this,” Clarke put her two fingers together, “and swear.”
“I prefer a pinky swear. Because it involves random touching.”

“OK, pinky swear.”

Lexa sat up, and they locked pinky’s. “I promise, to be your friend, and only your friend, until you deem otherwise.”

“Good. And now sex eyes, I’m gonna extract myself from this conversation.” Clarke got up and started walking away, “I’m paying you to work, not get me all hot and bothered.”

“Oh, I can do both,” she called after Clarke.

“Bye Lexa.”

“Bye Clarke, Text me later if you’re bored.”

“I deleted your phone number.”

“Bullshit. And that’s no way to treat a friend. And where you going with my sunglasses?”

Later that night Clarke dialed up Raven.

“Hello?”

“So, I walked into a door today.”

“Oh good, the misadventures of Clarke Griffin continue.”

“And I French kissed her dog.”

“Sounds like you French kissed the wrong Woods.”

“And here’s the thing.”

“There’s a thing?”

“Yes, there is. I don’t want her to be my fuck buddy.”

“OK.”

“I want her to be my girlfriend.”

Raven did not see that one coming, and her feet fell off her desk, “What? Are you kidding? She’s not lobster material, you said so yourself.”

“I know that’s what I said. But it’s not how I feel.”

“When did this happen?”

“Today, it hit me today. I gave her a hug and I just knew. It was like an epiphany.”

“Wow that must have been some hug. OK, as your attorney from the other day, I would advise against this decision.”
“Why?”

“She told us herself, she’s not girlfriend material, or whatever the hell she said. She has three ways, you have one ways. It wouldn’t work.”

“She said she only had the one three way, and she wouldn’t do it again.”

“Minor detail, why do you think you want her as your girlfriend?”

“I like her, I really like her. I knew from the moment I first laid eyes on her.”

“So, what are you saying, love at first sight? That’s movie shit and you know it.”

“I can’t stop thinking about her.”

“It’s a crush, an infatuation.”

“I want her, I want her bad.”

“Like sexually? Cause a quickie will take care of that.”

“No, it’s more than that. I just know that’s what I want, OK? Are you going to be a friend and support me or not?”

“Alright, don’t get your panties in a bunch, what do you want to do about it?”

“Well, I’m going to woo her.”

“What now?”

“I’m gonna woo her, become friends with her.”

“Say again?”

“I’m going to get to know her, and she’ll get to know me, and we’ll see where it leads.”

“I’m sorry, I’m confused, is there sex in your future?”

“Eventually, maybe, if things progress, but I think it’s important to have a foundation of friendship first. The best relationships start out as friendships.”

“Jesus Christ, are you watching the Brady Bunch with Octavia?”

“No,” Clarke snickered.

“I hope wooing Clarke is less of a dork than fuck buddy Clarke.”

“I think she will be.”

Chapter End Notes

I just want to say a very big thank you to those leaving comments. You inspire me to keep this going. I’m so happy you’re laughing along with me.
Chapter 9

The following morning Lexa was downstairs eating her breakfast. Luna and Anya didn’t get home until late last night, so there was no time to talk about Clarke’s job. They made it downstairs about half an hour later.

“So, how did the job go yesterday?” Anya asked.

“Went good, we started to put the new pavers in, and I mapped out most of the new gardens.”

“Good. The concrete guys called, they think they’ll start a few days earlier than planned.”

“That’s good.”

“How was our client?”

“She was good. It was, interesting.”

Anya groaned, she did not like the sound of that, “What exactly does that mean?” Already assuming Lexa did something.

“Well, there was some kissing.” Lexa paused, “Of the french kind……..you know, tongue……there was tongue……..some tongue might have happened.” Lexa looked back and forth between Anya and Luna, “And some heavy petting and rubbing.” Luna’s look was one of mild interest, Anya’s look said ‘I’m gonna cut your tits off and put them in a blender.’

Anya finally spoke up, “What did you do?”

Lexa looked at her, then looked down at Yogi, “Ask him. Yogi, what did you do to Clarke? You frenched her, didn’t you.” Yogi started whining a little and wagging his tail, “You frenched her right in the mouth, it was wet and it was sloppy buddy, a little sloppy, you might have to clean that up if you wanna get to second base.” Yogi barked at her now. “What? I know, Clarke was touching you in an overly familiar manner, wasn’t she. But you didn’t have to roll over and show her your junk. And the little pink rocket? Buddy, not a good look. Chicks don’t dig that, I don’t think Clarke dug that. You needed to put that back from whence it came. Sheath that snausage.” Yogi whined once more and put his head on his paws. Lexa looked back over to Anya, “I think they’re a thing now.”

“Ye of little faith, I promised you I would behave, and I did. Sorta.”

The tit stare was back. “Sorta?”

“Well, there was some flirting. But in my defense, I don’t feel like I started it. And have no fear, it’s not going anywhere, she just wants to be friends, she was very clear about that.”
“So, there’s some chemistry between you both?” Luna asked as she sipped her coffee.

“Oh yeah.” Lexa said, pouring some more cereal into her bowl.

“Are you in pursuit mode?” Anya demanded.

“Nooo. Been instructed that she was off limits.”

“Are you digging her? I’m sensing some digging going on.”

“What, why would you say that?”

“I don’t know, I’m just sensing.” Anya said.

“Well, sense this,” and Lexa took her middle finger and placed it in the middle of her forehead, scratching an imaginary itch.

Anya got up, walked by and whacked her in the head. “Behave. I have to go get ready for work. And when do I get to meet her? Invite her over or something. She’s my favorite actress, I would like to meet her,” she called as she walked upstairs.

Lexa looked up at Luna, who had a wicked grin on her face, “You like her, I think you like her.”

“What?” Lexa just rolled her eyes at her. “Please. She just wants to be friends. She made me promise to be friends.”

“Promise?”

“Yeah, it was kinda cute. I’m sure you had to be there, but it was all very cute.” Luna sat quietly assessing the situation. Lexa looked up, wondering why she was so quiet. “What?” She asked with her mouth full.

“Nothing.”

Lexa swallowed, “Look I know you’re a shrink and all, and you love to psycho analyze people, but family members should be off limits.”

“Some of the best relationships start out as friendships.”

“What the what? Relationship? Who the hell said anything about a relationship?”

Luna ignored her, “Your sister and I started out like that, friends.”

“Oh god, that courtship is in the Guinness Book of World Records. You were friends for almost two years. You were the anti Uhaul.”

“Yes, we were, and that was twelve years ago. I knew the moment I laid eyes on her that she was the one for me. She was perfect. And I was patient; I had to wait for her to get over Nia.”

“Nia was a disaster. She fucked her up royally.”

“Yeah she did. But she got over it, and fell for me,” Luna said with a smile.

“Yes she did. Ain’t love grand.”

“It is, you should try it again some time.”
Lexa scoffed, “Love is weakness.”

“What? Oh please, that’s ridiculous, where did you get that from?”

“I don’t know, must have heard it somewhere.” Lexa was just swirling her spoon in her bowl. “I thought I found the perfect person too, remember? Didn’t turn out too good.”

“I know honey, and that was devastating. But maybe it’s time to let go of that a little. I’m not saying go for Clarke, I’m just saying that, maybe, be open to, I know this sounds corny but, be open to love.” Luna reached out and squeezed her hand.

“That’s corny as shit. You’ve been reading too much fanfic.”

“Yeah, that was corny, sorry.” Luna laughed. “Look, dammit, just find yourself a good woman and settle down for god’s sake. I’ve known you for twelve years, this person, who sleeps around, this is not who you are. My god you were married at twenty-four.”

“And widowed at twenty-six.”

“You were a nester, you were settled down and you loved it.”

“You done?”

“Yes.”

They sat in silence for a few moments. Lexa sighed, “You know, the other night at the bar, I had within my grasp a beautiful red head, and I ended up coming home, alone. Maybe I am turning a corner, right?”

“I didn’t think you liked red heads.”

“Wow, you bursting my corner bubble?”

“No, I just thought blondes were your thing.”

“Yes, well, the blondes at the bar that night seemed very unappealing to me.”

“Isn’t Clarke blonde?”

“I don’t remember. Alright, enough of this fluff, what are we doing for Anya’s 40th? And it’s your 10th anniversary too. Indra said she’d close the bar down and we could have a big old party in there.”

“I know, I already talked to her. We’ll do it that Saturday night. I’m getting ready to send out invites.”

“That’s gonna be a big guest list.”

“It is, I think I’m up to seventy people already.”

“Whew, good thing you make the big bucks doc.”

“Why don’t you see if Clarke would come over for dinner sometime soon, Anya would get a big kick out of that.”

“I’ll ask her, I mean we are good friends now. She can do me that favor.”
Clarke had been working late every evening, so she didn’t have a chance to interact with Lexa at all throughout the rest of the week. She had given Lexa the code for the gate, so she didn’t have to be home. So, Clarke hadn’t seen her in what? Three days? She missed her. She made sure she left early today in the hopes of catching her before she left. When she pulled into her driveway, her heart started beating a little quicker and she felt immediate relief because Lexa’s truck was still there. She went in the front door and around back, going onto the patio, and saw Lexa at the other end of the yard.

“Yo sexeyes, I think you should stay for dinner tomorrow night?”

Lexa felt her stomach flip when she heard Clarke call out to her, “Wow, we just became friends like 3 days ago. Isn’t it a little soon for that?”

“I don’t know anything about you, I think we should get to know each other better. OK?”

“Only if there’s cuddling.”

“No guarantee.”

“Are you a good cook?”

“Nope, better eat a snack before you come.”

“OK, I’ll have to shower. In case of cuddling.”

“You can use my shower.”

“Will you be in it?”

“No.”

“Is that another gray area?”

“No.”

“OK. Is there kissing with tongue?”

“No.”

“OK. Should I bring my toothbrush and jammies?”

“No.”

“OK.”

“You done?”

“Yes.”

“See you tomorrow night?”

“Yes.”

“OK. Good talk.”
The Next day:

“Hey, I’m starting dinner now. You wanna come in and get a shower?” Clarke called out to Lexa.

“Sure.” Lexa picked up her tools and put them in a neat pile by the patio.

She went inside and Clarke led Lexa up to the guest bedroom. She showed her where the towels and toiletries were. “Just come down when you’re done.”

Lexa came down fifteen minutes later, her hair still wet, wearing shorts that were slung low on her hips and went to the top of her knees and a snug tee shirt that barely made it down to her shorts, a hint of a tan stomach showing. She walked into the kitchen to see what Clarke was preparing. Clarke looked up at her, seeing her hair down for the first time. Wow, she wasn’t expecting that. She pulled her eyes away, she didn’t want to be caught staring. She was breathtaking. She literally took her breath away.

“What’s that supposed to be?” Lexa asked as she came over and peaked into the baking dish.

“Chicken?” Clarke was also questioning what it should be. They were both peering over the dish now, studying it closely, heads only inches apart.

“What happened to it?” Lexa asked.

“I happened to it.”

“Is it supposed to be that color? I don’t think I’ve ever seen chicken that color before. Maybe in a cartoon, but never in a baking dish.”

“Maybe it tastes OK.”

“It’s almost purple. It’s a purple chicken. Something’s wrong. May I?” And Lexa took a fork and lifted one of the pieces, she shrieked a little and dropped the fork, startling Clarke who pulled away from the dish.

“What?”

Lexa looked at her with wide eyes, “I think it moved, your purple chicken moved.”

Clarke laughed and pushed her, “Ass, you shouldn’t be making fun of me, it’s the first time I’m cooking for you.”

“Au contraire, we are just friends, and friends are honest with each other. Now, if this were a date, I’d have to choke that shit down.”

“Awe, you would do that for me?” Clarke batted her eyes at Lexa, who was still only a couple inches away.

“Yeah, if it meant getting laid.” Lexa leaned in a little closer and looked down at Clarke’s mouth, then back up to her eyes, so close, their lips were so close, all she had to do was lean in a little more.

“That is so romantic. No wonder you have women falling all over you.”

“I try.” Lexa leaned in a little more.
It was Clarke’s turn to look down at Lexa’s mouth, at that bottom lip. The way she smiled, the way she kept her lips together, the way the corners of her mouth turned up just a little.

When Clarke finally managed to look up from Lexa’s mouth, she noticed that her eyes were a little darker now. “What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking,” Lexa didn’t want to admit to what she was thinking, that if this were any other beautiful woman they would be on their way to the bedroom right now. But this was Clarke. And there were promises between them so nothing was going to happen. Not yet. “That we should order pizza.”

“So, no purple chicken?”

“I don’t think so,” Lexa said. She felt like she was on Mr. Toads Wild Ride, and she did not want to get off.

“I told you I couldn’t cook.”

“Well, next time I’ll cook, OK?”

Clarke knew things were getting a little too hot, and it wasn’t the steam from the purple chicken. She leaned back away from Lexa, breaking the moment. “I’ll go call them.”

Lexa knew the moment was over, and she was fine with that. They had plenty of time for moments.

The pizza man took about half an hour, and they were finally sitting around the table enjoying a slice. “Much better than purple chicken.”

“So, did you go to school for writing?”

“Oh is this the part where we get to know each other?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Ah, yes I went to school at Arizona State, on a golf scholarship, took English and Astronomy thinking that I would write sci fi novels.”

“Golf scholarship, wow. Impressed. I like golf.”

“You do?”

“No, I just said that.”

Lexa smiled at that one. “Golf was a means to an end. I received a great education at a great school. And why don’t you like golf?”

“It’s kinda boring. On TV anyway.”

“So you’ve never played?”

Clarke shook her head.

“Never swung a club?”
Clarke shook her head again. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’m not real coordinated.”

“Yeah, I think I did notice that,” Lexa said with a small chuckle.

“I’m owning it. Not real coordinated. So, you graduated and you wanted to be a writer.”

“Yes, and believe it or not, I have written a novel already.”

“Really?”

“Yes. It’s not published though. Still working on that. But I think it’s damn good. It’s going to be a trilogy. I’ve already started the second one.”

“How come it’s not published? How does that work?”

“You send a bunch of manuscripts out to publishing houses and hope someone calls you back. It’s hard, you have to know someone, or at least have an agent working for you. However, I’m saving my money and I’m going to try and self publish it.”

“That’s cool. Does it cost a lot to do that?”

“Yeah, it does. If you need artwork and editing and stuff. But it’ll happen.”

“I want to read it.”

“OK, I’ll get you a copy. I’ll send you a link to it. It’s on my website.”

Clarke knew that at some point she had to tell Lexa about the fanfic. She thought tonight might be the best time to do that. They were done eating so she picked up their dishes and put them in the sink.

“Here, let me do those,” Lexa said as she got up and went to the sink.

“Well aren’t you thoughtful.”

“Didn’t know that about me, did you?”

“No I did not. See, we’re getting to know each other.”

When Lexa was done, Clarke led them out to the living room. Lexa sat on the couch and Clarke sat against the one end, absentmindedly putting her feet on Lexa’s lap. This is what she does with Raven, so it was natural to do that with Lexa.

“Are you ticklish?” Lexa asked and she grabbed Clarke’s foot and began massaging it.

“Uh, no, and ooohh, that feels good.” Clarke closed her eyes, “Wow, you got strong hands.” Lexa looked at Clarke and smiled, her eyes were still closed, and her lip was caught between her teeth. Lexa had to look away.

“So, I have a confession to make,” Clarke managed to say, her eyes open now.

“Oh boy, sounds serious.”

“Promise you won’t get mad?”

“Another promise? Is it a pinky swear promise?”
“No, doesn’t have to be.” Clarke took a deep breath, “Raven and I read your fanfic.”

Lexa stopped rubbing for half a second, then started up again, “OK, when was that?”

“When you first posted it.”

Lexa was thinking now, trying to put the time line together. “So, that was before we met?”

“Yeah, are you mad?”

“No, why would I be mad? And why didn’t you say something before?”

“Well, we really haven’t hung out, so I guess the there wasn’t time to talk about it.”

“So, you read it, how did you know it was me?”

“Well, your friends dimed you out, after that last chapter.”

Lexa remembered now, “Oh, yes, they were friends of Anya’s they thought they were pm’ing me.”

“Yeah, so, they said your name, and where you worked.”

Lexa had a puzzled look on her face. “I guess I’m still confused.”

“I’ll start from the beginning. Raven reads the fanfic from the show. It’s her thing. Yours popped up one night, and she read it and loved it, she told me to read it, I read it and loved it. We commented we loved it so much.”

“What was your comment?”

“Ah, I think Raven wrote, ‘dude, that was a fucking awesome sex scene.’ ”

Lexa started laughing. “I remember that one, oh my god, that’s too funny.” Lexa started on the other foot, and Clarke hoped she wasn’t drooling, foot rubs were heaven. “So you liked that scene, huh?”

“We liked all of them. You have quite the imagination.”

“Oh, that wasn’t imagination. Those are based on personal experience.” She winked as she smiled over at Clarke.

Clarke swallowed a little, once again feeling like Lexa was out of her league sexually. “OK, well, so, when you posted the final chapter, and your name showed up, we thought it would be fun to track you down. We bet on what you would look like. Raven thought you would be hot cause the sex scenes were so hot.”

“And, what did you think?”

“I thought you’d be middle aged, a sexually frustrated housewife. In a bathrobe and curlers.”

“Wrong on both counts. And I don’t think women use curlers anymore.”

“So I’m told. We set out to find you.”

“And there you were in my parking lot that day.”

“Yes.”
“That explains a lot. You two were really weird that day.”

“Yeah, you caught us a little off guard.”

“How so?”

“Well, you sure as shit weren’t middle aged.”

“I would think that would have been a pleasant surprise.”

“It was. And I needed landscaping done, it was a win win all around.” Clarke did not want to tell her about the fuck buddy adventure. “I want to ask you something, I’d like to show your fiction to my producer and head writer on the show.”

“Really?”

“Yes, it was that good. Did you ever think about a career in writing screen plays and stuff?”

“No, can’t say that I have. You can show him.”

“One more thing,” Clarke said.

Lexa raised her eyebrows.

“Commander heat eyes?”

Lexa laughed, “Oh, the high school nickname. Yes, super big crush on an older girl, stared at her with heat eyes according to friends.”

Clarke wondered if she’d ever get to see that look. “Have you ever been in love?” Clarke asked.

Lexa didn’t like to talk about Costia, at least discussing the gory details. “Sure, who hasn’t?”

“When was the last time?”

“A while ago.”

“Oh, you’re being vague, did someone break your heart? Is that why you’re such a player? Somebody broke your heart. What’s her name, I’ll take care of her,” Clarke teased.

Lexa looked over at her, “Can we talk about something else?”

Clarke noticed a little sadness in those green eyes now. She didn’t like to see that at all. “Wow, she must have really broken your heart.”

“It’s no big deal, everyone gets their heart broken at some time, right? You must have had your heart broken?”

“I guess, in college I dated someone, and she cheated on me. That was pretty bad. Hasn’t been anyone serious since.”

“Wow that was a while ago.”

“When your life is public knowledge, it’s hard to be in love. I guess you could say, I’ve chosen my career over my personal life. Hard to be out in Hollywood.”

“That’s sad Clarke. You seem like someone who should be in love.”
“What about you? Why shouldn’t you be in love?”

“Just not my thing I guess.” Lexa stopped rubbing Clarke’s feet, she actually forgot she was still rubbing them. “Well, Clarke, I have enjoyed our get to know you session, but I do have to get going.”

“Damn, you should just stay over.”

“Maybe next time. Oh, I have a favor.”

“Anything.”

“My sister would love to meet you. They want to invite you over for dinner.”

“Only if they make purple chicken.”

“Luna is the chef in the family, I don’t think she has the recipe, you might be stuck with something else. Something that is actually edible.”

“I can’t believe you didn’t love my purple chicken.”

“I did love it, as a garden gnome.”

“But it was purple.”

“I told you, there would have been strings attached for loving that purple chicken.”

“Oh right, the getting laid part.” Clarke was just checking Lexa out now, because the smile was back. Maybe that was her favorite thing. Better than the ass? Too close to call at this time. “I’d love to come over and meet your sister and Luna. Any night. I’m just working downtown during the day now, the late nights should be over.”

“OK, I’ll check with them. Maybe in the next few days?”

“Yeah, that’s great, that’ll be fun.”

Lexa gathered up her things and slung her backpack over her shoulder.

“I missed my boy Yogi today,” Clarke said as she followed Lexa to the door.

“I thought it would have been a long day, so I left him home with Luna.”

They stood at the door, preparing to say goodbye. Lexa thought of her options, she could do the ‘on the mouth, no tongue goodbye kiss’, or she could not. She opted for not, because she knew if she touched those lips, there would be no stopping her tongue. She pulled Clarke into a hug instead, and planted a soft kiss on her cheek. “Good night Clarke.”

“Good night Lexa, maybe I’ll see you Monday.” Clarke watched her walk towards her truck. Her hair was wavy now, from air drying. Damn she was hot. She touched her cheek where Lexa kissed her, and smiled.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Oh Raven how I’ve missed you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was Saturday night and Lexa was sitting in her office trying to come up with ideas for the next chapter in her book. The door was open, and she heard Luna and Anya come walking down the hallway. They were meeting friends for dinner tonight. As they walked by, Anya did a double take and walked back to stick her head in the room. “What are you doing here?”

“I live here?”

“It’s Saturday night.”

“What’s your point?”

“Isn’t this your prowl night? Your get your groove on night? Time to get your night moves on. Your sexual healing night.”

Without speaking, and never breaking eye contact, Lexa reached out with her foot and shut the door on Anya.

Anya and Luna looked at each other, Luna whispered, “Clarke. I think she likes Clarke.”

“Really? You mean for more than a one night stand.”

“I hear you, Jesus, you’re right there, I hear you,” Lexa called from the other side of the door.

“Ahh, have a good one, we’ll be back later,” Anya said in her normal voice.

“Ask her if she wants us to bring her anything to eat,” Luna kept whispering.

“You mean like Clarke?” Anya whispered back and they both started giggling. “I couldn’t resist that one.”

“That was a good one,” Luna said softly.

“Really, I’m right here, I’m literally four feet away from you.”

“Sorry! See you later.”

Lexa just shook her head. She wasn’t gonna get any work done tonight. She was too distracted. She wanted to text Clarke, but she didn’t want to appear eager. Jesus, when did this happen? If she wanted to text a chick, she did it, never questioning herself. She was looking at her phone in her hand and she tossed it onto the small love seat across the room. “Yogi, this one is driving me a little nuts. How was that kiss, you lucky dog?”
She closed her eyes and thought back to last night, the look on Clarke’s face when she was rubbing her feet. She had a feeling she would see that look under different circumstances. And now she was smiling, her thoughts really getting carried away. She was startled out of her mini fantasy by her phone. She jumped across the room, almost tripping over Yogi, grabbed it and sat down. It was from Clarke. And it was a picture of her purple chicken. With a stake through it. Sitting out in one of the gardens. Like a garden gnome. Lexa thought that was fucking funny. =I hope you don’t leave that out overnight, you’ll have every coyote in the county in your backyard=

=i’ll be right back=

And now Lexa was laughing, picturing Clarke running out into the backyard to bring her purple chicken in. And then she stopped laughing, because picturing that released a slew of emotions in her. Had she ever met anyone as goofy, sweet and beautiful as Clarke? And she knew she hadn’t. And she felt something shift inside her. It was small, but it was there. A warmth, not between her legs, but near her heart. It was unsettling. She would rather just be lusting. This one was definitely trouble. =here i am. he’s been mauled= and she sent another picture, the purple chicken half eaten.

=at least someone enjoyed it. maybe you could start a new business, edible garden gnomes by clarke.=

=it could be like the fruit of the month club. i’d make a different shade of chicken every month=

=you could expand into beef in no time=

=who needs acting when you have an edible garden gnome business=

=evidently not you=

=what are you doing? you at the bar looking for miss right, or should i say miss right now?=

=maybe=

Lexa waited for a reply to that one. She didn’t see Clarke typing back. And she suddenly had a thought of Clarke being disappointed in her, and for once she regretted her reputation. She snapped a quick selfie of herself and Yogi, and sent it off =actually spending time with my main squeeze=

= :) give him a kiss for me=

=you should be here doing that yourself=

=i’m hard to get, remember? don’t want him thinking i’m easy=

=he’s pining for you=

=just him=?

Lexa’s fingers froze. She just stared at the text. For once, she had no quick retort. Why was this response more important that any of the flirting that they had done so far? Maybe she was over thinking it. =did I ever tell you that blondes were my weakness?= 

=i don’t think you mentioned that. nope, you definitely left that out. so they make you weak? and when I say they I mean me, since I’m blonde and all=

=yes blondes make me weak. so be nice to me I’m fragile=
Lexa sighed and smiled, Clarke and her promises. How about Wednesday for dinner here?

I'll be there. Tell me what to bring.

I can only tell you what not to bring.

Sad purple chicken face. Hey Raven and Octavia are going to come over to swim tomorrow, why don't you stop by?

What kind of bathing suit do you wear?

Bikini.

Lexa didn't even hesitate after getting that info. What time?

I.

See you then.

Good night Lexa.

Good night Clarke.

Now how was she supposed to sleep tonight thinking about Clarke in a bikini?

Clarke and the girls met for their usual 6 mile round trip hike up Brush Canyon Trail. They met almost every Sunday morning when they were all around.

“So I have news,” Raven said. “Bellamy is gonna hire me as an agent, well, just like an apprentice at first.”

“Really? Oh my god that’s great,” Octavia said.

“Yeah, well, I think I’m ready to spread my wings a little bit. Don’t worry Clarke, you will still be my main squeeze, I can manage you and maybe have a few more clients. I’ve been thinking about this for a while, I’m definitely ready. Clarke? Are you listening?”

Clarke was staring down at her phone, at the picture Lexa sent her last night, the picture with Yogi. She couldn’t stop staring at it and smiling. She wanted to make it her wallpaper, her background,

“Clarke!”

“Sorry, what did you say?”

“I’m going to go work for Bellamy. I’m going to be an agent.”

“Oh shit, that’s awesome. Congrats.” And Clarke pulled her in for a hug.

“You’ll be great,” O said. “When are you starting?”

“Next week.”

“That’s awesome. I have news too,” and O stuck her hand out.

“Oh my god, that’s a ring!” Clarke yelped.
“Yeah, I know.”

“He finally proposed, bought friggin time. When did that happen?” Raven asked.

“Two days ago.”

“I am so happy for you O, you guys are great together. Tell Lincoln I said congrats,” Clarke said.

“Yeah, now if I could just pronounce his last name,” Raven chimed in.

“It’s not that hard, Trikru.”

“Treewho?” Raven loved busting on Octavia. “Well, I would keep Blake if I were you. So look at us, all with big news.” And Raven looked at Clarke expectantly.

“What?”

“How’s the wooing?”

“What wooing?” Octavia asked.

“Clarke is wooing Lexa now.”

“She’s not gonna bang her?”

“I’m right here.” She hated when they talked around her.

“No she’s wooing it, friendship style.”

“When did this happen?” O asked.

“After the hug.”

“There was a hug?”

“Yes and the earth moved.”

“And the angels sang?” Octavia countered.

“Something like that. Clarke has a plan.”

“Shut up, we’re becoming friends, and getting to know each other,” Clarke explained.

“Clarke wants Lexa to be her girlfriend,” Raven said.

“But I thought this chick wasn’t girlfriend material,” O said.

“Well, the hug evidently changed all that.”

“So, did you tell her this?” Octavia asked.

Clarke glared at her. “No I didn’t tell her. I don’t want to freak her out.”

“So, are you in love?”

“I’m not calling it that, no. Not yet. Geez, I haven’t known her for that long.”
“So you’re gonna woo her and make her love you, that’s cool,” O said.

“I’m not gonna make her love me. Nobody’s gonna make anybody do anything.”

Octavia started singing now, “I’m gonna make you love me, yes I will yes I will.”

Clarke and Raven both looked at her in pain.


“Jesus Christ, first the Brady Bunch and now the the Supremes? What’s next, Leave it to Beaver?” Raven asked.

“Maybe you should let the Supremes sing that,” Clarke said.

“I think my ear drums are bleeding.” Raven put her finger inside her ear and pulled it back out to check for blood. “Fuck, don’t ever audition for a musical. So Clarke, what has transpired since our last chat?”

“Well, I invited her to dinner the other night so we could chat. I cooked.”

“Wait, you cooked, I thought you liked her?” Octavia deadpanned Clarke shoved her. “What did you make?”

“Oh no, not the chicken,” Raven said, groaning.

“Yeah, I made the chicken.”

Octavia knew about the chicken, “The purple chicken?”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t know what you do to get it that color,” Octavia said, seriously, because she would really like to know.

“I can’t figure that out either.”

“Yet you continue to make it,” Octavia said.

“One of these days it’s gonna turn out.”

Raven put her phone up to her ear like a call was coming in, “Hello?” She handed her phone to Clarke, “It’s the Colonel, he wants your purple chicken recipe.”

“Very funny.”

“I remember you made it for me once. I thought I was eating Donald Duck, wasn’t he purple?” Sometimes Octavia’s jokes missed a little.

And Raven was quick to point that out, “OK, number one, Donald Duck is a fucking duck. And number two, there’s a control on your TV called color tint, you should try it sometime.”

“Maybe I’m thinking of foghorn leghorn. Wasn’t he some sort of chicken?”

“Well, you’re getting warmer, he was a rooster, who fucked chickens. And I say all this in the past tense because he is no longer on TV. For like fifty years. Jesus Christ, we’ve got to update your
“Did you try and eat the purple chicken?” Octavia was ignoring Raven.

“No, we got pizza instead.”

“Did she leave right away?”

“No, we chatted for while.”

“Well, that says a lot right there, the purple chicken didn’t scare her away.”

“She gave me a foot rub, too.”

“Wow, foot rubs and purple chicken. Sounds romantic.” O was a sucker for romance.

“It was a great ‘friendly’ get together.” Clarke put air quotes around the friendly part.

“You call it a friendly get together, the rest of us call it dating,” Raven said.

“We’re not dating. Dating would involve kissing goodnight. We’re not at that stage yet. Although she did give me a kiss on the cheek last night when she left.” And Clarke reached up to touch that spot on her cheek, smiling a little.

“Oh, have we not washed that spot yet?” Raven asked.

“Shut up.”

“So, you didn’t make out?” O asked.

“We’re just friends right now,” Clarke said defensively.

“OK, sensitive much? Did you have sex?” Both Raven and Clarke stopped walking and gave her a look. “What, sometimes friends have sex.”

“Who has sex without kissing? What kind of freak ass boyfriend do you have?” Raven asked.

“He’s not a freak ass. I just thought maybe Clarke and Lexa had sex, that was all.” Now she was smiling, she really was just teasing.

“I’m gonna hurt you,” Clarke said.

“Octavia, these things take time. Clarke and Lexa will have sex around the summer of 2019,” Raven chirped.

“Hookers,” Octavia said.

“OK, Jan, where are you right now?” Clarke asked.

“Pretty Woman, Julia Roberts, she would have sex and not kiss.”

Raven put her arm around her and gave her a little shake, “Octavia, listen to you, Pretty Woman? Welcome to the ‘90’s, I’m so proud of you. I guess you do have TNT.”

“I’m supposed to go over her house to have dinner with her sister and her wife,” Clarke interrupted.

“Wow, meeting the whole gay family already. And you haven’t even kissed yet,” Octavia said.
“It’s not like that. Her sister is a big fan.”

“When’s that happening?”

“Wednesday. And, I invited her over to the house today to hang out with us. I wanted you guys to get to know her a little bit.”

“Finally. I get to meet this woman,” Octavia said.

“I haven’t seen her in so long I forget what she looks like. I need to put a face to my vibrator.”

Clarke turned and gave her a glare, “Shit, Raven. You’re picturing my possible future wife while you use your vibrator?”

“I’m just kidding, my god, just kidding,” Raven said. Clarke shook her head and looked away and Raven mouthed to Octavia, ‘I’m not kidding.’

Octavia laughed at Raven, and put her arm around Clarke. “Well, I can’t wait to meet her. I’ll give you the straight perspective on her. Whether she’s truly hot or you two are just horn dogs.”

“OK, we have to set some ground rules though, for this afternoon. Under no circumstances are either one of you to undermine wooing Clarke.”

“I thought you were wooing Clarke.”

Clarke ignored Raven. “Wooing Clarke has been pretty cool, she has her shit together, and I’m proud of her. So please, I’m begging, do not belittle me, make fun of me or bust on me, in front of her. I will literally, lose my shit, if you make me look like a moronic dork in front of her. Am I clear?”

“Yes mother, I’ll behave,” Octavia promised.

“OK. But where’s the fun in that?” Raven lived for these moments. And she was a little bummed that she would have to behave herself.

“Oh, and she knows we read her fanfic, I told her that the other night.”

“Was she pissed?”

“No, not at all. However, I did not say anything about being fuck buddies, so keep that under your hat also.”

“Shit, there’s nothing to talk about now,” Raven complained.

“Clarke, this is Raven you’re talking to, you realize you have asked her to be discreet about a lot of stuff. You know that never turns out well,” O said.

“I have faith, right Raven?”

“Yes, yes I’ll behave”

“And get this, she wrote a book,” Clarke said.

“Really?” both girls asked at the same time.

“Yeah, I’ve been binge reading it since yesterday. A scifi book. And I love it. The main character is
awesome. You have to read it. I think it would be a great movie.”

“A movie, for you?” Raven asked.

“Yes, for me. I wanted to talk to Bellamy about it before I mention anything to Lexa. It’s not published yet. It’s just her manuscript that I’m reading.”

“Well, let me read it, too.”

“We can ask her today to send it to you.”

“Maybe Bell can help get it published,” O said.

“That’s what I was thinking. He might have connections.”

“Is there a part for me?” O asked.

“Yeah, there are a couple strong female parts.”

“We could have a pool reading party.”

“Might as well since there won’t be anything fun to talk about,” Raven groused.

Clarke slipped behind Raven, put her arms around her, and kissed her on the cheek. “Don’t worry Raven, we’ll have plenty to talk about. You can tell her how you’ve named your vibrator after her.”

Raven, Clarke, and Octavia sat around the pool waiting for Lexa to show up. When they heard her truck pull up, Clarke put everyone on notice to be on their best behavior. Yogi was the first one to charge out the French doors and ran to the pool.

“Yogi! There’s my boyfriend, come here boy,” and Yogi jumped up on Clarke’s lounge chair and began licking her face. Lexa sauntered out the French doors next. She had her signature hat on, long board shorts, and a skimpy tank top. Clarke audibly gulped. “Lexa! There you are.”

Lexa watched as Clarke, in her bikini, got up off her lounge chair to greet her. Holy fuck was the only thought that shot through her brain. Of course she came over to give her a hug hello. Lexa made sure to hold onto her a little longer than usual, smelling the sun, and sun tan lotion, touching her bare back for the first time, all these things registering in her brain at once, all her senses firing, the only thing missing was taste and so she managed to plant a soft kiss on her neck, tasting salt. Lexa reluctantly let Clarke go. “How you doing?”

“I’m good, you remember Raven.”

And Raven got up, because she was not gonna miss a chance to touch this one, “Hey, come over here and give me a hug girl,” and she pulled Lexa in for a hug, ran her hand up and down her back, looked over Lexa’s shoulder at Clarke giving her dagger eyes. She wiggled her eyebrows back at her. She released her and stepped back to check her out, “Damn, body be banging girlfriend.”

“And this is Octavia.”

“Yeah from the show, how are you?” Lexa put her hand out, but Octavia also pulled Lexa in for hug. “Oh, OK, “ Lexa said as Octavia gave her a big squeeze, not that she minded. All three women looked spectacular in their suits.
“So good to meet you finally. I’ve heard a lot about you,” O said.

“Lexa, what would you like to drink?” Raven asked

“Water’s fine for now.”

Raven grabbed her arm and began walking her up to the fridge, “So, what have you two been doing here all week, what have we missed?”

“Not too much, I’ve been working, Clarke and I have been hanging out a little bit, getting to know each other,” she said as she smiled back at Clarke.

“Welcome to Clarke’s plan,” Raven said to no one in particular.

“Plan? What plan?” Lexa stopped walking and turned around to ask Clarke.

“Nothing, there’s no plan,” Clarke said, making eye contact with Raven.

Lexa turned back to Raven because she started talking again, and Clarke was a little pissed, so she gave Raven the double fuck off, flipping both middle fingers at her, making her furious face, bending a little at the knees, flipping her both birds, and all Raven did was wink at her. Lexa turned back to Clarke as she was just coming up out of her double bird flip off.

“Clarke suffers from seizures,” Raven said as she continued to walk Lexa over to get her a water. “We just shove a stick in her mouth when this happens, Clarke, do you need a stick?”

Clarke groaned inside. Raven was submarining wooing Clarke. She was gonna kill her. Cut her up into little pieces and feed her to the squirrels. The meat eating kind of squirrels. If there were such things. Come to think of it, squirrels didn’t eat meat, she’d have to find something else to feed her to. She’d feed her to the purple chicken eater.

Octavia sat back down on her lounge chair and wished she had some popcorn right about now.

Lexa was laughing on the inside, because it felt like that first meeting they had here at the house. She knew Raven was giving Clarke major shit about something that involved the two of them. She had no idea what this plan was, but that was OK. She’d try it out of Clarke later. Raven handed Lexa her water and they walked back to the pool area.

Clarke sat back down again next to O. “I’m gonna kill her.”

“I’m going in, who’s coming in with me, Lexa?” Raven asked, her ulterior motive was to get Lexa undressed.

“Sure.”

Clarke watched, her brain relaying it in slow motion like a scene from a movie with background music, as she kicked off her flip flops, pulled off her shirt, shucked off her shorts, and revealed a bikini that barely covered anything. She walked up to the pool and dove right in.

Octavia leaned over to Clarke and whispered, “Close your mouth.”

Things sped up to real time now, as Clarke did as she was told. Clarke knew that sometime soon, she was gonna have to get her hands on that body.

“You two coming in or what?” Raven asked.
Lexa swam up and put her arms over the side of the pool. “Come in Clarke.” And there was that smile.

“OK, OK,” and Clarke got up and hopped in.

“C’mon O,” Clarke called, and Octavia joined them.

“OK, ladies, how about a little game of basketball?” Raven asked. “Me and Clarke against Octavia and Lexa. O, set that thing up.” Raven swam by Clarke, “You can thank me later,” she said under her breath. Clarke was still annoyed about the “plan comment,” and now she wondered what the hell she was talking about, because it would have been more fun to be Lexa’s partner.

O set up the hoop and tossed the ball into the water. Lexa grabbed it and waited for Octavia to get back in, “Ready partner?”

“Lay it on me sister,” and Lexa tossed her the ball.

Raven went to guard O, and Clarke realized the genius of Raven’s plan, because she was gonna guard Lexa, and there could be all sorts of touching in pool basketball. OK, she forgave her for her earlier transgression.

Octavia tossed the ball back to Lexa, who looked at Clarke, “Whatcha got blondie,” she taunted.

“Oh, big talker huh,” and Clarke came at her and jumped, but not before Lexa displayed perfect shooting form, and hit nothing but net. Clarke looked at Raven, “Oh, crap, a ringer, you’re a ringer.”

Lexa smiled, pulling her into a playful headlock, “Maybe next time, beautiful.” Let the random touching begin.

Clarke’s cheek was on Lexa’s chest, and she wrapped one hand around her bicep to try and pry her arm from around her neck, while the other hand was under water resting on Lexa’s abs, to steady herself. She involuntarily brushed her thumb back and forth across them. She got the bicep and the abs all in one drunk-free grope. She could have stayed there all day. And did she happen to mention how much she loved Raven.

“OK, you two, this isn’t dancing with the stars,” and Raven took the ball and tossed it to Clarke, who snapped herself out of it and caught it. She taunted Lexa right back, “You want this, you want this,” showing her the ball, then pulling it back.

“Yeah I want it,” Lexa said, with her sex eyes. The look caught Clarke off guard, and that slight hesitation enabled Lexa to slap the ball away from Clarke and retrieve it.

“Clarke, maybe if you got your thoughts out of the gutter we’d still be in possession of that ball.” Clarke shot her a look.

Lexa meanwhile, tossed the ball to Octavia. Raven jumped her and pushed her underwater, stealing the ball back. Octavia sputtered to the surface, “Foul! That’s a goddamn foul.”

“Bite me, Jan,” Raven said. She tossed the ball to Clarke, but Lexa was too quick, she stole the ball and successfully drained another shot.

“How about a little defense over there.” Clarke flipped her the finger. “Maybe I wasn’t clear on the teams.” Clarke flipped her the finger on the other hand.

Lexa swam up to Clarke and winked, “Nice try.”
“Oh, I guess you’re just good at everything.”

“Well, there are some things that I’m better at than others,” she said as she reached under water and grabbed at her stomach, making contact, Clarke slapping her hands away.

“You, grope a dopes, let’s go.”

The game went back and forth for about fifteen minutes, and they were getting winded.

“OK, last possession. Cause I am not in shape,” Raven said, as she faked a pass to Clarke and shot towards the basket. It bounced off the rim and Octavia rebounded it, immediately tossed it in the direction of Lexa. Lexa grabbed it and held it in one hand, the other hand holding off Clarke. Clarke tried to get closer to get the ball. Lexa took her finger and put it on Clarke’s forehead, essentially letting her know that she was no immediate threat to stopping Lexa from ending this game, that her mere finger could keep Clarke from getting the ball.

“You gonna take that Griffin? She’s toying with you,” Raven called out. “C’mon, defense, man up over there.”

Lexa made her move around Clarke, she was just gonna dunk it, but Clarke jumped on her back as she went by, wrapping her arms around her neck, trying to take her down. When Lexa felt Clarke’s breasts against her back, she almost went under, drowning both of them. Somehow she kept her legs moving, and when she got close to the net she jumped up and dunked, her follow through taking them both underwater. They came back up for air laughing, and Lexa held Clarke’s arms in place for a bit, might as well enjoy the sensations. She dragged Clarke over to Octavia and high fived her. Clarke finally let go and slipped under the surface, coming back up for air and heading for the steps. “I demand a rematch,” She said over her shoulder.

“Any time, blondie.”

“Yeah, any time blondie,” Octavia echoed. “Teach me to shoot, man, I suck,” she said to Lexa.

Raven swam over to the steps also, getting out and plopping down in the chair next to Clarke. She turned and looked at her, raised her eyebrows.

“Thank you,” Clarke said. Lexa and Octavia were busy talking and shooting, not paying them any attention.

“How was it?”

“I feel like I need a cigarette.”

“How are you not tappin’ that?” Clarke rolled her eyes. “I mean me? All she would have to do is snap her fingers at me, and I’d go crawling into her bed. She wouldn’t even have to snap, just look like she was gonna snap.” Raven continued to enjoy the view. “I think I’m gonna have to wear a panty liner around her from now on. Are you looking at that bod? Do you see it?”

“Oh I see it. I see it real good.”

“Your will power is admirable. I don’t even see tan lines, do you see tan lines?”

“Don’t you have a girlfriend?”

“Yeah, she happens to be away on a business trip to Atlanta. We have an open relationship.”
“Bullshit, I’m gonna tell her you said that.”

Lexa swam over to the steps and walked out. “Nice sunglasses,” she said to Clarke. “Where’d you get them?”

“From your face.” Clarke smiled sweetly up at Lexa.

“You know I’m gonna get wrinkles around my eyes now, cause I’m squinting a lot.” She sat in the chair on the other side of Clarke.

“Clarke! Give her back her sunglasses.” Raven did not want that face marred in anyway.

“She can put her hat on,” Clarke said as she looked at Lexa, who laid her come hither look on her. She felt that look, hit her right between her legs.

Octavia was drying off, “I’m hungry.”

Clarke piped up, “I can make us something to eat.”

“No!” All three of them said at the same time.

“You all suck.”

It was a couple hours later, and Lexa got up to leave. “Ladies, it’s been a pleasure hanging out with you today, but I do have to get home. I have to work tomorrow, and the client is a real pain in the ass.”

“Oh, the pleasure was all ours,” Raven said.

Octavia and Raven got up to say their goodbyes. “Good job, partner,” Octavia said as she hugged her goodbye.

Raven kissed her smack on the lips and then hugged her. “See you soon, OK?”

“I’ll walk you out,” Clarke said.

“C’mon Yogi, let’s go.”

They walked in silence into the house and towards the front door.

“He’s such a good dog.”

“Yeah I got pretty lucky there. Thanks for inviting me, your friends are a blast.”

“They’re assholes, but I love them.”

“Funny assholes.”

“Yeah, definitely funny.”

Lexa pulled Clarke in for hug, and this one lasted a little longer. She sighed as she held onto her. Clarke nestled her chin into the base of Lexa’s neck. They just stood there, both content. Finally Lexa pulled away, she only had so much self control. She smiled down at Clarke, then she reached out and put her hand on the side of Clarke’s face and leaned in, Clarke thought this was it, this was it, but Lexa just kissed her softly on the cheek again.
“I’ll see you maybe tomorrow?”

Clarke nodded her head. She didn’t trust what might come out of her mouth. She leaned against the door jam and did her favorite thing, watching Lexa walk. When she opened the truck door, Clarke remembered the book. “Oh hey, can I share your book with Raven? She wants to read it.”

“Absolutely, share it with whomever you want, the more the merrier.”

“OK, bye Lexa.”

“Bye Clarke. Don’t forget about Wednesday.”

“I won’t.”

Clarke practically skipped to the back yard.

“Well, did you make out?” O asked.

“No,” Clarke sighed. “I thought I was gonna get a kiss, but she hit the cheek again. And don’t think I didn’t notice that kiss on the lips you gave her.” Clarke directed this comment to Raven.

“What? It was an accident.”

“I haven’t even kissed her on the lips yet.”

“Guess you got some catching up to do.”

“How was it, I mean, I know it was brief, but how was it?”

“You don’t wanna know. Let’s just leave it at that.” Clarke sat down. “Her lips were very soft... and that’s all I’m gonna say...especially that bottom lip, but I’ve already said too much...I almost slipped her the tongue...”

“OK, enough!” Clarke yelled.

“Clarke, you guys look really cute together, and, this is from a straight girl, she’s a ten. Well, maybe a twelve if that’s possible,” Octavia, the romantic, said.

“Thanks O.” She rested her head back on her lounge chair and shut her eyes, day dreaming of her perfect twelve.

Chapter End Notes

True story ma peeps, I was walking the dog a few weeks ago, and I got these characters in my head, all kinds of dialogue constantly swirling around my brain, I’m surprised I don’t walk into doors it can be so distracting, especially at 3am., (I’ve thought of the funniest shit at 3am, but then I’ll fall back asleep and when I wake up I’ve forgotten everything. Maybe someday if I remember it all I’ll post the “Lost chapters of Clexa goes to Hollywood”), but I digress, so I’m walking the dog, and you all know how I have my Brady Bunch references. So I’m thinking I gotta have a George Glass
comment in there, right? Only one of the most memorable BB moments. So I walk into the house, sit down in from of the TV, dial up the Goldbergs, and don’t those motherfuckers do a whole show on George fucking Glass. Now I don’t feel I can use it, it feels tainted. True story, pinky swear.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dinner with the whole gay family

Chapter Notes

Sorry, been a while. Was devoid of inspiration for a few days. I almost posted this yesterday, but I just wasn’t totally feeling it, so I tweaked some stuff this morning and feel much better about it. This is exhausting, trying to keep the funny flirty bantering shit going! This chapter does serve to move my pathetic little plot forward a little bit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke made her way to Bellamy’s office on Monday morning. The whole shoot had gotten pushed back a few hours, which was annoying because that meant she would get home late and there would be no Lexa time today.

“Clarke come in, what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Hey Bell, how’s it going, how is everyone?”

“It’s good, kids are good, Echo’s good. How about you? Anything new and interesting in your life?”

“What, did you talk to O?”

“No why? Do I have to be concerned?”

“No! No, nothing’s happened. I’m still sexually frustrated.”

“Good? I guess, is that good?”

“No, not really, but whatever. Can we get Monty on a call?”

“Yeah sure, what’s up?”

“I want to talk to you both about something.”

“OK, hold on.” Bell speed dialed Monty, who picked up after a few rings.

“Bellamy, what’s happening friend?”

“Mont, I’m sitting here with Clarke and you’re on speaker.”

“Hey Clarke.”

“Hey Monty, did you read that fanfic I sent you?”
“I did actually. I finished it last night and was going to call you tonight.”

“What did you think?”

“I thought it was great, I was wondering where this person was working, thinking about stealing him or her for our show.”

“Well, it’s a she, a friend of mine, and she doesn’t work for anyone, she’s freelance.”

“Does she want to come in for an interview?”

“Well, I have something else in mind. She wrote a book. A sci fi story. I want you to read it.”

“I’d love to,” Monty said.

“Here’s the thing, and I’m hoping you can help with this Bell, the book isn’t published yet, it’s just a manuscript. I’d like to see about getting it published for her. Bell, I’m figuring you may have connections?”

Bellamy nodded.

“The book is great. I mean, really, really great. And, if you all agree it’s as great as I do, I would like to buy the rights to it and make it into a movie. I’d like the lead. It’s a great character,” Clarke said.

“And this is a friend of yours?” Bellamy asked.

“Yes. She’ll need an agent also, again, thinking of you.”

“When can we read it?” Monty asked.

“I’ll send it to you today, and I want your honest opinion. I’ll send you a link. But I’m thinking of you as producer and a producing nod for me also, and Lexa, the author, can maybe help write the screen play. What do you think?”

“If it’s a great book, and judging by her fanfic she’s a really good writer, then obviously it has great movie potential, depending on the screen adaptation, and the director, all that typical stuff,” Monty said.

“Who would you consider to bring on as director?” Bell asked.

“Sam? I love Sam, he’s done sci fi, I’ve worked with him in the past. He brings the best out in me. Look, I know it’s not that easy to say let’s make a movie. But I want to try.”

“OK, so I’m sure since the author is a friend, you have her best interest in mind, correct?” Bell asked.

“Absolutely, I want to make sure she’s taken care of.”

“Well, the best thing to do is get the book published first, it’s worth more if it’s been published. And, if, and that’s a big if, we find a studio that’s interested in making it into a movie, we’ll tie some back end profits from the movie into the deal for your friend.”

“Sounds good. I’ll send you both the link to the book. Let’s get this thing published, and then we’ll start thinking about the movie side of it.”

“Oh, did Raven call you?” Bellamy asked.
“No, why?”

“They moved up the schedule for that movie shoot. They want you up there this Sunday.”

“Sunday? Shit, that’s soon.”

“Yeah, but, that means you’ll be done sooner. Raven’s got the info, I talked to her this morning. They booked a flight for you for early Sunday morning, and a car to pick you up at your house.”

“Well, it is what it is. I’ve been studying the script for a while now, so it shouldn’t be a problem to jump right into it next week.” Clarke was bummed, she knew that that meant no Lexa for weeks, and she got depressed thinking about that.

“Yeah, so that means a few more late nights this week, they want the commercial stuff done and ready to go.” Bellamy said.

“Got it, oh, not Wednesday, I have plans and I’m not breaking them.”

“OK, I’ll tell them that. Alright Clarke, I’m a little excited about the book.”

“Me too,” Monty said.

“Monty call me when you’re done reading it?”

“I will, take care guys.”

“Bell, I’ll talk to you soon, have to get back to work.”

“Clarke, I’ll be in touch about a publisher, I know a small house that owes me some favors. I’ll send him the book when you send it to me. He’s always looking for new authors.”

“Great, thank you,” Clarke gave him a hug and kiss on the cheek.

Dinner at Anya’s

On Wednesday, Clarke pulled into the driveway at Lexa’s house. She put the car in park and shot off a text to Bellamy =if you have news on book, let me know, i’m with lex a now=

She saw Lexa sitting on the steps to the porch with Yogi by her side, and she had her baseball hat on, jeans, bare feet, and a tee shirt. Clarke could have sat there all day and stared at her. She grabbed the two bottles of wine that she bought and got out of the car. “Hey you,” Clarke said as she got out of her car.

“Hey girl, long time no see,” Lexa said. She was a little tired. She hadn’t been sleeping too well the last few nights. Every time she closed her eyes she would see Clarke in her bikini, and then Clarke out of her bikini, and that was one rabbit hole that was hard to get back out of. Sexual fantasizing was not something she’s ever had to engage in, especially the last 4 years. She wanted someone, she pursued, she usually got what she wanted. This was a whole new world of frustration. Her attraction was in hyper drive now.

Yogi took off to greet Clarke. “Hey my handsome man, how are you? I’ve missed you, yes I have.” She looked to Lexa now, “Yeah, been working crazy long hours the last couple of days. What? No hug?”
“I wasn’t sure of the protocol, if public hugging was allowed or not. I don’t think we covered that.”

“Yes, it’s just a hug, get up here.” And she pulled Lexa up into a hug. Lexa closed her eyes and her hands started to wander over Clarke’s back, slipped a little lower to the top of her ass, then a little lower, her thoughts getting away from her again. “OK, where you going?” And Clarke grabbed Lexa’s hands and moved them higher, smiling the whole time. When she pulled back and looked into those green eyes, she saw something a little different, she couldn’t quite describe it, but she felt like the ante was upped a little bit.

“Sorry, that was like an involuntary twitch. Hard to control them sometimes.” She said smiling and looking at her hands. She gathered herself and sat back down on the steps.

Clarke sat next to her, and Yogi sat down next to Clarke, wagging and adoring her. “Nice house,” Clarke said.

“I can’t take credit for it, I’m just a squatter.”

“Why we out here?”

“I was just waiting for you. Luna wanted this to be a surprise. So we’re waiting for Anya to get out of the shower then we’ll go in. Now listen, I’m not sure how she’ll react, I’m hoping she doesn’t act like a big dork around you.”

“It would be nice to have another dork to talk to.”

“Yeah, well, we never know what will come out of her mouth. Sometimes she lacks a filter. So whatever she does or says, just don’t hold it against me.”

“Oh please.” She pushed her shoulder into Lexa’s. “She can’t be that bad.”

“No she’s not bad. She’s a good egg. She may slobber over you a little though.”

“That’s OK, my shirt’s wick away. And I’m used to Yogi’s slobbering. I guess you’re the only Woods who hasn’t slobbered over me.”

“I’m not afflicted with that condition,” Lexa said with a smile.

Clarke put her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, “You miss me the last two days? You look tired. Are you pining after me?”

Lexa copied her pose, “Oh definitely, I don’t know how I survived without you, laying awake all night, wondering where my Clarke is.” She said this teasingly, and knew it wasn’t far from the truth.

“It’s OK, I’m here now,” Clarke said seriously, playfully serious, and she put her arm around her and gave her a squeeze. She took Lexa’s baseball hat off and put it on, “How’s it look?”

“You gonna take my hat now too?” Lexa said with mock displeasure.

“Maybe, how’s it look?”

Lexa took a nice long look, at the whole package, from head to toe, “You almost look athletic.”

“So I’m ready for our rematch?”

“I wouldn’t go that far. Am I getting my hat back?”
“No.”

“Dammit.”

Clarke glanced down at Lexa’s toes. “You do have some cute toes.”

“Yeah, you said.” Lexa moved her toes over to Clarke’s bare toes, sticking out from her flip flops, and tickled them.

Clarke lifted her toes to engage with them, wondering how it was possible to be turned on by someone’s toes. “I did, when?”

Lexa looked at her and smiled, “When you had that little reality show episode.”

“Oooh,” Clarke groaned.

“Actually, you said they were adorable.”

“Obviously, I am overly complimentary of you, whereas you are stingy with the compliments. Just sayin’.”

“Stingy? I think I said you had beautiful eyes the first day I met you.”

“Oh my god, that was so three weeks ago.”

“I’m sure I’ve complimented you on something.”

“I don’t think you have.”

“I did, I’ve called you beautiful, multiple times. Isn’t that a compliment?”

“That’s more of a general compliment.”

“So what, you need specifics?”

“Maybe.”

“Like what? Specific body parts? Or personality traits?”

“Both would be nice.”

“This is priceless. Clarke Griffin, adored by millions, fishing for compliments.” Lexa just looked at Clarke, who was staring at her expectantly. “OK, compliments.” Lexa took another long look, “You have a very cute nose. And very long eye lashes. An outstanding smile. And a hot bod. That’s a nice bod. I can get more specific there if you want, could probably go on for days,” Lexa said with her best leering look.

“No that’s OK.” Clarke felt a slight blush, she thought she had put that annoying habit behind her a while ago.

“You’re very funny and very sweet. And goofy. I’ve always had a soft spot for goofy women. Should I continue?” Lexa asked.

“Well, the fact that you can continue is very nice. But no, that’s good. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. I’ll try not to be so stingy in the future.”
Clarke stared at her for a moment, “God, I’m gonna miss you.”

“Why, you going somewhere?”

“I have to leave Sunday for a movie shoot.”

“A movie shoot?”

“Yeah, I thought it was still a month away but the schedule got moved up.”

“Wow, that sucks, no Clarke for how long?”

“About a month, maybe less, maybe more, not sure yet.”

“Damn.”

“When I’m shooting a movie, I tend to not have contact with anybody. I try to keep my distractions to a minimum. I don’t talk to anybody. Like no one, my mom, Raven, O. I just wanna say this upfront, so you don’t think I’m blowing you off, or ignoring you, or that I’ve forgotten about you, or any of that.”

“So, no talking?”

“No.”

“Texting?”

“No. God no, you are way too flirty on text.”

“No me?” Lexa was getting seriously bummed out.

“No you. I have to concentrate up there. I just have to immerse myself in the role, you know?”

“Yeah sure. No talking, no texting, no contact, for a month.”

“Yep.”

Lexa sighed, “I guess I’ll just have to survive it.”

“I’m sure you’ll live,” Clarke said. “You’ll probably find another distraction while I’m gone.”

“I’m not that easily distracted.”

And Clarke saw her favorite smile. “Here, you can look at this when you go to bed every night,” and Clarke pulled out her phone and took a selfie of the two of them.

“Aw, that’s cute, send me that.” Clarke sent it to her.

Lexa waited for the message, then saved it to her pictures. She reached out her phone to take one, “Take off the hat.”

Clarke did as she was told. They took about ten pictures, making goofy faces, giggling about how stupid they looked. “Here’s the one, sending this one to people magazine.”

“Let me see, oh I look good there.” Clarke had her eyes crossed and her tongue out.

“You should make that your head shot.”
“You’re right. You should be my publicist.” And she put Lexa’s hat back on Lexa’s head, tucking in a stray strand of hair.

Luna poked her head out the door, “You guys ready? Hi Clarke, I’m Luna.”

Clarke got up and gave Luna a quick hug, “It’s nice to meet you,” and handed her the wine.

“You too, I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“Oh yeah?” she looked at Lexa who winked at her.

“And thank you for the wine, that’s very sweet of you.”

They made their way back to the dining room, Clarke coming in last.

Anya as already sitting down, “Why are we eating in the dining room?” When she saw Clarke her mouth dropped open. “Oh shit, oh my god, oh shit.”

Clarke and Lexa started laughing, “Yo dork, stop stammering like a little girl,” Lexa scolded. “I told you she was a dork,” she said to Clarke.

“Well, I’m happy to meet a fellow dork,” and Clarke went around the table, Anya stood up to shake her hand, “Oh no, I’m a hugger.” And Clarke gave her a big hug.

“Clarke likes to hug,” Lexa explained.

Anya was still in shock. Clarke took the seat next to Anya. Lexa sat across from both of them. “I’m a...I’m a...” Anya stuttered.

“Oh my god, really? She puts her pants on one leg at a time like you, dumbass,” Lexa said.

“I’m just really surprised. Holy shit. And you are my favorite actress, so, I’m sorry if I’m acting like an idiot.”

“Aw, Clarke she sounds like you,” Lexa said.

“She’s right, I act like a dork around this one,” and she pointed to Lexa.

“Well, she should be the one acting like a dork around you,” Anya replied.

“Ya, like that’s gonna happen,” Lexa scoffed.

“Yeah, that so doesn’t happen,” Clarke said.

“Why would you act like a dork around her? She is not worth it,” Anya said, now bonding a little with Clarke.

“Go ahead Clarke, tell her why.”

Clarke looked at Lexa and smirked at her, “I told her she gave off a lot of sexual energy, and it made me nervous.”

“I thought I told you to behave.” Anya looked at Lexa with a stern face.

“I’m an innocent in all of this.” Lexa’s toes slipped across the floor under the table and grabbed Clarke’s, the long table cloth acting as cover.
“Oh, you hear that Anya, she’s innocent,” Clarke said, jumping a little when she felt Lexa’s toe grab.

“So she says. If she bothers you Clarke, you tell me and I’ll pull her off that job.”

“Oh, I’ll put up with it. Every once in a while she takes her shirt off. And I’m not ashamed to say, I look. I mean, I’m human. It’s a nice view.”

Anya put her hand on Clarke’s arm, letting her know that she was on her side. “You can look, you look all you want. Lexa, from now on sports bras only over there.”

“Anya, you’re so nice. Lexa, you should strive to be more like your sister.”

“What? I’m sorry, I don’t understand dork speak.”

Clarke reached across the table and took Lexa’s hat off of her again and put it on, “Do you understand this?” And she flipped her the middle finger.

Anya laughed, “Wow, I’m impressed. And not just with your finger. That’s her favorite hat, nobody touches that hat. She barely washes it.”

“Clarke likes to take things that don’t belong to her,” Lexa explained as her toes traveled up Clarke’s leg now.

“Only your things,” she said sweetly, trying not to flinch.

“Lexa, let her have the hat,” Anya said smiling at Clarke. Anya was smitten. Like a kitten.

“She already took my sunglasses.”

“This is Clarke fucking Griffin, you’ll give her whatever she wants.”

Lexa rolled her eyes, “You give her your hat.” Now her toes were above Clarke’s knee, traveling up her thigh, towards an area that was a little too awake right now, so Clarke discreetly reached under, grabbed them and pinched them, stopping their progress.

“She just said she likes to take your things,” Anya said.

“Shit, I won’t have anything left. I’ll be walking around naked.” She looked at Clarke and tried to keep a straight face, because Clarke was running her finger nail around the bottom of her foot now, giving her a wicked smile.

Clarke looked at Anya. “I wouldn’t mind that. Can you make that happen?”

“Lexa, take your clothes off,” Anya yelled at her.

Clarke and Luna started laughing.

“I’m your damn sister, you’re supposed to be on my side. Not pimping me out to clients.”

“Listen to your sister,” Clarke said with mocking seriousness, running her fingers between Lexa’s toes now.

“Oh, I get it, ganging up on me. I’ll remember this,” Lexa said. “I don’t forget.” And then she gave the old ‘I’m watching you’ sign to Clarke, taking her two fingers, pointing at her own eyes and pointing at Clarke’s. “I see you Griffin. I see you.” She finally pulled her foot away, her heart getting a little too jumpy right now.
“Oh my god,” Luna said, “Clarke you’re my hero, someone who can actually hold their own with the Woods sisters. Are we hungry, are we ready to eat? Anya, help me get the dishes on the table.” When they got in the kitchen, Luna pulled at Anya, “Are you seeing what I’m seeing?”

“Clarke Griffin?” she asked

“No,” and Luna playfully slapped her arm. “Are you seeing what’s going on between them?”

“What? You mean the fact they dig each other majorly? Oh I see it. I’m wondering if my baby sis kept her promise.”

“Oh I think she did, because there’s a bunch of sexual tension there. If they were sleeping together it would be a different vibe. I haven’t seen Lexa act this way around someone in a long, long time.”

“Me neither. It is kinda cute. I mean, what was going on under the table there, right?”

“Do you think they know how they look at each other?” Luna asked.

“Probably not. I don’t know about Clarke, but Lexa can be dense.”

“Maybe we’ll have a famous sister-in-law in the family,” Luna said. They both snickered at that.

“Can you imagine that? Thanksgiving with Clarke Griffin.” Anya was loving this idea. “We’ve got to encourage this, is what I’m thinking.”

They brought the dishes out and set them on the table.

“Wow, everything looks delicious, thanks again for inviting me over,” Clarke said.

“Oh, it’s us who should be thanking you for coming. It’s so nice to finally meet you,” Luna said.

They all began digging in, “So, Clarke, Luna is a shrink. Watch what you say to her. Unless you want to be psycho analyzed. Then, you basically put a nickel in the jar, like Lucy from Peanuts.” Lexa said.

“I love the Peanuts.”

“Well, there you go, that’s Lucy, and my dorky dykey sister is Peppermint Patty.”

“Who are you?” Anya asked.

“I’m snoopy of course. Cool and aloof.”

“Oh please. Who am I?” Clarke chimed in.

“You? Hm. Linus.”

“Linus? Why Linus?” Clarke asked with a disgusted look on her face. “Doesn’t he suck his thumb?”

“He does suck that thumb of his, however, more importantly, he cuddles that blanket, he’s a cuddler. Clarke’s a cuddler,” Lexa told Anya and Luna.

Clarke nodded her head in agreement. “She’s right, I’m a cuddler.”

“Although I wouldn’t know. Right now it’s just heresay.” Lexa was smiling at Clarke now. Anya and Luna just looked at each other. Then looked away.
“I don’t want to be Linus.”

“OK, you can be my Woodstock, how’s that.”

“Better.”

When Lexa and Clarke were done talking about the Peanuts they looked at Anya and Luna, who were just staring at them. “What?” Lexa asked.

“Nothing.”

When they were finished with dinner, Clarke and Lexa cleared off the dishes and put them in the dishwasher. They came back out and sat down.

“We have two choices for dessert, we have apple pie with ice cream,” Luna said.

“Yum,” Clarke said.

“Or, Lexa made brownies.”

“You made brownies?”

“I did.”

“I didn’t realize you were so domesticated.”

“There is a lot that you don’t know about me, friend,” emphasizing that last word.

Just then Clarke’s phone started buzzing, she looked down at it and saw the it was from Bellamy. “I’m really sorry, I never would do this, but this is really important, please excuse me.” She got up and went in the other room with Yogi hot on her heels.

Lexa watched her walk out, watched the way her hips moved, smiling at the view, loving the fact that her dog adored her. When she turned back, she was still smiling. Anya and Luna were staring at her. “What is it with you two? I feel like you’ve been chicken hawking us all night.”

“What is going on here?” Anya asked, pointing to where Clarke was sitting then at Lexa.

“Nothing.” But Lexa couldn’t keep a straight face. “What?”

“How far along is this little thing between you two,” Luna asked

“This thing? It’s not a thing.” They both continued staring at her, disbelief registering all over their faces. “Nothing is going on, I’m under orders, remember?”

Anya knew her sister too well, ignoring the ‘nothing going on’ comment, “Where’s it going, I don’t need my baby sister breaking my favorite actress’s heart,” she said.

“I’m not gonna break her heart. Geez, give me a little credit. And nothing has happened between us. Nothing physical. Except hugging. And I may have kissed her on the cheek. Once. No, scratch that, twice, oh wait, and once on the neck.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake.”

“Alright Anya enough, Lexa ignore her, you two are very cute together,” Luna said.
“Thank you? We’re just friends. Cute friends evidently.”

Anya was still not convinced. “C’mon, the sexual tension is oppressive. Is this dating? Are you dating?”

“Dating? No, we’re not dating. Are you listening to me?” Lexa cupped her hands around her mouth, “We’re just hanging out.”

Clarke came back into the room smiling, and the inquisition stopped.

“Good news I hope?” asked Lexa.

“Very good.” And that was all Clarke said.

Anya was totally convinced there was more to this story than ‘hanging out’, so she thought she would press the issue a little, help move things along. “So it's my fortieth birthday this weekend,” she said to Clarke.

“Oh my god, congrats.”

“We’re having a big party, consider yourself invited.”

“Well, that sounds fun, Lexa never mentioned it,” she said as she looked questioningly at her.

“Ah, it’s at a gay bar in West Hollywood. Kinda like a no go for you,” Lexa said.

“Why, it would be fun.”

“Clarke, there’s going to be over a hundred people there. Mostly lesbians. All taking selfies with you. I don’t think your agent would appreciate you being headline news. You thought twitter blew up from your show, this might be just as bad. Everyone would be posting all over their Facebook pages.”

“What if I come with a bunch of other cast members and crew?”

“You could do that?” Anya asked.

“Why not? I can get Octavia to come, she’d bring Lincoln her fiancé, and I’m sure a few others would come. Brian, Miller, of course Raven, not sure if her girl is around, but she’d come without her. Bellamy and his wife, I’ll get Monty, he’s seeing Harper on the sly.”

“Monty is the producer, right?” Luna asked.

“Yeah.”

“I’d like to have a conversation with him,” Luna said.

“So there, it would be the cast and crew helping to celebrate the fortieth birthday of my dear friend’s sister. Who happens to be a huge fan of the show. It’s good PR.”

“Clarke I really think this is a bad idea,” Lexa said.

“It’ll be fine. It’ll be a blast.”

Luna went into the kitchen and brought out the desserts to set on the table. Everyone dug in, Clarke taking the pie and a brownie, Lexa taking a brownie and ice cream.
“Wow, good brownie,” Clarke told Lexa. “You’re obviously better in the kitchen than I.”

“Yeah, Clarke can’t cook,” she told Anya and Luna, “but that’s OK, you can’t be good at everything.”

“Well, I’m not very good at pool basketball either.”

“You have my hat now, it’s bound to make you more athletic.”

“I’m not good at drinking.”

“Well, who wants to be good at that.”

“You’ve never seen me drive. That can be horrifying.”

“I’ll drive.”

Anya and Luna looked at each other. And looked away.

They all finished eating dessert, feeling overly stuffed. Clarke was still sitting across from Lexa. She had this fantastic news that she wanted to share, but she wanted to be closer to her, so she got up and walked around the table, “So, that phone call was from Bellamy, my agent. Lexa, I have something to tell you,” and Clarke reached down and took Lexa’s hand and knelt in front of her, since there was no chair to sit on.

“Oh my god Clarke, are you proposing?” Lexa asked.

“What? Oh shut up, for god’s sake. And I’m a little more romantic than that. I certainly wouldn’t propose to you with brownie in your teeth.”

Lexa took a big bite of another brownie and didn’t chew it, “Do I have brownie in my teeth?” And she showed her teeth, covered in brownie. “Huh?”

“You’re an ass, now listen to me!”

“Oh my, OK bossy pants.”

“I don’t even remember what I was going to say.”

“Your agent called you.”

“Yes, so, your book. You sent it to me, and I absolutely loved it.”

“Thanks, Clarke.”

“It was great, I mean, really great. So I sent it to Bell, I sent it to Monty. Bellamy has some connections, a friend of his owns a small publishing house. The guy loves to discover authors. And,” Clarke paused, “he read your book, and he wants to publish it.”

“Oh my god,” Luna and Anya said simultaneously.

Lexa just sat there with her mouth open, devoid of brownie, “What?” she asked dumbfounded.

Clarke looked at her again, “You’re gonna be published Lexa, he’s publishing your book. Bellamy has a contract all drawn up for you. I would suggest him as your agent, because I trust him and he’s a good guy and a long time friend.”
“Oh my god Lexa, that’s fucking fantastic!” Luna yelled. “Holy shit, holy shit girl.”

“I told you, I told you, write the fanfic, get a following, get your book published. Now I never expected your following to be Clarke fucking Griffin,” Anya beamed.

“Who would expect that?” Luna laughed.

Lexa’s eyes started to fill up a little bit as she looked at Clarke, “Oh my god, really?”

“Yes, really,” Clarke said.

“You’re not shitting me?”

“No, I would never do that.”

Lexa wiped a small tear away from her eye, this was her dream, “Oh my god.”

Clarke took her finger and wiped away another small tear, “Look at you, getting emotional, oh my god, how cute is that.”

Lexa got up and gave Clarke a huge hug, she picked her up and shook her. She put her down and put her hands on each side of her face, “You’re not kidding, right?”

“No, I’m not kidding.” Clarke wanted to kiss her right then, but she held back.

Lexa looked at her sister and Luna, “I’m gonna be published, bitches!” They both got up and hugged her, hugged Clarke, everybody hugged.

“Clarke, I can’t believe you did this, do you know how much this means to me?”

“I do, and that’s why I did it.” Lexa just looked at her, with such gratitude, happiness, and warmth, Clarke felt her insides melt.

“There’s more,” Clarke said.

“Oh shit, Clarke, now are you proposing?” Lexa teased.

“No, you’re funny. No listen. Monty also loved it, we want to make it into a movie. I want to buy the rights to your now published book, and make a movie. Now, this isn’t a done deal obviously, just because we want, doesn’t mean we get. There’s a chance it may never happen. I don’t want to prematurely get anybody’s hopes up, because there’s a lot that has to go right to get a movie made. I’m just saying, I’ve got first dibs on it, OK?”

“Anything for you Clarke. You have exclusive rights, my word.”

“I would love to play the lead character.”

“Oh god, you’d be great for that. It’s like, made for you. Like I wrote it for you, well, not really, I started it before I saw you in your first movie.”

“You saw my first movie, when?”

“When it first came out.”

“Awe, that’s so cool. Did you like it?”
“I loved it, you should have won that Oscar,” Lexa said in all seriousness.

“Thanks.” Clarke once again felt all gooey and warm inside.

Anya and Luna looked at each other. And yes, looked away.

They all cleaned up the dessert plates and now it was getting late. “Well, I guess I should get going, gotta long drive home. Luna, wonderful to meet you, the dinner was delicious, I would reciprocate, but only if Lexa cooks. And Anya, it was great to meet you, I’m gonna work on that birthday thing.” Clarke hugged both of them.

“I’ll walk you out,” Lexa said.

Anya and Luna watched them go out the door. “I really like her,” Luna said. “My god, she was so down to earth. A breath of fresh air.”

“She’s fucking adorable. I hope Lexa doesn’t screw this up.”

“She won’t, have faith. You know, I don’t think she’s seen anybody since she met Clarke. Think about it, she’s been home every weekend for the last few weeks.”

“Yeah you’re right.”

“Maybe this is finally it. Maybe she finally met someone she can be with, long term.”

“Well, I hope you’re right. Been a long four years for her.”

Lexa and Yogi walked Clarke to her car. “I guess I should say be careful driving, since I’m told you’re not very good at it,” Lexa teased her. It was her favorite thing in the world right now, teasing her.

“I’ll be careful.”

“OK good.” Lexa stood there with her hand in her pockets, and just looked at her, god she wanted to kiss her, wanted to get in that back seat and make out with her, like a sixteen year old. But there were two promises to keep, and Lexa was one to keep her promises. She promised Anya hands off, at least through the end of the job, and she promised Clarke to just be friends, until Clarke said otherwise. “Hey, I can’t thank you enough for what you did. I can’t even express in words, how happy you made me. It was totally unexpected. And quite possibly, the nicest thing anybody has ever done for me. Ever.”

“You deserve it. Your book is great and deserves to be published. You just needed a break, and I’m glad I could do that for you.”

“Thank you Clarke.”

“Kiss her you ass, my god when did you become so inept at this,” Anya said from the window. “Is this the same woman who beats them off with a stick? It’s embarrassing.”

“Will you stop looking at them like some peeping tom,” Luna said from the couch. But then her curiosity got the better of her. “What are they doing now?”

“It’s like some awkward teen dance out there, they’re just looking stupidly at each other. She’s got her hands in her pockets like some douche bag.”
“Sweetie, may I remind you that you made her promise to behave herself. Kissing Clarke in the middle of the driveway is not behaving.”

“Jesus Christ, it’s almost unwatchable. Oh wait, here we go, hands out of the jeans, and…a hug. A fucking hug…separation…and, Clarke is in the car. Yogi got a kiss though. Only Woods getting somewhere out there.” Anya put the curtain back down, “Since Clarke can’t cook I guess we’ll have Thanksgiving here,” she said with a wicked grin.

When Clarke was driving home she called Raven, hands free of course.

“Yo, Griff, what’s up? How’s my girl?”

“I’m good, I’m good.”

“Not you, for god’s sake, my perfect sexy ten. I haven’t seen her in so long.”

“It was like, three days ago.”

“Feels like three weeks.”

“I don’t know if I’m comfortable with you lusting after her so much.”

“Well, then I suggest you step up the wooing. Put ‘er in second gear. Get the hell out of first.” Raven switched to her sweet voice now, “So don’t hold out on me, how is she?”

“She’s fab. I just left dinner with her family.”

“Oh, the gay family dinner, good for you, how did it go?”

“It was fun. Her sister cracks me up. Her wife is really nice, and a pretty good cook I might add.”

“So, you were able to actually eat what was cooked, that’s good. Baby steps. You’ll get there. Learn from others.”

“We played footsy under the table.”

“I’m sorry, footsy?”

Clarke was laughing now, “Yeah, seriously. Footsy. And it was hot.”

“Footsy. I didn’t know that word was still part of the English language. You go Golden Girl. You’ll be pregnant in no time.”

“No, I’m serious, it was kinda hot.”

“Well, when you’re relegated to hugs and pecks on the cheek, I guess footsy is downright pornographic.”

“You’re making fun of me and that’s OK. So, I told Lexa that Bellamy found a publisher for her book. I got down on one knee and took her hand…”

“Oh my god, she probably thought you were proposing to her.”

“That’s what she said, you guys are eerily alike,” Clarke said with amazement.
“Eerily alike? Or a normal reaction to your abnormal behavior.”

“Huh?”

“Exactly.”

Clarke giggled, “I guess I didn’t think.”

“You usually don’t. That’s why you’re you.”

“Well, anyway, she was so happy. It made me so happy, you know?”

“Sounds like love Clarkie, that footsy thing seals the deal.”

“No, I’m not saying that, I’m just saying. It made me happy to make her happy. She got a little teary, and I almost got a little teary.”

“Uh huh. Keep talking.”

“Oh god, it’s not love, is it? No, not yet. No, it’s not, it’s extreme like right now. Too soon for love. That’s a big word.”

“It’s only four letters.”

“Alright, let’s change the subject, shall we? Her sister invited me to her fortieth birthday party this Saturday. And I want to go.”

“Oh, fun, where’s it at, their house? Cause I am so crashing that party.”

“No, it’s at a gay bar in West Hollywood.”

“What what?”

“You heard me.”

“You can’t go to a gay bar.”

“I have a plan.”

“Oh my god. Another plan, can’t wait to hear this one.”

“Well, I need your help.”

“You always do.”

“You need to get everyone together, a bunch of people from our show, cast, crew, whoever, get them to come with me, as a kind of cover. I know O will come, Bell, Monty, and you’ll get everyone else.”

“So, we’re all going to a gay bar this Saturday night, we’re gonna surround you and act like a protective cover, like a social condom.”

“Yes, and her sister is a huge fan of the show. I’m thinking it would be a cool PR move, since we pissed off the whole community.”

“How many people are we talking?”
“Over a hundred, I think. Sounds like it’ll be fun. There’s food, drinks, a DJ.”

“Drinking and dancing and dykes, oh my.”

“Beer will be free.”

“Oh goodie. That’s good for you. Listen, Betty. You have to watch yourself. You know how you get when there’s dancing and drinking. If you thought that your last alcoholic escapade was embarrassing, this could easily top that. You know how you dance when you’re drunk.”

“What? Are you saying I’m a bad dancer?”

“Uh no, that’s probably the one thing you are really good at. It’s just that, you know, you tend to get a little touchy feely when you dance, a little too, how should I put this, sexual. You’re very sexual on the dance floor when you’ve been drinking. And I don’t know how that happens, since you really are a bit, how should I say, awkward when sober. And, god help all of us if you are tipsy and dancing and my girl is anywhere near you. Sexual Armageddon. In front of a hundred women with cell phones. Taking pictures. Of a dyke icon. Dancing with a gorgeous woman. Touching her inappropriately. Pole dancing on her leg. Lost in a sexual fog of your own making.”

“That was a lot of fragmented sentences,” Clarke said. “And, I think it sounds kinda fun.”

Raven groaned.

“OK, I’m kidding. I’ll behave. It’s not like I don’t have self control. I’ve managed to keep my hands off her this long.”

“What does PS10 say?”

“Who?”

“My perfect sexy 10, what are her thoughts on this, you going to the party?”

“She’s my perfect 12 and she wasn’t too fond of it either.”

“Great minds think alike.”

“It’ll be fine, what’s the worst that could happen?”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I may have forgotten to establish the fact that Anya and Luna knew about Clarke reading the fanfic. Let’s just admit that little mistake and move on, shall we? And can someone read a book in 2 days? I don’t know, poetic license! I’ve read a 1000 page book in one week though.

I haven’t even written anything for the party chapter, hopefully it won’t take too long. I’m hoping how I see it in my head can be put into words.

Shout out to my serial comment’ers, luv you guys
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Anya's Party - Buckle Up

Chapter Notes

So, I hope you get a couple chuckles out of this. Just know that I snorted at one part and spit my hot chocolate out on my desk at another part. But you know, sometimes I’m in a silly mood, and things seem funnier. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke stumbled out of bed the morning of the party, feeling pretty stoked. The anticipation had been building up the last few days and was now killing her. She hadn't seen Lexa in three very long days. Which meant no hugs and kisses on the cheek, for three long days. She made her way down to the kitchen to get her cup of joe and noticed a handwritten note taped to the fridge. Hm. Raven must have put it there last night before she left. Clarke pulled it off and began to read.

RULES OF NON-ENGAGEMENT

Was that even a word? Clarke wasn't sure. Raven liked to make stuff up.

1. No wooing. Clearly, Clarke had needed to use another word when she told Raven she wanted to woo Lexa, because now the word found its way into all their conversations. Raven told her to stop wooing her coffee yesterday; and let’s not forget the classic, what are you wooing? And of course, woo said you can’t do that?
2. No drinking, two-beer Betty. Okay, she owned that one.
3. No dancing. That's ridiculous. Of course, she would dance, hopefully with a certain brunette.
4. No touching a certain brunette. Damn, she was onto her.
5. Stay close to your social condom. Evidently, Raven wanted to keep her close, keep her surrounded by the crew. Sounded boring. Nope. Not gonna happen.

She went out on the patio with her coffee, sat on a lounge chair, and daydreamed about the upcoming evening.

Later that night, Clarke was putting the finishing touches on her makeup. She took one last peek, decided she looked pretty good, and hoped Lexa would think the same.

She made her way downstairs where she found most of the gang waiting for her. Raven, Niylah, Octavia, Lincoln, Monty, Harper, Bellamy, Echo were all waiting patiently for Clarke to join them.

“We’re gonna have a good turn out here, Clarkie,” Raven said. “The other car is picking up about eleven other people, they’ll meet us at the club, but they won’t go in until we can all go in together.”
“Just wanna say thanks to everyone, this is gonna be so much fun, right?” Clarke asked, pretty excited to see Lexa.

The limo pulled up and their driver came to the door, introduced himself as Steve, and asked if they were all ready to go. Everyone piled out the door and piled into the limo.

“Okay, Clarke, up front,” Raven said.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“Up front with Bob.”

“His name is Steve.”

“Steve, Bob, Joe, up front with the guy in the hat.”

“He doesn’t have a hat.”

“What? He’s a fucking chauffeur, where’s his hat? If I’m riding in a limo, I want a driver in a hat, for god’s sake. Is that too much to ask? Here, give him this,” and she handed Clarke one of the promo baseball hats from the show that they brought to give out as party favors.

“Why am I sitting up front?”

“Because we all have things to discuss, we need to talk about you behind your back, now go.” Clarke reluctantly got up in the front seat. Raven poked her head through the window, “Yo John, shut this up please, we need some privacy back here.”

“You’ve got the control back there,” Clarke said.

“Oh,” and Raven raised the privacy glass.

Raven sat back down and looked around at the faces all staring at her expectantly. “OK, as we all know, we are headed to a birthday party at a gay bar. As we all may not know, Clarke has the hots for a perfect sexy ten lesbian who will be in attendance at said party. Our mission is simple.” Raven looked around the limo, her finger tips raised and pressed together. “Clarke is our soft target. Keep Clarke in our sights at all times. Keep the interactions with PS10 to a minimum. And, under no circumstances is Clarke to have more than two beers. We are all aware of her well-earned reputation. We have all been witness to two beer Betty on the dance floor. Am I right?”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Harper raised her hand. “Should I be taking notes?”

Raven looked at her like she had three heads, “Notes? You think you can’t remember this?”

“Well, sometimes it’s nice to refer back to something. I can do it with my phone.” Monty patted her on her leg, supporting her note taking idea.

“Okay, back to Clarke, She’s a sexual animal on the dance floor when she’s gone beyond one beer. And there will be too many cell phones ready to capture our paycheck in some compromising position with a beautiful woman. That will go viral, and could be career threatening. And when I say our paycheck, I mean my paycheck. You with me?”

“Yes commander!” O shouted out. “Hey Linc, how do you say commander in your language?”
“Heda.”

“Cool, Heda, Heda, Heda,” Octavia cheered, and they all joined in the chant.

“Okay, simmer down, simmer down now.” Raven quieted them.

“Heda, we need a name for this mission, all missions have code names,” Octavia said.

“Good idea, let’s brain storm some names so Octavia can keep the missions straight. The one mission we’re on.”

“Ah, Betty something?” Echo shrugged.

“Betty Rubble,” Octavia called out with her fist in the air. She looked around and saw some blank looks, “Betty Rubble, Flintstones?”

“Why am I not surprised?” Raven asked.

Octavia put her fist back down in her lap, disappointed by the lack of support for Fred, Barney and the gang.

“I don’t think there’s a lot of famous Betty’s out there,” Niylah said.

“Betty Jean King,” O said with her finger in the air, proud to continue to contribute to the Betty list.

“You mean Billy Jean King?” Raven asked.

“Oh right.” O put her finger back down. “I’m out, can’t think of anything else with Betty.” And then she had her "aha" moment. “Clexa!” she shouted out. Raven turned and looked at Octavia, “Clexa, Clarke and Lexa. Together make Clexa,” she said, bopping her head back and forth. “Get it?”

Raven nodded slightly, “Octavia, I can’t believe I’m gonna say this, but that is brilliant. I think you just had a neuron fire off in your brain somewhere. Hopefully it didn’t hurt. However,” she said, putting her hand up, “Clexa implies that we’re trying to get them together, this mission tonight, is to keep them apart. But I like your enthusiasm, and we’re gonna revisit that one at a later date.”

Octavia smiled, “Okay.”

“Betty White.”

“Too old,” Niylah said.


“My god you’ve managed to predate Octavia,” Raven said.

“How about just Betty,” Monty offered up.

“Just Betty!” O and Harper shouted.

“There you have it, operation Just Betty. O? Do you need to write that down or anything?” O shook her head and flipped her the bird. “Now, we need to be prepared for disaster, the more you’re prepared, the less damage. What’s the worst thing that could happen? Anyone?”

Harper spoke up, “Clarke gets royally trashed and has actual sex on the dance floor with PS10.”
“Whoa, okay, that is definitely a worst case scenario, and borders on pornography. That is definitely one sex tape we don’t want out in cyberspace. So let’s assume Clarke has that second beer, and she’s getting close to PS10 on the dance floor, what are we going to do? Anyone? Bueller?”

Blank stares.

Raven could see she’d be getting limited help from this crew. “We infiltrate, we buffer, we get between them, we don’t allow grinding, we don’t allow long passionate looks, we don’t allow touching of any fashion, because quite frankly, if those two start touching, it’s all over. I mean, they have been drooling over each other for weeks. And they haven’t even kissed yet.”

“What? What the hell are they doing?” Niylah asked.

“Wooing. Wooing is what is happening. Evidently you don’t touch during the wooing phase of relationships, according to Clarke’s book of woo. So, we’re all out on that dance floor if those two are out there. If we have to tag team to keep them apart, that’s what we’ll do. Someone grab Clarke, someone grab Lexa.” Raven turned to Niylah now, “And honey, I’m just saying this now, I’m gonna sacrifice myself, for the good of this mission. I will intervene and keep Lexa occupied as much as possible. You may not like what you see, but you’ll have to take one for the team.”

“That’s okay,” she pointed at her, “but you’re going down on me later.”

“Deal.”

Collective groans, “Oh god.” “TMI TMI!”

“What’s their problem?” Niylah asked.

“Puritans, virgins, I don’t know, I guess they don’t have oral sex.”

“Well that’s a shame.”

“What happens when a slow dance comes on?” Echo asked.

“Echo, very good question. That would be code red. A serious code red. Grab ‘em and dance with ‘em. Don’t let them be near each other if a slow song starts to play.”

“So, PS10, what’s she like? Maybe we can give her a heads up, is she reasonable? If so, then she should understand the situation, maybe we can get her to stay away from Clarke,” Harper said.

“I’ll let Octavia speak to this.” Raven nodded at Octavia.

Octavia nodded back, paused, looked around, “What? I don’t know, what? What am I speaking to?”

“God, I had such high hopes after the Clexa moment,” Raven sighed shaking her head. “The chemistry, the chemistry between them.”

“Oh, the chemistry. Yes. It’s like oil and water.”

“Uh, they kinda repel each other honey,” Lincoln said. “You know, the water lays on top of the oil, so they don’t mix well, like on a salad.”

“I failed chemistry in school.”

“Salad? Who puts oil and water on salad?”
“I failed chemistry too, O, don’t feel bad. Let’s just get off the periodic table, how about peanut butter and jelly,” Echo said.

“Since when is balsamic vinaigrette on the periodic table?”

“I love peanut butter and jelly, even at my age,” Bellamy said.

“Your age? Jesus Christ you make it sound like you’re eighty. And even then I’d be having peanut butter and jelly. I love that shit,” Niylah said.

“Yeah, there’s no age limit on peanut butter and jelly, Bell,” Octavia said.

“Spaghetti and meatballs,” Monty said. “I love that.”

“Spaghetti and meatballs,” Monty said. “I love that.”

“You should watch your gluten Mont,” Bell said.

“Ice cream and a warm brownie.” Octavia got nods of agreement from everyone for that.

“What flavor ice cream?” Echo asked.

“There’s only one flavor of ice cream,” O said. “Chocolate.”

“Well, I think Ben and Jerry would disagree.”

Raven looked around and decided she was surrounded by morons. “People! Let’s get back on point here. And you’re making me hungry. Where the fuck were we?”

“Ha! I have notes, let’s take a look see, shall we?” Harper said.

“Read me back the last thing we said, before Octavia’s brain fart.”

“Which one?”

“The chemistry between oil and water.”

“Okay.” Harper studied her notes for a second, “Well, I’m not sure about this...um... here we go, the clambake before cloak and lexus. Hm...I think there are some auto corrections in there. Clambake, did we mention clams at any point? And is someone driving a Lexus? I may have fat fingered a few of these letters.”

“The chemistry between Clarke and Lexa,” Niylah said, shaking her head at the incompetence in the car.

“Yes,” Raven said, snapping her fingers. “Thank you babe, later right? We were talking about asking PS10 to keep her hands off of Betty, which may work, but what if she’s drinking also? I’m not as familiar with her as I would like to be, so I don’t know what happens when she drinks.”

“What do you mean you’re not as familiar with her as you’d like to be?” Niylah asked with a glare.

“The team honey, remember the team.”

“Yeah? Team this,” and she pointed both her index fingers to her crotch. “Later.”

“I gotcha covered babe. I’ll take care of things. We’re gonna tag team that shit right there.”

The privacy glass opened and Clarke stuck her head through, “Hey guys how’s it going?”
“What’s that in your hand?” Raven said aghast.

“A beer.”

“Where did you get it?”

“Steve has some up here. Not for him, for everyone else, who wants one?”

“What the fuck Steve? Give me back that hat,” and Raven reached through the window, pulling the hat off his head.

“Give me the beer Clarke. How many have you had?”

“I’m just going to start my second one.”

A gasp went through the back of the limo.

“Give me that beer, give it here.” Clarke handed her the as yet unopened second bottle of beer.

“What? I was just gonna sip it a little.”

“I’ll sip you right in the head. Now give me the rest of them.”

Clarke handed the cooler back through the window. “Killjoy,” she said as Raven pushed the button and raised the glass between them.

Octavia looked at Raven, “We’re one beer into it and we’re not even there yet, what now Heda?”

The privacy glass came back down and Clarke was smiling on the other side of it, wearing a chauffeur hat. “Hey guys. What’s up?”

“Oh my god, is she tipsy already?” someone in the back whispered.

“Clarke, did you eat anything recently?” Echo asked.

“No, it’s okay, I’m fine, but I did find Steve’s hat.”

Raven pushed the button to shut the window. Clarke followed it up with her head, “Boo ya,” she said right before it closed.

“Who’s got something to eat for god’s sake?” Raven shouted.

“I got tic tacs.”

“I got a lifesaver, it’s got a little fuzz on it though.”

“O, give me your purse.”

“Why mine?”

“You’re the only straight woman within reach, so give me your fucking purse.” Raven grabbed the purse and emptied the contents all over the floor of the limo.

“Hey,” O protested.

“I’m gonna pass this around, put anything edible in this purse.”
And the purse passed from person to person, filling up with breath mints and hard candy. When it got to O, she looked on the ground, and with her finger she sifted through the former contents of her purse. She picked something up. “Here I got a jolly rancher. Oh wait, I think I might have already had this in my mouth,” as she looked at it half wrapped, pulling a hair off of it.

“Put it in,” Raven said. When the purse got back to Raven, she pushed the button for the window. “Clarke honey, I need you to eat everything in this purse, okay?”

Clarke looked inside of it, “Boo ya! mic drop, a jolly rancher.” And she put it in her mouth.

Octavia winced slightly and made a face. Raven closed the glass. “I can’t work like this. How am I supposed to work like this?”

Niylah tried to comfort her. “It’s okay babe, I’ll do you later.”

The next time the privacy glass came down, Clarke had two large spearmint lifesavers stuck to her closed eyes. “Hello?”

Raven stuck her head up front, “John, we’re gonna need some coffee in here, stat.” Raven closed the glass.

“It’ll be okay, Raven. She’s only had one,” Bell said.

“Is that just from one beer?” Niylah asked incredulously.

“She’s a light weight,” O said.

The glass came down and it was Clarke.

“Clarke, long time no see,” Niylah said.

“Raven, I’m fine. I’m just busting your ass.” An audible sigh of relief went through the car. “I’ve only had one beer and I’m fine. You should have seen your face.”

“Did you eat that jolly rancher?” O asked.

“Yeah why?”

“Nothing.” O winced again and made a little face.

“We’re almost there, bye.” Clarke shut the window.

The limo pulled to a stop outside the bar. “All right, hands in,” Raven said. Everyone put their hands together in the middle of the car. “Okay, this is a covert operation. Let’s keep Betty in the dark. We ready? First Just Betty shift will go to Treeboy and Octavia, got that?” Linc and O nodded. “Next shift will be Bellamy and Echo. I’ll roam around and keep my eye on PS10. Ready? Just Betty on three, one, two—”

“Just Betty!” O and Harper shouted, with no one else joining in.

Raven looked at them, “On three.”

“You were saying three. On three,” O said.

“On three usually means after I say three.”
“Well then, you should say after three, not on three,” Harper said.

Raven took a deep breath. “Ready? Just Betty, after three. One, two, three.”

“Just Betty!”

“Just Betty!” came Octavia and Harper’s delayed response.

“Jesus Christ.”

Lexa was leaning with her back against the bar, looking over the dance floor, chatting up the two women on either side of her who were vying for her attention. The party had been in full swing for two hours now, and Lexa was feeling the birthday shots she did with Anya, she lost track of how many she did. She was also nursing her fourth beer. She wouldn’t call herself drunk, but she was past tipsy. Let’s just say, things around her were nice and fuzzy and warm. And she was majorly horny, thoughts of Clarke dancing through her head. Tonight she wore her hair down, had a tight pair of low slung jeans on, a lacy tank top, that was almost see through, stopping about an inch above her belt line. She opted for a little make-up tonight, some eye liner and a little red shaded lipstick. She knew she looked good. Clarke had texted her a few minutes before, so she knew she was almost here.

The gang piled out of the limo, joining the others who were waiting for them. They all hugged hello, and Clarke and Raven led them into the bar. As soon as they entered they could feel the buzz in the crowd, feel the electricity. After a brief moment, flashes started going off and everyone crowded around the twenty members of the show. Clarke and Raven were carried away with a ground swell of bodies, back slapping, hand shaking, hugging, high fiving. When they made it through the initial wave of people, they were able to take a quick breath.

“There’re more than a hundred people here,” Raven shouted in Clarke’s ear.

And then Clarke laid eyes on Lexa at the bar. She grabbed Raven’s arm, who looked at her then followed her eyes to the bar. “Fuck me,” Clarke said.

“Holy shit, Clarke.”

“Fuck me.”

“Holy shit.”

Clarke couldn’t tear her eyes away, “She looks like she just stepped out of a magazine.”

Raven just whimpered, her PS10? Just became a PS20.

“How is it possible that anybody could look that fine?” Clarke asked, awestruck.

Raven just whimpered some more.

“It makes my heart hurt to just look at her.”

“It makes me wish I had more than a panty liner on,” Raven said.

Finally, Lexa’s eyes found Clarke, and she smiled at her. And all Clarke could do was smile stupidly back. She needed to get to that quick. Before she could make her way over to the bar, she was grabbed by Anya and Luna.
Clarke!” They hugged her, hugged Raven after being introduced. Niylah came up to Raven and handed her a beer. When Raven turned back around, Clarke had disappeared. “Oh shit.”

Clarke was pulled over to a table that was laid out with shots, and promptly downed two of them to toast the birthday girl. She was getting introduced to everyone by Anya, who was proud to have her arm around Clarke Griffin.

Harper found Raven cruising the bar looking for Clarke. “Uh Heda, we have a situation.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, what?” Raven said.

“Uh, Betty just did at least two shots over at the shot table.”

“What the fuck? Where are Lincoln and Octavia? They had first shift.”

“I think they’re dancing.”

Raven walked onto the dance floor, putting her arm around Octavia. “Where’s Betty?”

“She was with you, so I thought we would take the next shift, you know, tag team.”

“She just did two shots.”

Octavia gave Raven her horrified look. “That can’t be good.”

“You think?”

“We’ll go find her.” O grabbed Lincoln and they went in search of Clarke.

Clarke was still trying to get to Lexa, she passed the appetizer table and threw back a couple of crackery-looking things. She needed to soak up those shots asap. Finally, after shaking at least fifty hands, she stood in front of Lexa. “Hey,“ and she put her arms out for a hug.

Lexa wrapped her arms around her, pulling her in tight, put her lips close to Clarke’s ear, “Hi Clare Griffin.”

Clarke pulled back and looked at her, Lexa’s lids looked a little heavy, and her eyes were a dark green. “Are you drunk?” she asked with a smile.

“No, I’m not drunk.” Lexa smiled down at her. She leaned into her ear again, “I may be a little drunk. But don’t worry, I’m not a sloppy drunk.” Clarke had on a low-cut tight fitting shirt, showing quite a bit of cleavage, and now Lexa was just staring at it.

“Okay, eyes up here.” Lexa raised her eyes, but didn’t make it past Clarke’s lips. “A little higher.” She finally made eye contact. “There you are.”

“Here I am. You look beautiful, as usual. That’s a nice shirt.”

“Thank you. You look stunning by the way.”

“Thank you.” They were both leaning on the bar now. “Indra, come here and meet Clarke.”

Indra came over and shook Clarke’s hand, “I’m glad you could make it. I’m a big fan.”

“Thank you.”
“I know this is stupid, but can I have an autograph?”

“Oh my god, yes, do you have something I can write on?”

Indra pulled out a pad of paper and Clarke signed it for her. Then she produced her cell phone, “Would you mind?”

“No, that’s fine.” Clarke reached across the bar and put her arm around Indra as she snapped a pic.

Lexa watched it all with a bemused smile on her face. Indra was smiling ear to ear now, “What do you want to drink?”

“Well, I’m supposed to be behaving myself,” she said to the both of them.

Lexa leaned in, “It’s a party, live a little.”

Clarke found that Lexa spoke a little slower when she was ‘a little drunk’ and she found it very sexy. “I shouldn’t, I’m under orders. I already had too much and Raven will kill me.”

“Why?” Lexa asked.

“Well, evidently she doesn’t want me dancing and drinking.”

“Why?”

“Well, she says I get a little sexual on the dance floor when I drink.”

Lexa reached behind the bar and brought out another beer and stuck it in front of Clarke, a shit eating grin on her face. Sexual Clarke was someone she needed to dance with.

“You’re gonna get me in trouble.”

“You have nothing to worry about.”

“Until the papers come out tomorrow morning,” Clarke teased.

“Clarke, trust me, don’t worry about it.”

“Does that mean you’re gonna behave yourself?”

“I didn’t say that.” She was staring at Clarke’s lips again, then she leaned in close again to Clarke’s ear, “Clarke Griffin you haunt my dreams.”

Clarke pulled back and looked at her, her heart sped up and she felt her face flush. That was probably the sexiest, most romantic thing anyone had ever said to her. She took a swig of beer and smiled back at Lexa. Fuck it, tonight she was going to enjoy herself.

Octavia found Raven. “We thought we had her at the appetizer table, but then she disappeared again. She’s slippery.”

Harper came over next, “Betty is at the bar with PS10, I repeat, Betty is at ground zero.”

They all looked over and spotted Clarke just as she tipped the bottle back. “Well, we’re fucked,” Raven said.
“Not really, we’ll just keep our eye on her. We’ll insulate her on the dance floor. If they make it that far,” O said.

They all watched as Lexa’s head dipped close to Clarke, and Clarke smiling at her like a cat who ate the canary. They could see their shoulders touching.

“They look really good together. They make a good looking couple,” Harper said.

“They can be a good looking couple tomorrow, but not tonight. Now, listen to me everybody—” Raven said.

“The package is on the move, the package is on the move, nine o’clock,” Octavia interrupted. They all looked to the left, as Lexa and Clarke were moving to the right towards the dance floor.

Raven whipped her head around and looked in the other direction, saw them moving towards the dance floor. “What the fuck kinda watch do you wear? That’s not nine o’clock you jackass.”

“It is to them,” O countered.

The package and PS10 made it to the dance floor, unimpeded, just in time to dance to “I kissed a girl” by Katy Perry.

Raven heard the music, “Oh shit, not that song, and we’re moving, we’re moving people,” Raven shouted. They all rushed to the dance floor, operation Just Betty? Just went nuclear.

Lexa led Clarke out on the dance floor and joined the massive amount of bodies already out there, most of them wearing the promo hats from the show. Because it was so crowded, they couldn’t help but dance close. Lexa pulled Clarke’s hips in tight to her own, keeping her hands on those hips she’d been dreaming about for weeks. Clarke reached up and put her hand behind Lexa’s neck, getting lost in the music, running her fingers up her neck and into her hair, feeling it, pulling Lexa’s lips close to hers, close but not touching. Lexa twirled her around and brought her in again, holding Clarke’s hand behind her back, putting her leg between Clarke’s legs.

Next time they moved apart, Lexa let go of Clarke, and went to pull her back in and was suddenly faced with a grinning Raven. “Hey girl.” Lexa looked around, a little confused, and saw Clarke getting hugged by Octavia, O spinning her around and keeping her arm around her, dancing to the beat. Lexa felt Raven’s hand on her face, “Eyes here, girlfriend, eyes here.” She knew this was Clarke’s best friend, so she just went with it. She loved to dance, and pulled Raven in close, grinding on her, spun her around and pulled her back towards her chest, her hands pulling Raven’s ass into her, then wandering around the front side of Raven’s hips. Raven looking back at her, Lexa smiling down at her.

Raven was gonna lose it right there on the dance floor. PS10 was grinding on her, touching her everywhere. She was past her limit, was it possible to have an orgasm on the dance floor? So she reached out and grabbed Octavia and pushed her towards Lexa, “I’m out, you’re in. I gotta find a maxipad.”

“What?” O shouted at her. And in that split second of hesitation, Betty and PS10 were back together, grabbing at each other, leering at each other.

Raven snapped her fingers at Harper for help, pointing to the targets. Harper moved in and grabbed Clarke, swung her around to face her, and held onto her arms, smiling at her. Raven pushed Octavia at Lexa and she nearly fell into her. Lexa steadied her, and Octavia jumped up into Lexa’s arms to distract her. Raven looked at them and wondered what the hell kind of dance move that was. Lexa
caught O, and slid her down the front of her body. She thought O was cute, and she was her basketball partner, and a good friend of Clarke’s, so she went with it.

O was into it, too. She thought Lexa was sexy as shit. She was in front of Lexa now, pushing her ass into her, Lexa’s eyes were closed as she ran her hands up her sides, brushing along her breasts. O jumped at the contact and spun around, meeting Lexa’s eyes, and realized Clarke was right, they were sex eyes, and O knew she had to tap out, right now, her reputation as a heterosexual on the line, because she was digging this a little too much. She pulled away from Lexa and went to Raven, “I’m out boss, girl is too hot for me. To quote one of my fav movies, Pitch Perfect, ‘that girl could turn me.’”

Raven looked around and saw Clarke edging her way over to Lexa, she grabbed Bellamy and pushed him in front Lexa, effectively blocking Clarke’s path to PS10. That seemed to cool things down a little. Raven could tell Lexa wasn’t digging dancing with him, thank god, because she was running out of bodies to throw at her. Girl cut through them like a sexual machete.

Niylah came up to her and yelled in her ear, “We got a code red coming. I just talked to the DJ.”

“Code red, code red!” Raven started shouting to the group.

The music slowed and someone made a grab for Clarke, but she was too quick, she slipped past and ended up right in Lexa’s arms. Lexa drew her in close and Clarke wrapped her arms around her neck.

“Holy fuck, get in there!” Raven yelled at nobody in particular.

Octavia decided to take one for the team, she was the shortest one in the group, so she squatted down low and squeezed between them, popping up in the middle of them like a jack in a box, wrapping her arms around both of them, smiling, the three of them slow dancing together.

Lexa wondered what the hell she had to do to get Clarke alone.

Raven breathed a sigh of relief. They looked like morons, but there was nothing sexual about it. She felt like she aged five years in the last couple hours.

After the song was over the music stopped and the DJ announced it was time to cut the cake. The threesome separated and Clarke grabbed Lexa’s hand to walk off the dance floor, only to have Harper cut between them, breaking their hands apart, then holding them in her own, smiling like an idiot. They walked to the back end of the bar, the cake was now on the shot table, and Anya and Luna were there, candles lit, ready for the birthday song. Lexa dragged Harper and Clarke through the mass of bodies so she could be near her sister. Luna started the song and everyone joined in. Anya blew out all the candles, and after she was done, they all yelled, “Speech, speech, speech!”

Anya put her hands up to quiet them, “Okay, okay. Wow, we got a lot of people here tonight, I feel honored.” Whoops and calls came from the crowd. “I just want to thank everyone for being here to celebrate this birthday with me, it feels good to be twenty-nine.” Over a hundred people laughed and shouted back at her.

Lexa and Clarke were still separated by Harper, every few seconds turning their heads to make eye contact at each other, both a little drunk, checking each other out with knowing looks.

“Thanks to my wife, I love you so much, it’s been twelve years, and I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else, or with anyone else, thank you babe, for this. Baby sis, love you man.”

Lexa winked at her and nodded, “I love you too, you dork.”
“And how about our special guests tonight?” Now the crowd went wild, clapping and stomping. Anya reached out and grabbed Clarke’s hand and pulled her so she stood next to her, put her arm around her, “Clarke Griffin ladies and gentlemen. And all the cast and crew who made it here, thank you! Let’s eat some cake.”

Luna began cutting the cake and handing out pieces. Harper loved cake, was distracted by the cake, and she forgot her mark as she stepped up to get a piece. Lexa slid next to Clarke, leaned towards her ear, smelling her hair, which she found intoxicating, “You wanna piece?”

“Of what?” Clarke said with a leer.

Lexa smiled, “Cake.”

“I love cake.”

“Me too.” All this was said without breaking eye contact.

“Heda, we got some goo goo eyes happening at the cake station,” Echo said.

“I’m monitoring it,” Raven said. “If it escalates, do something.”

“I’m on it.” Echo sidled up to the cake table and discreetly took a piece of cake, moving closer to Betty and PS10. She watched as Clarke and Lexa were eating the cake, Clarke getting a little icing on her chin, and Lexa leaning in and brushing at it with her thumb, then slowly licking it off her thumb while Clarke stared, mesmerized.

Echo looked up and was met by the icy stare of Heda, so she quickly stepped up to Clarke with a napkin, “Here, let me help you with that Clarke.” She wiped her chin clean.

The crowd started moving over to the side of the bar where there were a few long couches set up. Lexa followed Clarke over, Clarke sat down and Lexa sat next to her, putting her arm around her, Clarke leaning into her smiling adoringly up at her.

Octavia was next to Raven, who was looking down at her cake and hadn’t noticed the couch scene, and said, “Welp, there’s a photo opp.”

Raven looked over to the couch, “Jesus Christ.” and went over and sat right on top of both of them, started wiggling down between them, like a puppy, and finally managed to wedge herself between them, putting her arms around both of them. Niylah, who was a little jealous of Raven’s lust of Lexa, came over and squeezed in between Raven and Lexa. O joined the party, Harper followed, and soon Lexa was five people removed from Clarke. Most of the cast and crew were on the couches now, and everyone else at the party crowded around them and started asking questions about the show. It started a robust round of Q&A. Luna had Monty’s ear, gesturing a little to make her point, giving him shit for the way the season ended. Lexa was frustrated by the whole scene so she got up and wandered over to the bar to help Indra start to clean up. She was done drinking and felt herself sobering up a little.

“Hey lady,” Indra said.

“Hey you. This was great, thank you for letting us use the place.”

“My pleasure, it was a blast, best party I’ve been to in a long time.” Indra noticed that Lexa looked a little down. “What’s up?”

“Nothing.” Lexa was behind the bar now, helping to put away clean glasses.
“Is that Miss Off Limits,” she said gesturing to Clarke, who was talking to the fans about the upcoming season. Anya was now sitting next to her, grinning like a kid at Christmas who just got his red rider BB gun.

“How’d you guess?”

“I have incredible powers of deduction. And the two of you have barely taken your eyes of each other the whole night,” she said with a grin.

Lexa smiled at her now. “She’s pretty hot.”

“Yes she is, I didn’t even know she was gay.”

“No one is supposed to know that.”

“Her secret is safe with me.”

“Yeah, well, she leaves tomorrow to shoot a movie.”

“Oh, now I see. Won’t be seeing her for a while.”

“Nope.”

“You’ll survive. What do they say? Absence makes the heart grow fonder?”

“They do say that, and I guess I’m about to find out.”

The Q&A session lasted a long time. Clarke knew her buzz was gone, and she was getting sleepy. She had an early flight tomorrow, actually today, in about 6 hours. She got off the couch and headed over to the bar, looking for some water. Luna was there, also drinking some water. “Hey Indra, could I trouble you for some water?” she asked.

“Absolutely, here you go.”

“Thank you.” She turned to Luna, “This was a great party, thanks for inviting us.”

“Oh my god, thank you, thank you for coming, for bringing some of the other cast members, that was cool, Anya loved it. You definitely made this birthday memorable for her.”

“I’m glad.” Clarke looked around the room now and saw Lexa surrounded by a few beautiful women. “She certainly attracts a crowd, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, she does, but that’s not who she is.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know she appears to be a player, but she’s not really.”

Clarke saw Lexa arguing with one of the women now, the other two had left. “She’s been with a lot of women.”

“She has, the last few years. It was her way of dealing with shit. Running away from stuff.”

“Running away from her broken heart?” Now Lexa left the woman and went out the back door of
the bar.

“Something like that.”

“Is she here?”

“Who?”

“The woman who broke her heart, is she here, does she see her anymore?”

“Costia?”

“Is that her name?”

“Was, Costia died four years ago.”

Clarke felt like she was punched in the gut. “Oh shit, is that what happened?”

“She didn’t tell you?”

“No, she didn’t tell me, fuck, I feel like an idiot. I was teasing her about having a broken heart. Shit. Why didn’t she say anything?”

“Don’t feel bad, she doesn’t talk to anyone about it. I wish she would, but she keeps it locked up, hence the acting out with other women.”

“God, I feel awful. I have to go talk to her, will you excuse me?”

“Sure…Clarke?”

And Clarke turned back around, “She really likes you. Just thought you should know that.”

“Thank you.”

Lexa had found a quiet place on the deck out back, nobody else was out there. She slid down to the ground and sat with her back against the wall. She needed to cool her jets. She knew she had a little too much to drink tonight. She felt very much on edge, dancing with Clarke, touching her, and now that little confrontation in the bar with Ontari. She was giving Lexa shit about never calling her back, after they spent those two nights together.

Clarke came wandering out, looking around, not seeing Lexa at first, but then she saw her. She walked over to her and slid down next to her. “Miss Woods.”

“Miss Griffin.”

“What are you doing out here by yourself?”

“Just relaxing, had to get away from all that noise.”

“That was a great party. Everyone had a blast. Your sister’s a piece of work. I do believe she’s quite smitten with me.”

“I do believe you are right.”

Clarke tried to think of ways to bring up Costia, she figured the best way was to just throw it out
“I have a question for you.”

“Shoot.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about Costia? I’m supposed to be your friend, you could have told me. You just let me go on teasing you about getting your heart broken.”

Lexa just looked at her questioningly, wondering how she found out.

“Luna.”

“Ah,” she said raising her eyebrows. “I didn’t want to make you feel bad. The conversation at the time was very light, and I didn’t see a need to bring anybody down.”

“Make me feel bad? My god, you’re the one who lost someone, not me.”

“It’s also not something I talk about.”

Clarke digested that one. It must still be painful for her, and maybe she still loved her. They sat in companionable silence for a few minutes.

Finally Lexa spoke up, “She died four years ago, from cancer.” Clarke turned and looked at Lexa now, she had her head against the wall, and she was just staring straight ahead. “She was diagnosed with an aggressive form of brain cancer.” She was speaking slowly, in a monotone voice. “She was gone in less than a year. We kept hoping some miracle was going to happen, but it never did. The last couple months were bad. In and out of the hospital.” She stopped for a moment, then took a deep breath and continued, “The last few weeks I got her out of there. I took most of our savings, and I rented a house by the beach. She loved the beach. She grew up on Cape Cod. She loved the ocean.”

Clarke moved closer now, their bodies touching, and she slipped her hand into Lexa’s. “Where did you guys meet?” she asked softly.

“We met in college, hung out, just fooled around the first couple years. The last two years we got serious. After graduation, we moved back east, closer to her family. After a couple years, we got married. We thought we were going to be together forever. A year after we got married, she was diagnosed.”

“Lexa, I’m so sorry.” Clarke’s eyes were filled with tears. She rested her head on Lexa’s shoulder. She held on tightly to Lexa’s hand.

“It’s her birthday next week.”

Clarke picked up their clasped hands and kissed Lexa’s. Clarke was at a loss for words. She really didn’t know what to say. So she sat with her head on Lexa’s shoulder, holding her hand. She heard Lexa sigh and she rested her head on Clarke’s.

They stayed in that position until Raven came out to find them. “Clarke, you out here?” Raven walked around until she found them sitting together. “Oh, sorry for the interruption, you guys OK?” They both nodded, “I just came out to tell you that our car is here. Party’s breaking up now.”

“OK, I’m coming.”

Raven went back inside and they both stood up.

“I hate that I’m leaving tomorrow.”
“It’s only for a few weeks,” Lexa said with a soft smile.

“I guess we should say our goodbye here then.”

Lexa reached out and pulled Clarke in close. She held her tightly. “Thanks for listening,” she whispered into Clarke’s ear.

Clarke pulled back. “Thanks for telling me, for trusting me enough to tell me.” Clarke took a long look now, because she wouldn’t be seeing her for a bit. She really wanted to kiss her, but she didn’t think now was the time for their first kiss, not with Costia on her mind. Would there ever be a time? She reached up and cupped Lexa’s face with her hand, rubbing her thumb along her cheek bone. She heard a horn honking out front and knew that was her ride. “I’ll see you in a few weeks, OK?”

Lexa nodded her head. When Clarke turned to walk away, Lexa reached out and grabbed her hand, “Clarke?”

Clarke turned back to her, “Yeah?”

“I…nothing. Never mind. I’ll see you when you get back, OK?”

“Bye Lexa.”

When the gang made it back to Clarke’s house, they all decided to crash there since it was so late. Raven knew she wasn’t going to be able to sleep. Her mind reliving every moment that could possibly show up on social media. And there were a lot of them. She kept picturing all the phones clicking away. She felt she failed miserably, and she dreaded looking at twitter when the sun came up, which was in about an hour. They were all staying up, sitting around the living room, watching their phones. Clarke was the only one asleep, her head on a pillow on the couch, and her feet on Raven.

“Anything yet?” Bell asked quietly not wanting to disturb Clarke, who needed to sleep.

“Nope, not yet.”

“If something would be coming out in the newspapers, would they give you a courtesy call, like a head’s up?” Niylah asked.

“Hell no. They just show up at your door asking for a reaction to their already printed, circulated story,” Raven said disgustingly.

Niylah put her arm around Raven, “You did the best you could. We all did.” She looked around at everyone, they all nodded. “It was like two magnets, they just kept coming together and sticking together, one was a north pole and one was a south pole.”

“They were like velcro, and we just couldn’t get them apart,” O said.

“Well, maybe they belong together,” Echo said. “You can’t stop fate.”

“I just wanted to delay that fate a little, that’s all.” Raven said.

An hour and a half later, the mood was more upbeat. “How can nothing be out there? There were over a hundred people there, lord knows how many were taking pictures,” Bellamy said.

“Are you googling Clarke?”
“Yes, I googled, nothing is coming up there.”

“No tweets?”

“No tweets.”

“Anything on the show’s blog?”

“Nope.”

“Was it not as bad as we thought?” Echo asked.

“Oh, it was bad. I got some pics,” O said, and she started showing everyone her pictures.

“Oh god, what are they doing there?”

“When did they do that?”

“Oh, maybe you should delete that one.”

“That’s an interesting facial expression.”

Clarke came downstairs, showered and ready to go. The car would be here shortly to pick her up.

“Well, is my career over?”

“Believe it or not, everything is quiet. Nothing has come out. Including you. I think we may have gotten lucky. I don’t know how, but we may have survived unscathed,” Raven said.

“Thank god, for you. You were pretty wound up last night. And for the record, I wasn’t worried at all.”

The buzzer sounded and Clarke’s car was here to take her to the airport. She hugged everyone and said her goodbyes.

Lexa was still in bed, sleeping off her hangover. Her phone started ringing and it woke her up. She picked her head up, her hair wild and sticking out everywhere, in her eyes, in her mouth. She lifted her head and tried to figure out where the phone was. She found it under her nightstand and picked it up. This was not a call she was expecting, a FaceTime call. “Clarke?”

“Hey. Are you still in bed?”

“What time is it?”

“Like, nine a.m. Nice hair.”

Lexa tried to smooth it down, to no avail. “Have I been asleep for four weeks?”

“No silly. Why you still in bed?”

“We just got home about three hours ago. A bunch of people hung out after you guys left. Where are you?”

“I’m in the first class lounge at the airport. My flight got delayed two hours.”

“Oh.”
“You look tired.”

“That’s why I was still in bed.” Lexa stretched her arms above her head, with her phone still in her hand.

“Oh my god you’re naked.”

“Oh shit, sorry about that. I’m not used to facetime my calls.”

“Well, you should pull that blanket up.”

Lexa did as she was told. “Clarke, um, I’m not alone.”

A piece of Clarke’s heart broke off. “Oh, oh my god, I’m so sorry, why didn’t you say something sooner, I’ll hang up and catch you later.”

Lexa stretched again, this time rolling over on her side, reaching her arm out and over her bed companion, holding her phone at arm’s length, “Yogi says hi.” She snuggled Yogi and spooned him, all visible to Clarke.

“Oh. My. God. You are not nice,” Clarke said. Lexa started laughing. “You are a jackass.”

“Well, why did you expect the worst of me? Was that nice?” Lexa asked lightly.

“You are so dead next time I see you.”

“You should have seen your face. I almost felt bad. Almost.”

“I’m not talking to you right now.”

“Fine, we can just sit here and stare at each other.” Lexa waited for Clarke to start talking again. But Clarke was good. She just stared back. Lexa caved. “I’m sorry, Clarke.” But Clarke wasn’t budging. “Would it help if I pulled the blanket down again, gave you another look?” She slowly started pulling the blanket down.

Clarke waited until the blanket was almost at her waist, figuring she just got a nice long look at some pretty nice parts of Lexa. “Okay, I forgive you.”

“Am I stopping?”

“Yes, you can stop, stop there please. I have to be able to sleep tonight.” Lexa pulled the blanket back up. “So, you were drunk last night.” Clarke said.

“You were a little wasted also.”

“Do you remember everything?” Clarke asked.

“I do.”

“Okay, just checking.”

“So I thought you needed to minimize your distractions, yet here you are, watching me strip on FaceTime.”

“Well, I’m not on location yet, distractions are still welcome. So, good thing, we were not headline news this morning. The crew was sweating it out at my house last night. I don’t think any of them
“Yeah, what was that all about last night? I felt like we were part of a Saturday Night Live skit.”

“They were just trying to be protective, didn’t want any bad press, for me or the show.”

“I told you not to worry, didn’t I?”

“What do you mean?”

“I said don’t worry. Not one person at that party was going to put anything out there. Anya and Luna talked to every single person who came through that door. If anything would have gotten out, that person would have to deal with Anya, and you don’t want Anya pissed at you, believe me.”

“You mean to tell me that Anya and Luna had that much control over everyone there?”

“Yes, they did. Nobody wants to piss them off. They’re kinda big wigs in the lesbian community around here.”

“Oh, good to know.”

“How are things in that first class lounge?”

“Very nice, there’s food, and beverages. Nobody else is even in here.”

“Well that sounds nice, I’ve never been in one, give me a tour.”

And Clarke walked around and gave her the tour. “Maybe if you play your cards right, you’ll see one someday.”

“Oh yeah? I guess I better behave myself.”

“Crap, they’re calling my flight. Give Yogi a kiss for me,” Lexa gave him a kiss on his head. “Put him on.” Lexa put the phone in front of Yogi. “Yogi, give Lexa a kiss for me buddy.” Yogi licked Lexa’s chin. Clarke started laughing, “Oh my god, I can’t believe he just did that.”

“He listens pretty well,” Lexa said, smiling. “Thanks for the kiss Clarke. Do you need another peek to get you through your flight?” She started pulling the blanket down again.

Clarke waited a few seconds before saying, “No, I’m good,” but she still got a good look. “I gotta go, cover up for god’s sake.”

“We could do this all month you know.”

“I’m leaving, pull the blanket up, further, thank you. Bye Lexa.”

“Bye Clarke.”

Chapter End Notes

Nothing remotely related to the fic, my vote for funniest movie scene ever. The jordan almond scene from Bridesmaids. I remember laughing so hard that I couldn’t breathe, I literally couldn’t breathe, through the entire scene, “it’s happening, it’s happening, it
happened.” Oh man. If we could have laughs like that every day, life would be grand. And who knew Niylah was so funny, I’ll have to invite her over more often.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

I call this.....FILLER

Chapter Notes

So here’s the thing. Again. The last chapter was a perfect storm of situations. Situations that screamed funny. There is no way I can duplicate that. Been beating myself up for days because I can’t make this as funny. I’m just going back to telling a fun little story, and if you laugh, so be it. In other words, lower your expectations.

Thursday 5 days ATP (after the party)

It was Thursday after the party, and Raven and Bellamy were sitting in Bell’s office waiting for Lexa. Bell sent a car to pick her up and bring her in to go over the contracts for her book. Both were surprised when Octavia showed up.

“Hey Bell, how’s my favorite brother? And Raven, what are you doing here?”

“Ah, I work here now, remember?”

“Oh yeah, right.”

“What are you doing here?” Raven asked.

“I was in the neighborhood and thought I would see my bro.”

“In the neighborhood? Where were you?”

“In my backyard.”

“That’s forty-five minutes away, not exactly in the neighborhood.”

“Well, I haven’t seen Bell in a while, geez, chill.”

“You just saw him a few days ago at the party.”

“Well, I miss him, OK?”

Bellamy got up and gave her a hug, “That’s nice O, it’s good to see you, too. I don’t have a lot of time though, Lexa is going to be here soon to sign her contracts.”

“Oh? Lexa is coming?” O asked innocently. “Oh cool. I wonder how she’s doing, you know since Clarke is gone right now, I wonder if she’s lonely.”
“Uh huh.” Raven looked at her suspiciously.

“What?”

“I find it a little odd that you’re here right when Lexa is going to show up, that’s all.”

“Why do you say that?”

“I don’t know, I seem to remember you being a little turned on there at the party, when you were dancing with her.”

“I don’t remember that.”

“Oh, you don’t remember being ready to forsake your hetero-ness after grinding on her? Or grinning like the village idiot when you were nestled in between her and Clarke slow dancing?”

“I was on a mission, under your orders. I took one for the team there, on that slow dance.”

“Well, I think you’re a little gay for her, is what I think.”

“A little gay?”

“A little crush, I think you’re crushing on her.”

“I don’t think so. I don’t crush on women.”

“I believe your words were ‘she’s too hot for me,’ and, ‘that girl could turn me’, quoting from your favorite movie.”

“How do you remember all that?”

“Imagine that, Jan Brady, gay for a woman. Mike and Carol would be horrified, middle children are always a problem.”

“You’re the one with the crush.”

“Yes, but, number one, I’m queer. And number two, I’m queer. Makes total sense. Now you. You wouldn’t know what to do with that.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean.”

“You mean sexually? I watch Orange is the New Black.”

“Oh, is that your primer, your gay primer on lesbian love making? And welcome to the twenty-first century by the way.”

“Love making? Now who sounds like Jan Brady.”

“So, you’re an expert in lesbian sex because you watch OITNB, and you have the homo hots for a very sexy woman, my, my, my.” Raven knew her day just got a whole lot funner.

“What’s OITNB? Wait, oh right. Well, I’m not gonna call myself an expert, but I get the gist of it.”

Raven noticed that there were no denials about having the hots for Lexa. Octavia was the gift that kept on giving.
“So how would that work, you dial up your On Demand, watch an episode, then knock on her door while it’s still fresh in your mind? Cause I know sometimes you forget your lines when you’ve got too much time on your hands. Or maybe you download it to your phone so you can refer to it when you forget what to do, ‘hold up on that orgasm sport, let me make sure I’m doing this right.’ ”

Bellamy cleared his throat, “Ladies? I hate to interrupt this very adult conversation, but I think Lexa is here.”

Raven would be tabling this discussion for later.

“Now, I’m going to bring her in, please don’t embarrass yourselves, and Octavia, I will see you after our meeting, maybe we can do lunch if you want to wait around,” Bellamy said as he got up and opened the door to his office.

Lexa walked in and was surprised to see both Raven and Octavia. “Hey girls, how are you?”

Octavia walked up to Lexa and promptly kissed her on both cheeks and gave her a nice hug. “That’s the French way of saying hello.” She said as she rubbed her hands up and down her arms, looking a little star struck. Raven rolled her eyes at her.

“I know, thank you,” Lexa said a little surprised at O’s affection.

“Hey girl, how’s it going?” Raven said as she put her arms out, Lexa went over to her and Raven pulled her in for a hug, she wanted to plant one on her again, just to show Octavia how things worked when you were crushing on someone, but this was a business meeting and she wanted to maintain a level of professionalism.

“I’ll just leave you guys to your meeting, but Lexa, Bell and I are doing lunch afterwards, if you want to join us,” Octavia offered.

“Thanks for the invite, we’ll see, okay?”

“What a great idea, all four of us having lunch together. We can all talk about how much we miss Clarke, right? And I'm sure we can find other interesting things to talk about. Now, we have business, so we’ll see you later Octavia,” Raven said as she ushered her out, pushing her little, Octavia whacking at her, slapping at Raven’s hands, Raven shutting the door in her face.

Bellamy showed Lexa a chair, “Lexa, take a seat, I’m so glad you could come in. I hope you’re as excited as we are about your book.”

“Oh, I’m pretty excited, thank you so much for all your help in this.”

“I’m glad I could help you, I read it and it is really a great book. I’m sure the publishing house will do right by you, Jasper’s a good friend of mine. Now, what I have for you today are two contracts, the first one, would be the contract between you and I, stating that I or an employee of my choosing will represent you in all your business matters when it comes to this book. If you have any sequels, we can add addendum's to this contract that would cover them, if you want. Hopefully you will. The second contract is with the publishing house, and this one would cover any sequels, giving them exclusive rights to publishing them. I’ve looked it over and I’m good with it, but if you want a second opinion, I would suggest getting a lawyer to look it over also. They are giving you what’s called an advance against royalties, are you familiar with this?”

“Yep, I’ve read up on a lot of stuff the last few years. In fact, if that wasn’t in there, I was going ask for it.”
“Good, great actually. I like clients who do their research. Now, because it’s not a big house, they can’t offer you a big advance, it’s not bad though considering, here is their number,” and Bellamy showed Lexa the amount of the advance. “Now, the advance isn’t that big, like I said, but, what you will get is a house who really loves your book and will market the hell out of it. Which brings us to the royalties part, here, this is what you make per book sale, after the advance has been covered.”

“Oh wow, that’s pretty good actually.”

“Yeah, I know, I’m pretty happy with it. Now, as far as any future movie deals, well, I’m sure you know Clarke, she usually gets what she wants, so I wouldn’t be surprised if she convinces some studio to sign up for this. If that happens, I’m sure we’ll have a lot more to discuss.”

“She’s like a dog with a bone,” Raven said, winking at Lexa. “She’ll get it done.”

“Now, you’re probably wondering why Raven is here today. As you know, she’s been Clarke’s manager for years now, and she wanted to explore the opportunity to be an agent, so I hired her, and I’m showing her the ropes. I was hoping you would be OK with her handling your affairs here, knowing that I will be right by her side helping her at all times, and we also have a literary agent in house who will also be working with her.” Both Bellamy and Raven looked at Lexa expectantly, Raven a little more hopefully.

Lexa looked them both over, she knew Clarke trusted Bellamy, so she was good with him, and Raven? She was nuttier than Clarke, and she liked that, she had a feeling Raven would be a great agent for her. “Sure, why not.”

“Yes,” Raven said, and she reached over to Lexa for a high five. “You won’t be sorry, I will work my ass off for you.”

“I know you will. I’m looking forward to working with you.”

“Me too, girl. Have you heard from Clarke?”

“Not since Sunday morning. She told me that she likes to keep distractions to a minimum, so I respect that, and I really don’t expect to hear much if anything at all from her.”

“Yeah, she kinda disappears when she’s on a shoot, don’t take it personally. And hey, I just want to say a big thank you, to you and your sister and Luna, for keeping things on the down low last weekend. Clarke said Anya and Luna had a handle on everyone, which is amazing by the way, considering there were over a hundred people there.”

“Yeah, they both like Clarke and would never want to cause any problems for her.”

“We were all breathing a sigh of relief come Sunday afternoon,” Bellamy said. “Now Lexa, Jasper will probably touch base with you, the book will go into editing and then marketing, so it’s a bit of a process. Just letting you know it won’t be on bookshelves next week.”

“Yes, I’m aware of that, thanks.”

“Now, would you like to join us for lunch?”

“Yeah, it’s always on Bell,” Raven said.

“That would be great, thanks.”

“We’ll take my car, and then afterwards I can drop you back off wherever you want.”
They walked out of the office and Octavia was there to meet them as they walked towards the elevator, she linked her arm through Lexa’s, “So you’re joining us?”

“I am,” Lexa said. Raven linked her arm through Lexa’s other arm, and both women escorted her out of the building and into the car.

They settled in at a table at one of the trendy restaurants downtown. Everyone looked over the menu and placed their order. A fan hesitantly approached Octavia and asked for an autograph, which she graciously supplied, beaming at Lexa while signing it. “I get this a lot,” she said almost shyly.

Raven rolled her eyes again. “So Lexa, how’s the second book coming along? Clarke said it was going to be a trilogy, and you already had the second one started.”

“It’s coming along, probably three quarters of the way through it right now.” She thanked the waiter as he placed a drink in front of her. “So, how long have you guys known Clarke?”

“God, I knew her before high school, we were best friends since we were like six or something ridiculous like that. Then in high school we hooked up for a while,” Raven said.

“You hooked up?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah, she didn’t tell you? Not that there’s much to tell. We screwed around for a few weeks then decided we were better friends than lovers.”

“So Raven, how does one go from being best friends at six years old to lesbian lovers at sixteen? What, did your lips slip or something? Did you roll over each other at a slumber party? How did that go down? And, did you have actual sex, or was it just a teenage grope?” Octavia asked.

“I don’t remember exactly how it happened, but it was more than a grope. It was actual sex. I think it was a sleep over, yes, come to think of it. I was more curious than Clarke at the time. I’m sure Lexa can speak to this, how slow Clarke moves along. Something just changed between us one summer, and I slept over one night, and I snuck some beer into the bedroom...”

“So you got her drunk?” O asked horrified.

“No, we both were drinking a little, feeling a little loose, and I think I just went for it. But, like I said, after a few weeks, we were both like, what are we doing, you know? So we just laughed it off and went back to being friends.”

“What about you Octavia?” Lexa asked, wanting to know how long she’d known Clarke.

“Oh my no, I’m not gay.”

Raven smiled. “Well, she might have her toe in the water, so to speak.”

“My toes are on dry land, thank you,” Octavia said to Raven.

“Oh, I just meant how long have you known Clarke, but are you interested in a woman?” Lexa asked innocently.

“Let’s just say she’s recently met someone who intrigues her,” Raven offered.

“Oh wait, aren’t you engaged?” Lexa remembered.
“Yes I am, thank you for remembering,” she said, glaring at Raven.

“She just wants to be gay for the day. You know, a little experimentation never hurt anyone, good to get that out of the way before the wedding.”

“Food’s here, look at that, the food’s here,” Bellamy interjected. “And it looks great, doesn’t it look great? Raven, how’s Niylah doing, how’s her new job?” He was trying to reel her in a bit.

Raven was temporarily distracted by the question, “Oh, she’s great, she’ll be running that company in no time.” The distraction proved to be enough as they all ate their lunch with no more references to anyone’s sexuality.

Their dishes were cleared away now.

Raven decided it was the perfect time to circle back to their earlier discussion. “Lexa, do you watch *Orange is the New Black*?”

Bellamy groaned a little bit.

“I do, who doesn’t?” she asked with a smile.

“Do you feel that it accurately portrays lesbians?”

“I guess, lesbians in jail. Never really thought about it.”

“Do you feel it accurately portrays lesbian sex?”

“Again, I guess lesbian sex in jail, I mean, there’s only so much you can do sneaking around in prison, you know?” she said laughing a little.

“So, if you were a wanna be, I mean, you know, wanna be gay for the day,” nodding in Octavia’s direction, “would you recommend watching that show for your sexual education?”

“I don’t think so. There are other shows that are maybe a little more representative of our lifestyle, don’t you think?”

“See Octavia, if you wanna be gay for the day, you better bone up on something else.”

“Oh please, how hard can it be? There’s not a lot going on down there,” Octavia said with confidence.

“Scuse me?” Raven asked with her hand in the air. She looked to Lexa now, “Are you as offended as I am?”

“Check please,” Bell called out.

“Ah, I don’t know.” Lexa was confused. She no longer knew who wanted to do what with whom. She thought it best to just stay out of it.

Raven considered herself an above average lover, so Octavia’s cavalier ‘anyone can do it’ attitude set her off a bit. She decided O’s real education should start now, before she gave lesbians a bad name. “So, O, you think you got what it takes to pleasure a woman? You really think you could do it?”

Octavia never backed down from a challenge. “I bet I could, yes.”

“There is quite a lot of skill needed to be a good lover to someone, am I right Lex? I’m sure you can
agree with me?” Lexa continued to sip her drink, nodding a little. “Octavia, you gotta be willing to get all down in there, go all in, you know what I mean? And let me tell you this, don’t think you’re gonna get away with just finger fucking either.” And now Lexa spit her drink out a little. “That’s amateur hour right there, you gotta be willing to go downtown, is all I’m saying. Am I right?” she asked Lexa.

“Can we get that check please,” Bell gestured and called out to anyone walking by.

“Why are you so crude?” Octavia asked disgustedly.

“Sometimes you gotta be crude to make a point.”

Lexa dabbed her napkin on the plate in front of her, “Well, there’s something to be said for both techniques,” trying to help out her basketball partner now. “Some woman are a little uncomfortable with, ah, the downtown area,” she made a circle with her hands down low. “I have been with some women, who just won’t go there.”

“Has anyone seen our waiter?” Bell asked no one in particular.

“Not me, I love downtown. Love to shop downtown,” Raven said proudly.

“Good eating downtown,” Octavia said, trying to keep up with the conversation, trying to contribute, trying to show she belonged.

Raven’s mouth hung open for a moment. “That was really crude.”

“What? No cruder than finger fucking,” Octavia said. “Right?” She reached over and touched Lexa on the arm, looking for validation. Lexa nodded, trying not to laugh, and she didn’t want to make Octavia feel bad. She held her hand over her mouth, and stole a look at Bellamy, who went to his happy place about three minutes before.

“Look, all I’m saying is, sometimes it ain’t pretty down there, right Lex? Not trimmed up, you gotta be willing to put your goggles on, get your weed whacker out and go look for things.” And now Lexa snorted and a laugh escaped. “Now, maybe you would like that O, I’m not sure. What about you?” She directed that question at Lexa.

Lexa gathered herself, “Uh, personally speaking, I like it tidied up a bit.”

“I hear you, me too, I don’t need to feel like I’m all up in a chia pet or anything. And by the way, you’re in luck, Clarke keeps the deck swabbed if you know what I mean. What about you O, what do you think you’d like?”

Octavia took a moment to think about it. “I think I would like it tidy as well.” Now looking right at Lexa, smiling at her, “I do keep mine tidy by the way.”

If Bellamy had a safe word he would be screaming it right now.

“Well, I’m sure Lexa will sleep better tonight knowing that your cooch is trimmed up. Oh, and take your ring off before you try anything, don’t want to be losing that down there, especially if you’re going down on a chia pet. How you gonna explain that to Lincoln? ‘Honey, that $10,000 rock you bought me is lost in some girl’s cooter.’ ” Lexa almost fell off her chair laughing. “And when you’re done down there, do yourself and your hypothetical lover a favor and do a little wipe off before you come back upstairs.”

“Huh?” Octavia was a little lost now.
“Do a little clean up,” and Raven waved her fingers in front of her chin.

“What?” O was more than a little lost now.

“Personally, I do it, and I prefer my partner to do it. Again, just a preference. Where do you fall on that Lex?”

“I do a little courtesy wipe also.”

“You mean, like with a wet one or something?” O was really trying to figure this one out.

Raven just looked at her like she was a lost cause, “I don’t know O, I don’t think you’re ready, I don’t think you can do it,” Raven decided.

It was amazing how the two of them could shut out the world when they were having a lively discussion.

“I’m an actress, I can do anything,” Octavia said confidently.

“Oh, you’ll act your way through it, okay, well, nobody’s gonna yell cut while you’re down there not doing something right. I mean, you may get a little tap on the head, if you get that then you need to take your incompetence back to the other team.”

Octavia looked pensive, maybe there was more to this than meets the eye. Raven sensed her hesitation, “Are you taking notes? You should be writing all this down.”

Bellamy finally got his check and left a wad of bills, “Let’s head out, shall we?”

“Why’s he in such a rush?” Raven said as Bellamy got up quickly and left. “We’re in the middle of a perfectly good conversation.”

After lunch, they dropped Lexa off at work and headed back into the city. Bellamy’s phone started ringing, “Oh, cool, it’s Clarke.”

“Put it on the dash Bell,” Octavia said, and he placed the phone in his holder on the dash and answered the facetime call.

“Hey Clarke,” Bellamy said.

“Clarke!”

“Hey Clarkie.”

“Oh my, full house there Bell? Hey girls, how are you? Why are you two in the back seat?”

“Because Bellamy’s our bitch. How are you? We miss you,” Octavia said.

“I miss you too, a lot.”

“And when she says she misses us, she means she misses Lexa,” Raven quipped.

“No, I miss you guys, too.”

“But you miss her more.”
“Well, maybe.”

“Did you call her?” O asked.

“Not since Sunday.”

“That’s ridiculous,” Raven said.

“I told her that I wouldn’t be calling anybody, and I already caved in on Sunday. So I can’t call her again this soon, I don’t want to appear desperate or needy.”

Raven rolled her eyes, “My god Clarke, you’re twenty-eight, that’s childish, worrying about what she’ll think of you. If you wanna call her, call her. Stop being immature. And by the way Octavia is gay for her.”

“What?” Clarke asked.

“I am not, shut up.”

“She has a gay crush on Lexa.”

“It’s not a crush. More like an infatuation.”

“You should acquaint yourself with Mr. Webster.”

Octavia gave her a puzzled look. “Who’s he?”

“The dictionary? Crush and infatuation? Same fucking thing?”

Clarke was shaking her head, “You guys are ridiculous. Bell, you were supposed to get together with Lexa today, right?”

“Yes, and it went really well,” he said.

“She’s all signed, sealed, and delivered,” Raven chimed in. “And, she’s mine by the way,” she said with an evil laugh. “How’s that wooing Clarke? Is there a term limit on wooing? Like an expiration date? Did you kiss her yet?”

“Don’t rush her, it’s a process,” Octavia scolded.

“Oh, gay for a day and now you know all about the process?” Raven asked snidely.

“I’m not gay for the day.”

“How’s your fiancé?”

“How’s Niylah?”

Bellamy put his head in front of his phone, “It’s been like this all day,” he said to Clarke.

“They’re lucky I love them,” Clarke said.

“You need to stop crushing on my crush, so back off,” Raven said in a huff.

“I’ll crush on who I wanna crush on.”

“I think we established at lunch time that you wouldn’t know what to do with that.”
“No such thing was established, and since when is she just your crush, you don’t own her.”

“So how was Lexa?” Clarke asked Bell, trying to ignore the chaotic conversation in the back seat.

“Since I crushed on her first, that’s when. First crush dibs,” Raven insisted, ignoring Bell and Clarke in the front.

“You can’t call first crush dibs.”

“I just did.” The immaturity level was escalating.

Bellamy also ignored the two in the back, he was getting good at that now, “She’s good. I really like her. She’s smart and personable. I was impressed with her. We all had lunch together.”

“Well, last weekend, she practically touched my breasts on the dance floor,” Octavia bragged.

“She did not, she may have brushed the sides of them lightly, but she didn’t flat out touch them,” Raven countered.

“Oh, so you saw it then.”

“Oh I saw it alright.”

Clarke felt a tinge of panic, “All of you? Including the twelve-year-olds in the back seat?”

Bellamy chuckled, “Yes, it was an interesting lunch to say the least. I learned things that I really didn’t need to learn, that I may have nightmares about.”

“Oh god, I don’t think I want to know,” Clarke groaned.

“You’re just jealous because you didn’t get groped.” Octavia was gloating now.

“Oh please, there was groping when I danced with her.”

“Was that before or after you slipped on your panty liner.”

“Did she mention me at all?” Clarke asked Bellamy, staying up front with the adults.

“Very funny. How about your dirty dancing leap into her arms. What kind of dance move was that?” Raven asked rolling her eyes.

“I probably tripped over your panty liner.”

“Oh, you tripped up into the air, who trips up? And you’re lucky she caught you, I would have dropped your ass, or at the very least put Baby back in the corner.”

Bellamy reassured Clarke, “Yes, she did mention you, she said that you needed to concentrate, or something like that, and she respected that.” Bellamy once again put his face in front of his phone, “And Clarke, don’t ever get me a Chia Pet as a gift.”

“She caught me alright, slid me right down the front of her body, intimate contact all the way down,” Octavia illustrated with her hands.

“Well you better binge watch Orange is the New Black so you know what to do with that body, since that’s your bible of lesbian love making.”
“I miss her. I really like her Bell,” Clarke said wistfully. “I never met anyone like her before.”

“Well at least I don’t have to wear Depends around her. I’ve got more self control than that,” O said.

“Oh please. How about, ‘that’s the French way of saying hello,’ ” Raven said in her Octavia voice. “Like she doesn’t know how the French say hello. She had a three way for god’s sake. And, ‘oh, my cooch is trimmed.’ ”

“Clarke, I’m a firm believer in fate. And if something is meant to be, it will happen,” Bellamy said.

“Thanks Bell.” Clarke thought there was no way she just heard about a trimmed cooch. Did she? “I gotta get going, hey yahoos in the back, I’m saying goodbye.”

“Bye Clarke, love you, miss you.”

“Bye Clarke, talk to you soon.”

Turning their attention back to each other, “You’re a douche bag.”

“You’re a fucking double wad douche bag,” said the twelve-year-olds in the back seat.

1 week ATP

Anya came downstairs to find Lexa lying on the couch with her eyes closed. “Jesus, you napping or something? It’s six o’clock on a Saturday night.”

“I’m just relaxing.”

“Do you feel okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

“Why don’t you come out to Indra’s with us tonight? Get yourself out of this house.”

“Eh.”

“What’s that, eh?”

“I don’t feel like it.”

“Have you talked to Clarke?”

“Not since last Sunday.”

Luna came in from the kitchen, “Is something wrong?” Why haven’t you talked?”

“She’s filming, she said she needs to be free of distractions when she’s working.”

“Oh, then I guess you should feel flattered, since she probably views you as a big distraction,” Anya said grinning. “C’mon, get up,” and Anya pushed Lexa’s legs off the couch. “You’re coming with us, get dressed, we’re going to dinner than out to the club.”

“Should we encourage her to come to the club?” Luna asked.

“Well, I’m gonna put a big sign around her neck that says ‘closed for business’, she’ll be fine. Move
Later, Lexa was standing behind the bar with Indra, serving drinks. She used to work there part time to help out occasionally, so she knew the lay of the land. She felt more anchored behind the bar than hanging out in front of it. She felt protected in some weird way.

“You look like someone stole your cookie, where’s Clarke’s movie shooting?” Indra asked.

“Up in Vancouver.”

“Damn, too far to drive up and surprise her.”

“I wouldn’t do that to her. She’s working, she’s gotta be discreet, you know what I mean?”

“Yeah, I gotcha. Well, you’re not gonna get many tips if you don’t smile every once in a while.”

“I’ll try.” She looked around the bar and realized how unappealing everyone had become. This used to be her playground, for the last four years anyway. She had already been hit on three times, and one had been particularly insistent, and Lexa finally told her that she was seeing somebody. That was something she hadn’t said in forever, she was seeing somebody. Somebody she hadn’t even kissed yet. And then she thought of last weekend, here, at the bar, Clarke in her low cut shirt, and now it wasn’t hard smiling. And then other thoughts started pouring through her mind, and before she knew it, she was awash in Clarke thoughts. She’d managed to keep them at bay most times, because she needed to get things done, at work, at home in her office. At night all bets were off, because there was no escaping them.

“Excuse me, can I get a drink?”

“Oh, sorry.” Lexa picked her head up and was looking at a very attractive woman, probably in her mid-thirties, short blond hair and brown eyes. Three months ago she would have been perfect. That was BC. Before Clarke. “What can I get for you?”

“Just a rum and coke.”

“Coming right up.”

“I’m Stacie by the way.” And she stuck her hand across the bar.

“Lexa. Nice to meet you Stacie,” Lexa said as she shook her hand.

“You too, Lexa. I couldn’t help but notice your smile from across the room.” She was hitting it hard.

Lexa knew she was looking at herself BC, and she was happy to put that behind her. “Stacie, I’m really flattered, but I am seeing someone.” It was getting easier and easier to say, like riding a bike.

“Uh, I knew you were too good to be true,” she said smiling. “She’s a lucky woman.”

“Actually, I’m the lucky one.”

“Well Lexa, it was nice meeting you, take care.”

“You too.”

And she picked her drink up, left a generous tip, and walked away.
2 weeks ATP

It was two weeks since she last talked to Lexa and Clarke was going off her rocker. She kept picking her phone up, and then throwing it down. Then she would sit down and take out her sketch book and draw. She had a whole book filled with Lexa now. It was ridiculous. She made sure the book was locked away, because after the little blanket show two weeks ago, she was able to draw more than just her face. All her talk about not being distracted, and here she was with an erotica sketch book filled with her. When she was on set, she was able to concentrate, it wasn’t hard to shut off the thoughts. But when it was down time, it was almost unbearable. She kept thinking of that movie where there was an angel and devil sitting on opposite shoulders of the lead character. There was good, strong, confident Clarke on one shoulder, no need to call, don’t appear weak, don’t appear needy, you got this, she’s thinking about you like you’re thinking about her, she’ll be there when you get back. And then there was bad, weak Clarke, just call her, what’s the big deal, you need to talk to her, what if she’s moved on? What if she met someone else? Oh god, what if she met someone else? No, that can’t happen. It’s only been two weeks for god’s sake. If she’s forgotten about you already, then she’s not who you thought she was. But you haven’t even kissed her yet, she probably thinks you just want to be friends and that’s it. She’s certainly not gonna wait around for you. She hated bad, weak Clarke. She paged through the pictures on her phone, stopping on the one with Lexa and Yogi. Her fav. This was the picture that would come up if she called her. The number was right there, all she had to do is push a button and the call would go through.

Lexa was doing the dishes after dinner, and Luna was fussing about the kitchen putting things away. “Did you hear from your publisher yet?”

“Yeah, it’s in editing right now. Some things they want to change and I had to put my foot down. And they sent some artwork for the cover for me to look over.”

“That’s good. I still can’t believe it. We’re gonna have a famous author in the family.”

“Well, I don’t know about famous.”

“I just want a famous actress in the family,” Anya shouted from the living room.

“You’re a moron,” Lexa yelled back at her.

“We’re having Thanksgiving here by the way, make sure she knows that,” Anya said. She was up now carrying an empty glass into the kitchen to put in the sink. Lexa just looked at her and shook her head. “What? Make it happen. Don’t screw this up.”

“Your wife’s a pain in my ass,” she said to Luna.

Anya wandered back into the living room. And suddenly a phone was ringing. It was Lexa’s, and it was in the living room with Anya.

Anya picked it up, “Holy shit, it’s her, it’s Clarke, answer your damn phone,” and she threw it at Lexa, who was already stumbling out of the kitchen, because she had tripped over a chair leg when she heard the word Clarke. She went to grab the phone in midair, but because she was falling forward, all she managed to do was knock it back towards Anya, who wasn’t expecting it, and in her excitement she grabbed and missed, and they both watched it slide under the couch, all the way back against the wall. They both were on the ground now looking under the couch, trying to reach for it,
Yogi joining them, wagging his tail, thinking his bone was under there.

“Jesus Christ, get it!” Anya yelled at her.

“Fuck, can’t you reach it, you idiot, why did you throw it?”

“Why didn’t you catch it?”

“I was falling.”

“Why are you so fucking uncoordinated?”

“Shut up.”

“You’re right there, just reach your hand and get it.”

“I’m not fucking right there, I can’t reach it.”

Luna came over and saved the day, she simply moved the couch away from the wall, picked up the phone and handed it to Lexa, who sat on the floor with her back against the couch, and answered calmly, “Hey Clarke.” Clarke was Facetiming her again.

“What took you so long, were you on the toilet or something?” she asked smiling.

“No, I was doing the dishes in the kitchen. How you doing up there?”

“I’m good, how you doing down there?”

“Good.”

And now Anya and Luna and were lying on the couch behind Lexa waving, “Hi Clarke,” “Hey Clarke.”

“Hi guys, how’s it going?”

“It’s going, it’s going, when you getting back into town? Cause quite frankly, this one is driving us nuts,” Anya said pointing at Lexa, her filter got lost under the couch with the phone.

Lexa was a little horrified, “Shut up, what are you doing, get out of here,” and she stood up to get away from them.

Clarke wanted to laugh, because it was the first time she saw Lexa embarrassed. And of course it was adorable. “Wait, put Anya back on, what’s she doing to drive you nuts?”

Well, Anya didn’t need any more prompting, she got off the couch and grabbed Lexa around the neck, “She’s been moping around for the last two weeks. It’s pretty fucking pathetic.”

“You’re gonna die, cause I’m gonna kill you,” Lexa said, grabbing at Anya’s arm to get it off her.

“Oh please, you can’t take me, you never could,” Anya said, and she looped her other arm around her neck.

Luna was up now trying to get between them, because the Woods sisters could get physical sometimes. Clarke was enjoying the whole thing, “I can’t see,” she said, because Lexa’s arm was now locked behind her back.
Luna reached over and grabbed the phone, “Hi Clarke. We’ll just let them get this out of their system. Sometimes they act like little boys. If you just ignore them, they eventually stop.”

“Well I wanna watch, cause this is the highlight of my pathetically boring day,” Clarke said.

“Tell her she’s coming to Thanksgiving!” Anya called out.

“Shut the fuck up? What is wrong with you?” Lexa shouted.

“What did she say?” Clarke asked.

“You don’t wanna know,” Luna said

“She’s been a fucking nun since she met you!” Anya called out again.

“What?” Clarke asked again.

“You suck ass.” Lexa punched at her.

“She said she’s been no fucking fun since she met you,” Luna trying to save Lexa a little bit. “It’ll only be another minute or so,” Luna assured Clarke. “This is a classic case of sibling rivalry, the oldest trying to maintain a level of dominance over the youngest, the same thing happens in the animal world. In this instance, Anya has always been Alpha, so she feels the need to exert control over the pack.”

Clarke appreciated the psychological implications of sibling rivalry, but she was much more interested in fight club. “What are they doing now?”

Luna pointed the phone at the floor, Anya had Lexa pinned down face down, twisting her arm up her back. “Jesus Christ, you’re gonna break my fucking arm,” Lexa whined.

“Was that a whine?” Clarke asked.

“I believe it was,” Luna answered. “Honey, don’t break her arm.”

“Yeah, Anya, please don’t break her arm, I kinda like her arms,” Clarke said. “And if you break it, then it’ll be in a cast, and then it’ll get all flabby and unattractive, and it won’t match the other one. Nothing good can come of it.”

Anya relented and got up, because Clarke asked her to. “You’re lucky she likes you,” she said pointing at Lexa.

Lexa winced and rolled over onto her back. “I think you’re gaining weight,” Lexa threw at Anya, knowing that would piss her off.

Luna glared at them, “May I remind you, that you’re forty and you’re thirty, and we have a guest here, please kiss and make up.” They both got up off the floor.

“Okay, okay, enough,” Luna said. “Somebody’s gonna get hurt.”

Lexa was able to save a little face at the end, as she flipped Anya off, and rolled on top of her. “Ha!”

Luna glared at them, “May I remind you, that you’re forty and you’re thirty, and we have a guest here, please kiss and make up.” They both got up off the floor.

“Well, that was fun. What are we gonna do now?” Clarke asked
“We’re gonna let you two talk, say goodbye Anya.”

Anya grinned at Clarke, “Bye Clarke, don’t be such a stranger.”

Lexa grabbed her phone and went up to her room, and sat heavily on her bed, Yogi joining her. She propped the phone up on her pillow and rubbed her arm.

“Way to come back at the end there. How’s your arm?” Clarke asked.

“It hurts,” she said with an annoyed expression on her face.

“Do you need me to fly down there and fashion a sling for it?”

“No, I’m fine,” she said a little sullenly.

“If you don’t have a sling, I can take my shirt off and rip a piece off to use.”

Now Lexa smiled a little, picturing Clarke with her shirt off.

Clarke was loving the whole thing, she knew Lexa’s pride had to be wounded, getting her ass royally kicked by her big sister. She was so used to confident Lexa that it was refreshing to see her humbled a little. And she wasn’t going to let her off the hook about it either. She still owed her for that comment two weeks ago, about not being alone in bed. “Does this happen regularly, you getting your ass kicked by your big sister?”

“She’s a black belt for god’s sake.”

“A black belt? You mean, like karate,” Clarke said, chopping with her hands, imitating the karate chop.

“Yes, she’s a fucking black belt. She’s fucking karate kid.” And Lexa raised her hands imitating the karate kid stance and made a disgusted face. Clarke laughed out loud. “She’s also bigger than me.”

“Oh, poor little you,” Clarke cooed. Lexa was still pouting. “Don’t worry, I don’t think any less of you because your sister can beat you up.”

“Well, I ended up on top, didn’t I?”

“You sure did, honey.”

The endearment was not lost on Lexa, but she was reeling a little bit, not used to being this vulnerable? Or was it just embarrassed? She didn’t like it one bit. She sat and stewed some more.

“So you’re not talking to me now?” Clarke asked. “Are we gonna have another staring contest? Because you know you’ll lose that too.” That zinger woke her up.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Lexa said. Then she started smiling a little. “I’m sorry for acting like a baby.”

“That’s okay. You’re still adorable.”

“Adorable? Who wants to go to bed with adorable? Kittens are adorable, puppies, baby goats.”

“Baby goats are pretty adorable. I love, love, love them. Did you ever see them on Facebook? Jumping around, they crack me up. I feel like I need a baby goat when I watch them.” Lexa was still not quite herself, and now Clarke missed her. “Me personally? I love to go to bed with adorable. Just an FYI.” She saw a little spark return to those green eyes.
“You mean you sleep with baby goats?”

Clarke laughed again. She wanted to crawl through the phone and wrap her up in her arms. She wanted to tell her how fucking gorgeous she was, even while getting face planted by her sister, she wanted to kiss her arm to make it feel better, she wanted to kiss other things. But most of all, she just wanted her. “I love sleeping with baby goats. They’re very cuddly.”

“Lucky them. I haven’t seen a cuddle.”

“I guess you haven’t. How does that happen?”

“It’s your fault I’m sure,” Lexa said with a slight smile.

“I’ll remedy that when I see you again, how’s that?”

“Okay, I guess. So, how’s the movie coming along?” Lexa needed to get her equilibrium back.

“It’s going great, although one of the other actors is hitting on me a little bit. Always makes me uncomfortable when that happens.”

“Man or woman?” Lexa would not be happy if it was a woman.

“A guy.”

“I can send Anya up to take care of him, since she seems to be your knight in shining armor.”

“OK, missy, do I detect a little jealousy there? Do we need another blanket episode, would that cheer you up?”

“Whose blanket?”

“Well, you’re the one who sleeps naked.”

“Don’t you?”

“No, I like to sleep in my jammies.”

“And I like to take jammies off.”

Clarke giggled. And there she was, she was back. “Well there you go, I wear them, you take them off, perfect, like peanut butter and jelly. So when I’m done up here in a couple weeks and fly back, I may need a ride from the airport.”

“Are you asking me to pick you up?”

“If you’re up for it.”

“Oh I can be up for it. Taxi bitch at your service. When?”

“Not sure yet, I’ll text you the info when I know.” Clarke knew it was getting late, and she had a lot to do to get ready for the next day’s shoot. “Well, I have to go over my lines for tomorrow. I have to be on set at five a.m. So I guess I’ll say good night.”

“OK. It’s kinda boring around here without you.”

“I miss you too.”
Lexa’s smile widened now. “Your backyard job is finished by the way.” That was one promise out of the way. “Might want to find something else you need done, just sayin’.”

“I’m sure I can find something for you to do.”

“I could cut your grass. But that’s only a weekly thing.”

“As long as it involves you with your shirt off, I’m good.” They both stared at each other a little longer than usual. “Good night baby goat.”

“Goodnight lover, of baby goats.”

And when Clarke hung up, she knew she’d be smiling for at least another hour, happy that she called. Bad, weak Clarke wasn’t so bad after all.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be wall to wall Clexa. 24/7 Clexa. The wait will be over. Yes. Clarke will finally get to kiss a girl again.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Clexa

Chapter Notes

Hope this makes you smile a little, especially the readers here in the US with me, cause it’s been pretty shitty ‘round these parts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke walked through the airport wearing Lexa’s baseball hat with her sunglasses on, dragging her carry-on, backpack hanging off one shoulder. She was half asleep. Taking motion sickness meds knocked her out, but now her heart started pounding with anticipation. God she missed her so much. When she got to the top of the down escalator she stopped, she saw Lexa standing at the bottom of it. Clarke put her glasses on top of her head to get a better look. She was fucking beautiful, and Clarke could have stood there all day and stared at her.

Lexa’s hair was down, she had on nice slacks and a tailored long sleeve white collared blouse. She was wearing sunglasses also, her hands were clasped behind her back, and she had a sign around her neck, a sign that read, “Clare Griffin.” Clarke started cracking up, shaking her head, and was there really any doubt? She was absolutely crazy about her. She’d known it for a while, more than a while, knew it the first moment she laid eyes on her in her parking lot. This woman was the one for her, and if she had to wait for her to catch up, as far as feelings went, then she would wait, for as long as it took. As Clarke stepped on the escalator, she knew the exact moment Lexa saw her, she couldn’t see her eyes because of the sunglasses, but her slow smile gave it away. Clarke put her sunglasses back on. She shook her head again, it felt like she was in the middle of a romance movie as she traveled down the escalator. When she got to the bottom, she took her cell phone and snapped a picture, this was a memory she wanted to keep. She walked over to Lexa, “Hi I’m Clare.”

Lexa bowed her head slightly, “Miss Griffin, your taxi awaits.”

Clarke wanted to hug the shit out of her, but she knew this was a public place and that wasn’t possible. “Those sunglasses new?” Clarke asked.

“Yes, you like?”

“I do.”

“I thought they would look good on you. You know, when you take them from me later,” Lexa teased. They just stood there, taking a long look at each other. Lexa reached out and pulled Clarke’s sunglasses down a little, “How you doin’ blue eyes? You look tired.”

“There was supposed to be a lot of turbulence, so I took Dramamine, and it knocks me for a loop, so I’m a little dopey and groggy.”
“Bumpy ride then?”

“Really bumpy. Like grabbing the little bag in the seat pocket bumpy.”

“Yuck, those are never fun.” Lexa ached to touch her, just positively ached. “Well, let’s get you home and tucked into bed then,” she said as she reached out and took Clarke’s carry-on bag. They walked through the baggage claim area, “Bags?” Lexa asked.

“No, I’m a light packer.” They continued on their way through baggage claim. “So, what’s been happening the last two weeks with you?”

“Not much, like I said before, your job is done. Starting a new one this week. I’ve been talking to the publishing company, things are going well there. I have some art work for the cover that I want your opinion on.”

“Okay. I know you had lunch with the girls and Bellamy, and we didn’t talk about that the last time I called you.”

“I did have lunch with them, yes. And it was certainly a hoot. Although I don’t know if Bellamy will ever be the same. He may be scarred for life.”

“You can give me the particulars later, I wanna be awake enough to appreciate them.”

“Fair enough.”

They continued out to the parking lot. When they got to Lexa’s truck, she put Clarke’s suitcase in the back seat and opened the door for her, and gave her a hand up into the seat. Lexa got into the driver’s side and started the engine. She looked over at Clarke, who was already half asleep, with her head turned towards Lexa and a smile on her face. “Go to sleep blondie, I’ll get you home safe.”

“Hey,” Clarke said.

Lixa took off her glasses and looked at her, “Yeah?”

“I kinda missed you.”

“I kinda missed you too, Clarke.”

Clarke took a long look at those green eyes, “I certainly missed those green peepers of yours,” Clarke said with a smile.

Lixa shook her head, “You’re goofy.”

“You like goofy women.”

“I certainly do,” she said with a big grin. Lexa put the truck in drive and started out of the parking lot. Clarke reached down and grabbed her hand and shut her eyes. Lexa had to pay for the parking, so she had to reluctantly let go of Clarke’s hand, but after passing through the gate, she picked it back up again and she held it for the rest of the drive. When she pulled into Clarke’s driveway and parked, she looked over at Clarke, who was sound asleep. She took a few moments to just watch her sleeping. Life was certainly more interesting with Clarke around. “Hey sleepy head, you’re home.”

Clarke opened her eyes slowly, looked at Lexa and smiled a lazy, sleepy smile. “Thanks for getting me home safe and sound,” she said in a groggy voice.

They got out of the truck and Clarke went to get her suitcase out, “I’ll get that, babe,” Lexa said, that
last part slipping out. She winced and smiled.

Clarke looked at her, “Did you just call me babe?” she asked with the cutest, most exhausted expression on her face. At least Lexa thought it was the cutest expression.

“Yeah, that kinda slipped out. I’m hoping you won’t remember that in the morning.”

“I’m dopey from meds, not drunk.”

“Well, maybe I’ll slip you some tequila. I seem to remember that giving you amnesia.”

“Oh, I’m gonna remember it,” and Clarke got her phone out, “welcome to my new favorite thing, voice memos.” She hit the mic button, “Lexa called me babe at 8:30pm.”

Lexa laughed. “You just discovered that?”

“Yeah, I never knew how useful they could be. I started using it the last few weeks on set. Do you use it?”

“Actually, I have a voice recorder that I use when I’m working outside, if I get an idea for my book, I can quickly get it down before I forget.”

“Well, that’s a great idea.”

“I know. I’m full of great ideas.”

They got into the house and Lexa put Clarke’s bag down. Clarke came over to her and slipped her arms around her neck, and Lexa pulled her in close. “This is the hug I owed you at the airport,” Clarke said sleepily, and she breathed her in, her lips against the pulse in Lexa’s neck, feeling it start to beat a little quicker. If she wasn’t so out of it, something more might be happening, but she was so exhausted she just closed her eyes.

Lexa held onto her until she felt her head bob a little bit. She pulled back from the hug and cupped Clarke’s face with her one hand, “You’re about to fall over, how about I take your suitcase upstairs then we’ll tuck you into bed, okay?” Clarke nodded.

When Lexa came back downstairs, Clarke was lying on the couch. It felt like déjà vu. She took the blanket and went to cover her.

“Where’s my baby goat? I owe cuddles, get over here.” Clarke moved to the front edge of the couch, and she patted behind her.

Well, that was the one invite that Lexa had been waiting for, “You do owe cuddles, lots of them I think.” Lexa kicked off her shoes and climbed onto the couch and lay behind her. She wasn’t quite sure what to do with her hands, but she didn’t have to think too long about it, as Clarke reached behind her and grabbed Lexa’s arm to pull it around her. She scooted backwards to push her body into Lexa’s, and she let out a big sigh. Lexa buried her face into Clarke’s hair, always loving the smell of it.

“Wow, you pack a lot of body heat,” Clarke said barely awake now, but still thoroughly enjoying this cuddle.

“I do tend to run hot. Which is why the naked thing at bed time,” Lexa said as she nuzzled Clarke’s neck a bit.
“I can’t wait to see the landscaping,” Clarke said, getting sleepier by the minute.

“Maybe I can show you tomorrow.”

“Okay. Mmmm. You feel good. I’m falling asleep.”

“Good night, beautiful.” Clarke was breathing evenly now, so Lexa figured she was asleep. She nuzzled her neck again and felt so fucking content. She eventually fell asleep also.

She woke up about an hour later because her arm was pinned beneath her and had fallen asleep. She needed to move it, so she began to shift her body.

“Don’t go,” Clarke whispered softly.

Lexa froze for a moment. Those two words had a profound effect on her. “I’m not going anywhere,” she whispered back into Clarke’s ear. She moved her arm and slid it under Clarke’s neck, wrapping her up in both her arms now, pulling her in closer. She lay there for a moment, taking it all in. She didn’t even know how she got to this place. A few months ago she felt nothing inside. She really thought her heart was in pieces and not fixable, but here she was, snuggling a crazy Hollywood blonde, her heart feeling full and warm. It was like Clarke put all the pieces back together again. She put it back together, and then took it. Yep. Clarke had her heart. Took it when she wasn’t looking. Unexpectedly, inexplicably. One day she was alone. And the next day there was Clarke. Life was funny.

When they woke up the next morning, Lexa was on her back and Clarke was lying with her head on her chest. Lexa’s hand was underneath Clarke’s shirt, touching her bare back. Clarke woke up and stretched a little, momentarily forgetting where she was and why she was so warm. When she realized the situation, she had a mini panic attack, shit, did anything else happen? Because she didn’t remember. She went over things in her head and decided that nothing happened, she didn’t miss anything. Although she knew that something shifted between them last night. It had definitely felt like more than just your standard cuddle. She was a little unsure of where to go next. She wanted that first kiss badly, but no way was that happening with morning breath. She sat up and looked down at Lexa, who was frowning with her eyes closed.

“Where’s my blankey?” Lexa asked with a small smile.

“Your blankey feels like she’s been sleeping for twenty-four hours, and she needs to get up.”

Lexa eyes popped open and now it was her turn to stretch. “Good cuddle session,” she said.

Clarke laughed, “Yeah, marathon cuddle session.”

“Well, you owed me, been promising cuddling for months. I was beginning to think it was me, not being cuddle worthy.”

“Oh, you’re a little cuddle worthy.”

Lexa reached up, put her arms back around Clarke, and brought her down to her chest again, “Just a little cuddle worthy? Tough crowd.”

“Well, we can’t have your head getting any bigger than it already is, can we?”

“My head’s not that big.”

“I have your hat, it’s big.”
“You have more than my hat, is all I’m gonna say.” Lexa was thinking about her heart.

Clarke picked her head up, “What else do I have?”

“My sunglasses.”

“Oh, I thought you were going to say something else.” And Clarke put her head back down. She had every intention of getting up a few moments ago but it was hard to pull away from Lexa. She was very comfortable.

“Like what? Did you take something else when I wasn’t looking?” Lexa teased her.

“No, I guess not, just the hat and sunglasses.” Clarke was running her fingers up and down Lexa’s arm, wishing she had a short sleeve shirt on.

“Well, maybe something else,” Lexa mumbled into Clarke’s hair.

“What’d you say?”

“Nothing.”

Clarke smiled, and she felt Lexa’s hand slip under her shirt and rub slowly back and forth along her lower back. She was finding it very hard to move now, but she wanted to take a shower and brush her teeth, because the first kiss was on the horizon, and she wanted it to be perfect. She found the strength and peeled herself off of Lexa and stood up, “I’m going upstairs to freshen up a bit, you’re welcome to stay.” She regretted her choice of words as soon as it came out of her mouth.

“Oh am I? That didn’t sound very welcoming.”

Clarke groaned a little, “No, no. I’m sorry. Let me try that again, I’d really like you to stay.”

“That sounds a lot better. You need to work on your post cuddling conversation skills,” Lexa said, still prone on the couch.

Clarke looked at her, fighting the urge to jump back onto the couch, really fighting it, “You can shower if you want. You don’t happen to have a change of clothes do you? If not, I can maybe find you something if you want to change.”

Lexa got up now. “I have a bag in my car with stuff for emergencies just like this.”

“What? Unexpected sleepovers? Wait, don’t answer that. You gonna make me breakfast? Cause you will not believe the color of my eggs,” she said as she climbed the steps.

“Yes, I’ll make breakfast. The thought of your unnaturally colored eggs is rather frightening.” Lexa called after her. She looked around the kitchen to find what she needed to make breakfast. She began pulling stuff out and putting it on the counter. Her phone buzzed, it was a text from Anya. =where you at? You’re supposed to be here to meet that couple about their new patio. They’re gonna be here in half an hour=

Oh shit, Lexa totally forgot about that. Shit, shit, shit. =i’m coming. Be there in a few=

Lexa was pissed at herself for forgetting the appointment. Totally not like her. She began putting the stuff away that she had gotten out.

Clarke came bouncing down the steps, “I don’t smell anything,” she called out. When she got into the kitchen she looked at Lexa and saw a little panic, “What’s up, what happened?”
“Nothing happened, I have this appointment that I totally forgot about, and I really have to go, and I
feel awful because I said I would make you breakfast. And I wanted to show you around the yard,
but I gotta go.”

“It’s okay, it’s okay. I mean I’m devastated about the no breakfast thing, but I’ll get over it. And you
will owe me.”

Lexa was putting her shoes on and stood up, “I will make it up to you, I promise.”

Clarke walked her to the door, “You know you look like you’re doing the walk of shame here. Your
hair is messy, I mean, I think it’s sexy, but that’s me, you got this hot outfit on, but your shirt is not
tucked in, and it’s a little wrinkled from cuddling.”

Lexa smiled at her and gave her a hug, when she pulled back she gave her a quick peck on the lips.
“I wish it was the walk of shame,” she said with a wink. “I’ll catch you later, OK?”

“You owe me.”

“How about I make you dinner tonight,” she said as she walked backwards to her truck.

“Okay, do you want me to pick anything up?”

“Nope, I’ll bring it all. I’ll see you later.”

“Alright, bring my dog.”

“I will.”

Clarke watched her run to her truck. Dammit. She was disappointed. Not the first kiss she
envisioned. Wasn’t even a kiss really. That’s it, she wasn’t even going to call it a kiss. Tonight,
tonight would be the night. The wooing was kicking into high gear tonight, she was determined to
get to first base.

She walked back through the house and decided to check out the landscaping, so she went around
back and out the patio doors. She stopped short when she stepped out onto the new patio. It was
amazing. She walked around in awe, loving everything that she saw. The new pool decking was
beautiful, with little gardens placed throughout. Lots of purple and gold flowers were tucked in
everywhere. The new and improved outside kitchen was fantastic. There was a fire pit back behind
the pool area, and the new hot tub attached to the pool. She couldn’t be happier with how it turned
out. She got out her phone to shoot Lexa a text, decided to have a little fun with her, =I love=
and she sent that off, and waited a few minutes. =my new landscaping=

Lexa was still in her truck when she got the first message, and then she almost drove off the road
when she read it. The second one came through a couple minutes later, and she just shook her head
smiling, this woman was gonna be the death of her for sure. Death by Clarke Griffin? Not a bad way
to go.

Later that afternoon

Lexa was looking around her kitchen, pulling things out to take to Clarke’s to make her dinner
tonight. Anya was leaning against the counter watching her. “What are you doing?”

“I don’t know what she has at her house, so I want to make sure I have everything.”
“Should we expect you home tonight?”
“I don’t know, why?”
“Just asking.”
“Well, how about you don’t wait up, because at the very least I may be late. Although the new job starts tomorrow, so I probably will be home at some point.”
“Okay, do you need a pep talk?”
“A pep talk? What the fuck, am I sixteen?”
“It’s been a while since you’ve done this.”
“Hasn’t been that long.”
“Since before you met Costia, that’s almost ten years.”
“Oh, has it really been that long?”
“Yeah, you nervous?”
“I wasn’t, should I be?”
“I don’t know Romeo, should you be?”
“I don’t think so, and don’t call me that. It has bad connotations.”
“Why does it have bad connotations?”
“It implies that I’ve been with a lot of women.”
“You have been with a lot of women.”
“Well, not anymore.”
“Did you get her something, like flowers?”
“Huh? Shit. Should I get her flowers?”
“You’re making her dinner, you haven’t seen her in a month, you should get her flowers.”
Luna walked into kitchen, “Who’s getting flowers?”
“I told this one to get Clarke flowers, and she looked at me like she never had a date before.”
“I don’t know if this is a date.”
“Really? C’mon. Don’t tell me you’re still ‘just friends.’ Friends don’t spend the night wrapped around each other on the couch, I don’t care how much someone loves to cuddle,” Anya said.
“Agreed. I’m with your sister on this, for once. Get her flowers for god’s sake. Get romantic.”
“It’s been a while since I’ve had to be romantic.”
“It’ll come back to you. Start with flowers,” Luna said.
“Did you shower?” Anya asked with a straight face.


“Just checking, sometimes when you get nervous, you forget stuff.”

“I said I wasn’t nervous.”

“Okay, okay, go get her flowers.”

“I’ll get some on the way. I think I have everything, so I’ll see you later. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck,” Luna said.

“Hey,” Anya said, “romance the shit out of her.” And she slapped Lexa twice on the cheek for encouragement.

“God you’re so rough,” Lexa said, rubbing the side of her face. “A hug works too, you know.”

“Suck it up. Let’s do this, let’s go. You better have something more to report on tomorrow than hugs and kisses on the cheek.”

“Well, all I’m hoping for is a kiss on the lips, to be honest. This is Clarke after all.”

“I love her, I love that she’s taking things slow,” Luna said.

“You guys will be fucking like rabbits in no time,” Anya said.

“Really? My god that’s crude,” Lexa said shaking her head. She looked at Luna, “What do you see in her?”

Luna shrugged, “She’s good in bed.”

Anya smiled, “Woods rule in bed, am I right?” And she held her hand up for a high five from Lexa.

“I am not encouraging your crudeness.”

“So you’re just gonna leave me hanging…”

“You’re pathetic,” and Lexa high fived her, smiling at her now.

“Think Thanksgiving.”

“What is with your obsession with Thanksgiving?”

Luna gave her a hug, “Ignore her, have fun, tell her we said hi.”

“Do I have a hand mark on my face?”

“No, you’re fine.”

Lexa pulled up Clarke’s driveway and turned her truck off. She sat for a moment, wondering why the fuck she had butterflies in her stomach. Oh my god, she was thirty, this wasn’t her first rodeo. Maybe she did need that pep talk. She opened her door, let Yogi out of the back seat, and gathered up the flowers and the grocery bags. She walked up to the front door and Clarke was already
opening it for her.

“Hey there, and hey there my Yogi, oh, I missed you buddy.” And she bent over to give hugs and rubs to her favorite dog. She stood back up and gave Lexa a hug, whose hands were full and couldn’t really reciprocate the way she would have liked. “Here, give me some of those, wow, what all you got in here?” she asked as she looked in the bags.

“I wasn’t sure what you had, so I raided our kitchen. And here, these are for you,” and she handed the flowers to Clarke a little self consciously.

“Oh my god, flowers?” Clarke smelled them and gave Lexa a surprised look, “God that’s sweet, thank you. Wow, that’s kinda romantic, I’m impressed.” They both walked into the kitchen and began taking things out of the bags. “What are you making us?”

“I thought I would show you the proper way to make chicken.”

“Oh, so it’s gonna be a cooking lesson, is it?”

“You will be my sous chef.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to learn my secret recipe for purple chicken.”

“It’s called secret for a reason, nobody should know about it,” Lexa said as she went over to the sink to wash her hands. “OK, how good are you with a knife?”

“Not bad, I’ve yet to lose a finger,” Clarke said as she put the flowers in a vase.

“How about you start cutting up these veggies, and here’s some garlic.” Lexa hesitated over the garlic, “Wait,” her mind already racing ahead to later, “let me rethink the garlic, let’s put that away, shall we?” And she gave Clarke a knowing look and then a wink.

Clarke smiled at her, and for once she didn’t blush, but things were happening inside her chest. “Don’t want garlic breath?” Clarke asked innocently, as she started cutting.

“Maybe not tonight, I don’t know, what do you think?”

“I think maybe it should stay in the bag,” Clarke said not looking up, but smiling. Lexa got the chicken breasts out and placed them on the cutting board, got out her mallet and started pounding them to thin them out. “What about these onions?” Clarke asked.

“Onions, hm. What do you think? On the one hand, they’re good for seasoning, but on the other, hm.”

“Maybe we should lose the onions too, what are your thoughts on that?” Clarke asked.

“I tend to agree, although now the chicken may not be as delicious as usual,” Lexa said a little disappointed.

“Maybe we don’t have to worry about that? Maybe by later tonight the chicken is a distant memory. You know, maybe we’ll have other things on our mind, or be preoccupied with other things.”

“Like a movie?” Lexa asked, feigning wide-eyed innocence.

“Yes, like a movie.”

“How about we use extra parsley, to make up for the loss of garlic and onions,” Lexa suggested.
“Parsley is nature’s breath mint.”

“So they say.” And Lexa put a handful of parsley in front of Clarke to cut up.

“That’s a lot of parsley,” Clarke said.

“We may need it. You know, for the movie.” Lexa turned on the frying pan and put some olive oil in. “We’ll let this warm up, then we’ll put your stuff in, sauté that, then I’ll sauté the chicken breasts.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

“Asparagus?”

“I love asparagus.”

“I do too. However, the recipe calls for garlic. I obviously did not think this dinner through properly. How about a little butter and salt instead.”

“I like the way you think on your feet.”

“It’s all about problem solving. The frying pan is ready for you.”

“I am ready for the frying pan.” And Clarke put everything she cut up into the pan.

“You stir that up, and I’m going to coat the chicken. Do you need help?”

“I think I can stir.”

“Are you sure?”

“Got it covered chef.”

“I don’t have to frisk you for any purple food dye you may be hiding, do I?”

“No. Unless you wanna frisk me,” Clarke said as she started stirring.

Lexa looked at Clarke with a little grin, “Frisking. We never covered that, did we? What are your thoughts on that?” She asked curiously.

Clarke took a moment to think about it. “Depends on the type of frisk. Is it the standard ‘you may have something in your pocket’ TSA frisk? Or, is it the ‘your bag set off an alarm and I have to majorly feel you up now’ TSA frisk?”

“I thought there was something suspicious about your bag last night.”

“Oh, okay,” Clarke laughed. “Check back with me tomorrow on that then.”

“Tomorrow? I don’t know. Security breaches are very serious. Probably shouldn’t wait until tomorrow.”

“Well, how about you check back with me later tonight, after our ‘movie.’ ” Clarke put quotes around movie.

“That movie that we’ll be so engrossed in? Okay, after the movie I’ll frisk you.”

Clarke corrected her, “I said check back with me after the movie, not frisk me after the movie.”
“That’s what I said, I’ll check you out after the movie. Meaning, I’ll frisk you after the movie.”

“That’s not what you said.” Clarke said as she bumped her butt into Lexa’s.

“I think it was implied,” Lexa said as she bumped Clarke right back. She turned her attention back to the chicken as Clarke continued sautéing her vegetables. When Lexa was done, she stepped over to Clarke, reached around her and leaned her hands on the stove, on either side of her. She put her chin on Clarke’s shoulder, looking at the frying pan, “You ready for me?”

Clarke hid her smile and leaned back into her, “I’ve been ready for you.”

Lessa closed her eyes and turned her smiling face into Clarke’s hair, and inhaled deeply. “Smells good.” She whispered into her ear. She looked at Clarke who had her lip between her teeth. Lexa groaned a little.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“Nothing.” She moved away and got the chicken and came back over and put it in the pan.

“Is my work here done?” Clarke asked.

“Yes, we’ll just let them cook for a little bit. I’ll put the asparagus in the oven.”

“Do you want some wine?”

“Sure.”

Clarke poured them both a glass. “Now what’ll we do.” She was itching to get to first base.

“We wait.”

“For how long.”

“For a little while, ’til the time is right.”

“When will the time be right?”

“Soon.”

“So, not right now?”

“In a bit.”

Clarke looked at her again, thinking ahead to later in the evening, when she knew that come hell or high water, she was getting her first true Lexa kiss, thinking about that moment, and there went her bottom lip, caught between her teeth again.

“You gotta stop doing that.”

“What?”

“That lip thing.” Lexa said, pointing at Clarke’s mouth.

Clarke grabbed her finger, shook it and let it go, “This?” Clarke bit her lip and made a face.

“No, not that.”
“This?” She did it again and made a different face.

“Not that.”

“This?” She bit her lip with a bit of a seductive look.

“Yes, that.”

“Why?”

Lexa got lost in a momentary sexual fantasy, starring Clarke. “Why what?”

“Why do I have to stop doing it?”

Lexa focused on the question at hand. “You really wanna know?”

“Yes, I really wanna know.”

“Because it turns me the fuck on.”

Clarke was once again proud of herself for not blushing. “Oh, good to know.” Clarke picked up her phone, staring at Lexa, and pushed the voice memo, “Bite lip to turn Lexa on.”

“You gonna refer back to that later?”

“Absolutely.”

“Like, before or after the movie.”

“As yet to be determined.”

While they were waiting for the food to get done, they walked around the backyard, Lexa proudly showing off her work. When they came back inside, she showed Clarke the artwork for the book. They looked over all the proofs, narrowing the choice down to two of them. Clarke weighed the pros and cons of each, rambling on and on, and Lexa just listened, not realizing there could be so many pros and cons with a picture. “Why don’t we just pick the pretty one,” Lexa said, and pointed at one of them.

“Done. Good choice.” Clarke laughed. “I tend to over analyze sometimes.”

“You think?” Lexa said, making a show of rolling her eyes. Clarke rolled up a towel and whipped her across the ass. Lexa grabbed the towel and yanked on it, drawing Clarke in close, putting her hand on her back and drawing her even closer, “You ready?”

“For what?” Clarke asked with anticipation, wondering if this was the big moment.

“Dinner.”

“Oh.”

“What did you think I meant?”

“Nothing.”

“Wanna get some plates out, lover of baby goats?” Lexa turned back to the frying pan to take the chicken off. She laughed to herself as she put the chicken on a serving plate, all this flirty fun with
Clarke would be missed, because once they slept together, there would be no need for it. And she knew it would be when, not if. They were assuredly going down that path, it was just a matter of when.

Clarke set the table and Lexa brought the food over. They sat down and loaded up their plates. Clarke took a bite, “Wow, this is pretty good, even without the garlic and onions. You’re a good cook. Guess you’ll make someone a great wife someday, huh?” She said teasingly, then she remembered, “Oh shit, I’m sorry, god, I shouldn’t have said that. I’m so sorry.”

“Hey, it’s okay. Please don’t be sorry, and please don’t feel bad.”

“That was insensitive. Ugh.” She had her hand over her face now, feeling so bad.

“Clarke,” Lexa reached out and took her hand, “please, it’s okay. You are one of the nicest people that I’ve ever met. You could never be insensitive. I know you were just trying to tease me.” Clarke was mentally beating herself up, so Lexa walked her toes over to Clarke’s under the table and rubbed them, since Clarke enjoyed that the last time. “You know, I did make a great wife, and will again someday, I hope.” Lexa squeezed her hand and smiled at her. Lexa could see that Clarke still felt bad. “I can frisk you now if you think that’ll help.”

That got her to smile again. “No, that’s okay. I can wait.”

“Darn it,” Lexa said with disappointment. “So how did the movie shoot go? When will it be out?”

“It went really well. They still have another couple weeks up there. Then it’ll go into editing. They’re hoping to release it in December. Now that I’m back, I’m gonna start putting feelers out to some studios for your book. And, I hear Raven is going to be your handler, you good with that?”

“Absolutely. She’s crazy about me.”

Clarke laughed. “I didn’t know if you noticed that or not.”

“She kissed me on the lips for god’s sake. You haven’t even kissed me on the lips. And then there’s O. I don’t know when that happened. Your friends are digging me.”

“So you figured that out too, did you? Evidently, O fell in love when you danced with her. I only found that out a couple weeks ago, mind you.”

“Ah yes, the power of dance. It can be very seductive. Her affections were quite obvious at our lunch.”

“Oh, the lunch, now you can tell me what was discussed.”

“Well, Raven was trying to give some pointers to O, on making love to a woman.”

“Oh my god, she didn’t.”

“Oh my god she did.”

“Poor Bellamy. What did she talk about?”

“Well, we talked about Orange is the New Black, evidently O considers herself an almost expert on lesbian sex because she watches it.”

“Oh shit, I bet Raven had a field day with that one.”
“You are correct. We talked about women’s ‘downtown’ areas, whether grooming is good or bad, what our personal preferences were on that, with both Raven and I agreeing that we prefer it groomed, and then O being kind enough to let me know that she had good grooming habits.”

“No.”

“Yes. And then Raven gave up the goods on you and your grooming habits.”

Clarke’s fork paused halfway to her mouth. “What now?”

“Oh, you heard me.”

“And I refuse to be mortified.” Clarke put the fork in her mouth, chewing her chicken.

“Nor should you be.”

“May I ask how did she refer to it?” Clarke asked as she took another bite of her chicken.

“I believe she told me, what was it? Ah, let me remember, oh, that you keep the deck swabbed. I guess she felt that it was something I should be aware of. And I guess she thinks I like boating.” Lexa cut up her asparagus and put a piece into her mouth.

“Again, I refuse to be mortified. I hate them both. However, I can imagine that it was probably an extremely funny conversation.” Clarke took a sip of her wine.

“It was highly amusing. I spit my drink out at one point, and nearly fell out of my chair at another.”

“My goodness, I hope you didn’t hurt yourself. How did Bellamy handle it?”

“He entered a comatose state until they brought the check out.”

“He said something to me about not buying him a chia pet as a gift.”

“Oh, yeah, definitely yeah, I wouldn’t do that. Might wanna take a memo there.”

“Do I want to know about the chia pet reference?”

“I doubt it, I mean unless you want to hear about the possibility of Octavia’s $10,000 engagement ring getting lost in some girl’s cooter.”

“Oh my. Were those the exact words?”

“They certainly were.”

“And they were spoken out loud?”

“They certainly were.”

“Again, poor Bellamy. And, I’m sorry I missed it. So how are things with Luna and Anya? Get into anymore fights?”

“No, it’s been quiet. Although if I were you I’d make sure you don’t have any plans for Thanksgiving. Evidently you’re coming to our house.”

“For Thanksgiving?”

“Don’t ask me. Anya’s got an obsession with you and Thanksgiving for some reason.”
“Maybe she’s thankful for me.”

“Probably. We seem to have quite a few people crushing on us right now.”

“We do, don’t we.”

“Yeah, shouldn’t the crushing just be here, among the people in this room?” Lexa asked as she put her fork down, her plate cleaned off.

“Oh it is. I admit it,” Clarke said, shrugging her shoulders. “I’m crushing a little on you,” Clarke said, finishing up her dinner.

“Just a little?”

“Yeah, big head. How about you?”

Lexa leaned her elbow on the table and put her chin in her hand, “Yeah, you’re very crushable. I’ll admit to crushing.”

“Well, I’m glad we’ve finally established that. Can Yogi have some scraps?”

“Sure, you can spoil my dog.”

Clarke put some leftover chicken on a plate for him and put it on the ground. He devoured it and looked up at Clarke for more. She obliged.

“Well, I guess he’s yours forever now. Are you ready for that type of commitment?”

“I’m definitely a commitment person. I’ve been waiting to commit for a long time now.” Clarke said this while looking at Lexa and petting Yogi’s head.

“Well, you two make a beautiful couple. But, unfortunately for you, where he goes I go. So you might be kinda stuck with me, too.”

“I guess that’s okay, I can put up with you.” Clarke grinned at Lexa and started to clear away their dishes.

“I can do the dishes,” Lexa volunteered.

“No no, you cooked, I clean up, that’s how things work around here, so go sit down and relax.”

Lexa got up from the table and sat down on the floor in front of the couch and picked up one of Clarke’s sketch books. “Can I look through your sketch book?” she called to Clarke.

“Sure, go ahead.”

Yogi came and sat next to her. “Wow, these are so good Clarke. You really have a lot of talent.”

“Thanks.” She was done loading up the dishwasher and came over, sat on the couch behind Lexa, her back resting against the arm instead of the back of the couch, her knees pulled up to her chest. She wanted Lexa close, knowing it was time to step up the wooing. “So, is it time?”

Lexa smiled while still looking down at Clarke’s book, she knew exactly where Clarke was going. “Time for what? The movie?”

“Yeah, the movie.”
“So, what type of movie is this? Like, is it PG, PG13, R, X?”

“Okay, not X, at least not tonight. You should know me better than that.”

“R?”

“Hm. I don’t know about R. I would think at least PG13. Yeah, let’s just start with a PG13.”

“Agreed, we’ll start there and end up at least with an R.”

“You’re very good at putting words in my mouth.”

“I’d like to put something else in your mouth,” Lexa said purposely under her breath.

“What?”

“Nothing. What?”

Clarke smiled, she heard her. She pushed Lexa’s head with her foot. “By the way, I don’t consider that peck you gave me this morning a kiss.”

“You didn’t like that?”

“It was very anticlimactic.”

“Well, if you remember I was pressed for time, I was very late.”

“Well, I’m not considering that our first kiss.”

“Nor should you.”

“I’m hoping you can do better.”

“I’m pretty sure I can.”

Clarke knew that after the first kiss, they would be on a whole new level in their relationship, and she wanted to make sure they were both on the same page. “OK, assuming you can, what’s gonna happen afterwards?”

“What’s going to happen afterwards? Well, I’m sure the world as we know it will end.”

Clarke nudged her head again with her foot. “What’s going to happen?”

“I’m pretty sure I would get all hot and bothered and want to rip your clothes off, is that what you want to hear?”

Clarke smiled, “Besides that, I mean that’s a given.”

Lexa looked skyward grinning, knowing where this was going to lead, wondering how long it would take to get there. With Clarke, it could be all night before they kissed. She shook her head at that thought. “What do you want to happen?”

Clarke got momentarily distracted, because Lexa’s ears were adorable and needed some attention from Clarke’s toes so she tickled her ear. “Does that gross you out?”

“What? Your skanky toes in my ear?” Lexa asked, not looking at Clarke, just continuing to page through her book.
Clarke laughed. “They’re clean. I like to toe my friend’s ears. It’s my thing.”

“Well, that’s quite a fetish, and to answer your question, no it doesn’t gross me out. I’ve got sensitive ears so you’re kinda turning me on.”

“Interesting, is that an erogenous zone?”

“Oh definitely.” Clarke saw Lexa’s eyebrows go up with that comment.

“I’ll mark that down for later.”

“How much later? I’m getting older by the minute here.”

Clarke laughed, “So you think we should be further along.”

“I know we should be further along.”

“You have been very patient.”

“Just makes me wonder how long it will be before we have sex.”

“Raven said the summer of 2019.”

“Sounds about right.”

“So do you think we should kiss now?” Clarke asked, gearing up for the big moment.

“Yes, I think we should. We should have a long time ago. I should have gotten in the backseat of your car on that first day and made out with you then.”

“Oh, you think so? You barely looked at me that day. And I wouldn’t have let you.”

“Oh you would have let me. I would have hit that recline button on your seat and dropped you right into my lap. And you were the only thing I looked at that day.”

Clarke thought about that day, remembering her reaction to seeing Lexa for the first time, remembering that feeling in the pit of her stomach, remembering how she knew Lexa kept looking past Raven, remembering how she couldn’t meet her eyes. “You’re probably right, but we would have missed all this. The buildup, the anticipation. C’mon. Tell me this hasn’t been the most fun thing ever. You and me, the flirting, the random touching, the cuddling. Admit it.” Clarke moved so she was now lying behind Lexa. She wrapped her arms around her neck and bit her ear lobe. “Admit it,” she whispered into her ear.

Lexa got major chills on that one. The whisper and the nibble. “You did not just bite my ear lobe.”

“Oh I definitely did. And I’ll do it again. And I’ll keep doing it until you admit how much fun this has been,” and she bit it again. Then she ran her tongue along the outside of Lexa’s ear. She heard a lot of little whimpers and smiled. Did it again, and assaulted her other ear with her hand, running her finger around it, tickling it, working both ears now.

Lexa groaned and closed her eyes, “OK, OK, I give up. I surrender. I admit this has been an absolute blast.” Clarke let go of her ears and sat back up. Lexa took a deep breath and let it out. “Obviously admitting my ears were sensitive was a tactical error on my part. However, paybacks are a bitch, blondie.”

Clarke picked up her phone to take another voice memo, “Lexa’s ears are an erogenous zone.”
“Did you just take another voice memo?”

“I did. I love this thing, can’t believe it took me so long to use it.” She played it back, proud of herself. “Oh wait, what’s this one ‘Lexa called me babe at 830pm’.” Clarke was enjoying herself, gave a little evil laugh. Played the next one, ‘bite lip to turn Lexa on’, “who knew voice memos could be so fun.”

Lexa got up on her knees, turned around and grabbed her phone, pressed the voice memo, “Have sex with Lexa before she’s in adult diapers.”

Clarke laughed and Lexa handed her back her phone and just stared at her.

“What if it’s not very good?” Clarke asked, getting serious for a moment.

Lexa looked at her, raising her eyebrows, “Are we talking about the kiss? Or the movie?”

Clarke laughed, “The kiss.”

“You think it wouldn’t be good?”

“I don’t know. How do we know?” How devastating would that be if the kiss wasn’t good? Clarke had been looking forward to this moment for what seems like forever, and the moment was here, and she hoped that the reality was as good as the fantasy.

“I guess you just do it and find out.”

“Should we?”

“It’s up to you Clarke, but the more we talk about it, the less romantic it becomes.”

“Then maybe we shouldn’t,” Clarke said jokingly.

“Oh my god.” Lexa stood up, grabbed Clarke’s feet and slid her slowly down the couch so she was on her back. She crawled up on the couch, then laid down next to her, and put her head in her hand, leaning up on her elbow.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m gonna kiss you, right here, right now. I’m gonna plant one on you, so prepare yourself.”

“I’m nervous, aren’t you nervous?”

“No, I’m not. Close your eyes.”

“Maybe I should picture you in your underwear,” Clarke said with a little giggle.

“Well, you don’t have to picture me, just say the word and the shorts are off.”

“No, silly. Octavia had just told me a while ago that I should picture you in your underwear, because I was so nervous around you.”

“I would hope that picturing me in my underwear would make you feel something other than less nervous.”

“Oh it does,” Clarke said.
“And by the way, I don’t have any on. Might wanna take a memo on that.”

“Oh,” and now she had her lip caught between her teeth just looking at Lexa, and Lexa felt weak. She began closing the distance between them, inches apart.

“You realize this will be our first official kiss,” Clarke said quietly, as she stared at Lexa’s lips, which were now millimeters from her own.

“If you keep talking, it might be our last.”

“It’s just that…” and Lexa reached out with her finger and put it against Clarke's lips. Clarke smiled, closed her eyes and waited.

She didn’t have to wait long, as Lexa’s lips replaced her finger. She gently placed them on Clarke’s. Her sigh was inaudible, but Clarke’s slipped out. She moved her lips over Clarke’s, softly, not demanding anything. Clarke would have to drive this if she wanted more. Lexa pulled back, turned her head and captured Clarke’s lips again, the kiss deepening a little now. She pulled back again and looked at Clarke, whose eyes were still close, her mouth partially open. Clarke blinked her eyes open. She looked back down at Lexa’s lips, and moved in to continue what they started. Just soft kisses to start, kissing, checking in on each other, taking a breath between the kisses. Lexa could only take so much of that, and she moved her hand behind Clarke’s neck wanting to kiss her deeper. She opened her mouth a little and Clarke’s tongue slipped in. This time Lexa moaned, as Clarke’s tongue explored inside her mouth. Clarke’s breath was coming quicker now, she’d been thinking about this for weeks now, and she knew what she wanted, she wanted that lower lip, so she wrapped her lips around it, and softly sucked on it, and heard Lexa groan again from deep in her throat. Clarke released it and pulled back a little, looking at Lexa, and loving the expression on her face. She looked blown away when their eyes met, and Clarke smiled, knowing she was the cause of that look. Lexa was a drug, and right now Clarke couldn’t get enough, and she began kissing her again, whimpering like a school girl every time Lexa’s tongue touched hers, and Clarke felt the true meaning of the word swoon. She’d read it all the time, how people swooned, but never actually felt it, until now. She was actually swooning.

They continued kissing for what felt like forever. Fingers tangling in each other's hair, tongues chasing and playing. Sighs and moans mingling with their shared breath. The heat inside of Lexa felt like an inferno. She was going to lose control in minute, and she knew they had to slow things down, so she pulled back, breathing heavily. She leaned her forehead against Clarke’s, both of them were trembling a little bit. Lexa closed her eyes to gather herself. Clarke's hand was cupping her face, caressing her cheek.

Clarke really wanted more, much more, but something was holding her back. She was still unsure of what was going on in Lexa’s head. Doubts creeping in, afraid she was just going to be another conquest for her. Clarke was running her thumb over Lexa’s bottom lip now, mesmerized by it. Lexa opened her eyes, and Clarke saw such want there, it left her breathless.

Lexa was the first one to find her voice, and it was soft and husky, and Clarke was dying, it sounded so sexy. “So Clarke, was it all you hoped it would be, for a first kiss?” She began nuzzling Clarke’s neck, waiting for her to respond, “No words?” Still no response from Clarke. She pulled away and looked at her, “You, Clarke Griffin, are actually speechless?” Clarke nodded, her eyes filling up. Lexa noticed and reached her hand up to Clarke’s face, “Hey, are you OK?”

Clarke put her hand over Lexa’s and just nodded her head. She really couldn’t verbalize what she felt right now. How could she tell her how crazy she was about her, how head over heels? She couldn’t say anything, not yet. The price was too steep if Lexa didn’t return the feelings.
“Was the kiss bad?” Lexa knew it wasn’t, but felt like she needed to ask. Clarke shook her head.
“Was the kiss good?”

Now Clarke was nodding, still afraid to speak, she didn’t want to be crying, not now. God, if she started crying, then her nose would run, and then she’d be sniffling, and there goes more kissing until she cleans herself up.

Lexa was at a loss as to why Clarke almost cried, so she gathered her in her arms, flipped them both over so Lexa was now her back and Clarke was stretched out on top of her, holding her, stroking her hair. Clarke just melted into her, she could have stayed there forever, and Lexa just held her, her hands reaching under Clarke’s shirt, her finger tips drawing lazy circles all over her back. Eventually she heard Clarke release a big sigh, and she picked her head up off of Lexa’s chest and looked at her. “Hey beautiful, you OK?”

“Yeah, sorry for getting a little emotional.” She put her head back on Lexa’s chest, listening to her heart beat.

“It’s all good. Although I must admit I never kissed a girl and made her cry before,” she said, smiling into her hair. Clarke rolled to the side a little, laying more next to her than on top of her, so she could see her, put her head in her hand as she leaned on her elbow. “The kiss was pretty incredible,” Lexa offered.

“Was fucking incredible.”

“Yeah, it was fucking incredible.” Now Lexa was grinning ear to ear. “I think we can do better though,” she said with a devilish twinkle in her eye. Clarke bit her lip, and Lexa groaned, “Oh don’t do that.”

Clarke released her lip and moved in closer, her lips brushing softly against Lexa’s, “Would it be OK if I said that I wasn’t totally ready to go any further than this?” And she began kissing Lexa again.

Lexa broke it off, reluctantly. “Yes, of course, we don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. Not until you’re ready,” she said breathlessly.

Clarke brought her lips back for a quickie, and then pulled back “Promise?”

“Oh my god, another promise,” Lexa playfully groaned.

Clarke laughed and was hovering very close to Lexa’s lips now. “Promise?” She whispered, lips brushing Lexa’s, her tongue tracing along them. Lexa removed her hand from under Clarke’s shirt, and held up her pinky. Clarke looked at it and laughed, locking hers with Lexa’s, looking down at Lexa, moving her lips closer.

“I promise,” Lexa breathed into Clarke’s mouth as they began exploring again.

Clarke was grinning into the kiss now, “I guess this means our friendship is pretty much fucked.” She pulled back to catch her breath, then moved back in. “I mean, friends do not kiss like this.” Lexa was learning that Clarke could have entire conversations while kissing, and it made her wonder how chatty she would be in bed. “You know what else this means, don’t you?” More kissing, “It means we’re dating.” Lexa was leaning up, trying to recapture Clarke’s lips, finding it hard with all the talking, “Right?”

“Yes, dating,” Lexa said between short breaths, her tongue running along Clarke’s lower lip now.

“Oh god.” Clarke was momentarily distracted by her tongue, “I’m serious Lexa, we’ve moved onto
the next stage. Right?” She had made her way to Lexa’s ears again, and Lexa started to whimper a little bit. “No more sleeping around.” Clarke obviously had no idea that Lexa had stopped that the moment she met Clarke.

“Clarke, I haven’t been with anyone since I met you, I swear. Do you need me to sign a statement or something? Cause I will,” Lexa said kiddingly.

Clarke came in now and kissed her so deeply she almost passed out. “No, I trust you.”

Lexa’s head was spinning, this woman was too much, and she had never, ever met anyone like this. Here she was, thirty years old, making out on a couch, and she wouldn’t want to be anywhere else in the world right now, but here, with Clarke, kissing each other senseless like teenagers.

Finally Clarke knew she was almost past the breaking point, of falling off this cliff and ripping off clothes. She rolled off of Lexa and purposefully, playfully fell on the floor next to the couch, lying down because she knew she had no strength. Everything about her felt like jello right now.

Lexa rolled onto her side to peer down at her. “Whatcha doing down there?”

“Catching my breath, trying to find my self-control.”

“Self-control is overrated.”

“Gotta cool off a bit. It’s a little warm up there on the couch. I’m sweating in all the wrong places.”

“Yeah, well, you might wanna come back up here, don’t want you catching a chill.”

Clarke laughed, “We don’t want that,” and she crawled back up on the couch, and crushed her mouth to Lexa’s. Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke, and moved her onto her back, never breaking their kiss. Her hand started to wander a little bit, going down Clarke’s side and finding its way under her shirt, lightly brushing back and forth across her stomach, rising a little higher. Clarke broke off the kiss, “Where you goin’?” she asked, and then began kissing her again.

Lexa pulled back a little, “What?” She smiled into Clarke’s lips.

“That hand of yours seems to be on a walkabout.”

“It really has a mind of its own, sometimes,” Lexa said as she kissed Clarke’s jaw line. Lexa’s thumb was now lightly caressing around the top of Clarke’s shorts.

Damn that hand was quick Clarke thought to herself.

“Maybe we need to revisit our friendship rules, well, I guess we’re not friends anymore,” Lexa said as she made her way to Clarke’s ears, flicking her tongue at her lobe. “Dating rules now I guess.”

“Uh.” Clarke didn’t even hear her, her sense of hearing left her as soon as Lexa’s tongue went inside her ear.

“Clarke?”

“Uh….. huh? What? Oh, dating rules, okay.” Now Lexa’s lips were back on Clarke’s, all talk of rules momentarily forgotten. The next time they came up for air Clarke didn’t even know what day it was. “What?”

Lexa smiled again into her lips, “Rules?”
“Oh, yeah, okay,” Clarke said, trying to catch her breath.

“Flirting still okay? I mean, I think that’s a given, until 2019, then it becomes moot.” Lexa’s tongue was lazily circling her ear.

“Yeah, flirt. Still. Good.”

“Kissing with tongue, I think we have recently established that the no fly zone has been lifted?” And Lexa buried her tongue in Clarke’s mouth. Clarke’s eyes rolled to the back of her head. “Clarke?” Lexa asked as she pulled back, “Agreed?”

“Yeah, yeah, agree. That, with you.”

“Okay, now, that’s kissing on the mouth, the original rule, correct?” And Lexa started nibbling on Clarke’s jaw.

“What, yeah, that.”

“What about kissing other places, like, here for instance,” and Lexa’s lips found their way to Clarke’s neck, which unbeknownst to her was Clarke’s erogenous zone.

“Oh god, oh god.”

“You okay?” Lexa pulled back, looking down at Clarke with mock concern. “Did I hit a nerve?”

“You hit something,” Clarke groaned.

“Mmm, okay, so, kissing here is allowed?” She asked as her lips and tongue traveled up and down her neck.

“That’s, oh god, that’s...fine, that’s allowed, yeah, right there.”

Lexa’s lips traveled lower, and her teeth raked across Clarke’s collar bone, “Here OK?”

“Oh boy,” Clarke panted. “I think so,” she whimpered. She needed Raven’s maxipad right about now, and even that wouldn’t be enough. “Maybe we should table kissing other places, come back to it.”

“Okay, okay, fair enough.” Lexa’s lips found their way back to Clarke’s. In the next breath Lexa asked, “Should we cover random touching next?”

“I guess?” Clarke asked hesitantly, almost afraid of where this was going, not sure she had the self control to get through it.

Lexa’s hand was back under Clarke’s shirt, “So, this is okay?” And she softly trailed her fingers over Clarke’s stomach.

“Oh, that’s...” Clarke couldn’t finish.

“Okay? That’s okay?” Lexa finished for her. And now she had Clarke’s lip caught between her teeth.

As soon as Clarke got her lip back she nodded, “Uh huh. That’s okay.”

Lexa’s hand once again went a little higher, brushing the bottom of Clarke’s breast. “How about here?”
“Ah, I’m thinking maybe that’s a little no fly zone.”

“Not a gray area?”

“No, I think, for now, oh,” Lexa’s fingers circled around, “for now, we’ll call that off limits, for now.”

“Fair enough, fair enough.” Now Lexa’s fingers traveled lower, her finger tip at the top of her shorts, slipping inside a little, going a little lower, “How about here?”

“Oh boy, oh boy, ah, probably not.”

“Okay, got it. So, just to be clear, just to recap,” and Lexa moved her hand back up and covered Clarke’s breast and squeezed a tiny bit, her lips playing with Clarke’s, “this area is off limits, for now.”

Clarke almost fainted.

She brought her hand out from under Clarke’s shirt and put it right over the zipper on Clarke’s shorts, pressing her hand down a little, “And here, also a no go, for now?”

And Clarke did faint then, at least she felt like she did, because she didn’t remember the ensuing few seconds after that question. “What?”

Lexa started giggling now, she knew Clarke was a hot mess.

“What?” Clarke asked not knowing which end was up right now.

“I told you pay backs were a bitch,” she whispered into her ear.

“Oh my god, I hate you, not really.” And now Clarke was giggling, it had been torture of the sweetest kind. They moved onto their sides now, facing each other, arms and legs entwined. “That was not very nice.”

“Oh, you loved it.”

“Okay, I did.” Clarke said as she ran her finger along Lexa’s jaw and over her lips. Clarke paused for bit, catching her breath. “So what other erogenous zones do I need to know about, besides your ears?”

“You mean besides the two obvious ones?”

“Yes.”

“Let’s see, funny enough, behind my knees, that’s a sensitive area.”

“Interesting.” Clarke figured it had been at least a minute since their last kiss, so she remedied that. When she pulled her lips back she asked, “Where else?”

Lexa opened her eyes and decided that Clarke was a most excellent kisser. “Ah, let’s see, the area inside my hip bone, here,” and Lexa showed Clarke the exact spot. “Drives me wild when someone touches that. If you’re touching that, you better finish the job. Might want to take a memo on that one also. So, you’re getting all this dirt on me and my turn on spots, I got nothing on you. Give it up. What turns you on?”

Clarke thought for a moment, “Just looking at you turns me on. You just have to show up. No, you
don’t actually, I just have to think about you. I’ve basically been in a constant state of turned on since I met you.” That earned Clarke a very deep kiss from Lexa. When it was time to breathe, Clarke divulged what her sensitive area was, “and my neck, that’s the spot, if I had to pick a spot.”

“Oh, I hit that spot pretty hard didn’t I?”

“You did, yeah, you nailed it. Left me a quivering mess back there. If we keep up the action on this couch we may have to get a plastic cover for it.”

Lexa laughed. “I can get a tarp for it. You know, I have connections for those types of things.”

“Yeah, I have to admit, I’m pretty damn hot and bothered right now. At least I have underwear on, I don’t know how you’re doing.”

“I will probably have to remove my shorts with a shoe horn. A short size shoe horn.”

“Maybe a spatula would work, like the bigger ones that flip pancakes and such.”

“Or one of those things you cook pizza on.”

“Na, that’s too big, you have a tiny little ass,” Clarke said.

“Regardless, they will be difficult to remove at this point.”

“I could cut them off. I have a big pair of scissors.” Clarke finally had access to the front of Lexa’s shirt, so she slipped her hand under it and caressed her stomach. “You know you are a rare combination of very fucking funny and very fucking sexy. You are a very complete, beautiful package.” She looked at Lexa who had her eyes closed. “Hello?” Clarke whispered into her ear.

Lexa smiled with her eyes still closed. “Huh?” She wanted to take Clarke’s hand and move it higher, or lower. “I encourage walkabouts, just an FYI.”

Clarke giggled in her ear, “We have established rules regarding those things.”

“Rules are meant to be broken.”

“But we pinky swore.”

“Pinky swears turn me on.”

“Everything seems to turn you on.”

“Good point. Everything about you, that’s for sure.” Lexa glanced at the clock, “Wow, do you know what time it is?”

Clarke looked over at it. “Holy smokes. Have we been at it that long?” And they both started laughing. “Holy shit. That’s a helluva first kiss.”

“I guess so, if it lasted that long,” Lexa said.

“It was the best first kiss ever,” Clarke said as she lightly kissed Lexa’s mouth.

“It certainly was. And I’m not just saying that because your hand is dangerously close to my breast.”

They spent the next couple of hours making out, taking breaks, and talking about their lives, never losing contact with each other, never leaving the couch, never leaving each others’ arms. Clarke told
Lexa about her dad, and how she would perform for her family, and how she got into acting because of her father’s death. “God Clarke, that’s so sad, that must have been devastating for you being so young.”

“I was devastated. He was everything to me, you know? I’m going to win an Oscar some day, and I’m going to dedicate it to him in my speech.”

“There’s no doubt in my mind that you’ll win one someday. I’ve always felt that you were a great actress.”

“Well, thank you. What about your parents? You never mention them much.”

“They died in a car accident about a year before Costia died. Drunk driver.”

“Oh shit.”

“Yeah, couple of difficult years there.”

Clarke squeezed her a little tighter. “That’s really awful.”

“Wow, let’s get off the depressing stuff.”

“Good idea.”

Lexa started telling Clarke stories about her childhood, growing up with Anya. Making her laugh at all the times Anya would throw her down, trying to toughen her up. “She sounds like she was a little awful back then,” Clarke said.

“Back then? Have you already forgotten the incident from a couple weeks ago?”

“How could I?” Clarke kissed Lexa’s shoulder, “Wanted to do that when we were on the phone.”

“That’s sweet, thank you. Where was I?”

“Your mean big sister beat the living crap out of you all the time. She was awful, but she really likes me.” Clarke moved her lips back up to Lexa’s neck.

Lexa laughed, “Yeah she does.” She closed her eyes for a moment, concentrating on Clarke’s lips on her neck, amazed at the sensations they were causing. “But I guess she wasn’t that bad. She was tough on me when it was just us. But around other people, she was really protective. There was this one kid, a few years older than me, I was maybe fourteen? I was at an awkward stage in my development. Believe it or not, I was a little gawky as a teenager.”

Clarke stopped kissing, “What, did you have like frizzy hair and braces?”

“Did Anya show you a picture?”

“No, oh my god, you were gawky? That’s hysterical,” Clarke said as her tongue and lips continued their assault on Lexa’s neck.

“Yeah, well, I was a late bloomer.”

“Was that before or after you were called hearteyes?”

“My hearteyes nickname came about when I was sixteen.” Clarke’s tongue was so very distracting at the moment. “Wait, what was I saying? Oh yeah, this older kid was making fun of me and Anya
basically beat the shit out of him.”
“Holy crap.”
“Yeah, she was and is a tough muther.”
“Was she a black belt then?” Clarke did her karate moves like before.
“You’re funny, with those karate chops, she was not a black belt at that time, but she was training to be. Needless to say nobody made fun of me after that.”
“And when did you bloom?”
Lexa smiled, “I guess when I was about eighteen things started to come together for me.”
“Boy, did they ever. I think we’ve bored Yogi, he’s been asleep for a while.”
“Where is he?” And Lexa spotted him over by the door. “I wonder if he has to go out.” Lexa knew it was getting late, very late, and she had to get up very early tomorrow. “I hate to say this, I really do, but I have to get going.”
Clarke sat up, “No, no, no. Why don’t you sleep over?”
“Where pray tell would I sleep? And don’t say with you, because there is not enough self control in the world to keep me away from you tonight.”
“I was going to say with me, but I guess your lack of self control puts the kibosh on that. There’s the spare bedroom.”
“What if I sleep walk? And wander into your bedroom. You will suddenly have a naked me in bed with you.”
Clarke collapsed back on top of her, “Don’t sleep naked. Maybe we need to break out that burqa again.”
Lexa started laughing, “Oh, no, I run too hot for that. You will have to sleep alone tonight.”
Clarke was bummed. “When will we get together again?”
“This new job is in the total opposite direction of you, unfortunately. Might not be ‘til the weekend.” Now Lexa was buming, thinking about how far away the weekend seemed. “I’m sorry. I wish it was closer.”
“I guess we’ll survive.” Clarke sighed, “I’m getting up now.” And she lifted herself off of Lexa and stood up.
Lexa dragged herself off the couch also and pulled Clarke in for a hug. “Thank you for an epic night of making out.”
“Mmm. How do those shorts feel?” Clarke asked looking up at her.
“They’re a little sticky,” she said laughing. “Guess I better get all my stuff from the kitchen.” They both packed up everything she brought. They walked to the front door holding hands. “I’ll put this stuff in the truck and come back and give you a proper goodbye kiss, OK?”
“Okay.”
Lexa put her bags in the car, and put Yogi in the back seat. She walked back to Clarke who was standing on the step on the front landing. When Lexa stood in front of her, she stayed on the sidewalk so they were eye to eye. She pulled Clarke’s hips into hers and rested her forehead on Clarke’s. “Thank you for a truly unforgettable night. You should probably get that couch steam cleaned.”

“Eh, we’ll just be back on it this weekend, right?”

“Trudat.” Lexa said with a smile. She rubbed her nose against Clarke’s, closed her eyes and kissed her, a long, slow, seductive kiss.

Clarke groaned and wrapped her arms around her neck, pushing her body into Lexa’s. When they broke apart, Clarke sighed. “You know how long I’ve been waiting for a goodbye kiss? I mean, the kiss on the cheek was nice and all, but this is so much better.”

“Yes it is. Okay, I’m leaving now,” Lexa said as she cupped Clarke’s face in her hands and gave her one last quick kiss. “Good night, blue eyes, beautiful, sexy, lover of baby goats.” She turned to go and Clarke wrapped her arms around her from behind, walking with her. They started laughing, and Clarke jumped up on her back. “Oh, boy,” and Lexa caught her legs. “We doing this? Am I piggy backing you to my truck?”

“Yes, you’re giving me a piggy back ride.”

“Okay, haven’t done this is a while. How’s the ride so far?”

“Very good, you’re very strong.”

“I remember when I was little I tried to get Anya to give me a piggy back ride.”

“What happened?”

“She flipped me off and onto my back, on the driveway. I thought I broke something. She told me to suck it up. She’s so precious.”

Clarke liked the fact that she had free access to Lexa’s ears while piggy backing and she nibbled on her ear lobe.

When Lexa made it to her truck, she let go of Clarke's legs. “OK, I’m leaving now.”

“You said that ten minutes ago,” Clarke said with a smile.

“You’re very distracting.”

“Shouldn’t you walk me back to the door?” Clarke asked innocently.

“Wait, we just walked out here, now you want me to walk you back to your door?”

“It could be dangerous. We never found out who ate the purple chicken garden gnome. You wouldn’t want anything to happen to me, would you?”

“God no, not before I get laid.” She turned around and offered Clarke her back again, and Clarke hopped on. “Oh boy, whoa, OK, take a memo, would you babe? Lexa needs to do more squats at the gym if this is gonna be your main mode of transportation.”

Clarke’s heart was so full right now she thought it was going to burst. She almost blurted out something, but thought it was too soon. She busied herself with kissing Lexa’s neck instead.
When Lexa made it back to the front door, she let go of Clarke’s legs, “Coming down. Whew. OK, good work out. Feels like Ground Hog Day. Goodbye you.”

“Goodbye.” And Clarke kissed her one last time, then kissed her again, then again. “Get out of here, before I break the rules.”

Lexa started walking away, not looking back, waving her hand in the air, “Goodbye Clarke Griffin,” mimicking the first time she said goodbye those many, many weeks ago.


“That’s because they’re stuck to me.” She opened the front door of the truck, smiling back at her, got in, waved, and drove off.

Clarke watched her drive off, feeling happier than she ever felt in her life.

She went into the house, needing to talk to someone, wanting to share her excitement, it was a little late, but she figured Raven would still be awake. She needed her best friend right now, so she called her.

“Clarke, it’s late, are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

“Is Lexa okay?”

“God, yes, we’re all okay. Sorry, were you asleep?”

“No, not yet, I’m in bed, but not asleep, obviously. What’s up? You’re usually in bed by now.”

“Well, Lexa just left.”

“Oh yeah? And?”

“And we just made out for like hours.”

“You made out for hours?”

“Yeah, and it was fantastic.”

Raven called out to Niylah. “Honey? Clarke finally popped her cherry.”

“Congratulations Clarke,” Niylah called from the bathroom.

“We just kissed, I don’t think you call that popping your cherry. We made it to first base,” Clarke clarified.

“Honey? Correction, there was no cherry popping. Clarke made it to first base.”

“Was she safe?” Niylah asked.

Raven figured Clarke had to have been safe at first, “Did you make it to second?”

Clarke pondered that one, “Ah, what exactly is second again?”

“Boob touching.” She looked over at Niylah, “Yo babe, second is boob touching right?”
“Yeah, boobs,” Niylah confirmed.

“Like a full grab, right?” Raven asked her GF.

“Yeah, a full grab,” Niylah said.

“Okay, Clarke, a full boob grab is second base.”

“She did kinda grab it,” Clarke explained.

“Kinda grabbed it. Hold on,” she moved the phone away from her mouth, “honey, what about kinda grabbed it, is that getting to second?”

Niylah rolled her eyes, “Kinda grabbed it? What kind of lesbians are you? What do you mean by kinda grabbed it?”

Raven turned her attention back to the phone, “Clarke, we’re unclear on the kinda grabbed it part. Did she touch the nip?”

Clarke never knew how she got involved in these kinds of conversations with Raven. They always start out so innocent, and before she knew it, they were talking about boob grabs and nips. She put her head in her hand. Now that the conversation was started, she had to see it through, “She may have inadvertently touched the nip, while in the process of grabbing the boob.”

Raven pulled the phone away again, “Hey, there was inadvertent nip touching, hon.”

Niylah shook her head, “It sounds like she didn’t really make it to second.”

“You hear that Clarke? You’re stuck at first. Oh hold on, she’s still talking, what babe?”

“Sounds like she may have rounded first, and tried for second, but didn’t quite get there.” Niylah was a big baseball fan.

Raven nodded at her, and put the phone back to her mouth, “Clarke you got caught in a run down, sorry, you didn’t make it to second.”

Clarke was annoyed that she didn’t make it to second. “She grabbed my crotch a bit.”

“Whoa, hold up.” Raven turned back to Niylah who was flossing her teeth now, “Hey, Niy, there was a crotch grab. I’m sorry, Clarke’s crotch got grabbed a bit. Like the boob kinda got grabbed. Nothing’s definitive in this relationship.”

Niylah thought about it for a second, “Was the crotch clothed?”

“Hear that Clarkie? Was it a straight shot to the crotch, or was there cotton interference?”

“I had my shorts on,” Clarke said sullenly, knowing she was probably thrown out at second.

Raven turned back Niylah, “Honey, it was topside, fully clothed. She’s shaking her head Clarke, I think you’re still stuck with a single. So, making out for hours. You must have left a hell of an oil slick on that couch.”

“That’s gross.”

“That’s biology. You probably could’ve used my maxipad.”
“She’s a really great kisser.”

“Well you don’t have to tell me that. Girl’s gotta a killer set of lips, especially that bottom one, oh that was soft.”

“What?” Niylah asked in an annoyed voice as she got into bed.

“Nothing honey. So why was there no cherry popping?”

“We’re gonna take it slow.”

“Oh god, what chapter are we on in the wooing book?”

“Is she still wooing?” Niylah called out from the other side of the bed.

“She is Niy, the Wooster is still wooing.”

“Stop it. I just didn’t want to jump right into sex on our first night.”

“It’s not your first night, you’ve known her for months.”

“Well, we’re officially dating now, this was our first date, and I’m not having sex on the first date.”

“What about the second date?”

“I don’t think so.”

“What are you waiting for?”

“I think I want to make sure she feels what I’m feeling.”

“And what are you feeling?” Clarke didn’t answer right away. “Clarke?”

“I think I’m in love.”

“Is that like kinda in love, like kinda grabbed this and kinda grabbed that? Cause at some point somebody’s gotta go all in here.”

“No, I’m pretty sure I’m there. But I want to hear it from her first, before we have sex.”

“So, you’re gonna wait for her to say it, and she’s probably waiting for you to say it, it’s like a game of chicken. A game of sexual chicken. Meanwhile, nobody is getting laid.”

“You’re getting laid,” Niylah said as she crawled to Raven’s side of the bed.

Clarke didn’t quite hear that, “What did she say?”

“She said it’s getting late.”

“Oh, sorry I can let you go.”

“No, no, you’re okay Clarke. I think you should have a party.”

“What? Why am I having a party?”

“To show off your backyard, we’ll invite the gang over on Saturday. We can all watch you and Lexa play chicken.”
“I don’t know if I want to have a party,” Clarke said.

“Honey, Saturday at Clarke’s, big party. Oh, boy, oh.” Raven groaned a little.

“What was that?”

“Niylah’s a better base runner than you Clarke, she just made it to second.”

“What, I’m on the phone with you. Really?”

“Evidently talking baseball turns ma girl on, majorly.”

“Well, you could at least wait until I get off the phone.” Clarke received no response from Raven, “Hello?”

“Sorry Clarke, she’s stretching it into a triple.” Her voice a little gravely now.

“What is getting to third base anyway?” Clarke asked, she wasn’t quite sure, momentarily forgetting what was going on at the other end of the phone. “Rav? What’s getting to third, exactly?” Crickets. “What’s going on over there?”

“Sorry Clarke, it’s an inside-the-parker, gotta go see you Saturday.”

“What’s Saturday?” Clarke was talking to a dial tone. Crap. Somehow she was having a little get together Saturday.

Chapter End Notes

So I had the TSA ‘majorly feel you up frisk’ last weekend at the Tampa airport. Woman, who I thought was family, asked me if I wanted to go to a private room. Oook. No. Frisked the shit out of me. Talking the whole time, telling me where she was going to touch, how she was going to use the back of her hands over the sensitive areas, like ma breasts and ma crotch. Talking, talking, I felt like Lexa listening to Clarke talking thru the whole “first kiss.” At one point I asked, “Whatcha looking for?” She didn’t crack a smile, “anything that shouldn’t be here,” she said. She was impervious to my charms. And no fun! That was my inspiration for the frisk references. Anyway, hope you enjoyed the chapter. Not sure when the next update will be ready, haven’t written a darn thing yet.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

The Clexa relationship moves along at Clarke speed. Begins day after first Clexa kiss.

Chapter Notes

Not totally in love with this one. It took me forever to do it. Ugh. I need a muse. Then you read it and you’re done in minutes it seems. So read it slowly, or twice. To make me feel better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa sat down around lunch time, kicked off her socks and her boots and leaned her head back against a tree. She was exhausted. She got back from Clarke’s late last night, and then sleep was hard to come by. Her body was too awake. She closed her eyes and thought about Clarke. She missed her already. Yeah, she had it bad. She looked at her phone and brought up Clarke’s picture on her contact page. She needed this, so she pressed the call button.

After a few rings, Clarke picked up. “Hey, wow, you’re actually facetimeing me? What a treat.”

“Hey you, blonde girl, how you doing?”

“I’m doing OK, a little tired, but OK.”

“Well, I missed your face, looking at a picture only does so much. Why you tired?”

“Do you have to ask?”

Lexa smiled, “No, I’m sure it’s the same reason I’m tired.”

“You should have just stayed over, I’m sure we could have managed to behave ourselves.”

“Maybe next time. I’ll pack that burqa. What are you up to tonight?”

”Why? You coming over?” Clarke asked eagerly.

“God, I wish. This job is forty-five minutes away from my house, then another forty-five down to you, and that’s without traffic.”

“I know. I have a dinner meeting tonight anyway with Bell and Monty. So, I talked to Raven last night.”

“Oh boy, did you give her the blow by blow?”

“Did we get to second base?”
“Last night?”

“Yeah. She says we didn’t.”

“Oh my, you did give her the blow by blow.”

“Is that OK? Crap, I’m so used to telling her everything that goes on in my life, does that bother you? Cause if it does I won’t talk to her.”

“Clarke, she’s your best friend, I have no problems with you talking to her. Now, tell me about this second base thing.”

“Well, she says we didn’t make it to second base. But I thought we kinda did.”

“Yeah, no. We didn’t make it to second.”

“But I seem to remember, just a little bit.”

“Yeeahhh. No.”

“Dammit.”

“If it’s that important to you, I’m sure I can remedy that this weekend. That will not be hard to do.”

Clarke laughed, “No, it’s not that important. Wait, it is important, just, you know what I mean.”

“Yes, I know what you mean.”

“I mean, there’s a natural progression to these things, right? We’re on the path, going down the path, walking down that path to a relationship.”


“There’s nothing wrong with taking things slow.”

“I know, I’m just teasing you.”

“Remember at the pool that day, Raven said welcome to Clarke’s plan?”

“I do remember, damn, wanted to ask you about that before. What’s your plan, beautiful?”

“That was my plan, that we would take things slow, see how we felt about each other. I mean, I know there was a physical attraction, right away, right?”

“Absolutely.”

“Instead of just acting on that, I wanted to see what else would develop. So, I figured I would kinda woo you.”

“Woo me?”

“Yeah, woo you.”

“You? Are wooing me?”

“Yeah, I’ve been wooing you. You know, wooing.”
“I know wooing. Just never been a victim of it. So explain your version of wooing.” Lexa loved to play devil’s advocate.

“I just really like you, is all, and I really have from the get go, and I thought I wanted to get to know you as a friend, and see where it went. See if there could be something else besides friendship between us.”

“And I think we’ve established that there is something here besides friendship, right? And if one of us was wooing, I think it’s been me, don’t you?” Lexa asked.

“You? You’ve been wooing me?”

“I think so, I’m the more aggressive one, you’re slowing things up and I try and speed things up. That’s more like wooing.”

“Well, maybe there are two types of wooing,” Clarke said.

“I don’t think so, face it Clarke, you’ve been wooed.”

“No wait, I wooed you. I’m the wooer.”

“Nope.”

“C’mon, I’m the wooer.”

“Negative.”

“Maybe I need to look up wooing. Are you sure? Damn, this whole time I thought I was wooing. And you’re saying I have actually been the wooee.”

“Yes, you OK with that? Being wooed?”

Clarke took a minute to think about it, “I think I kinda like it, to be honest with you. Just don’t tell Raven.”

“You’re secret is safe with me.”

“So are you bummed that you’re stuck with someone who takes things this slow?”

“I could never be bummed about being stuck with you, let’s be clear about that. I’m incredibly happy with everything. OK?”

“Awe, that’s nice, thanks. Oh, speaking of Raven, she wants us to have a get together with the gang this Saturday here at the house, a little barbecue. I was thinking you could invite Luna and Anya.”

“Wants us? Should we be throwing parties together if we haven’t made it to second base yet?”

“Shut up,” Clarke said playfully. “If you play your cards right, second base might not be that far off.”

“Oh, now we’re talking. Is that a promise? Cause I’ll pinky swear the shit out of that one. And, I’ll add it to the list of incredible things that will happen if I play my cards right.”

“When else did I say that?”

“Let’s see, when was it, oh, traveling first class someday.”
“Oh, right.”

“I think we need to play cards soon.”

“So are we having a little party?”

“We are, how many people constitutes the gang?!”

“Well, there’s us, Raven and Nylah, Anya and Luna if they come, O and Linc, Bell and Echo, Monty and Harper. That’s it. So, what, twelve?!”

“Oh, that’s not a lot, OK. We just gonna make something then? And when I saw we, I mean me.”

“Very funny, I can get it catered. I’m sure you’re busy enough without preparing food for twelve.”

“It’s not that much, really. We can both do it Saturday, and when I say both, I mean me.”

“Yeah, you’re funny, I’m not as bad as you’re making me out to be.”

Lexa heard making and out in the same sentence, “There’s nothing bad at all when we’re making out.”

Clarke was thinking about the menu, “What?”

Lexa loved when she caught Clarke a little of guard, “So, how about we grill maybe steak and salmon, have a salad, and what else?”

“How about this, I’ll buy everything, and you can grill. I’ll get the meat, I can also make the salad, remember my mad knife skills, and I’ll buy some potato salad, pasta salad and dessert.”

“Sounds like a plan. And you know Luna loves to cook, so if she volunteers anything, I’ll let you know.”

“When will I get to see you? I feel very mentally stimulated when you’re around.”

“Oh, just mentally huh? I will be there bright and early Saturday morning, how’s that?”

“As long as we have some couch time, I’ll be good. And how about a slumber party? Think you’ll be up for it this time?”

“Is everyone invited?”

“No silly, just us, a slumber party for two.”

“I would like that.”

“Good.” Clarke was suddenly very, very happy.

“Well, my lunch is over and I have to get back to work, so I’m gonna say goodbye now. I’ll catch you later?”

“OK, I miss you and goodbye.”

“Hey, I miss you too, later k?”

“Bye Lexa.”
“Clarke?”

“Yeah?”

“You’re a pretty good wooer.”

“Oh, now you admit it, don’t you? I knew it, I knew I was wooing.”

“Goodbye Clarke, have a good day.”

“Goodbye wooee.”

Lexa came in the door after work and was greeted by Yogi and Anya. “Well, well, here you are, what time did you get home last night?”

“Late.”

“Yeah, and?”

“My god, I just walked in the door. Give me a minute.”

“OK, dinner’s almost ready.”

“I’ll go take a quick shower and be right back down.”

“Hurry up!”

Lexa made her way back downstairs and sat down at the table. She decided to have a little fun and ignore the questioning stares she was getting.

Luna tried to be diplomatic. “How did the new job go today?”

“Fuck that shit, give it up.” Anya was anxious to hear about the date. “How did the flowers go over?”

Lexa smiled and shook her head, Anya was so predictable. “They went over well. She said it was very romantic and that she was impressed.”

“I knew it. I knew it. Yes.” Anya was verbally patting herself on the back. Now they were both staring at Lexa, waiting patiently for more details.

“Can you pass the salad, please,” Lexa asked sweetly. Luna passed her the salad, and she slowly put some in her bowl, taking her time. She put the bowl down, “May I please have the salad dressing also?” Luna passed her the salad dressing. Lexa put the dressing on her salad, and made a mental bet with herself on how long it would take Anya to freak out. She figured about eight seconds.

The roll hit her in the chest at five. She should have taken the under. “I was just going to ask for the rolls, thank you.” The roll had landed in her lap so she picked it up and started to butter it. Now, she bet in about four seconds, well, there went a carrot right off her head. Again, she should have played the under. She looked up just as Luna said, “No, not the steak.” Anya put the steak down. “Yes?” Lexa asked innocently.

“I think your sister would like to know how the rest of the date went, after you gave her the flowers.”
“Oh, well why didn’t you just ask me then?” she said to Anya.

“How did the rest of your date go?” Anya asked pleasantly.

“I think it went well.”

“Did you kiss finally? On the lips?”

“We did, we did. For about four hours.”

Anya grinned wildly, reached over and pulled her head in for a kiss. “Now that’s what I’m talking about. That’s my baby sis. Well done.”

“Was that all that got kissed?” Luna asked, her head in her hand.

“Well, you know, a few other places, but nothing below the neck.”

“So no sex,” Anya stated.

“Correct, there was no sexual activity.”

“You kissed for four hours, and you stayed above the neck. Impressive willpower. Didn’t know you had it in you.”

“Well, my lips stayed above the neck, my hand may have wandered a little.”

Anya looked at her, “So, kissing, and groping? And no sex? Still impressive,” she said as she slapped her on the back.

“I think that’s great. Too many people go right to sex, too quickly,” Luna said.

“We kissed and went right to sex,” Anya said.

“But we were friends for two years prior to kissing.”

“Oh god, I hope I don’t have to wait two years,” Lexa said as she ate her salad. “My parts might stop working. Is that possible?”

“I don’t think so,” Anya said.

“You couldn’t hold out for two years?” Luna asked.

“My god no, and don’t act like you could. Let’s not forget while you two were friending it up, you were not celibate.” Lexa looked at Anya, “You were fucking around cause you were destroyed by Nia.” She pointed at Luna, “And you were dating a few people during that time.”

“She’s got a point,” Luna said as she looked at Anya.

“Remember our first kiss babe?” Anya asked her, grabbing her hand.

“I do, it was in your car.”

“Wait, you kissed in the car, then you had sex in the car?” Lexa asked.

“We did.”

“A little uncomfortable, wasn’t it?”
“We got in the back seat,” Anya explained.

“So, you start making out in the front seat, then what? You crawled into the back seat?”

“Yep. It was very passionate. And very wild.”

“I can’t picture it. Crawling from front to back, you could’ve pulled something. And you’re both tall. Ouch”

“We were younger and more limber back then. If I tried to do that now, I’m sure I’d get hung up somewhere, like on the gear shift or something,” Luna said.

Lexa smiled at her, “My god, you must have steamed up those windows. If the van’s a rockin’.”

“You got that right,” Anya said proudly.

Lexa just laughed and looked at the two of them, the way they still looked at each other, with love and lust. She could only hope that she would experience that kind of lasting love.

Later that night Lexa was sitting on the couch with Luna watching TV, Anya had headed up to bed earlier. “God, I almost forgot, Clarke invited you both over Saturday night for a little get together.”

“Really? That sounds great. I’m sure Anya would love that. What can we bring?”

“You don’t have to bring anything, but I know how you are, so like a pasta salad maybe?”

“Done. Wow, you’re hosting this party with her?”

“Sorta, yeah.” Lexa smiled at her.

“I’m happy for you, we’re both happy for you. I hope things work out between you two. You are adorable together.”

“Thanks.” Lexa sighed. She put the couch pillow in Luna’s lap and laid her head on it. Luna had been in her life for so long, she was a like another big sister to her. One that was more emotionally supportive than Anya. If there were serious emotional conversations to be had, they were done with Luna. Lexa had pulled away from everyone, her friends included, the last four years, so Luna was her sounding board for her feelings. “I’m really happy. For the first time in a long time,” Lexa said.

“I know, we can both tell.”

“I just hope.” Lexa sighed and stopped there.

“Hope what?”

“It’s been awhile since I’ve been in relationship mode, you know? I just hope I’m not misreading my feelings.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m ninety-nine point nine percent sure of what I’m feeling, but there’s that little sliver of doubt, really little.”

“Doubts about what?” Luna had her therapy hat on now.
“That what I’m feeling is something other than what I think it is.”

“Well, you’re being really vague. How about we start with what you do think you’re feeling.”

“I know, vague is my middle name when it comes to this stuff. I’m really happy, like I said. I think about her all the time. I mean, I’m really crazy about her, I know I am. My heart feels really full, for the first time in forever. I feel like she slipped in there when I wasn’t looking, you know what I mean?”

“That sounds good to me. What do you doubt?”

“Well, my life the past four years has been, as Anya likes to say, pursuit mode. What if this is just pursuit mode to sleep with her? I mean, I’ve been a royal shit for a while now, well at least until about three months ago.”

“I don’t think that’s what’s going on here. You should see how you look at her when she’s not looking at you, hearteyes.”

“What? Really?”

“Yes, Anya and I laugh about it, we figure you have no idea.”

“I don’t I guess. I don’t want to hurt her, it makes me physically sick to think about hurting her. And that’s my issue, if I’m wrong about how I feel, then I’m gonna hurt her.”

“You’re not wrong about how you feel, trust your gut. Stop doubting yourself. Remember what we talked about before? The past four years have been an anomaly for you. It’s not who you are, you were just acting out, acting out of pain and anger. I think Clarke is bringing you back to who you always were, before Costia died.”

Lexa got pensive at the mention of Costia. “Ugh, that’s another thing, I feel like I’m cheating on Cos, betraying her in some way, because I’m thinking about somebody else.”

“You’re moving on, that’s all. Costia will always be a part of your life. Nobody expects you to forget her. I’m sure she’ll always be in your heart somewhere, but now there’s room for someone else. You’re starting to feel something for Clarke and that doesn’t mean that you have to erase Costia from your mind. She’ll always be inside you, but it’s time to move on. You finally found someone who’s helping you do that. Costia wouldn’t want you to be alone for the rest of your life, you know that. You told me she said as much before she died.”

“She did.” Lexa was briefly lost in the memory of that moment, and for the first time she didn’t cry when she thought about it. “So I’m worthy of love?”

Luna laughed at her, “Worthy of love, look who’s corny now. Get back on the horse, throw caution to the wind and have fun falling in love again, OK? Let it happen. And enjoy it. This beginning stuff, this is the best.”

“God, it is pretty great. I mean, really fun. And sexy. She’s sexy as shit. And you know what makes her sexy as shit? She doesn’t know she’s sexy.”

“Oh, I dated someone like that when I was in my early twenties. Those types are very addictive.”

“I know, right? And she’s probably one of the sweetest people I’ve ever met.”

“I agree with that.”
“I wanna wake up next to her and not leave, for the first time in four years, I want that.”

Luna smiled at her, “I think my job here is done.”

“It is, thank you doctor,” and Lexa got up and dug in her pocket for some change, and threw it into the cup they kept on the end table. Lexa made Luna the cup years ago, put a little 5¢ on it. It was a running family joke. She wasn’t kidding when she told Clarke, talk to Luna, put your nickel in the cup.

Lexa went upstairs and crawled into bed with her phone. Yogi jumped up with her just as her phone rang. It was Clarke. “Hey, I was just gonna call you and say goodnight.”

“Really?” Clarke asked.

“Yep, laying here with my main man, my phone ready to dial. How was your dinner with Monty and Bellamy?”

“It went well. We have some meetings with a couple studios next week in regards to your book, which I’m super excited about.”

“Excellent. I talked to Jasper on the way home tonight, the book is coming along, he thinks it might be ready sooner rather than later.”

“Oh my god, that is great. I’m so excited for you.”

“It’s a dream come true Clarke, and I owe it all to you.”

“Good, I like when you owe me stuff.”

“I could pay you back in sexual favors.”

“I’m sure I’ll be calling those in soon.”

“Well, it’s a shame you didn’t facetime, cause I’m in bed and you know what that means.”

“I do, and that’s why I didn’t. I have to get up early tomorrow, your little blanket shows keep me up.”

Lexa laughed, “Too distracting for you?”

“Yeah, a little bit. OK you, I just wanted to check in before you went to sleep.”

“Hey, thanks for calling. I’ll talk to you tomorrow?”

“Yes, sleep well, BG.”

“BG? Oh, baby goat? I think I would like a new nickname.”

“You gotta earn a new nickname.”

“I’ll work on that. Good night beautiful.”

“Good night, Lexa.”

It was Wednesday night, and Lexa was driving home from work when her phone rang, “Hey
Raven.” She could hear traffic in the background so Lexa figured Raven was in the car also.

“Hey Lex, you in the car?”

“Yep, in traffic.”

“Same here, bumper to bumper, so how’s my favorite girl? And don’t tell Clarke I said that.”

“I’m good, how’s my favorite agent?”

“Well, I’m your only agent, so that doesn’t carry the same weight as my statement.”

“Ah, but you’re my first, and firsts are always special.”

“Hi Lexa!” O chimed in sweetly, not liking the attention that Raven was getting, leaning on Raven to talk into the phone.

“My god, are you still on that?” Raven thought that maybe O got past her crush by now. “Get off, get over on your side, Octavia’s here, and you’re on speaker, so don’t say anything bad about her.”

“Hi O, and I would never say anything bad about you,” Lexa said, smiling to herself. Smitten O.

“I know that, thanks. What are you doing?”

“She’s driving you moron, what do you think she’s doing? Ignore her Lexa. Ouch. You punch like a girl.”

Lexa settled in for an enjoyable conversation.

“Where you driving to?” O asked.

“I’m on my way home from work,” Lexa replied.

“Wow, that’s a long day. You must be tired. Are you going to Clarke’s?”

“No, not tonight. It’s just too long of ride. I’ll see her Saturday.”

“Wow, you’re waiting until Saturday. That’s a long time in between make out sessions,” Raven said. Lexa laughed, “Yeah it is. I hear Clarke filled you in on stuff.”

“Yes, I talked to her the other night. Glad to hear you two are progressing at the pace of lame turtles. And when I say lame, I mean they have a bad leg, which makes them even slower than usual.”

“I did get the lame comment, and yes we are progressing slowly, but it’s not from a lack of effort on my part. Unfortunately, I feel your target date of 2019 is still good, as much as I would like to see it moved up.”

“Clarke likes to take her time,” O said.

“This would have been much further along if you two were just fuck buddies like you were supposed to be,” Raven said as she maneuvered through traffic, momentarily forgetting that was supposed to be hush hush.

Lexa heard that comment and did a mental double take, “What? Who was supposed to be fuck buddies?”
“Rut Row,” Octavia said looking at Raven.

Raven looked back, realizing what she said. “Oops.” She shrugged her shoulders, “Well, it was bound to come out sooner or later. I mean, I really kept it quiet for a long time.”

“You did actually, I’m impressed,” Octavia said, really proud of Raven and her months long bout with discretion.

“I know, right? I mean, it was a while. How long was it?”

“Like, three months maybe? You deserve some sort of award I think, like an Academy Award for keeping your mouth shut.”

“I do, I really do.”

O looked around on the floor of Raven’s car and picked up a big gulp cup, “Here, I would like to present you with this big gulp cup, which will serve as a temporary Oscar, for keeping your mouth shut.”

“Wow, thanks. I should probably recycle this.”

Lexa was just waiting for them both to come back from the Raven/Octavia time zone.

“You need to make a speech now I think.”

“Yes, OK, I didn’t expect to win, I really don’t have anything prepared. So, let’s see, I’d like to thank the academy, I’d like to thank my brain, for not spilling the beans for three months.”

Octavia clapped, “Bravo brain, bravo.”

“I’d like to thank you, Octavia, I don’t think I’d be nearly as funny if you weren’t in my life.”

“Awe that’s sweet.” She paused, “Wait what?” O suspected that might not have been the compliment that she thought it was.

“And, who else, let’s see…”

Octavia cranked the volume of the radio, “I’m sorry, your time’s up.” Octavia picked the cup back up, “Was this filled with soda? Cause that’s a lot of soda,” O stated.

“It was, like Coke or something, I needed some caffeine the other day.”

“I would be bouncing off the walls with that much caffeine.”

“Well, if that happens, I hope you have a bra on, cause it doesn’t look like you have one on now, and if you start bouncing off the walls you’re gonna give yourself a black eye.”

“I didn’t feel like wearing one today, it’s too constrictive, and it’s hot.”

“Well, they’re supposed to be constrictive. You know, if you don’t wear one regularly, those things will be down to your knees by the time you hit forty, and you’ll be stepping on them when you hit fifty. Am I right Lex?”

Lexa was caught off guard with the question, “Huh? Who’s not wearing…”

“I mean, you’re not exactly an A cup,” Raven said looking down at O’s chest. “What, you a C or
“Well, the last bra I got was called Nearly C.”

“Oh, don’t you love those designations? Nearly B, Nearly C, is that supposed to make us feel better? Or depress us. I’m not sure. Hey Lex, you a T & A girl?”

“Oh, mainly T, T all the way,” Lexa replied.

“Well, Clarke’s a solid B at least. She’s past the Nearly stage. I guess you’ll find that out when you get to second base.”

“I’m actually a full C,” Octavia volunteered.

Raven looked at her, “You said nearly C. What? Did you just gain a half a size in boobs in the last minute?”

“No, I misremembered it.”

“Misremembered it? Is that even a word?”

“Lexa, you saw me in a bikini, don’t you think I’m a C?” O asked, sticking her tongue out at Raven, who answered with her middle finger.

“Oh, I would have to see you again, O. I was a little distracted by Clarke that day,” Lexa said.

“OK, I think Raven might be just an A though, right Raven? Or is that Nearly an A? I think on the box, it’s like a small case ‘a.’ It’s not even capitalized.”

Raven threw her award at her and it bounced off of Octavia’s chest. “I think that was a Nearly C bounce right there, not a C.”

“Ouch, that was my fucking nipple,” O said, grabbing at her chest.

“Next time wear a bra.”

“Do you even need a bra?”

Raven glared at her. “Hey baby, a mouthful is all you need,” defending her minimal breast size.

“Well, that ain’t no adult size mouthful, more like a toddler.”

“Like you know anything about mouthfuls of breasts. The last breast in your mouth was probably your mom’s, like twenty-seven years ago. And that’s if she even breast fed you. And gauging by your sometimes suspect intellect, I’d say that was a no.”

“Shut up, I’ve got intellect. I’m just not street smart like you, I’m book smart.”

“What was the last book you read? Like a Dr. Seuss or something?”

“I loved Dr. Seuss. I think my favorite was ‘Green Eggs and Ham.’ I was always hungry afterwards,” O said, lost in her memories.

“I loved ‘Horton Hears a Who.’ I dig elephants.”

“He should have written about Clarke’s purple chicken.”
Lexa cleared her throat and figured it was time to change the subject, “So, tell me about this fuck buddy thing?”

Lexa’s question snapped them both out of it. Raven turned her attention back to Lexa on the phone. “Yes, let’s get back to our conversation, shall we? You were originally just supposed to be Clarke’s fuck buddy. Oh, and by the way, you both owe me for this little hook up you got going on. I expect a nod at the wedding.”

Lexa loved having some dirt on Clarke. “Clarke wanted a fuck buddy. Well this is fascinating. Tell me more.”

“Not much to tell, Clarke wanted to kiss a girl, we read your fanfic, I thought you were probably hot as hell, we found you, and you seemed like the perfect candidate. But you know what they say, the best laid plans.”

“The best laid plans what?” O asked.

“You know, the best laid plans.”

“What about them?”

“Jesus Christ, it’s just an expression.”

“Yeah, but it’s not complete, there sounds like there should be more after that.”

Lexa decided to help O out. “The actual translated quote is ‘the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry’, meaning, no matter what you do, things get fucked up. But, sometimes people just use the shortened version by just saying the best laid plans.”

“Thank you Lexa, see, I told you there was more to it,” O chirped at Raven. “Lexa, you’re so smart.”

“Well, thank you O. So, let’s circle back, shall we, fuck buddies?” Lexa asked.

“Oh, right, well, somewhere along the line Clarke decided she wanted more than that. So that’s what you’ve got right now, Clarke in relationship mode and not fuck buddy mode.”

“Interesting.”

“Interesting if you like celibacy I guess.”

Lexa laughed. “I don’t think we’ll be celibate for too much longer.”

“Well, Jesus Christ you didn’t even make it to second base yet.”

“I forget, what’s second base?” O asked.

“Oh my god, first Clarke now you? I am not having this conversation again,” Raven said rolling her eyes.

“Fine, I’ll ask Clarke.”

“I don’t know if I’d bring it up, she was a little sensitive that she didn’t get there yet, you hear that hot stuff?”

“Loud and clear,” Lexa replied.
“Good, now that we got that out of the way, I did call for a reason, let’s talk business, shall we?”

“OK, boss, whatcha got?” Lexa asked.

“First off, you sent the approved art work back for the cover, so let’s cross that off our list. Next, we need to set up a photo shoot for the jacket cover picture, gotta do that soon, they’re really moving quickly on this. Can you spare me an afternoon next week? Monday preferred?”

“Monday? I can do that in the afternoon.”

“Alright, that will be in town at the photographer’s studio, I’ll text you the address. Now, we have to do your bio, so think on what you want it to say, I emailed you some templates to use, in case you get stuck. Next, are you going to be an out author? Not that I think we should put, ‘hey I’m a big old lesbian’ in your bio, but you should be prepared for how you’re going to answer questions if they come up.”

“Huh. Didn’t think about that. I’m inclined to be out. Can I get back to you on that one? I think I want to talk to Clarke first.”

“Sure, talk it over with her this weekend and let me know. Because if you’re gonna be out, I may think about scheduling a book signing at a bookstore in the gayborhood. I’m picturing posters of your lovely provocative self plastered around the local stores and bars. Might as well lure them in with sex, right? And the fact that you have a few gay characters in the story helps. Then we’ll go for some mainstream small bookstores in the city.”

“Sure, sounds great.”

“OK, I’ll let you know what time on Monday. I guess I’ll see you Saturday, right?”

“Yes, the little get together, I’ll see you then.”

“OK, later.”

“Later.”

“Bye Lexa, I’ll see you Saturday night, right?”

“Yes you will O, take care.”

It was Friday night and Clarke was back in her office working on her computer when Lexa called her. “Hello?”

“Hey girl, what’s going on?”

“Not much, I can’t wait for tomorrow,” Clarke said eagerly.

“Can’t wait for the party?”

“No, can’t wait to see you. What are you doing?”

“Not much, just hanging out here on your front steps like a hobo.”

Clarke didn’t process that at first, “What time tomorrow, wait, what? You’re here? On my front steps right now?”
“I am, Yogi and I are here. I knocked but you must not have heard me.”

“Oh my god, I’ll be right down, holy crap, I can’t believe you’re here, I’m running, I’ll be right there.”

“Be careful.”

“I will, I...ouch ouch ouch ouch.”

“What happened?”

“Crap, I turned my ankle, hold on, I’m walking it off, I’m walking it off, ouch ouch, I’m coming, I’m coming.”

“Oh, don’t say that,” Lexa said.

Clarke giggled, “Almost there, almost there.” She opened the door and Lexa was standing with both hands above her head, grabbing the top of the door jam with her backpack and her sexy smile. Clarke stared at her with her mouth open a little bit. She had cut off jeans on, with holes in the thighs, a cut off tee shirt and flip flops. Fuck me, Clarke said with her inside voice. Messy Lexa might be the sexiest look yet. Or it could be that she hadn’t seen her in ninety-two hours, twelve minutes and thirty-three seconds. But who’s counting. She looked her up and down twice. It was going to be a long night, a true test of self control. She hooked her fingers through Lexa’s belt loops, “Fuck me,” she said softly as she pulled her into the house.

“OK sure,” and Lexa grabbed her and pushed her against the closed door, her hands playfully wandering all over, her mouth playfully nipping at her neck.

Clarke started laughing because Lexa’s hands and mouth were tickling her. “I didn’t mean literally,” she said gasping for air. Lexa pulled back and gave her sad puppy dog eyes. Clarke grabbed her face and brought her lips down to hers, kissing her deeply. “Hi sexy.” She ran her hands up and down Lexa’s arms, loving the feel of them.

“Hi yourself.”

“I can’t believe you’re here. Are you staying the night?”

“I planned to.”

“Yeah!”

“How’s the ankle, need me to kiss it?”

“I think I do, it’s a little sore.”

“I thought you put your idiot stage behind you.”

“I know, I did too. But it’s kinda cute, right?”

“It is very cute. Here, let me see it.” Clarke limped over to the couch and sat down. Lexa took off her backpack and looked at her ankle, “It’s starting to swell a little, we should put some ice on it, but I think you’ll live.” She bent her head down and kissed it. And since Clarke had shorts on, she figured she’d let her lips wander a little. “Did you hurt your knee too?” she asked as she kissed and nibbled her way up to Clarke’s knee.

“I don’t remember hurting my knee, but maybe you should kiss it just in case.” Lexa’s mouth
wandered up her thigh and went a little higher. Clarke laughed, “OK, I know I didn’t hurt that.”

Lexa pulled away smiling, “Anything else hurt?”

Clarke pointed to her lips, “I might have banged them a little bit.”

“Oh no, let me take care of that.” She pushed Clarke onto her back, and ran her tongue over Clarke’s lips, and then softly kissed them. “Better?”

“They’re still a little sore I think.”

“Oh, can’t have that.” Lexa kissed her and slipped her tongue into Clarke’s mouth.

Clarke moaned and wrapped her legs around Lexa, squeezing her. She couldn’t even describe how happy she was at this moment.

Lexa pulled back from the kiss, and groaned from being squeezed. “Oh god, you have strong legs. You should be piggy backing me.”

They changed positions so they were lying on their sides facing each other. Yogi came over and started pushing his nose into Clarke’s hair. “Oh Yogi baby, your momma distracted me and I forgot to say hi, I’m sorry buddy.” Clarke reached down and patted him and kissed his head. “I got you a bed buddy, and some toys.”

“What?” Lexa asked.

“I got him a bed, well, two beds, one for down here and one for upstairs. And a bunch of toys.”

“You got my dog a bed?”

“I got my dog a bed.”

“You got your dog a bed?”

“I did.”

“Could you get any sweeter?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, that’s the sweetest thing ever,” Lexa said as she rolled Clarke onto her back again, and softly kissed her eyelids.

Clarke sighed, and kept her eyes closed, feeling the softness of Lexa’s lips.

“So, Raven called me the other day.”

Clarke opened her eyes, “Oh boy.”

Lexa looked down at Clarke, “God I love your eyes,” she said as she ran her finger along Clarke’s eyebrows.

Lexa’s compliment warmed her soul. “What juicy tidbits of my life did she divulge this time?”

“Oh, nothing much, just that initially you wanted me as your fuck buddy, your sexual play thing.”

“Well, well, well, I’m not surprised that came out. She really deserves credit for keeping the lid on it
for this long.”

“That’s what O said, she was in the car too.”

“She deserves some kind of award actually.”

“Holy crap, O gave her an award, a plastic big gulp cup.”

Clarke laughed. “That is funny.”

“It was highly amusing as usual. They should have their own comedy show. So don’t think you have
distracted me from the fuck buddy thing. Give it up blondie. When did things change?”

“What? When did I decide to not use you as my sexual toy?” Clarke rolled Lexa onto her back now,
and laid half on top of her, hooking her leg over hers, and her hand wandered under her shirt, all this
talk about sexual playthings made her crave Lexa’s abs.

“Yes.”

“Hm, I guess when we hugged for the first time.”

“I didn’t know my hugs could be so life altering.”

“Kudos to you. But in all fairness, when this all started, I said I wanted a girlfriend, I missed being
with a woman. Those clowns turned it into finding me a fuck buddy.”

“A girlfriend, you wanted a girlfriend, huh?”

“Yeah. So?”

“So what?”

“Do I have a girlfriend?”

“You asking me?”

“I’ve got my hand up your shirt, so yeah, I’m asking you.”

“Well, I don’t know, I mean, we haven’t even made it to second base yet.” And before the ink was
dry on those words, Clarke’s hand slipped up and covered her breast. All Lexa could do was close
her eyes and groan.

“How about now,” Clarke said, her lips kissing Lexa’s jaw line, her hand creating delicious circular
patterns around Lexa’s breasts, teasing and stroking through her bra. Lexa was panting a little now.
“Oh, look who’s helpless now, what was it you said about paybacks?” Clarke said as her tongue
went up Lexa’s neck to her ear lobe. “I believe I have made it safely into second, don’t you?” Clarke
gloated. Lexa opened her eyes and Clarke looked at her with a wicked grin. Her smile slowly
disappeared as she stared into those eyes, now a deeper shade of green than she had seen before.
And they looked hungry. Crap, she knew she was about to lose her position on top, she poked the
bear and the bear was coming after her. Lexa quickly flipped positions, Clarke now on her back and
Lexa back in control. Damn she was quick. Clarke bit her lip as Lexa’s lips closed the distance
between them.

Lexa stopped millimeters from Clarke’s mouth, “You can’t call us girlfriends until both of us get
there.”
Clarke knew she was about to pay the price for poking the bear. And she was OK with that. Lexa’s hand was up her shirt in a millisecond, and Clarke’s bra was pushed aside just as quick. “Oh shit,” Clarke gasped. Lexa’s hand began a slow, torturous exploration of Clarke’s breasts, and her lips now on her neck were starting to drive her crazy. She could barely breathe, and she knew she was moaning a little loudly. Good Clarke was in her ear, telling her to slow it down, bad Clarke was in the other ear, telling her to keep poking the bear. “OK, OK, my god, OK,” Clarke was tapping out on Lexa’s back.

Lexa pulled her hand away and Clarke missed it immediately, but she knew she wanted to slow things down. “Oh christ. Whew.”

Lexa kissed her softly on the lips and rolled onto her side, “You OK?”

“Yeah,” and Clarke reached up under her shirt and situated her bra. “That was a little unexpected, and not altogether unwelcomed,” she said with a smile.

“That was getting to second in a big way.”

“Like a stand up double, I think,” Clarke said.

“You got that right, girlfriend.” And she sat up and pulled Clarke up into a sitting position. “Guess we should cool off a little bit, right? I mean, we still have to sleep in the same bed later.”

“Good idea. Really good idea.” Clarke needed a distraction to calm herself down. “Did you eat?”

“No, I didn’t get a chance.”

“I have some leftovers, and salad stuff. Want me to make you a salad?” Clarke asked.

“That would be great. Did you eat?”

“Yeah, earlier. C’mon sexy, to the kitchen, away from the couch. This thing is like a sexual black hole.” Lexa stood up and put her hand out to Clarke to pull her up. They started to walk to the kitchen and Clarke jumped on Lexa’s back. “My ankle still hurts.”

“I’ll carry you anywhere blondie. To the kitchen we go.”

Lexa dropped Clarke off at the fridge, and they both hunted around inside, pulling out salad stuff. “I’ll make it for you,” Clarke said. “My salads are edible.”

“Well thank you.” Lexa sat at the counter and watched Clarke make her dinner. She felt like she was home, being here with Clarke.

“Did Yogi eat? You need to tell me what food he eats, so I can have some here.”

“He did eat thanks. I’ll bring some over next time.”

“Good, I got him bowls too. Over there.”

“My god, woman, you’re gonna spoil us both.”

“That’s what girlfriends are for, right?”

“Yes they are.”

“So, I guess we need to talk about something.”
“Uh oh, you breaking up with me already?”

“No, silly. You know my situation, right? I guess we should have talked about this before.” Clarke put down her knife for a moment. “I’m not out, you know that right?”

“Yeah, I know.”

“And right now, at this time in my life, I can’t be. And I guess I need to know if you’re OK with that. If you’re OK with our relationship being a secret. I know it’s a lot to ask of someone. Which is why I’ve never pursued anyone since my career took off. But meeting you kinda took me by surprise. I didn’t expect it at all. This whole thing caught me off guard,” Clarke said shaking her head. “And I hope you’re OK with it, because,” Clarke paused, trying to be careful with her words, “I really, really like you, and I don’t want to stop seeing you. It will kill me to stop seeing you, actually.”

Lexa got off her stool and went to Clarke, put her hands on either side of her face and kissed her gently. “Clarke, it’s OK. I’m OK with it. I don’t want to stop seeing you either. You’re the sunshine in my day. I can handle it, I promise.”

Clarke looked at her, her eyes filling up a little bit, just a little, and held up her pinky. They locked pinky’s, tenderly smiling at each other. “I promise you, Lexa Woods, that it won’t always be like this. There will be a day when I’m coming out of the closet, Hollywood be damned. And I hope you’re by my side when it happens.”

“I might be blondie, I just might be.”

Clarke smiled at her and put her arms around Lexa’s neck, hugging her tightly. The words she wanted to hear weren’t spoken yet, but she knew they were on the right path. When the time was right, she would hear them and she would speak them. And she was OK with waiting a little bit longer. “Let me make you a dinner you can actually eat.”

“So, while we’re on this subject, Raven asked me if I was going to be an out author. I told her I wanted to talk to you first.”

“Oh, I forgot about that. You’re gonna be famous too.”

“Well, we don’t know that yet.”

“Yeah we do, you’re a great writer. My thoughts are this, you should do whatever makes you comfortable. If you want to be out, you should be out. We’ll just deal with it. We’ll find a way to deal with it, right? Besides, if we can nail a movie deal for your book, then we have a cover, we can do all sorts of things in public then,” Clarke said wiggling her eyebrows.

“Oh, I like that idea. Like scouting locations, going over the script in your bedroom, you’re a genius.”

“I am, and, ta da, your salad.”

“Wow, that looks amazing, thank you so much. You’re not a bad girlfriend, you know that?”

“I try. It’s been a while.”

“Well, for me too. We’ll relearn together, deal?”

“Deal.”
They spent the rest of the evening sitting together in the love seat instead of the couch, which they figured might be safer. Lexa made sure Clarke iced her ankle, and Clarke loved the fact that Lexa was taking care of her. When it was bed time, Lexa helped Clarke up the steps then came back downstairs to let Yogi out. She wandered back upstairs to Clarke’s bedroom, taking a moment before she went in, making sure she had control of her libido.

Clarke was in bed already, in her favorite PJ’s. The covers were thrown back invitingly. Lexa went into the bathroom to brush her teeth and get changed. She came out wearing a tank top and boxers, and crawled into bed. “You really do wear PJ’s,” she said with a smile.

“I told you I did.”

“My god, adorable. They match.”

“Well, yeah. And what are you wearing? Not leaving much to the imagination.”

“I get hot, this was the only thing I could think of to wear. The burqa is out, by the way.” Lexa had rolled over to Clarke and was lying on her side next to her. “Hm, we have shorts,” and Lexa ran her hand up Clarke’s leg.

“Behave yourself,” Clarke said as she grabbed Lexa’s hand just as it was about to slip up underneath. Clarke thoroughly enjoyed fighting off Lexa’s playful advances.

“And we have a matching shirt,” and now Lexa’s hand did manage to slip underneath, fingertips marching north.

“Behave yourself,” and Clarke caught her hand before it reached its final destination, and pulled it back out.

“You know what I said about pajamas.”

“You like to take them off?”

“Exactly.”

“You can take them off in the near future. How about tonight we try and behave, and wake up with our clothes on.”

Lexa was distracted by Clarke’s cleavage, which was showing above her top button. She figured it needed some attention from her lips. “Hm, you know these PJ’s of yours are very sexy.”

Clarke started giggling, Lexa was not to be deterred and it was cracking her up. “Hey you. Give me a kiss goodnight,” and Clarke pulled Lexa’s lips up to hers.

Lexa happily obliged her, and Clarke settled in with her head on Lexa’s chest, her fingers running up and down her arm. She never felt so wanted in all her life, and it was an amazing feeling. “Good night.” I love you, Clarke said with her inside voice.

Lexa squeezed Clarke a little, “Good night beautiful.”

“Where’s our dog?” Clarke asked sleepily.

“In his bed.”

“Will he sleep with us?”
“If you want him to.”

“Yes, please. When I was younger, our dog used to sleep with me.”

“Yogi, come.” Yogi jumped up on the bed and settled in.

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome.”

Lexa woke up first the following morning. She was on her side, Clarke was spooning her from behind, and Yogi was in the front. Clarke's hand was under her tank and half tucked into the top of her boxers. This was definitely something she could get used to.

“Do you ever wear underwear?” Clarke mumbled into Lexa’s hair.

Lexa smiled and turned her head back towards Clarke. “Underwear is overrated.”

“Hm. I had awesome dreams last night. Felt you up real good in them.”

“That wasn't a dream.”

“Oops. Sorry bout that,” Clarke said as she kissed her shoulder. “I guess I got a little handsy.”

Lexa laughed. “Handsy, like jazz hands? You were certainly handsy. I think you made it to third.”

“I did not.”

“I think you may have.”

“I didn't, did I?”

Lexa laughed, “No, if you made it to third you wouldn't be in your pajamas right now, I guarantee you that.” Lexa got up and went to the bathroom.

“I did have a sex dream about you though,” Clarke called after her.

“Well that's not very satisfying for me, now is it,” she called back through the door. Lexa came back into the bed after she was done.

“Hey, did you brush your teeth?”

“I did.”

Clarke got up and took her turn in the bathroom and came back out. She crawled back into bed and onto Lexa. “Good morning,” she said as she kissed her.

“Good morning to you. How’s the ankle?”

“Feels pretty good. That's because you took such good care of me.”

“Mmm. Have I told you that you are a fabulous kisser?”

“No I don't think you did, that's high praise coming from you.”
“Yes it is. Have I told you that I love morning sex?”

“Oh boy. Is that like your favorite time of the day for that?”

“Well anytime is great, let’s be honest. But mornings are the best in my book.” She was running her hands up and down Clarke’s back, under her shirt.

“If I had my phone I’d take a memo.”

“Well, I can remind you.”

“So is that like every morning?”

“Sex every morning?”

“Yeah.”

“In a perfect world. I have a high sex drive.”

“No, really?” Clarke said mockingly. “So, let's see, you have been without sex for a while now, like a few months.”

“I have.”

“How's that feel?”

“Don't ask.” Lexa rolled Clarke onto her back now. “So while we’re on the subject, when the time is right, are you going to give me some sort of signal? Like a code word or something? A secret handshake?”

“A code word, you’re funny. How about I just say now?”

“What?”

“Now.”

“OK!” And Lexa playfully dove under Clarke’s shirt, kissing her belly.

Clarke started laughing and pulled her shirt off of Lexa’s head and pushed it back down to cover herself, “No, I didn't say it, I didn't say it.”

“You said now, I heard it.”

“OK, just saying now could get me into all sorts of trouble, how about I say now now. It’s not often you say now now, so that's what I'll say.”

“What?” Lexa asked pretending not to understand.

“Now now.”

“OK!” And back under Clarke’s shirt she went, which started another giggle fest from Clarke.

“Oh my god you’re funny,” Clarke said as she again pulled her shirt down.

“I’m horny.”

“No shit, Captain Obvious.”
“Am I the only one in this relationship who’s horny?”

“My god no. What's gonna happen when we finally do it? Is it gonna be like a dam bursting? Will we ever leave the house?”

“Not for the first week. We’ll have a lot of catching up to do. I mean, we’ll have to christen every room.”

“That's like over ten rooms.”

“Right, that’ll be the first night.”

Clarke laughed, “What? I don’t know if I have that kind of stamina, do you? Oh that's probably a stupid question.”

Lexa pretended to get very serious for a second, “Clarke, there's no such thing as stupid questions. Of course I have that kind of stamina. I can go all night,” she said as she nuzzled Clarke’s neck. “Didn't you ever do that?”

“What? Have sex all night? Not all night, no.”

“Buckle up baby, you’re with me now.”

It took them another hour to drag themselves out of bed. They made it downstairs where Lexa was tasked with making breakfast. Clarke sat at the counter and watched, impressed when Lexa cracked the eggs with one hand. She asked her to show her how to do it, and they ended up laughing and picking the shells out of six eggs. The decision was made that Lexa was in charge in the kitchen.

“What time are people coming?” Lexa asked.

“Around three. Gives people time to swim if they want. Did you bring your suit? Would be nice to ogle you for a while.”

“I did bring it. And is ogling OK around this group?”

“Yes. Everyone who is here today knows the deal. So ogle away.”

“What about PDA? Do I have to keep my hands off you?”

“Here? No. Hands on is OK.”

“So random touching OK?”

“Yes please.”

“We seem to have this conversation a lot. How about kissing?”

“With or without tongue?”

“With of course.”

“And I only say that because some people don’t like to look at a couple doing that.”
“Agreed. We’ll do it when nobody is watching.”

Raven and Niylah were the first to arrive, followed by Octavia and Lincoln and Anya and Luna. By 3:30 everyone had arrived.

“Clarke the house is beautiful,” Luna said. “And my god, did Lexa design this outdoor space?”

“She did, she’s incredibly talented,” Clarke said proudly, looking up at Lexa.

“Yes, I don’t know how I’m going to replace you when this writing career of yours takes off,” Anya said a little sadly.

“Well, we have some time. I doubt I’ll be an overnight sensation,” Lexa said.

“I would think soon you may have to scale back. You’ll probably have promotional stuff to do,” Luna said.

“You’re right. I think I can still do design work though, and you can just hire someone to do the labor and manage the subs.”

“I’m sure we’ll work it out. I will miss having you around,” Anya said.

“You getting sentimental? Suck it up. How about this, I’ll make sure you get a Clarke fix every week. And I’ll still be living there, unless Clarke needs a live in landscaper at some point,” she said looking at Clarke questioningly.

Clarke smiled at her, “Oh I’m sure I’ll need that at some point.” She looked at Anya, “Can you make that happen?”

“Lexa move out!” she shouted.

They all laughed.

“And there’s always Thanksgiving,” Lexa added.

Anya pulled her into a headlock. “I’m really happy for you, you know that, right?” Lexa nodded, her head still locked. “And I know doing landscaping isn’t your dream, so when you need to leave just speak up. OK?”

Lexa nodded again. “Honey I think she can’t breathe,” Luna said with a smile.

“Oh sorry little sis. Sometimes I don’t know my own strength.”

Lexa gasped a little when Anya let her go. “It’s ok big sis. I’m used to it. My windpipe is stronger because of it.”

Raven caught up with Lexa at the outdoor bar, “You two have that little chat?” she asked.

“We did. I’m gonna be out. If it comes up. But like you said, not advertised.”

“Good. And how are you two turtles?”
“You were wrong, she's a solid C.”

“Well, happy birthday. That's my girl.” And she high fived Lexa.

Clarke walked up after the high five. “Do I want to know what that was about?”

“No,” they both answered.

Lincoln came over looking for a drink. Clarke pulled him over to Lexa, “Linc, I don't know if you two were ever properly introduced at Anya’s party.”

Lexa stuck her hand out, “I don't think we were, it's nice to meet you.”

“You, too. I've heard a lot about you.”

“I don't know if you've heard enough,” Raven chimed in.

“You were in the show that first season, right?” Lexa asked.

“I was.”

“I really liked your character. It's a shame they killed you off.”

“Yeah. I was sad to leave it, but I'm working on another show now so I guess it all worked out.”

O came over and put her arm around Lincoln. “Hey Clarke, the scripts are coming out next week for the new season.”

“I know I heard.”

“When do guys start shooting?” Lexa asked.

“The end of the month,” Octavia said. “Then we gotta work for the next six months.”

Lexa looked at Clarke. “Six months? Do those do not disturb rules still apply?”

Clarke gave Lexa a kiss, “Absolutely not.”

“Whew. Thank god. That would have been tough.”

“That would have been impossible.” Clarke stared at Lexa, thinking how impossible it seemed now when she was away from her for a few minutes.

“Yo, grope a dopes part two, rematch in the pool. C'mon Clarke, let's take these two. O, rack 'em up,” Raven called out. “And I'm not talking about your tits.”

“Hey I want in,” Niylah said.

“Me too.”

“OK, Niylah with Lex and O, Harper, me, and Clarke. Let's do this bitches.”

“Champions get the ball first,” shouted O. She set up the net, took the ball and threw it at Lexa. Lexa caught it and Clarke jumped her. Lexa caught her and all thoughts of basketball were forgotten as they locked lips.

“Jesus Christ.”
“For fuck’s sake.”

“Somebody get the fucking ball.”

“Personal foul, roughing the passer,” O said.

“That’s football moron,” Raven yelled. “Get the ball.”

“What?” O asked

“Get your C size boob out of your ear, I said get the ball.”

Octavia flipped her the bird, “You’re just jealous little ‘a’.” She got the ball and the game continued around the kissers.

“New target, instead of the net, we hit this,” and Raven bounced the ball off of Clarke’s head.

It was Clarke’s turn to flip her the bird.

“Uh oh, Clarke’s caught in chicksand and she’s going down quick,” O said.

Clarke pulled back from Lexa, kissing in bathing suits was a major turn on, lots of skin on skin, she put her lips next to Lexa’s ear, “My friends are assholes, and I’m really wet.” The last part whispered quietly.

Lexa pulled back, looked at her and winked, “I know, we’re in a pool right?” The ball bounced off Clarke’s head again and Lexa moved in to continue their kiss.

“Hey O, there’s your primer, watch that for pointers,” Raven said pointing at Clarke and Lexa. “These two might finally start doing it right now. We got a full frontal going on over here.”

“Jesus Christ, they still haven’t done it?” Niylah asked.

“Babe, we’re just happy they made it to second.” And she bounced the ball off of Clarke’s head again.

Clarke stopped the kiss and looked at her, “Rav, one more time, and you will regret it.”

“What are you going to do? Kiss me to death?” And she softly popped the ball off of Clarke’s forehead.

“You are so dead,” and Clarke swam after her trying to dunk her.

Lexa got out of the pool, “Who’s hungry? I’ll start the grill.”

The sun was down now, and after many beers and much food, Raven, Lexa, Clarke, Niylah, O and Harper will laying on lounge chairs around the fire pit. Lincoln, Luna, Anya, Bellamy, Monty and Echo were having a lively discussion about LGBT characters on TV. Everyone was a little tipsy by now.

“Clarke, now that you guys are a couple, you should be careful about what you do in your backyard,” O said, the tipsiest of the bunch.

“What do you mean?” Clarke asked. She was holding Lexa in front of her and they had a blanket
over both of them.

“Well, I heard the paparazzi use drones now, with cameras on them to get pictures of celebrities in compromising positions.”

“I heard that too,” Harper chimed in.

“I’ve never heard that,” Raven said. “Where did you hear that?”

“The National Enquirer did a story on it last week.”

“Oh, well it must be true then.” Raven rolled her eyes.

“It is, they showed pictures. They caught Angelina Jolie naked by her pool. At least it kinda looked like her, it was a little fuzzy.”

“I saw that too. I thought it looked like you,” Harper said looking at O.

“Oh, no shit?” O got a little worried. “I heard that you can wear like aluminum foil on your head, it kinda acts like a barrier, and the camera can’t penetrate it.”

Raven and Niylah looked over at O, with their mouths open a little bit, their eyebrows raised.

“Oh boy,” Clarke giggled as she whispered into Lexa’s ear. “Here we go.”

“What now?” Raven asked. It was truly her favorite expression on earth.


“So, is that what you do O? Walk around your backyard with a tin foil hat on your head?”

“I don’t know, maybe?”

Raven looked at Niylah. “Honey, I don’t even have a retort for that.”

“Give it a minute.”

The minute took a second, “You wear a tin foil hat on your head, around your backyard, in the middle of the day. In the sun. You know you cook on aluminum foil, right? So you’re probably frying the shit out of your brain. Which would explain a lot.”

Niylah spoke up, “Actually O, I think you might have mixed up the tin foil hat thing. It’s a theory that it blocks aliens from penetrating your brain. Like it blocks radio waves or something. Kinda been proven that it doesn’t do anything, but people still like to believe it works.”

O contemplated that one for a good minute, “Oh, right, right. That’s what it was. Never mind. I had a dream once that I was kidnapped by aliens.”

“And the hits keep coming,” Clarke whispered in Lexa’s ear.

“They were probably attracted to your hat. You know bright shiny objects. Why bother with a corn field when there’s Octavia in a tin foil hat. It probably actually happened.”

Octavia paused, “Really? No. The dream was really vivid though.”

“I’m sure of it. Happens all the time, at least that’s what the National Enquirer says. They kidnapped
you and took you back to the 70’s. Hence your fondness for the Brady Bunch.”

“No.”

“I hear they like C cups, and coiffed cooches.”

“I think I was kidnapped too, I like the Brady Bunch,” Harper said, she was a little drunk also.

Anya and Luna came over to the fire now, interrupting the conversation. “Yo Lexa, Bell and Echo need some work done at their house, maybe you could stop over there this week and take a look,” Anya said as she and Luna took a lounge chair.

“Sure,” Lexa said. She was tipsy from doing shots with Anya, and thoroughly enjoying being in Clarke’s arms.

“So, we were taking a poll on best slow songs to dance to,” Luna said.

“Bee Gees,” Lexa said putting her fist in the air. “To Love Somebody.”

“Yeah! I love the Bee Gees!” Octavia yelled.

“What the fuck PS10?” Raven asked incredulously. “What the flippin’ fuck? You win O, you can have her.”

Octavia got up and jumped on Clarke and Lexa’s lounge chair. She landed so hard she knocked the wind out of them.

Anya stuck up for her sister, “She gets it from our mom. She loved the Bee Gees, that’s all we heard growing up.”

“My mom loves them too,” Clarke admitted. “And I kinda love them.”

“Clarke and I are closet Bee Gees fans,” O said as she snuggled in with Lexa and Clarke. “We’ve played them when you’re not around Rav.”

“Who or what is PS10?” Lexa asked Clarke.

“That’s you honey, Raven calls you perfect sexy ten.”

“Oh, OK. I like that better than baby goat.”

Octavia got up and plugged her phone into the speakers. She started playing the song. “Who’s gonna dance with me?”

Lexa got up, “O, I will not leave a fellow Bee Gees lover hanging, bring those C’s over here girl.”

They started slow dancing to the song, singing along. Anya and Luna got up and joined them on the dance floor. Clarke was recording with her phone, rolling because they sounded so bad singing. Raven, who had disappeared briefly, returned and placed a tin foil hat on O’s head. “Keepin’ you safe girl,” she said as she patted her on the ass.

“You two suck, stop singing, you’re ruining the song,” Harper yelled.

Lincoln came over and tapped Lexa on the shoulder, wanting to cut in. “Why you wearing tin foil on your head babe?” he asked as he took O into his arms.
“Cause Raven loves me, and she doesn’t want me kidnapped by aliens.” Lincoln just nodded, knowing Octavia had a little too much to drink.

Lexa stood next to Clarke with her hand out, “May I have this dance, beautiful?” Clarke eagerly jumped up and slid into Lexa’s arms. Now they were all slow dancing and singing along. “Clarke, you have a wonderful voice, Jesus.”

“I did a lot of musical theater when I was a teenager. I wish I could say the same about you though.”

“You are correct there, I cannot sing.”

“Finally, something you suck at,” she said smiling up at her.

Raven looked up the song on google, “Jesus Christ, this song is from 1967. I’m embarrassed for all of you.” Niylah pulled Raven up and made her dance. And then to Raven’s horror, started singing along.

“You too babe?” Raven asked softly.

“It’s a classic, babe.”

That’s pretty much how the party ended. Clarke and Lexa hugged Anya and Luna goodbye, they were the last to leave. “Wow, I’m exhausted,” Clarke said leaning against Lexa.

“Let’s hit it. I’m about ready to drop. You go up and I’ll take care of the dog.”

Clarke walked up the steps, smiling to herself about how quickly they started acting like a couple. She remembered a few months ago when she was telling the gang that she wanted a girlfriend, and here she was, getting ready to go to sleep with the sexiest, most beautiful woman she’d ever met.

“Did you have fun?” Clarke asked when they were finally snuggled into bed, Clarke in her favorite position, laying on Lexa’s chest.

“I had a blast, Clarke.”

“Do you think Luna and Anya had a good time?”

“I do.” She kissed Clarke’s head.

“Speaking of family, you know I’ve told my mom about you. She wants to meet you. She’s been bugging me for a few weeks now.”

“I’d love to meet your mom.”

Clarke picked her head up and looked at Lexa, “Really? That doesn’t freak you out a little, meeting my mom?”

“No, I’m good with moms.”

Clarke continued to stare into Lexa’s eyes for a few moments.

“What?” Lexa asked, tenderly pushing a strand of hair behind Clarke’s ear.

Clarke smiled, and shook her head, “Nothing.” She put her head back down on Lexa’s chest and
closed her eyes, continuing to smile. Hearteyes.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I really only have a couple more chapters left in this little story. I may have to take a couple weeks off to clear my head though. Oh, and yes, somebody’s getting laid next chapter. And the first letter is C, and the last letter is A. And there’s an L, E, and X in the middle.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

So, the picture is Yogi. He's my dog. Of course Yogi is his stage name, but his nickname is still Bear. What? Oh, chapter summary, I forgot where I was for a sec. Yeah, this came quicker than expected. No pun intended.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa met Raven at the photographer’s studio on Monday afternoon. She was in her work clothes but brought a bag full of things to wear, not knowing how these things worked.

“Hey girl,” Raven said as she hugged her and kissed her. “How was the drive? How you doing? How was the rest of your weekend? Did you get laid? I know you didn’t cause I talked to Clarke last night. You ready?”

“How much coffee did you have?” Lexa asked, not sure which question to answer first.

“I’m on my third cup. Well, actually I had two espressos and one cup of coffee why am I talking really fast?” Raven asked. “I’m kidding, I only had one espresso and two cups of coffee. So? Answers?”

“What? Which que..? I mean..okay. The drive was fine. Uh, I’m fine, the rest of the weekend was great, and you answered the last one. Did I cover everything? Oh, and I’m ready. I guess.”

Raven patted her on the back, “Good, what’s that?” She pointed to Lexa’s bag.

“I didn’t know if I needed to bring my own clothes or not. Never done this sort of thing before.”

“Oh, well maybe we can use some of it, they sometimes have stuff too for you to put on. Let’s see how it goes, okay?” She grabbed Lexa by the hand, “Come on over and let’s meet everyone, this is David, he’s the photographer, he does a lot of jacket covers for Jasper. This is Jackie, she’s the makeup artist, she won’t have to do much to make you gorgeous, right Jackie?”

“My god no, you’re beautiful.”

Lexa shook both their hands, “Thanks.”

“And this over here is Michelle, she works in the marketing department for Jasper.”

Lexa shook her hand also, “Nice to meet you.”

“You, too.” Michelle’s hand lingered a little longer than necessary in Lexa’s. Lexa turned to look at Raven and a look passed between them. Raven took her arm and led her to the makeup chair. “Well, there’s your first fan,” Raven whispered with a wink.

When Lexa was done in makeup, Raven and Michelle had a couple outfits picked out for her. She changed into the first one and came back out. An hour later and Lexa didn’t know how models could
do this every day. She must have changed into ten outfits. And she was not fond of all the preening that she had to do. David was constantly prodding her, “Look over there,” “Now look at me,” “How about a little sexy.” She was having trouble with that one. Raven shouted at her, “Yo, think of a certain blond.” David got exactly the look he wanted.

Michelle sidled up to Raven, “I guess that means she’s taken?”

Raven answered without looking at her, “Yes she is.”

“Damn. She’s fucking hot.”

“Yes she is.”

They finally stopped shooting so they could look at what they had so far. “You okay?” Raven asked Lexa.

“Yeah, sure.”

“What’s the matter?”

“I don’t know. This isn’t me. Know what I mean? I’m more...casual than this. It just doesn’t feel like me. Not that that matters, but, you asked.”

Raven looked at her and sensed her frustrations. “Yo David, let’s pack it up and head outside, let’s take it to that park a block away. Where’s the dog, Yogi?” She called and Yogi came wiggling over to her. She went into Lexa’s bag and pulled out an outfit, “Put this on PS10.” Lexa took the outfit and smiled at her.

They got to the park and Lexa was in comfy, sporty, long shorts, flip flops, a pretty tank top, and her baseball hat. She and Yogi posed, played, and preened for a good half hour.

Michelle and Raven watched, “Oh man,” was all Michelle could manage.

“Right?” Raven said with her arms folded across her chest.

They got back to the studio and started to dissect the photos. David and Michelle were sitting in front of the monitors, and Lexa stood behind David, with Raven next to her.

“So Lexa, there’s actually two pictures needed, jacket cover and the promo poster,” Michelle explained. “We’ll pick two and get this thing wrapped up. Let’s do the promo first, that one will be larger.”

“That’s the one that's gotta be hot, right?” Raven asked.

“Absolutely. That's the hook. That's the one that will be on the display with your books.”

“And the one I’m plastering around the gayborhood,” Raven said proudly.

“Exactly. Okay, let's look through these.”

David started to cue up the photos.

“What about this one?” Michelle asked.

“Hm, not feeling it,” Raven said.
“I like this one too,” David said, but Raven shook her head. David continued scrolling through the pictures.

“Wait, go back, this one is nice.” Lexa was leaning against the wall with her arms crossed, glancing slightly sideways at the camera. Lexa remembered the moment. A certain blond was on her mind.

“Oh yeah, wow, that’s sexy as shit,” Michelle said.

“This might be it, hold on.” Raven took screenshots of the top pictures in question with her phone. “Lex, how about we send these to, ah, Clare and if she creams her pants, then we know we got it, okay?"

Lexa laughed at her, “Okay, good idea. Let the GF pick.”

Raven texted the first one to Clarke.

=she’s beautiful!=

She texted her the next one.

=wow, I’d do her=

She texted her the third one, the one Raven liked best.

=fuck me=

“Choice is made peeps, this one for the promo, agreed Michelle?”

“I think that’s a fine choice. Now, jacket cover, we’re thinking with the dog right?”

“You got it. Let’s pull them up.”

They picked one where Lexa was lying on the ground smiling, her head on Yogi’s back, with Yogi looking at the camera too. It was perfectly Lexa, sexy, sporty, and beautiful.

They packed up everything and Lexa and Raven were getting ready to head out.

“Hey, you guys, lunch on me if you have a little time, just wanted to map out our marketing strategy.” Michelle sensed Lexa’s hesitation, “There’s a little place right around the corner, the food is good and the service is fast, I promise.”

Lexa looked at Raven, who shrugged her shoulders, leaving the decision up to Lexa. “Sure, I guess I should familiarize myself with the marketing end of it.”

They settled in at an outside table and ordered their food. “So Raven told me her idea of hitting the gayborhood. I like it. It’s great actually. If we can start a little word of mouth in that community, it can really spread.”

Lexa looked at Raven and winked at her, and was rewarded with a nod and smile and a “Who loves ya?"

Lexa pointed at her, “You do. Well, you used to, I seem to remember you washing your hands of me on Saturday.”

“I was drunk.”
Michelle continued, “Okay, so, we’ll get the book into bookstores as soon as possible. The most important thing though, is to get it in the hands of the reviewers, like the people at Entertainment Weekly, who happen to owe Jasper a favor by the way, and he’s calling it in.”

“Really? That’s great,” Raven said, looking excitedly at Lexa.

“I read it by the way, and I loved it. I think it should get great reviews, I think,” she said crossing her fingers. “How’s the second book coming?”

“I’m almost done actually,” Lexa said.

“That’s great, hopefully you have the title?”

“Yes.”

“Do you happen to have a chapter excerpt ready? Because that’s great advertising if we can put it at the end of this book.”

“I do, it’s kinda late for that though, isn’t it?”

“Nope, not in the digital age,” Michelle said with a smile. “So, what else? I’ll be getting the photos from David tonight, we’ll do the layout tomorrow. We got your bio last week, so that’s done. Editing is all done on the chapters, we’re just waiting on these pics now. I’m thinking we might have this done in a couple weeks.”

“Wow, holy shit,” Lexa said, shaking her head in disbelief. She still couldn’t believe this was all happening. She wouldn’t believe it until she had that first copy in her hands.

Raven clapped her on the back, “You ready to be famous?” she said jokingly.

“Well, I don’t know about famous. I’m gonna temper my expectations.”

They finished up their lunch and Lexa and Raven walked back to their cars. “Dude, you good?” Raven asked her.

“Yeah, it’s all a little overwhelming sometimes.”

“You’ll get used to. I’ll keep you buffered from a lot of the bullshit. That’s ma job.”

“Thanks, Rav. You’ve been great.”

“Okay, here’s my car, where you at?”

“Next lot over.”

“Okay, hug it out,” and Raven pulled her in for a hug. “Good luck this weekend, with that sex thing. I think she’s ready to cave, but that’s just between you and me. And I guess anyone else I run into, since I have trouble keeping my mouth shut. Later!”

“See you later.”

Lexa and Luna were at the table for dinner Monday night. Anya came walking in and duffed Lexa in the head, “There’s Romeo, how’s Juliet, how did the rest of your weekend go?”
Lexa rubbed the back of her head. “First off, stop with the Romeo, I thought we covered that.”

“Well, you think it has bad connotations, but to me it’s the one of the greatest love stories of all time. And you, as an English major, should appreciate that.”

“It is a great love story, but fucking super tragic. So you see, offensive on two fronts, the first being that they both die because they love each other, and the second being the current interpretation of the name Romeo, and that interpretation being, a womanizer type.”

“Jesus Christ, I fell asleep after you said super tragic,” Anya said, never one to appreciate the fine arts. “Pass the veggies, babe, thanks.”

Lexa sighed, wondering how they could possibly be related. She looked at Luna, who read her mind and winked, “She’s really good in bed, remember?”

“What?” Anya asked, looking at them both.

Luna kissed her on the cheek, “Nothing babe.”

“So how did that photo shoot go today, wasn’t that today?” Anya asked.

“Yes, it was today. It was good, but weird.”

“Weird? Why weird?”

“I don’t know, weird that some dude is taking a thousand pictures of you, talking to you and telling you to look sexy.”

“Did they get some good pictures?” Luna asked.

“Yeah, I guess so. Here,” and Lexa took out her phone, “they’re using this one for the promo posters, and, this one for the jacket cover.”

“Oh, Yogi! That’s cool,” Luna said. She swiped back to the other one, “Wow, that’s a sexy look, what are you thinking about there?”

“Let me see,” Anya said, reaching for the phone, “Ha, two guesses. Well, just one guess.”

Lexa smiled at her, “You got that right,” and she high fived her big sis.

“So, did anything new happen between you two since we saw you Saturday night?” Luna asked.

“Nope, still sexually frustrated.”

“Jesus, I don’t know how you’re doing it,” Anya said.

“I don’t think it’ll be too much longer. And I’m sure it’ll be worth the wait.”

“So, how big is Clarke’s family?” Anya asked.

“Uh, I think just her mom and her mom’s husband. Why?”

“Just making sure we can sit everybody at Thanksgiving.”

“For fuck’s sake, what is the Thanksgiving thing? Somebody please enlighten me. And it is over five months away, you know that right?” Lexa asked exasperated.
“Jesus, somebody needs to get laid soon,” Anya mumbled.

Luna laughed, “You know your sister, she gets hung up on something and she can’t let it go.”

“But, I don’t even understand where this is coming from,” Lexa said with her hands up in the air.

Luna tried to explain, “This all goes back to the first time you brought Clarke here, and we met her for the first time, and both your sister and I loved her the moment we met her, and we found out she couldn’t cook, so your sister made a joke that we would have Thanksgiving here, since Clarke can’t cook. Obviously hoping you two would hit it off and become a couple.”

“So this is just some running joke with you two?” Lexa asked.

“Yes.”

“Okay, now I get it. And I can appreciate the humor in it. Thank you. And I’m pretty sure we’ll be able to fit everyone around the dining room table.”

Lexa was working crazy hours the last couple of days to try and get this current job finished on time. It was supposed to be done by the weekend, but problems with deliveries caused them to run a couple days behind, and doing the photo shoot on Monday lost her more than half a day. She was so exhausted she was ready to drop. Between the late hours here, and then not sleeping very well at night, she was running on fumes. She thought about why she wasn’t sleeping well at night, for quite a while now, and she smiled. It was because a certain blond was on her mind 24/7. They had a great weekend together last week, and she looked forward to another one coming up. Lexa was loving the whole situation, dating and being in a real relationship again. They spoke on the phone at various times during the day, they texted all sorts of sexual innuendos to each other, and they spent the last moments before the lights went out facetimeing. Clarke still made Lexa keep her blanket up. Lexa was thankful for the physical nature of her job right now, because it gave all her pent up sexual energy an outlet. But there was still some left over, enough to keep her wide awake after hanging up with Clarke at night. She never fantasized so much in her life. She had all sorts of thoughts about what she wanted to do to Clarke when she finally got the green light. Her phone rang and it was the object of her affection. “Hey babe.”

“Hey baby goat!”

“Oh god,” Lexa groaned.

“You know I’m gonna call you that because you don’t want me to.”

“I’m beginning to regret calling them adorable. In fact, that’s it. They are not adorable.”

Clarke made an exaggerated intake of breath, “Take it back, take that back. They’re adorable and they will always be adorable.”

“I won’t, I won’t take it back. And you can’t make me.”

“I bet I could make you.”

“Oh yeah? How?”

“I’m sure a couple of well placed kisses and gropes will get you to walk back that statement.”
“Well, I’m sure you’re right.”

“Ha! You fold like a house of cards when kisses and gropes are involved.”

“What can I say? I’m desperate for any little sexual crumb you may throw my way.”

“So, you’re saying I may not have this advantage after you bang me.”

“Somehow I think you will always have this advantage over me.” Lexa paused then started laughing, “Bang you?”

“Yeah, pretty lady. Bang me. Nail me. Do me.”

“Well thank god you didn’t say fuck me.”

“That might’ve been next.”

“Well aren’t you all sexual this afternoon. What’s up? Am I gonna get lucky soon?”

“You know...”

“What?”

“If you play your cards right.”

“Oh, the statement that haunts my dreams.”

“I thought I haunted your dreams.”

“Well you are positively turning me on now. Nothing like verbally sparring with the girl of your dreams. It’s an intellectual rush.”

“You want news?”

“News, sure, what’s the news beautiful?”

“Columbia is very interested.”

Lexa almost dropped her phone, “Wait, Columbia? As in Columbia Pictures?”

“Yes. Super interested, super intrigued. Now, it’s not 100% yet. We met with John Murphy, who is ‘the’ guy to talk to. He loves sci fi, and he happens to have a little crush on me. He’s not fond of many people, but I’m one of the lucky ones. And he’s happily married, so don’t worry, when I say crush, it’s not like my loser friends who fall all over you. More of a business crush.”

“Well good, cause I thought I’d have to give him a beat down for even thinking of you in that way. Or better yet, I’d sic Anya on him.”

“Oh, now that would be a beat down.”

“I know, right? She would be all over beating the shit out of him for looking at you and jeopardizing Thanksgiving. So, holy crap, Columbia?”

“How’s that make you feel BG?”

“Makes me feel like you can call me baby goat for a little while longer.”
“We might know for sure by the end of this weekend. If they bite, then they’ll want to get started on the screen play. So you and Monty might be busy soon.”

“Holy shit. I’m not gonna think about it, I don’t want to jinx it. I’ll think about you naked instead, that seems to keep my mind occupied.”

“Well, that’s where your mind should be anyway, all Clarke all the time.”

“It already is, lovely lady, it already is.”

“Good. Keep it that way. Okay, I know you have a lot of work to do, I’ll talk to you later? And you’re coming over Friday night, right?”

“Yep, Friday night, two more days.”

“Absolutely, positively cannot wait. Don’t forget I have those interviews and photo shoots on Saturday, the ones for the series.”

“Yes, dear, I remember, I’m going to go to Bellamy’s.”

“Oh cool, you going to see what he wants done?”

“Yeah, but that shouldn’t take that long.”

“Dammit. I’ll be wasting prime Lexa time at stupid interviews.”

“Yes, schedule better next time.”

“I definitely will, okay, bye baby.”

“Oh, the shortened version, that’s okay. Bye blondie.”

When Lexa made it to Clarke’s place late Friday night, she was already at the door waiting for her. Lexa got out of her truck and let Yogi out. She walked to the door smiling. Clarke just held it open for her, leering at her as she walked in. When the door closed, Lexa dropped her backpack and Clarke grabbed her and pulled her in for a kiss. When they broke apart Clarke cupped Lexa’s face in her hands, “God you look tired.”

“I am so wiped. That was an exhausting week. Physically and mentally.”

“Oh man, you shouldn’t have been driving when you’re this tired. It’s too dangerous. You could have come over tomorrow.”

“Not seeing you tonight, was not an option.” Lexa bent down to kiss her again, she pulled Clarke tight against her body, pressing their hips together.

Clarke broke it off and pulled them over to the sofa. “Let’s get you off your feet, it’s couch time, we need some couch time.” Lexa laughed as she was pulled across the room and she crashed onto the couch. Clarke leaned over her and took her boots off. “That’s better.”

Lexa dragged Clarke down on top of her. Her hands moving under Clarke’s shirt. “Oh, no bra, you little temptress.” Her tongue and lips started working the neck area.

Clarke bent her head away, to give Lexa more access. “It’s almost bed time, you’re lucky I’m not
already in my PJ’s.”

“I would call that unlucky.”

“God I missed you,” Clarke said as she ran her hands through Lexa’s hair. “Did you finish that job?”

“I did.” Her hands slipped lower and she squeezed Clarke’s ass. “Mmm. Now that’s nice.” She moved her hands up a little and managed to slip them underneath Clarke’s underwear. “Mmm, now that’s very nice.”

“Easy killer, don’t start something you’re too tired to finish.”

“Oh, I’ll find the energy to finish, don’t you worry about that.”

“But we have a lot of rooms here, I don’t know if you have that kind of energy.”

Lexa relented a little, “Damn, you may be right about that.”

They moved onto their sides and Clarke’s hand immediately went under Lexa’s shirt, she needed her weekly ab grope. She closed her eyes as she moved her hand back and forth across them. “Now that’s nice,” she said as she leaned into Lexa’s neck. “So haven’t you been sleeping? Or are you just getting home super late every night?”

“Both.”

“Why aren’t you sleeping?”

“Do you really have to ask?”

“No. I suspect it’s the same reason I’m not sleeping.”

“I look forward to the night that I will fall asleep from sheer, utter, sexual exhaustion.” Lexa took Clarke’s hand and moved it higher and settled it over her breast. “Now that’s nice.”

Clarke’s eyes popped open. “Ah, you don’t have a bra on either.”

“Yeah, I forgot. And it was late. And I figured we’d just be going to bed soon anyway. So, why bother expending the energy to put one on?” Now it was Lexa’s turn to close her eyes, and she groaned a little.

“I know it can be very exhausting.”

“It is, I mean you have to put it on, you have to hook it. I’m exhausted just thinking about it. And if I did put one on, then I wouldn’t be enjoying this wonderful sensation of your hands on my naked breasts.”

“Mmm. It is nice. I guess since we’re safe at second we’ll be heading to third next?”

Now Lexa’s eyes popped open. “I’ve got the energy for that.”

Clarke rolled Lexa onto her back, her hand still under her shirt. Her nights this week were filled with Lexa daydreams, more so than usual, and she was seriously reconsidering her ‘I love you rule.’ She kissed her, their tongues playing chase inside their mouths. Her hand slipped to the top of Lexa’s jeans, and a couple fingers slipped under her waistband.

Lexa reached down and took Clarke’s hand, tried to push it lower. Clarke smiled against Lexa’s lips,
“uh uh.”
“Uh huh,” Lexa said, running her tongue underneath Clarke’s lips.
“Uh uh.”
“Uh huh.”
“Uh uh.”
“Please Clarke.” Lexa tried to give her a most pathetic look.
Clarke pulled back a little, “Is that like a begging kind of please?”
“Would that help if it was?”
“Look at you, you can barely keep your eyes open and you’re still this frisky.”
“I’m always this frisky.”
“Oh boy,”
“What?”
“You just said you’re always frisky and it made me a little wet.”
“A little? And you’re just getting wet now?”
“No, and no,” Clark said emphatically.
“I’ve been wet since last Sunday. I actually had to put on underwear all week.”
Clarke giggled. “I think you’re exaggerating. And I know you don’t have any on right now,” she said as her fingers continued to dance around Lexa’s waistband.
“I can remain hopeful.”
“Hopeful about what?”
“That your fingers might slip a little lower.”
Clarke was rubbing her nose in Lexa’s hair. “Slip? Like on a banana peel?”
That cracked Lexa up. “God you were so fucking hot that day, wearing my sunglasses, oh man. I should have known then that I was in trouble.”
“Yeah, did you ever imagine that day that you’d be here on the make out couch with me?”
“You know, I think I did, deep down. And you know we can never get rid of this couch now,” Lexa said with droopy eyes.
“I already knew that. You’re exhausted, I think I should just put you to bed.”
“I’m begging you to take me to bed.”
“I said put.”
“Isn’t that what I said?”

“No.”

“As long as we end up in bed together. Do I still have to behave myself? Because those PJ’s of yours are very sexy.”

“Maybe I should wear a full length flannel nightgown, you know, all boxy and big. Then maybe you wouldn’t find me so appealing.”

“Well, nighties tend to slip up above your waist in the middle of the night, especially when aided by a helping hand, and then when that happens, there’s this phenomenon called oops the underwear is gone.”

“Okay, how about a fleece rabbit suit, like in Christmas Story.”

“Well, I’ll see a rabbit and think about fucking like rabbits.”

“I’ll make Yogi sleep between us. So you wouldn’t be able to touch me.”

“If you like human torture, than that’s your solution. But I think there’s something in the Geneva Conventions that outlaw that sort of behavior.”

Clarke laughed at her and kissed her again. When she pulled back she looked into Lexa’s tired eyes. “You’re too sleepy. I can tell. When I let you get in my pants, I want your full attention. I mean, you have a reputation to uphold.”

“A reputation, and what would that be?”

“Well, you’ve been with a lot of women, that means you must be good in bed.”

“It doesn’t necessarily mean that. And besides, I was good in bed before I slept with those women.”

Clarke smiled, “Oh, okay. Well, I’m expecting greatness, not to put any pressure on you or anything.”

“I live for pressure.”

“I’m glad one of us does. I have to admit, I’m a tiny bit intimidated by all your experience. Let’s not forget you had a three way.”

“Oh yes, the infamous three way. I told you it wasn’t all that.”

“Well, I’m still worried I won’t measure up.”

“Hey, there’s no way you couldn’t measure up, so don’t even say something like that, okay?” Lexa knew that there was some seriousness behind Clarke’s statement, and she wanted to put her at ease. “Hey.” She cupped Clarke’s face in her hands and made her look at her. “None of those women could hold a candle to you, got that blondie?” She planted a soft kiss on her mouth.

“Oh, sexy, let’s get you upstairs and tuck you in.” Clarke got up and pulled Lexa up. “Does Yogi have to go out?”

“No, he went when I let him out of the truck.”
When Lexa came out of the bathroom, Clarke was on her side of the bed and Yogi was next to her. “Really? You are gonna torture me?”

“He kinda crawled up here.”

Lexa got under the covers and looked longingly over to Clarke.

“God, now there’s a look I can’t resist. Yogi, buddy, can you scooch over and let mommy in here.” Lexa snapped her fingers and pointed to the bottom of the bed. Yogi did as he was told. Lexa inched her way over to Clarke and Clarke just watched her. When Lexa reached her destination, she pulled her into her arms and gave her a solid kiss goodnight, snuggled into her, and didn’t try anything further.

“What? I don’t have to fight you off? Are you over me already?” Clarke asked with mock seriousness.

“I’m being respectful.”

“Fuck that, a little fighting off is okay. It’s the highlight of my day.”

“I’m saving my energy. I’m gonna try and bang you tomorrow.”

Clarke laughed out loud. “Oh my god. You do crack me up.”

“Turn around and I’ll spoon you, and then you can fight me off a little.” Clarke obliged her. She turned over and Lexa wrapped her arms around her from behind. “Now, let’s see, what should I grope first?” She slid her hand up Clarke’s shirt and placed her hand over Clarke’s breast. “Here seems as good a place as any to start.” Her fingers teased and caressed. “Here’s the part where you fight me off.” Clarke just sighed and moaned a little. “Seriously, where’s my fight?” Clarke’s hips started moving on their own now. “Oh Jesus Christ.” Lexa pulled her hand away, knowing that her self control was fading quickly. She buried her face in Clarke’s hair.

“What? Why’d you stop?”

“You didn’t fight,” Lexa said, her voice muffled by Clarke’s hair.

“Well, it’s just second base. Not like you haven’t been there before.”

“Then don’t move your hips,” Lexa said.

“It was involuntary. Like Tourettes.”

“Babe, we’re walking a very fine line here.” She was talking between feather light kisses on the back Clarke’s neck. “I’m gonna have to put you in the burqa soon.”

“Okay, okay. Guess I have been torturing the shit out of you.” Clarke grabbed Lexa’s hand and just held it against her stomach. “Go to sleep, BG, I know you’re tired.”

“Well, I’m kind of awake now.”

“Then tell me a story. Tell me how you found Yogi. I remember you had said you both rescued each other.”

“Hm, okay. Let’s see, I got him back East, before I moved back here. I met him literally the day of Costia’s funeral.”
“Oh crap, sorry. You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.”

“No no, it’s fine. One of our closest friends was big into dog rescue. It was a mission for her. She was pretty amazing, with the work that she did. Anyway, after Cos’s funeral, some of us ended up back at our house. So Suzanne walks into the house with this dog in tow. Evidently he had been in her car the whole day, right through the service. He was time stamped the previous night. You know what time stamped means?”

“They were going to put him down?”

“Yeah. He had been at the shelter for a few weeks, and that’s what happens. So she pulled him out and kept him overnight. She has like eight dogs already, so she knew she couldn’t keep him. She had to get him into another foster home, so she brings him into the house that night.”

“And it was love at first sight?”

“Hardly. First off, I was in no frame of mind to want to take care of anything. And secondly, he was really standoffish. Wouldn’t come near anybody, just curled up in the corner. So it wasn’t like some great dog who made a fuss over everybody. Funny, but I guess our moods actually matched. Because I just wanted everyone gone from the house by that time.”

Clarke turned her head and kissed Lexa, just because.

Lexa squeezed her. “So, Suzanne asked if I could just keep him around for a few days until they could find a better solution for him. I said okay, figured I had nothing else to do except cry my eyes out, might as well cry with him.” She received another soft kiss from Clarke. “So, our first day together was uneventful. He stayed on his side of the room, and I stayed on mine. I took him for some walks. He was really good on leash. He really was well behaved. To this day I don’t know how he ended up at that shelter. Anyway, the next night I was mindlessly watching tv, and he was laying in the middle of the room instead of in the corner. Two days after that, he was near the couch. By the start of the second week, he put his head on my feet and I called Suzanne to tell her to stop looking for a foster. And that’s how we found each other. And saved each other. I just started to take him everywhere with me. We hiked, we went shopping together, we took long car rides. And here we are today, in bed with a beautiful woman, the rescue is complete. Should we keep her around for a little bit Yogi?” she asked as she pushed him with her feet. He looked up and wagged his tail.

Clarke turned around and put her arms around Lexa’s neck, “What did I rescue you from?”

“You rescued me from myself,” she said tenderly. “Goodnight blue eyes.”

“Good night... you.”

Lexa just looked at her.

“I’m trying to come up with a new nickname for you.”

Lexa smiled and kissed her. “I told you, for now I’ll keep it. If the movie thing falls through, then you’re on the clock.”

Clarke held onto her long after she fell asleep. The love she felt inside was overwhelming. She had a pretty good idea that she would lose this game of chicken. And it would be much sooner rather than later.
When Lexa woke up the following morning, Clarke had already left for her interviews. She was surprised that she slept so long, and she was disappointed big time she didn’t get to wake up next to her. She was still exhausted, but she couldn’t sleep all day. She figured she’d get up and go to their gym, maybe go for a run. With all the late nights, she didn’t get much of a chance to work out this week. After working out she would head over to Bell and Echo’s. Clarke would probably be gone most of the day.

Clarke finally made it home later in the afternoon. Lexa was out back fussing around in the gardens. She turned around when she heard the back door open.

“Hey, sorry about that, god I can’t believe it took so long. I hate photo shoots, and now I can say that to you because you’ve experienced one. All you do is wait around while everyone gets makeup on, then they change your outfits, then it all repeats itself. And our cast is big, so it takes even longer.” She made it over to Lexa and hugged her. “What did you do all day by yourself?”

“I went to Bell’s, I went to the gym, I went for a nice eight mile run.”

“Eight miles? Good god. No wonder you still look tired.”

“I find it best to keep physically active when you’re not around.” She leaned down to kiss Clarke, but took a quick look up in the sky, “Do we need to be careful?” she asked playfully.

Clarke’s eyes widened with an idea, “I’ll be right back, okay? Wait here.”

“Okay.” Lexa started playing ball with Yogi. He wasn’t a very good fetcher, so she would run after him and pry the ball out of his mouth, throw it, and chase him again.

“I’m back.” Clarke came near her with a goofy smile on her face, her hands behind her back.

“Whatcha got there? Is that a ring Clarke? Are you finally proposing?”

“No, silly, not yet anyway.” Clarke proudly produced two tin foil hats.

Lexa started laughing, “Oh my god.” Lexa took her hat and put it on. “You are too freaking funny. Is this so we can have sex in the back yard? Is it time?” she asked, as she yanked Clarke closer. “Now we’re invisible, we can do all sorts of things back here. I love sex in the grass, but sex in the pool is a close second.”

Clarke pushed her down onto one of the lounge chairs by the fire pit. She climbed on top of her and began kissing her. Her kisses having more of an edge to them, more desperation, her teeth biting Lexa’s lips.

“Oh god,” Lexa moaned, “are you trying to kill me?”

Clarke looked down at her and smiled. They were both startled by the buzzer for the front gate.

“What the hell is that?” Lexa asked, getting up on her elbows.

“The front gate. I was expecting a delivery, that must be it. I’ll be back in a sec, okay?”

“Oh, I’ll just be stuck to this lounge chair, because I don’t have any underwear on,” Lexa called after her. She got up and restlessly started pacing around the gardens. Yogi brought the ball over to her and she threw it for him.
Clarke was back in a few minutes. She came over to Lexa who was wrestling with Yogi in the grass.  

“Hey,” Clarke said.

Lexa got up and brushed off her hands, “Hey. Now whatcha got there, behind your back?”

“Just this.” Clarke handed Lexa a thick manila envelope, a shit eating grin on her face and her hat still on her head.

Lexa reached into her pocket and put her hat back on also, not wanting Clarke to feel like she was the only one rocking the tin foil. She took the envelope from her with a questioning look in her eyes, “What is this?” She opened the envelope and slowly slid out a copy of her book, in hardcover. “What...the...fuck? Oh my god.” She stared at the book, tears forming in her eyes, she put a hand over her mouth, “Oh my god, Clarke.”  She looked over at her.

Clarke smiled at her, “It’s the first copy.” Clarke put her hands in her pockets, her eyes filled up a little bit also. “They’ll start mass printing it next week, but Jasper gave me this one. I guess I’m kinda selfish, but I wanted to be the one to hand it to you.”

“Oh my god. I don’t know what to say.” Lexa wiped a couple of tears away from her eyes. “I have to admit, there were a lot of times that I thought this would never happen. And here it is. In my hands. Because of you.” She looked at Clarke, and her heart felt like it was going to burst right out of her chest. “Clarke, I...” she hesitated, searching for the right way to say the words, wrapping her head around her feelings.

“What? Speak freely,” she said as she pointed to their hats. “We’re safe now.”

That made Lexa laugh, god this blonde. She wiped away her tears and stopped smiling and stared at her. “Clarke...I know, the last few years, I haven’t been a very good person.” Clarke started to interrupt her, but Lexa held up her hand. “I’ve slept around, I’m pretty sure I’ve probably hurt people. I pushed all my friends away, I really was a shit, basically.” She took an extra breath, “And I know for a fact, that you deserve so much better than me. That being said,” she started to smile again, “I’m still just a girl...”

“Oh no you’re not,” Clarke said with a knowing look on her face, which turned into an ear splitting grin.

“Standing in front of a girl...”

“Oh no, you’re gonna Notting Hill me,” Clarke said, pointing her finger at Lexa.

“ Asking her to love me.”

“You Notting Hilled me, you Notting Hilled me,” Clarke said with a wondrous voice. “Oh my god,” and she jumped into Lexa’s arms, and started raining kisses all over her face. “Oh my god.”

Lexa held Clarke’s legs in place around her waist, staring up into her eyes, “Clarke, I swear to god, you’re the goofiest, most beautiful, sweetest, sexiest, woman I’ve ever met. And you’re cool funny to boot.” Clarke threw her head back and laughed at that. “And I am hopelessly, totally, completely, absolutely in love with you. And I figure if I play my cards right, you might just love me back?”

“Oh my god yes. I can’t believe you Notting Hilled me, I’m the actress, I’m supposed to Notting Hill you,” Clarke said as she kissed her with all the passion and love she could muster.

“Well, I beat you to it blondie,” Lexa said when they came up for air.
Clarke put her hands on Lexa’s face, “You know I’ve been in love with you since the first moment I laid eyes on you, so there’s that. I’ve just been waiting for you to catch up.”

They kissed again, then Lexa groaned, “Okay, you’re getting a little heavy now, I’m gonna put you down.”

Clarke stepped away from Lexa, “Here, you jump into my arms.”

“What? Clarke, you can’t.”

“I can, c’mon, I swear I can, remember I have strong legs.”

“I don’t think so, blondie.”

“Try me.”

“Okay, you sure?” Lexa asked. Clarke nodded. “Here I come, ready?”

“Yeah, c’mon, this will be easy.”

“Well I don’t know about that.”

“C’mon, do it, do it.” Clarke said, waving her hands at her.

“Okay, here we go.”

Lexa jumped up on Clarke, who briefly caught her, then started to backpedal, “Oh shit, oh shit, we’re going down,” and they both tumbled into the grass laughing their asses off.

Lexa rolled on top of Clarke, put their tin foil hats back on, and started kissing her, her hands tangled in Clarke’s hair, holding her still so her tongue could probe deep inside Clarke’s mouth.

Clarke broke off the kiss, “Lexa, now, now.”

Lexa was lost in a haze of lust, “What?” She moved in to kiss her again.

“Now now.”

“Mmm.” She was kissing Clarke’s neck when it dawned on her and her lips froze, “Now now? Like, now now,” she said into Clarke’s neck.

She pulled back and looked at Clarke, who nodded, “Now now, Lexa, now now,” Clarke said forcibly.

“Holy shit, now now? Holy shit,” and Lexa got up and took a few steps toward the house, then remembered Clarke, she turned back and reached down to pull Clarke up, quickly kissed her again, held her hand and started running towards the back door. They reached the patio near the door and Clarke yanked on Lexa’s hand to stop her, needing to kiss her, so she grabbed her face and kissed her so deeply that Lexa’s legs almost gave out, they were walking backwards towards the french door and hit a lounge chair, falling onto it, never breaking the kiss. Lexa was on her back with Clarke on top of her, and her hands traveled wildly over Clarke’s body, slid inside her shorts and grabbed her ass, then moved back out and up over her breasts, her thumb brushing back and forth across her nipples. Clarke broke off the kiss to take a breath and let out a moan, she pulled herself off of Lexa and pulled Lexa off the chair, and started to lead her towards the door. Lexa caught her from behind, and she nipped and kissed the back of Clarke’s neck as they slowly made their way to the door.
When they got there, all Clarke could do was put her hands on it and brace herself while Lexa’s hands made their way down to the front of her shorts. Clarke put her head against the door, breathing heavily, “Remember when I walked into this door?”

Lexa had Clarke’s earlobe in her mouth, she let it go and whispered into her ear, “How could I forget. Funny, after you did that, this is exactly what I wanted to do to you that day.”

Clarke shivered in response. “My god, I was a dork, how could you have wanted me?”

And now Lexa’s hand was further down her shorts, and her fingers were inside her underwear, reaching lower, and Lexa’s breath was hot on the back of her neck. “You were the sexiest dork I’d ever met,” Lexa panted in her ear.

And when her fingers hit pay dirt, Clarke almost fell on the ground. “Oh Jesus fucking...”

She felt Lexa smile into her neck, “Welcome to third base, Clarke.”

Clarke pushed herself off the door, “These hats are not gonna be strong enough to block this, inside, inside.”

Lexa pulled her hand away and opened the door and dragged Clarke inside, she turned around and whipped Clarke’s shirt over head, and Clarke returned the favor. Lexa took Clarke’s shirt and tossed it over her shoulder, grinning wickedly. She reached up and took off her hat and frisbeed it across the room. Her eyes were half closed and they traveled slowly up and down Clarke’s body, “Meow.”

Clarke just stared at her panting, glanced down at Lexa’s abs, her eyes eventually making their way up to Lexa’s lips. She took a step and slammed her mouth into Lexa’s, her hands roaming over Lexa’s back, every flex of her muscles registering between her legs. She started to push Lexa backwards, trying to angle her towards the steps, but forgot about the dog bed, tripping over it and down they went in a heap. “Who put this dog bed here?” Clarke asked, a little annoyed that their progress towards the bedroom was slowed down.

“I think you did,” Lexa said as she kissed Clarke’s breasts through her bra.

“Who puts a dog bed near a door?” Clarke asked as she closed her eyes, wanting her bra gone.

“You do,” Lexa said as her teeth started to nibble.

Clarke got on her feet, “Up up,” she said, “we are not doing it on a dog bed.”

“It’s really quite comfortable, you must have paid a fortune for it,” Lexa said as she allowed herself to be pulled up.

Clarke held Lexa’s hand, pulling her towards the steps frantically, the wait finally over, the sleepless nights hopefully coming to an end right now. When she got to the first step, Lexa grabbed her hips from behind, reached around with her hands and started to undo the button on Clarke’s shorts. After she succeeded with that, she pushed the zipper down. Clarke went to her knees, trying to crawl up the steps as Lexa peeled them off her. By the time Clarke hit the landing, she was still on her knees and short-less. Lexa tossed those over her shoulder also. Clarke turned around and Lexa was crawling up to her, she felt like she was being stalked by a hungry panther. And it was fucking hot. Lexa put her hands on Clarke’s knees, and spread them apart, and crawled up between them, staying on the step below the landing. Their mouths found each other again, slanting hard across each other, breathing hard into each others mouth. Clarke’s only thought was the bedroom, “Let’s go, let’s go!” she said as she tried to get up.
But Lexa had other ideas, as she slipped Clarke’s bra off, and over her shoulder that went. “You gotta give me a minute here.” Her hands cupped Clarke’s breasts, and her mouth followed her hands.

“Oh, oh, okay, Jesus, take as much time as you need,” Clarke said, now losing all thought of making it to the bedroom. There was no way she was getting up from this spot without an orgasm. She couldn’t get up even if she wanted to. She had been reduced to a giant puddle of want. Lexa was kissing and sucking on her nipples, first one than the other, then back again. Clarke grabbed Lexa’s head, holding it against her chest. She knew she was already getting close, her daily nighttime fantasies about to become reality. She needed it now. She wanted it now, she wanted Lexa bad.

“Lex, please, please, I’m gonna explode.”

Lexa looked up at her, and her eyes were unfocused and heavy lidded with lust, and Clarke almost lost it just looking at her. “Please,” Clarke pleaded. Lexa smiled at her and pushed Clarke’s legs further apart, keeping up the eye contact as she sunk lower between Clarke’s legs, sliding down the steps for a better angle, taking Clarke’s underwear with her. “Oh Jesus Christ.” Clarke again was reminded of a hungry panther. She bit her lip and Lexa almost came. The next thing Clarke felt was Lexa’s tongue inside her and she swooned, her patented Lexa swoon. She fell onto her back, not having the strength to stay upright anymore. “Oh my god, oh my god.” She just stared at the ceiling, lost in the sensations. She gasped and closed her eyes when Lexa’s fingers replaced her tongue, because her tongue wandered a little higher. Her fingers and her tongue started taking Clarke to places she’d never been before. It didn’t take long, not this time, not the first time. She was right there now, and then over the edge she tumbled. She cried out as the orgasm shattered her insides, she moaned with each wave, grabbing at Lexa’s head, holding her in place until she was finished, then her body went limp. Lexa stayed down between her legs for a little bit, kissing her softly, running her tongue up and down, tasting her.

“Oh my fucking god,” Clarke moaned.

Lexa reluctantly pulled herself away and moved up towards Clarke, her lips kissing their way up Clarke’s torso, up her neck, and finally to her mouth. Clarke moaned into her mouth.

“Holy shit,” was about all Clarke could manage when Lexa pulled back.

Lexa grinned, her heart still racing. “That was pretty fucking good,” she said trying to catch her breath.

“Did we really,” Clarke took a breath, “just have, our first time sex on the stairs?” Clarke asked huffing between words.

Lexa tried to catch her breath, but now she was looking at Clarke and wanted her again. “We did. In my defense, I was instructed to get on with it.”

“You were, I admit it. I couldn’t make it to the bedroom. How you doing?”

Lexa took a deep breath, “Well, if you must know,” she said between breaths, “I don’t think I’ve been this wet in my entire life, and I might have already come.”

Clarke started grinning, and was starting to get her second wind now, the thought of Lexa’s body underneath her was giving her new found life. “Maybe I should check that out for you,” she said, her chest still heaving, “I mean, what if you didn’t come, then I need to remedy that asap.” And her hands went to the top of Lexa’s shorts.

“Oh. Should we just go to the bedroom?” Lexa asked and she started breathing heavy again, watching Clarke fiddle with the button on the top of her shorts. Months of pent up sexual energy was
about to explode out of her at any moment.

“I don’t think I can make it, I kinda want you right now?” Clarke said shakily, she was still having trouble with the button. “Is this some sorta fucking trick button?” she asked a little frustrated.

“It is, it’s the kind that slides through the hole,” Lexa said. “Just slide it through the hole Clarke,” Lexa said patiently, which was a miracle, since her first orgasm with Clarke was literally minutes away.

“I’m trying,” she said.

“Thank god I don't wear a belt.”

Clarke gave up on the button because her hands were unsteady, and she had also gotten distracted by Lexa’s sports bra and was now frantically trying to pry it off her.

“The bedroom, Clarke? It’s really only thirty feet away.”

“That seems really far,” Clarke said cursing her fumbling fingers.

“The bed is so soft.” Lexa said, as she closed her eyes, feeling Clarke’s hands on her, willing her body to be patient.

“Okay, let’s go, let’s go,” and Clarke got up, but not before she finally had the sports bra in her hand. She held it up victoriously, “Ha! Oh shit, that’s nice,” she said as she looked at Lexa’s chest. “Fuck, I mean really nice,” and pulled Lexa up with her, hurrying to the bedroom, “Lose the shorts, lose the shorts!”

Lexa was jogging after Clarke, undoing her shorts on the way, her legs shaking now from anticipation. As they hit the bedroom Lexa’s shorts hit the floor, tangling in her feet and down she went. “Shit.”

Clarke turned around looking at her on the ground. “What are you doin’ down there?”

“I obviously inherited your idiot-ness, if that’s possible.”

“Well get the fuck up. Now! And get into bed!”

Lexa was digging bossy Clarke. And she thought it was a hoot that they both liked to drop the F bomb when they were turned on.

She bounced up and bounced into the bed with Clarke grabbing at her, they rolled around a little and Clarke positioned herself on top, “God, it’s been awhile, I hope I don’t forget what to do.”

“Trust me, you won’t have to do much.” Lexa’s mind was blown looking at a naked Clarke straddling her. And it wasn’t a fucking fantasy, it was real and it was happening now.

Clarke jammed her tongue in Lexa’s mouth, her hands grabbed at Lexa’s hair. She broke off the kiss and went right to her ear, biting it, running her tongue around it, pulling the lobe back into her mouth and sucking on it. Lexa was groaning now, and Clarke was at her throat, nipping it and licking it, making her way down to Lexa’s breasts, just starting to tease them with her tongue.

“Oh Clarke, I’m ready baby, I mean, we can dispense with the foreplay this one time, I’ve been waiting for three months, and I want you fucking now,” Lexa managed to say between ragged breaths.
“But I just got here,” she said in an adorably disappointed voice as she looked up from Lexa’s breasts.

Lexa looked down at her, and found the energy to grin, because Clarke did look incredibly sexy down there, but she needed her lower. “I know baby, and you can spend an hour there, in about a minute, cause that’s all it’s gonna take, trust me.”

“But what about here,” Clarke said, with wide eyes, her mouth near Lexa’s hip, that spot. And her tongue snaked out and started licking it.

“Oh fuck, oh Jesus, go down, down, we’re down to thirty seconds.”

Clarke looked up, “You talk more than I do,” she said as she got between Lexa’s legs, and that made Lexa laugh, and she wondered if it was possible to laugh and have an orgasm at the same time, and she was about to find out, because Clarke’s tongue was on her, and her fingers were inside her, and she came immediately. The orgasm took precedence over the laugh. Her back arched off the bed and she grabbed Clarke’s head, pulling it closer, because she wanted her closer, and she let out possibly the loudest moan she could ever remember while having sex. She figured that was a pent up three month moan. When her hips stopped jerking, and the pulsing inside her stopped, she collapsed back onto the bed, her hands still tangled in Clarke’s hair.

Clarke looked up at her from between her legs. “I don’t feel like I even did anything, I mean, I feel kinda bad.”

Lexa grinned at her, “You did plenty, get up here,” and she pulled Clarke up to kiss her, rolled her over onto her back and continued to kiss her. When she pulled her lips away, she looked down at her, “You are so fucking hot.”

“I barely did anything, my god you were quick.” Clarke was a little disappointed that she didn’t get to spend more time down there.

“That was just a quickie to take the edge off. Believe me, you’ll have a chance to spend plenty of time down there, we do have all night.”

“Oh right, we’ve got to hit every room, don’t we?”

“Absolutely. Have I told you lately that I love you?”

“Not for like, what? Ten minutes? My god, ten minutes? You know that’s all it took for both of us, right?”

“You act like that’s a bad thing.”

Clarke was running her hands over Lexa’s ass, she closed her eyes, and let out a soft sigh, liking what she was feeling. “I guess it’s never a bad thing.” Her body was already reacting to Lexa’s lips on her neck.

Lexa could feel Clarke’s hips start to move, “Where to blondie?”

“What?”

“What’s our next destination?”

“I guess we could hit the spare bedroom.”
Lexa got up, grinning, pulling Clarke up, pulling her towards the door. Clarke hopped on her back and was piggy backed to the spare bedroom.

Hours later they found themselves in the kitchen, sitting on the floor, leaning against the cabinets. Clarke was in Lexa’s lap facing her, legs wrapped around her waist, a blanket around their shoulders, eating cold pizza, naked as the day they were born.

“God I’m starving,” Clarke said. “You know we didn’t do it in here yet.”

“I know, we’re gonna kill two birds with one stone,” she said, gazing up into her favorite pair of blue eyes.

“I don’t know if pizza is a sexy food,” Clarke said, holding a piece to Lexa’s lips, watching as she took a big bite. She grabbed her jaw and kissed her before she could chew it.

“Agreed, hard to eat pizza off a naked body,” Lexa said after swallowing. “Do you have any cool whip?”

“Cool whip?”

“Yeah, that can get pretty sexy. Easily licked.”

“I don’t have any, damn. Although too fattening. I have to maintain my girlish figure,” Clarke said.

“Chocolate sauce?”

“Nope.”

“Butterscotch sauce?”

“Nope.”

“Ice cream?”

“No, but that sounds a little cold.”

“What do you have?”

“Lettuce,” Clarke said, then started to giggle, thinking of eating lettuce off of Lexa’s abs.

“What?”

“Nothing, how many rooms do we have left?”

“I don’t know, you tell me.” Lexa was done eating and found Clarke’s breasts were conveniently located close to her lips, and they were begging for her attention.

Clarke held Lexa’s head to her chest with one hand, “Oh god that mouth of yours,” she moaned, and with the other reached down to take a swig of water out of a bottle sitting next to them. “You should hydrate. I think we have at least five rooms to go, maybe six. What about closets?”

Lexa tilted her head back to look up at Clarke, and Clarke moved the bottle to her lips and let her take a drink. “You know you got it bad when the sight of your girlfriend taking a drink of water fucking turns you on, like majorly.”
Lexa pulled her lips away from the bottle, “Like how majorly?” she asked, as she shifted Clarke in her lap, creating a little space between them. She put her hand between Clarke’s legs, her fingers slipping easily inside her because she was already so wet. “Oh, yeah, that’s pretty major.”

“Oh…”

“Oh is right,” she took Clarke’s hand and put it between her legs, guiding her inside. They both let out a little gasp as they started moving their fingers in and out.

“Oh boy. Is it kitchen time?” Clarke asked, amazed at quickly she was ready.

“Oh, I think so.”

Clarke somehow managed to take another drink of water and put the bottle down. She was staring down at Lexa, each watching the other. “Is this a contest,” Clarke said with a little grin, “cause you know I win these.”

“No, not a competition, more like team work.”

“Oh, I like teamwork,” Clarke said, moving in closer to Lexa’s lips, but not touching, just sharing their breath, still looking into each other’s eyes.

“Stay here,” Lexa whispered, wanting Clarke’s lips close.

Lexa’s thumb was moving independent of her fingers, as it circled Clarke’s clit. “Oh,” Clarke breathed out, “good idea,” she said as her thumb copied the motion.

“I told you before that I’m full of good ideas.”

Both were breathing quicker now, getting close, Lexa knew she was ahead of Clarke, so she willed herself to slow down, waiting for her. She already knew when Clarke would be ready, she knew to listen for a little hitch in her breathing, already in tune with her. She finally heard it as Clarke’s orgasm began and Lexa let herself go at the same time, her lips caught Clarke’s and they began kissing while their hips moved, groaning into each other’s mouth. When this one was finished, they leaned their foreheads together, eyes shut, both still breathing heavily.

“God, that was hot,” Clarke said, rubbing her forehead back and forth on Lexa’s. “I swear to god you’re like the perfect woman.”

“Perfect? Ugh, don’t say that, nobody’s perfect.”

“You are, to me. First off, you’re sexy as shit, we knew that from day one. You’re funny and fun, god you’re fun. I really never met anyone like you.”

“Now you’re really giving me a big head.”

“You’re fucking fantastic in bed, but we knew that going in too.” Clarke kissed her softly. “And I think, Lexa Woods, that you’re a caregiver?”

“Guilty.”

“Holy shit, I better slap a ring on your finger sooner, rather than later. A caregiver type, who’s sexy as shit, funny, sweet, fun, beautiful, and has a hot bod.”

“Maybe we should wait a couple weeks before we talk about marrying.”
“Yeah, I guess it can wait a couple weeks. I love you,” Clarke whispered against her lips. The kitchen was crossed off the list.

“What room is this?” Lexa asked. She was lying on her stomach, on the blanket that made the rounds with them.

“I live here, and I don’t even know,” Clarke said. She was busying herself with exploring all areas of Lexa’s back. “You have a goddamn sexy back, you know that? So many muscles. Damn.” She bent down to kiss her shoulder blades. “And biceps, let’s not forget those,” and she kissed them. “You have the most incredible body I’ve ever had the pleasure of kissing, that’s for sure.”

“Right back at you.”

“I think we hit a home run, right?”

“We grand fucking slammed that shit,” Lexa said with a grin, her eyes getting heavy.

“Are you going to sleep?”

“You wore me out.”

“What? I wore you out? Holy shit where’s my phone, take a freaking memo, I outlasted the sex queen.” Lexa started to giggle. Clarke laid herself along Lexa’s back, from head to toe. “Didn’t expect that, did you?” she whispered in her ear.

“Are you gloating?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah, a little bit.”

“In my defense...”

“You’re awfully defensive lately.”

“In my defense, you did make me piggy back you around the house, and that was at least eight times up and down the steps. And...”

“Well, you were supposed to up your workouts to prepare for that. And who knew naked piggy backing was such a turn on.”

“And, I did run eight miles today.”

“Well who told you to do that?”

“I had no idea it was going to be now now day. Believe me, if I knew that, I would have sat on the couch all day with my feet up.” Clarke was still kissing every inch of Lexa’s back. “Mmm.” Lexa sighed, content as all hell.

“Did we hit every room?” Clarke asked.

“I have no idea.”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to look at my washing machine the same ever again,” Clarke said.

“I’ll do your laundry.”
“I mean, who would have thought to turn it on?”

“I know, brilliant, right?” Lexa said as she craned her head to look back at Clarke with half closed eyes.

Clarke slid off her back so she could kiss her. “Get up sleepy head. I’m gonna put you to bed.” She got up and pulled Lexa up with her. Lexa grabbed the blanket, and as Clarke led them from the room, she slung it around both of them, her arms wrapped around Clarke from behind as they slowly walked down the hallway.

“So where did we end up?” Lexa asked sleepily.

“I don’t know, I figure if we keep walking we may recognize something, “ Clarke said kiddingly as they shuffled along. “Wait, wait, things are getting more familiar. Here we go, finally, we made it back to the bedroom. I’d say it’s where we started, but we started on the damn steps.”

“I’m sensing that’s not where you thought it would happen,” Lexa said as they plopped down on the bed.

“No, I pictured a beautiful love making session in the comfort of this bed.”

“Beds are overrated.”

“You overrate a lot of things.” Clarke laid on her back, pulled Lexa on top of her, and wrapped her up tightly. She found she couldn’t get close enough to her. She wanted to put her inside her chest and never let her go.

Lexa let out a big sigh. “So what tipped the scales in my favor today?”

“What do you mean? Why did I finally give in to your advances?” Clarke asked playfully.

“Yeah, why today? Or I guess it’s yesterday now.”

“I was waiting to make sure of your feelings I guess. When you said you loved me, that was it for me. That’s what I was waiting for.”

Lexa picked her head up and looked at Clarke. “You mean I could have put myself out of my misery months ago?”

“Months ago? It hasn’t been that long for you, has it?” Clarke said as she started to run her hand up and down Lexa’s back. She was finding it hard to keep her hands still when Lexa was naked and within close proximity.

“Feels like it.”

“When did you know?”

“When did I know what, that I was in love with you?”

“Yeah. I mean I knew right away. So that’s not as interesting.” Clarke started lightly scratching Lexa’s back.

“It’s interesting to me. Oh god, back scratches are heaven.” Lexa zoned out for a minute.

“So when did you know?”
“What? Oh, let’s see, well, it started as lust at first sight, that day I met you in your kitchen with Raven. I laid eyes on you and immediately started picturing you naked.”

“God, I think I felt that. Your stare was intense. No wonder I was nervous around you, I was naked.”

Lexa smiled against Clarke’s chest. “Yeah, you were pretty naked every time we were together. Then, that night I brought your proposal over, and you were drunk. I put you to bed and wanted to wake up next to you. That freaked me out a little. I tried to pick some woman up at the bar that night, and I found out I was totally not into it.”

Clarke kissed Lexa’s head, “Aw, that’s so sweet. You didn’t sleep with some random stranger because of me?”

“I know, she how special you were? Then the kicker was after I picked you up at the airport. Knew then. Surrendered,” Lexa said sleepily. “What time is it?” she asked, losing the battle to keep her eyes open.

“It’s only 3:30. If you wanted to have sex all night, we still have a couple hours until daylight. But it looks like you don’t have the stamina that you thought you had.”

“In my defense…”

“Here we go again,” Clarke said, smiling into Lexa’s hair.

“In my defense, we started way fore the sun wen down.” Lexa was having trouble enunciating because she was exhausted.

Clarke kissed Lexa’s head again, sleepy Lexa was fucking adorable. “I’m just busting on you. I love you.”

“I love you too, Boo. Goo night.”

“Boo? Aw, I like that.”

“I might not wake up for days.”

“That’s okay, I’ll take care of you.”

Chapter End Notes

I wish I could have conveyed the franticness of the initial sex scene better. If it were a movie, it would have been easier. So maybe you should reread it and listen to Kings of Leon "Sex on Fire", cause the beat to that song is perfect for this scene, with them running thru the yard and the house like a couple of stumble bums. And now that they hooked up, I'm sure I'll lose a lot of you. Can't blame you, I tend to do that. I have the attention span of a fruit fly.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Sometimes I feel bad for Octavia.
But then I get over it.

Chapter Notes

Clexa goes to Hollywood lives to see another chapter! Probably rushed it a little bit, but I wanted to get this posted since it’s the morning after the last chapter. You may need to reread that so you’re up to speed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke continued to stare down at a sleeping Lexa. It was around 6:30am. She hadn’t gone to sleep at all, content to just hold her and snuggle her for hours. She got up an hour ago to go to the bathroom, rinsed off, then searched the house for her phone, which was in her shorts, which had been tossed into the living room. She smiled to herself as she remembered losing them on the steps, which is what she did as she picked up each article of clothing that was strewn around the house. Smiled and remembered. And to make things even more incredible, there were multiple messages on her phone from John Murphy. They were interested and wanted to get the script written. He was going to call Bell and Monty Monday, but he wanted to give Clarke the heads up first, telling her to keep it to herself until Monday. She was busting at the seams to tell Lexa, but knew that she needed sleep badly. So, here she was, staring at the woman she loved, waiting patiently for her to wake up. Well, maybe not so patiently, because she kept reaching out to touch her softly, push her wild hair off her face, run her finger lightly down her forearms. Soon she was staring at one open green eye, the other remaining shut. “Are you awake,” she whispered to the open eye.

“No,” Lexa whispered back, with her soft smile on her lips.

Clarke snuggled closer, “I think you are,” she said as she took her finger and traced the smile that she loved.

The one eye continued to watch her, “What are you doing up? Isn’t it still early?” Lexa asked lazily.

“I couldn’t sleep,” Clarke answered.

“You mean at all?” And now the other eye was up.

“Yeah, at all. I’m too juiced. You got me juiced.”

“Oh, I got you juiced all right.” Clarke giggled and kissed her. “I gotta brush my teeth, it’s too early in our relationship to kiss with morning breath.” Lexa heaved herself up and went into the bathroom.

“Nice ass,” Clarke called after her. She heard the shower turn on and waited for Lexa to come back for a proper good morning kiss. It didn’t take long. Within minutes she was crawling back into bed
with her panther look, and crawled right on top of Clarke, and gave her the good morning kiss she was after.

“Why do you have clothes on?” Lexa asked, tugging at Clarke’s shirt.

“I was downstairs.”

“You were downstairs last night and you didn’t have any on,” Lexa said playfully, pulling Clarke’s shirt over her head.

“Yes, but this time I was alone. Being naked and alone downstairs is no fun.”

“Well, don’t go down there without me next time. Why didn’t you just wake me up?” Lexa was busy at Clarke’s neck now, her hand already in her shorts, teasing.

“You needed sleep. Oh, oh boy, I almost forgot mornings are your favorite time,” Clarke sighed, still amazed at how quickly Lexa could get her aroused. She looked down and Lexa had the waistband of her shorts in her mouth, and she was pulling them down. “Oh shit,” she gasped. Clarke knew this would never get old.

After they both got a proper good morning, Clarke heard her phone buzz. She totally forgot about the messages, that’s what kind of affect Lexa had on her. She picked her head off of Lexa’s chest and reached for the phone. “Oh god, I have lots to tell you, oh wait, shoot, I forgot about that,” she said looking at the reminder that popped up.

“What did you forget about?” Lexa asked with her eyes closed, kissing Clarke’s head.

“Well, first thing, I forgot I was supposed to do the hike with Raven and O this morning. My original idea was that the four of us could go, since O’s been asking for you. Guess she needs her Lexa fix. I made these plans before it was now now time.”

Lexa laughed and squeezed her, “Now now time. Henceforth it shall always be known as now now time.”

“Do you want me to blow them off? Cause I will, especially if it means more of this, and that,” she said with a lustful look in her eye.

“Don’t blow off your friends. How about this, I still feel wiped, I’ll sleep a little, you go, do your walk, then come back here, and I will tire you out for the rest of the day. And I don’t think I said I love you yet, because I do.”

“Well thank you sexy, I love you too. Oh wait, see how distracting you are? I have really big news.”

“You’re taking me to the first class lounge?” Lexa asked excitedly.

“No, silly. Although that’s not a bad idea, we should totally go somewhere. John Murphy left me messages last night. The studio wants a screenplay for the book. They want you and Monty to start right away.”

“Oh my god,” Lexa said, as she flipped Clarke onto her side. “Really? We’re making a movie?”

“Well, you guys are going to write a script. Then they see if they like it, then we make a movie.”

“I’m gonna write you the best fucking script in world,” Lexa said as she kissed her.
“That would be fantastic. Maybe we’ll need some re-writes and you’ll be hanging around the set.”

“Will we get to do it in your trailer?”

Clarke laughed, “Oh definitely, we’ll be doing it in my trailer. I’ll have to be quiet though.”

“Yeah, you do get a little loud. But that is a complete turn on for me,” Lexa said.

“Well, I guess if you’re busy writing a screenplay I can’t hire you to do my front gardens. It was my secret way of keeping you nearby for a little bit.”

“Sadly, you’ll have to find another landscaper.”

“I don’t want another landscaper, I want you,” Clarke said as she pulled Lexa closer.

“I’ll do it on the weekends.”

“Mmm, if you’re out there getting all sweaty, I’ll probably have a hard time keeping my hands off you. Then nothing’s getting done.”

“That’s okay. I’ll wear the hat. We can take many breaks.”

Clarke busied herself kissing Lexa when her phone buzzed. “Crap, that’s my reminder. I have to get a shower and get going.” Clarke reluctantly pulled herself away from Lexa and headed for the bathroom.

“When we getting together with your mom?”

“Soon, I have to nail down a day with her. I’ll call her later today.” When Clarke came out of the shower, Lexa was already half asleep. She leaned in to kiss her goodbye, “Bye sleepy head.”

“Bye boo. See you later.”

When Clarke pulled up to park her car, Raven and Octavia were already waiting for her, half-heartedly stretching and chatting.

“Well about fucking time,” Raven called to Clarke as she got out of her car.

Clarke came positively bouncing over to them. She grabbed Raven and gave her a big hug and a kiss, then went to Octavia and hugged and kissed her, twirled her around.

Raven looked at her questioningly, “What the shit? Oh no you didn’t,” she said as the realization hit her. “Octavia, you know what we have here? We have a sexually satisfied Clarke Griffin. I can smell her from a mile away. And I think I really can smell you, did you take a shower? You smell like sex.”

“Of course I showered,” Clarke said, then took a quick sniff of herself, suddenly unsure, she did have a lot of sex, maybe one shower wasn’t sufficient.

“Oh my god!” Octavia yelled, “You had sex!” she announced to all the other hikers, joggers and walkers.

“Jesus Christ Mork and Mindy, put your fucking tin foil hat on, would you,” Raven said sharply. “Better yet, shove it in your mouth.”
Octavia covered her mouth, realizing how loud she was. “Sorry Clarke, sorry,” she whispered looking around to see who might be paying attention.

“That’s like closing the barn door after the fucking horse is out.”

“I’m so happy for you,” O continued to whisper as she grabbed Clarke’s hands.

“Thank you O,” Clarke whispered back, shaking their clasped hands.

Raven stuck her head between them, “What are we talking about?” she whispered sarcastically. She looked around, “Listen, bring it in, bring it in, closer.”

Clarke and O brought it in close, wrapping their arms around each other.

“Close your eyes,” Raven said. “Let’s observe a moment of silence...for Clarke’s cherry. I’m thinking it got popped in a major way.”

Clarke rolled her eyes at Raven. “Let’s start to walk, okay?” And the three of them started up the trail, which was pretty crowded today. People were all around them. “You make it sound like I was a virgin for god’s sake,” she whispered at Raven.

Raven grinned. “Bet you felt like one when she got a hold of you.” She stopped and pulled the girls aside, “Look, it’s jammed here today, how about we keep it on the down low, keep it a little quiet, know what I mean? Don’t need some asshole with a cell phone recording anything.”

“Agreed,” Clarke said.

“Okay,” O whispered. “Maybe we need code words.”

Raven squinted her eyes and looked at her like she was a moron, “What?”

“So we can talk, you know, instead of sex, we say something else, like smut.” O was still whispering.

“Smut is sex,” Raven whispered back, then pushed her fingers into Octavia’s forehead.

Octavia swatted her, “Well, maybe not smut, but something else, it’s gotta be a verb though. Actually, a verb and a noun. Since sex can be both,” Octavia said, wracking her brain for a good substitute word. “Like talk. Talk will be the word for sex.”

Raven rolled her eyes a little, but nodded in agreement.

“Good,” Clarke said.

“And we can’t say Lexa,” O said, “because that’s a girl’s name.”

Raven bit her tongue.

“What did you want to call her?” Clarke was enjoying this game. She’d enjoy root canal right now, she was so sky high on love and lust, and she was bursting at the seams to tell them how incredible Lexa was.

“Well, I don’t know, but something similar, you know, because we don’t want to confuse her with someone else.”

Raven bit her tongue.
“Who else would we confuse her with?” Clarke asked with a happy-go-lucky smile.

“I don’t know, how about we say Lex something, like Lex Luthor."

Raven’s tongue was bleeding.

“Lex Luthor was in Superman,” Clarke said quietly, but still grinning stupidly. “I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t be having sex with him.”

“Ah, but we’re not saying sex, we’re saying talk,” O said confidently, winking.

“Riiight,” Clarke said with a wink back. And a point. She winked and pointed. She was so fucking high on life right now.

Raven cleared her throat, then spit the blood out of her mouth. “May I make a suggestion?”

“Sure.”

“If we’re saying talk, instead of sex, then it really doesn’t matter if you say Lexa or Lex or not, am I right?” She knew too many code words and Octavia wouldn’t mix well.

O thought about that one. “I guess so.”

“Okay, now that we’ve got that cleared up, shall we walk?” Raven asked.

Octavia took the initiative and started the discussion. “So Clarke, how was your weekend?”

Winking again.

“You got something in your eye?” Raven asked.

“No. Shut up.”

“My weekend so far, has been spectacular.”

“Really, what happened?” Octavia asked with all the wrong intonation.

“Well, Lexa, Lex, and I talked. And talked. And talked. We talked all night long. For like 8eight hours straight.” Clarke was walking and Raven and O had stopped. Soon Clarke realized she was alone and looked behind her.

Raven and O were staring at her with their mouths open. Then they quickly caught up to her. Raven did a quick look around at the other walkers. “You talked, for eight hours? Straight?"

Clarke nodded, grinning like an idiot. “It was a reeeally good talk.”

Raven was incredulous, “Eight hours straight. Was there like a nap in between the talks?”

“Nope.”

“Did someone talk more than the other?” O asked.

Clarke furrowed her brow in concentration, “No, it was a pretty equal conversation. Although once I talked three times. In a row. Like one right after the other. So…I guess I dominated the conversation for a bit. While that was going on.”

“Who talked first?” Raven asked.
“I did. On the steps.”

“You talked on the steps, like outside, or inside?”

“Inside. After we fell over the dog bed. We almost talked on the dog bed.”

“Thank god for small favors.”

“Why on the steps?” O asked.

“Couldn’t make it to the bed, ah, normal, ah, talking room.”

“Why not?”

“The conversation was too…charged. We needed to finish the talk, like, right away.”

“Did you both talk on the steps?” Raven asked.

“No, Lex made it to the…talking room. After she fell down, taking her shor...taking her shoes off.”

“Lex fell down, taking her...shoes off? How many things did you two fall over while you were talking?”

“Well, we fell down once outside in the yard, then we fell over the lounge chair on the patio, then the dog bed, and really, I think we mighta fell on the steps. And then she fell down, taking her...shoes off. We were pretty excited to talk.”

“Sounds like you lost a few motor skills along the way.”

“So, when the talk happened, on the steps, what did it feel like?” O asked, wanting the nitty, gritty details.

“It was amazing, like, I literally felt the earth move. I swear I felt shaking, like the steps were shaking.”

“Oh, we had a small tremor here last night. Maybe that’s what you felt,” Raven said.

“Really?”

“No. How did your talk with Lex go, did she enjoy when you talked to her? I mean, she’s got a body built for talking. All hard and lean and shit, that must have felt really good, for talking.”

“Can I just tell you, I’ve never talked with a body like that before. Fucking glorious. Those biceps. Oh man. And she’s got a fucking six pack for god’s sake,” Clarke said, then took a quick look around, “of Pepsi. I just put my lips all over...those cans. And then there’s her ass...ets. Went over those assets of hers with a fine tooth comb.”

“How were her,” and Raven peaked around them, and made a circular motion around her chest. “How were her...” she couldn’t find the right code word.


“Fucking high and tight. No sag. Just, oh! Out there, you know what I mean? I talked all over them.”

“Jesus Christ,” Raven said.
“Don’t get any ideas. Remember, you gave her to me,” O said.

“Well, I want her back.”

“She's awesome,” Clarke said.

“So on a scale of one to ten, how would you rate the talk, Lex’s performance as a talker?”

“Off the charts. Immeasurable. Best talk I’ve ever had, without question. Incredibly skillful talker. I just want her to talk to me all the time now.”

“Damn, just when I thought I didn’t need panty liners anymore.”

“And we talked all over the house too. We talked in every room.”

“Every room?” Raven asked, and Clarke nodded at her.

“You talked. In every room.”

Clarke nodded again. “We had pizza and a talk in the kitchen, on the floor. And don’t even ask me about the laundry room.”

“I’m asking.”

“She put me on the washer. To talk. And then she turned it on.”

“You weren’t in it, were you?” O asked, a little confused.

“No, I was on top of it.”

“Why would you turn it, ooooh...” O got it now as Clarke nodded at her. “Vibrations. I get it.” She winked and shot her imaginary finger gun at Clarke.

“So, since you were in the laundry room, did you talk dirty? I mean talk about dirty laundry? Or was there talk of anything...of the dirty nature in any other rooms?” Raven asked with her eyebrows raised.

“What? No. We didn't do that,” Clarke said emphatically.

“Alright, alright just thought I’d ask.” Raven lowered her voice and looked around. “I dated someone once who was into that. I mean, fuck, she was crude. Jesus christ, I felt like I needed a thesaurus by the bed. There’s only so many words to describe your vagina. And how many ways can you describe having an orgasm for god’s sake?”

“La petit mort,” O whispered back.

“Well thank you for that O, but screaming out ‘la petit mort’ isn’t exactly the sexiest thing going. I think she was looking for something...dirtier.”

“Cooch, hooch, cooter, snatch, box,” Octavia ticked off.

“Box?” Clarke asked.

“All those words are such a turn on O, where were you when I needed you? ‘Oh baby I need you in my snatch, like right now. Get in my box, please, but after you take out my Amazon order.’ Remind me why we never had sex?”
O was busy looking at her phone, “Pooter, beaver, snapper…”

“Snapper? Yikes.”

“Flossie.” O stopped there, figuring she gave Raven enough synonyms. She should be well prepared the next time she needed to ‘talk dirty.’

“Flossie? Who the fuck says flossie?” Raven asked.

“My mom actually called it that when I was little,” O said. “She would ask if I washed my flossie.”

“Did she tell you to floss your teeth too? I bet that was confusing for you.”

O flipped her the bird and turned her attention back to Clarke. “Where were we Clarke? Oh yeah, well, it sounds like you had a lot of fun talking.”

“I’m telling you, it was a hot fucking talk,” Clarke said in a bit of a lower voice.

“So, the time where you talked three times in row. How did that happen exactly?” Raven asked.

“Well, she talked to me the first time, and I was extremely satisfied with that talk, and I was recovering, from such a great talk. She kinda stayed in the same talking position, and talked a little slower and softer, cause you know, sometimes after you talk, you’re a little sore, from talking so much.”

“I lost track of who’s talking to who,” O said a little frustrated. “Damn, there’s too much talking.”

Raven had it all straight in her head, she tried to bring Octavia up to speed. “In this particular instance, Clarke’s triple play, Lexa did all the talking, Clarke did all the listening, she was the recipient of the talks.”

“So, we’re back to baseball, and Clarke is on third?”

“No. How many times did you wear that fucking hat this week?”

“You have to admit, there’s a shit ton of talking going on here.” O was exasperated.

“It’s your goddamn word,” Raven said. She turned back to Clarke, “So Clarke, triple play, let’s have it, the big O.”

Octavia looked down at herself, “Jesus, I know I gained a few, but that’s kinda harsh.” She pulled her shorts down a little.

Clarke continued, “Well, that O, the second one…”

O was still fussing with her shorts. “What?” O asked looking up at Clarke.

“Huh?” Clarke asked.

“Wait, me?” O asked.

“You what?” Clarke asked.

“You said O.”

“When?” Clarke asked.
“What?” Raven asked.

Octavia lost it, “Who the fuck’s O?”

“You’re fucking O,” Raven shouted back at her.

“Jesus christ, bring it in,” Clarke said as she grabbed them both. The girls gathered around again. She nodded hello at a woman who stared at them as she walked by, and Clarke recognized her. She was in charge of new development for one of the networks. “Calm down,” Clarke whispered harshly, “you’re attracting attention.”

Octavia’s eyes were bugging out of her head, “What the fuck are we talking about? Who’s talking to who, who’s on third, and why am I even involved? And I only gained two fucking pounds I’ll have you know. I don’t appreciate being called the big O.”

Raven looked at her, “Mother of fucking god, the big O is not you.”

“Well, who the fuck is it?”

“It’s la petit mort, la petit fucking mort. Again, your fucking word,” Raven hissed at her.

Clarke wished she had one of those swear jars, she’d be rolling in it by now. “The big orgasm,” Clarke whispered in Octavia’s ear.

Realization dawned on Octavia, “Oh, well, why didn’t you just say so.”

“We thought we did,” Raven said glaring at her.

“Well, why don’t we go back to talk, it was much easier,” O said in a huff. “So, continue Clarke, I think we’re on the second talk. Right?” O asked, looking at Raven for confirmation. She got an exaggerated wink.

“Well, after the second talk, I never imagined that I could talk three times. I’ve never had multiple talks before. Ever.”

“So, how did the third talk come about? What was the...talking technique?” Raven inquired.

Clarke took a moment to respond as a group of chatty teenagers ran by. “Well, the third talk was more, on the inside, an inside talk, strictly inside. She found an interesting...spot. A spot that I didn’t know I had, or, that worked.” Clarke raised her eyebrows at the girls, then wiggled them.

Raven positioned herself in front of Clarke, walking backwards as Clarke walked forwards. “She found the spot?”

All Clarke could do was nod her head, remembering that third one, boy that was a good one.

“Holy fuck.” Raven hitched at her crotch a little, “Remind me not to wear cotton underwear on these hikes.”

“Let’s just say, the woman knows what she’s doing,” Clarke said with a knowing look.

Raven fell back in line. “I was with this chick once who swore she could find ‘the spot.’ My god she must have rooted around down there for hours.”

“Did you tap her on the head and kick her off the team?” O asked.
“Very funny. Finally I was just like, get the fuck on with it. I mean, by then I was already planning my week in my head. She must have used a whole tube of KY jelly, I mean, you only stay moist for so long, am I right?”

“Ouch,” Octavia said.

“Ouch is an understatement. It was like pulling a dry tampon out. Fucking ouch is right.”

O watched the next group of joggers go by, “Did you use any, uh, appliances?”

Raven looked at her, “Well, I think she already covered the washing machine, right? What else were you hoping for, the microwave? Or maybe the hand mixer?”

Now it was Clarke’s turn to say, “Ouch.”

“No, not that kind of appliance.” Octavia leaned in, “You know, don’t you guys use, you know, use tools.”

Raven knew where Octavia was headed, but where was the fun in that. “You mean like hammers, or maybe drills, or how about screwdrivers? They have the power kind now. Lesbians do like their power tools.”

“Ouch,” Clarke said again, this sex was getting more painful by the minute.

“No, no. You know.” O looked at Raven, who was wearing a most perplexed look. “Like, you buckle it on, you know.”

“Like a belt?” Raven asked innocently.

Clarke flashed back to the button episode, “Thank god she didn’t have a belt on, I could barely operate a button I was so talkative.”

“No, no, like a harness thingy,” O said, gesturing with her hands a little wildly, frustrated because she couldn’t think of the word.

“You mean so you can hang from the ceiling? Damn O, I’d like to be a fly on the wall in your bedroom,” Raven said with fake appreciation. “Whatdaya do up there, swinging around in your harness? Is it like ‘catch me if you can?’ Do you bang into things? Or are you in the center of the room? And if so, are you near the ceiling fan? Cause I would think that would be dangerous. Especially for you and your hat. Or, are you attached to the ceiling fan, spinning slowly around, while Lincoln stands on a step stool hoping to get lucky, trying to time it just right, figuring out when to get in there, like double dutch jump rope.”

Clarke and O ignored Raven’s rant. “O, do you mean a strap on? Or just toys? Talking...toys?” Clarke asked.

“Is that what you guys call them?” O asked, feeling a little dizzy from all the spinning.

“You guys? You mean every sexually active female in America?” Raven asked. She put her arm around Octavia. “O, we need to go shopping. I know a place on Sunset Blvd, we’re gonna set you up with some appliances and power tools.”

“So O, to answer your question, no, there were no appliances, tools, or toys needed or used.”

They walked on in silence for a little while. “I never talked all night,” O said. “I mean, I think I might
have talked three times tops in one night. And it wasn’t like your triple play.”

“Me neither,” Raven said. She took out her phone and made a call.

“Who you calling?” Clarke asked.

“Niy.” She waited a few seconds. “Voicemail. Babe, we gotta talk more.” And she disconnected the call, still staring at Clarke, envious of her night long conversation. “So wait, if you finally...talked, then that means, certain things were said.”

“Yes.”

“Who caved?”

“She said it first.”

O was a little confused. “We still talking about talking?”

“How did she say it?” Raven asked ignoring O.

“Oh my god, it was so romantic. She Notting Hilled me.”

Octavia’s head was filled with talks and baseball and big O’s, and now this? “Is that some new position for...talking? Cause that's a new one to me. It’s not like twerking, is it?”

Raven looked at O, “We’re not talking about talking anymore.”

“What are we talking about now?”

“You know, actual talking, with actual words,” Raven said quietly.

O turned to Clarke who mouthed, “I love you.”

Octavia grabbed her and hugged her. “Oh my god. You guys said it? That is so incredible. Congrats Clarke!”

“That’s what I meant when I said she Notting Hilled me, O. You know the movie. Some of the most romantic lines ever, right?” Clarke and O loved Notting Hill, they always identified with Julia Robert’s character.

“The lines about I’m just a girl standing in front of a boy? I love that movie,” O said wistfully.

“Of course you do,” Raven said.

“I know, I do too. Julia is hot in that movie. I met her that one time at that party. She is so freaking funny. And smart,” Clarke said. “Is it weird to say that I really miss her? And it's only been like an hour?”

“Who, Julia Roberts?” Raven asked, teasing her. Clarke shoved her.

“Not weird girl, you’re in love. So with so much talking, did you sleep at all?” O asked.

“Nope. Not one wink. And I never felt so energized in my life. I feel like I could go all night again, like tonight.”
Two hours later and Lexa couldn’t rouse Clarke from the couch. “Honey, did you want to go upstairs to bed.”

She gave a small shake of her head, “Uh uh.”

“Are you sure?”

“Uh.”

Lexa just smiled at her. She at least was able to nap when Clarke was with O and Raven. She laid down on the couch so she could hold her. Clarke burrowed into her, making little sleepy noises. “I love you,” she said in Clarke’s ear.

Clarke’s reply was a muffled series of grunts and groans.

“I’m awake now, if you want to have sex again,” Lexa teased softly into her ear, smiling.

More muffled grunts as Clarke squeezed Lexa harder, burrowing her face into her neck. Lexa laughed quietly, kissed her cheek and reached for the remote. This was still a fantastic way to spend the day. “What do you wanna watch, Yogi?”

Lexa was driving home Monday night, thinking about everything that had happened over the last seventy-two hours. Getting the first copy of her book, finding out a studio was interested in a movie adaptation, and finally hitting the home run with Clarke, which was the best sex of her life. Her mind wandered while she was sitting at a red light, going back to this morning, waking up with Clarke, making love with Clarke. She missed her desperately already. She knew she would have to find some way during the week to see her. And that might not be so hard, because today she had an all day meeting with Monty to talk about screenwriting, and he wanted to get started right away, which would mean sometimes working in town during the week. Which would mean being closer to Clarke. She really liked Monty and she knew that they would work really well together. They were both scifi nuts, and they talked about every movie they’d seen, what was great about them, and what was not so great about them. She was looking forward to working with him.

When she finally got home, she had quite the pep in her step. And it did not go unnoticed by Luna and Anya.

“Hey bouncy, what’s up?” Anya asked. Lexa’s response was a hug and kiss to her big sis. Anya looked at Luna, who smiled back at her. “Well, you’re positively glowing, are you pregnant?”

“Nope.” Lexa made a plate of leftovers and carried them out to the living room, plopping down in the loveseat and putting on the TV. She looked up from her plate and found Luna and Anya and Yogi sitting across from her on the couch, with a bowl full of popcorn staring at her. She swore she just left them in the kitchen, but knew Anya could be cat quick.

“So, how’s Clarke,” Anya asked before putting a handful in her mouth.

“Jesus, popcorn?” Lexa asked.

“We were gonna watch a movie tonight. So, how’s Clarke?”

“She’s great, she’s awesome.”

“How many times did you do it?” Anya asked.
Luna pushed her shoulder into Anya’s, “How do you know they did it?”

“Look at her, she oozes sexual satisfaction. So how many times?”

Lexa put her fork down, and began counting on her hand, then moved to the next hand.

“Whoa! The Woods sexual magic strikes again,” and she went over, sat down next to Lexa and kissed her on the head, then put her in her patented headlock, and added a noogie for good measure. Lexa took it, smiled at her, and continued to eat her dinner.

“Oh my god, congrats, so happy for the both of you,” Luna said.

“So, how was it?” Anya asked.

“I’m not gonna kiss and tell. I will say this, it was probably the most incredible weekend of my life.” It was Luna’s turn now, and she came over to her, wrapped her in a hug and kissed her on the cheek. Lexa continued, “And, I will say one more thing, Thanksgiving? Book it Dano, cause I’m not letting this one go.”

They all happily stayed squeezed on the loveseat, and Yogi joined the party, jumped up in Anya’s lap.

“Wow, I can’t believe it,” Anya said. “It seems like just yesterday we watched the final episode of the season, and now THE Clarke Griffin is part of the family.”

“Well, not exactly part of the family, yet,” Lexa said. “I’ll tell you, I certainly didn’t see this coming. And oh my god, I forgot to tell you this, Columbia wants a screenplay for the book.”

“Holy fucking shit, you’re like Santa Claus,” Anya exclaimed.

“Yeah, good and bad though. The good is that Monty and I are going to write it. I met with him today for hours to go over stuff. He’ll be the head writer, so kinda my boss. But that’s okay, if it becomes a movie, I’ll actually see my name on the credits, both as writer of the book and screenwriter. The studio wants us on it immediately. If it gets the green light, then shooting would start after Clarke is done shooting the series, which would be around the end of the year I guess.”

“What’s the bad?” Luna asked.

“I won’t have time for landscaping for a while. It’s gonna be a full time gig. He wants me to take a class in screenwriting, too, some online crash course in the evenings.”

“Doesn’t Monty write for the series too?”

“Yeah, but those scripts are done, they start shooting in a few weeks. He’ll just have rewrites to do if needed.”

“So, who pays you?”

“The studio pays us to write the script. At least I’ll be getting a paycheck. This will be the first time I actually get paid for writing.”

“When do you become rich?” Anya asked kiddingly.

“If the script is a go, the first day of actual shooting would be my pay day for the book. Oh and speaking of,” Lexa got up and went to her backpack and handed the manila envelope to Anya.
“What’s this?” Anya slid the book out, “Holy shit, holy shit, here it is, oh my god.”

Luna took it lovingly out of her hand, “I can’t believe it, how happy are you right now?” she asked Lexa.

“Fucking sky high. I keep thinking I’m dreaming.”

“Well, you deserve all of this,” Luna said.

“Thanks, I love you guys.”

“Is it available now?” Anya asked. “Cause I’m telling everybody to go buy it.”

“I think by the end of this week or next it should be. This was the very first copy. Jasper gave it to Clarke so she could give it to me.”

“Oh my god, that is just the perfect scenario,” Luna gushed.

“How long does it take to write a script?” Anya asked.

“Not sure, Monty seems to think we can bang it out in a month or so, maybe sooner. All the material is there, we just need to figure out what to take out to tell the story on the big screen. Interesting fact, screenplays are generally between one hundred and one hundred and ten pages. One page equals one minute on screen. I learned all kinds of interesting things today.”

“But your book is over five hundred pages, how much of the story are you going to lose?”

“Well, the story will be there, but lots will get cut. It’s what happens. Hey, I’m not complaining, most writers don’t even have a say in what goes into a script.”

They all looked up as the doorbell rang. Yogi began barking excitedly.

“Who the heck is that?” Anya asked as she got up to answer the door. “Yo Lexa, it’s for you, some chick is here to see you,” Anya called.

Lexa looked at Luna, who just shrugged her shoulders. She got up and went to the door, and was surprised to find the girl of her dreams in the foyer, hugging her dog. “Holy shit,” she said, as she went over to her, wrapped her arms around her, and lifted her off the ground. “What are you doing here?” she asked ecstatically.

“I was nearby and thought I would pop in, you know, say hi,” Clarke said with a huge grin. Anya gave them some privacy.

Lexa kissed her long and hard. “I can’t believe you drove all the way up here,” Lexa said, cupping Clarke’s face in hand.

“I kinda missed you. And then it became unbearable, so really, I had no choice.”

“Oh my god, I’m so happy to see you. It feels like it’s been days since I did see you, and that’s kind of pathetic, cause it really hasn’t been that long.”

“Well, we’re both fucking pathetic. Pathetic losers. Love sick stupid puppies.”

“You’re staying over, right? Did you bring your PJ’s?” she asked with raised eyebrows.

“Absolutely.”
“Oh, yummy, looks like my bedroom is getting christened tonight. C’mon in.”

Clarke walked into the living room and gave Luna a hug, and they all sat down and chatted for about an hour. And in that time span, the photo albums came out and Lexa spent most of that hour groaning over pictures from her youth.

“Here you go Clarke, little miss hearteyes, and she thinks we’re dorks.”

Clarke looked at the picture of gawky Lexa and laughed, “Ouch. Honey what’s the matter with your hair?”

Lexa looked over Clarke’s shoulder, “Well, it was a little frizzy back then.”

“A little, it looks like you had a perm.”

“No, no perm, that was natural.”

“But it’s so big, were you able to get a hat on it?”

“Yes, a really big hat.”

“And look, you had braces.”

“Yes, I had those, too.” Lexa didn’t mind all the humiliation, Clarke was here and soon she’d be taking off her PJ’s.

“Oh shit, okay, are you eighteen here?” Clarke asked, as she turned the page and was looking at a very sexy young Lexa in a sexy golf outfit. She had on a sleeveless shirt and long tight shorts. It made Clarke hot just looking at it.

“Let me see, yes, I believed I bloomed there,” Lexa said with a smile.

“Whew, okay, that’s hot. Your dork stage was definitely over.”

Luna nudged Anya, “Okay, we’re gonna head upstairs, Clarke, maybe we’ll see you in the morning, if not, it was great seeing you.” She gave her a hug. Anya did the same and then they both left.

Clarke stared at Lexa after they left the room. “What are we gonna do now?” she asked innocently.

“Hm, I don’t know. We could look at more pictures,” Lexa said as she slowly pushed Clarke onto her back. “Or, read a book,” Lexa said as her lips began to play with Clarke’s. “Or watch a movie,” she said as she began nibbling on Clarke’s neck.

“Like an R rated movie?” Clarke asked, getting a little breathless.

“I was thinking more X rated personally,” Lexa said as her hand wandered up Clarke’s shirt and began teasing her breasts.

“I’m thinking we need to go to your bedroom, like now.”

Lexa laughed and got up. She picked up Clarke’s bag, reached down to pull Clarke up and led her to the stairs. When she got there, she offered Clarke her back.

“Oh no, let me.” Clarke turned her back to Lexa, “Hop aboard.”

“You’re kidding right?” Lexa asked.
“No, I’m serious.”

“We just tried this, you dropped me.”

“Yeah, but I’ve been working out, I’m stronger now.”

“In two days?”

“C’mon, this is different, last time you threw yourself at me.”

“Threw myself? You told me to jump.”

“Get on, let’s go.”

“Okay, ready?” Lexa gingerly hopped on Clarke’s back, and Clarke grabbed her legs.

“Easy, see, I’ve got you.” She took the first step, a little unsteadily.

“You okay, sport?” Lexa asked.

“Phew, yeah, okay, wow, how much further?”

“To the second step? About 6 inches.”

“No smartass, to the third step.”

Lexa laughed, “Put me down before you hurt yourself.”

“I can do this, oh god, okay, there, success!” Clarke boasted.

“Congratulations, only twelve more to go.”

“Jesus Christ, how did you do this?”

“And you wondered why my legs were shot on Sunday morning.”

Clarked huffed as she tried to make it further, “I have a newfound appreciation of your stamina. Okay, I’m done. You are the official piggy backer in this relationship.” She let go of Lexa’s legs.

Lexa grabbed Clarke’s hand and led her the rest of the way up the steps. They reached the doorway to her bedroom, and she bowed and ushered Clarke in.

“So this is your boudoir?” Clarke asked sexily.

“This is where it all happens baby.”

“How many women have been up here?” Clarke asked hesitantly.

“Counting you? One.”

Clarke smiled, “So I’m your first, how sweet.”

“Lucky you,” Lexa said, as she reached out to pull her close. “Oh crap, I have to let Yogi out. Here’s your bag sexy lady, there’s the bathroom, I will be right back.” Lexa turned back at the door, “Make yourself comfortable,” she said with a lecherous grin.

When Lexa made it back upstairs, Clarke was in her PJ’s, looking at family pictures on the shelf.
Lexa closed the door and leaned against it. “You really did put your PJ’s on.”

“Well, I didn’t want to deny you the pleasure of taking them off. I know how you like that. And with everything we did this past weekend, you never got to do that.” Clarke’s heart was beating faster now, anticipating being relieved of her pajamas.

Lexa walked slowly across the room, her eyes roaming all over Clarke, taking her in. When she stood in front of her, she ran her hands up her arms. She kissed her softly, then pulled back and looked into her eyes, while her hand undid the top button. She leaned down and kissed the exposed spot, brought her lips back up to Clarke’s mouth, undid the next button, pulled back and looked at her, as she undid all of them. She pushed the top off of Clarke’s shoulders, watching the play of emotions on Clarke’s face.

“How far away is their bedroom?” Clarke asked, breathing heavily now.

“Right down the hallway,” Lexa said, as her mouth moved down Clarke’s body.

“Okay, so I guess I have to be quiet.”

“Mmm,” was all that Lexa could manage, as she sunk to her knees and pulled down the rest of Clarke’s PJ’s.

Chapter End Notes

I know I’ve been threatening to take a few weeks off from this, but this time I probably will. Doubt I’ll have anything up before the end of the year. So I’m flying out to sunny Florida tomorrow for a long weekend, wish me luck, hoping for a nice pre-xmas frisk! And I’m sending out warm holiday wishes to all of you who’ve been reading this. And especially to those who take the time to drop a comment. You have no idea how much I love them. Seriously. It’s kinda pathetic. Big fat, wet, sloppy, Yogi kisses for you guys. I would kiss you too, but after he gets done with you, your face will smell like dog spit. I’ll hug you instead. And turn my face away, cause he really does have bad breath.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

This chapter starts the Friday after the Monday after the last chapter. got that? Happy New Year! Nobody do anything crazy. I'll be in bed by 10pm. So keep it down. Oh yeah, and this isn't very funny. So don't expect knee slapping, table slamming, guffawing, spit shit out of your mouth, laugh out loud stuff. It's hard to do that every time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa got to Clarke’s early Friday evening. She opened the door with her brand new key, and Yogi ran into the house. “Hi honey, I’m home,” she called out jokingly. She walked into the kitchen and put her bags down. She was tasked with making dinner tonight. She hadn’t seen Clarke since Monday. “Babe?” she called out again. She heard footsteps upstairs and figured Clarke would be down soon. She had bought a few new pans for Clarke’s kitchen, so she started washing them so she could use them tonight. She had a pretty good week. She moved into her new office at Monty’s. Luckily he had a spare office right next to his. And since he was the producer and head writer for Clarke’s show, he was located on the same studio grounds. So when Clarke begins filming in a week, Lexa will just be a short distance away when she was working in town.

Pretty soon Clarke came racing down the steps. “There she is, hey BG,” she said as she went over to Lexa and jumped into her arms.

Lexa kissed her softly and slowly. “Damn, missed you the last few days.”

“I know, god, it’s been like four days? Way too long,” Clarke replied. “C’mon, I wanna show you something,” she said as she pulled Lexa towards the steps. When they got upstairs, Clarke got behind her, “close your eyes.” She wrapped her arms around her from behind to guide her.

“Oh, fun, where we going?” Lexa asked as she did as she was told.

“You’ll see, patience young Skywalker.”

When they got to their destination, Clarke put Lexa in the middle of the room, “ok, open your eyes.”

Lexa opened her eyes and looked around the room. There was a beautiful desk along one wall, book shelves along another wall, a comfy looking small sofa and chair sat off to one side, and of course a dog bed for Yogi, which he immediately went over to and laid down on. There was a ton of natural light pouring in through three windows. “What room is this?” Lexa asked with a look of wonder in her eyes.

“You don’t recognize it? The last room of the now now tour,” Clarke said smiling, still holding her hand. “It is now officially your office. I figured when you were here, you might need a space where you could have some privacy to write.”

Lexa looked at Clarke, grinning wildly, “wait, last time we were here this was empty, you telling me
you did all this, for me?”

“Of course I did it for you, silly. It wasn’t a big deal, just got some furniture and stuff for it.”

Lexa grabbed Clarke and kissed her, “you never cease to amaze me.” She picked Clarke up and sat her on the desk. “Do we need to christen the desk?” She asked as she nestled herself between Clarke’s legs and pulled her in, kissing her neck. “It’s been four days and I’m dying for you.”

Clarke giggled as she wrapped her arms around Lexa’s head. “Well, it’s brand new, maybe we should let you write a few chapters on it before we break it in like that.”

“Ok.” Lexa sighed. “Speaking of the book, Jasper said they’ll be in bookstores in the next couple of weeks. And, they sent it to that guy at Entertainment Weekly for review this weekend. Ugh.”

“What’s the matter?”

Lexa’s voice was muffled because she had her head pressed to Clarke’s chest. “What if he hates it? What if he gives it a bad review?”

“That’s not gonna happen, it’s great.”

“Clarke, it could happen.”

“I don’t think so. Stay positive.”

“If it gets hammered, then I’ll feel like I let everyone down.”

Clarke squeezed her, “hey, c’mon, that’s not gonna happen.”

“Clarke, you’re all depending on it. If it gets bad reviews, they’ll pull the plug on the movie, you know they will.”

Clarke knew she was right, but she also knew that the book was terrific. “Listen,” and Clarke reached down and tilted Lexa’s chin up so she could look into her eyes, “number one, no matter what happens, I love you and that’s not changing. You could never disappoint me.” Clarke bent her head down and captured Lexa’s lips with her own. The kiss deepened and soon they were both fumbling around pulling off various articles of clothing. Lexa needed Clarke’s pants off, so she pulled her off the desk and unbuttoned her jeans. Clarke turned around and swept her arm across the desk, sending all the office supplies on the floor, “god, I always wanted to do that,” she said with a satisfactory grin.

Lexa lifted her back onto the desk and began trailing kisses down her neck to her chest, “what was number two Clarke?” she asked between kisses.

“Fuck if I know.”

The desk got christened.

The next day they were on their way into town in Lexa’s truck. Clarke was in the passenger seat holding Lexa’s hand. “You know, it’s a good thing these are bucket seats, or I’d be over there with my tongue in your ear.”

“That’s probably why there are so few bench seats anymore, way too dangerous,” Lexa said.
“I remember what number two was.”

“Huh?”

“From last night, before you made me scream on your desk.”

“Woo, that was a loud one.”

“That was a four day build up.”

“God forbid we don’t see each other for a week, I’ll have to wear earplugs.”

“I like to express myself. It’s not good to hold it in, you need to let it out.”

“I think a picture fell off the wall.”

“Number two, funny lady, was that you can’t let reviews ruin you. Take it from a gal who’s had some bad ones over the years.”

“Say it isn’t so, when did you ever get bad reviews?”

“Oh, I’ve had ‘em. I had one when I was 17 for god’s sake. Talk about getting your soul crushed. It was a musical, and this local critic just destroyed me. I’ve toughened up since then.”

“Why would you destroy a 17 year old?”

“Exactly. Don’t ever let bad reviews rule your life.”

“Thank you Boo, I love you.”

“I love you too, so are you nervous?” Clarke asked.

“About meeting your mom?”

“Yeah.”

“Na. I told you, I’m good with moms. I charm the shit out of them. What should I call her?”

“Just call her Abby, everyone does. Raven calls her mom, though.”

“Well, I won’t call her that, don’t want to freak her out. At least not until Thanksgiving.”

Clarke directed Lexa to a parking lot that was a couple blocks away from the little cafe they were going to for lunch. “This is supposed to be a trendy little spot, I haven’t been here yet, but my mom loves it.”

They got out and started to walk to the restaurant. As they rounded a corner, Clarke pulled back. “Shit, shit, what are they doing here?”

“Who?” and Lexa peaked around the corner of the building. She saw the cafe, and outside the front door were about 4 photographers.

“Fucking paparazzi. Dammit.” She got out her phone and dialed her mom. “Hey, are you there already?……Who’s in there, there’s paparazzi out front…….damn Jennifer Garner, ok, we’ll be there in a minute.” She looked at Lexa. This was the first time they were out in public together, and she didn’t expect to run into anything this soon.
Lexa knew Clarke was a little upset. “Did you wanna go somewhere else?”

“No, no. We’ll just deal with it.”

“Why don’t we go in separately?”

Clarke paused, “are you ok with that? God, I hate to do that to you.”

“Babe, it’s fine. I don’t mind at all. You go in first, since I have no idea what your mom looks like. Then I’ll walk right by and they won’t even care.”

“Ok, I love the shit out of you.”

“Go, Hollywood starlet, I’ll catch up in a few.”

Lexa watched Clarke walk over to the restaurant, as she approached the front door, the photographers started taking pictures and talking to her. She smiled at them, engaged with them for a few seconds, and then went in. She waited about 5 minutes then walked over. As she approached the door, one of the photographers took her picture. She just kept her head down and walked in, saw Clarke at a table near the back of the room and went over.

“Here she is mom,” Clarke said as she spied Lexa walking through the front door.

“Oh Clarke, she’s beautiful,” Abby said.

Lexa came over and Abby got up and gave her a big hug, “Oh boy, thank you, hugging runs in the family,” Lexa said with a smile.

Abby grinned, “yes, we’re huggers.”

Clarke laughed, “Mom, this is Lexa, Lexa, this is my mom.”

Lexa sat down, “Abby, it’s great to meet you, and now I know where Clarke gets her beautiful looks from.” Let the charming begin.

“Well, aren’t you sweet. Clarke, you didn’t say she was so sweet.”

“Yeah, she’s ok. Did you run the gauntlet out there?” Clarke asked, nodding towards the front door.

“I did. They took my picture though. And asked who I was.”

“Really? Assholes. What did you say?”

“I told them I was Clarke Griffin’s lover,” she said, winking at Abby.

“What?”

Lexa turned back towards Clarke, “was I not supposed to say that?” she asked innocently.

“Smartass.”

Abby watched them both with a smile, the connection between the two of them was obvious, as was Clarke’s happiness. “So Lexa, I am so happy to finally meet you. You are all Clarke has been talking about for months.”

“Mom, her head is big enough.”
“Well, it’s true, it’s been non-stop. Anyway, it’s lovely to finally get to meet you.”

“Thank you Abby, your daughter is absolutely fantastic.”

“Well, I’ll take a little credit for that.”

The waiter came over and took their drink orders and told them the lunch specials. Lexa looked around and spotted Jennifer Garner with her three kids. “Wow, there she is.”

“Who?” Clarke asked.

“Jennifer Garner, cool.”

“She’s nice. I ran into her once. Literally ran into her and Ben when they were still together. Almost knocked her right the hell down.”

“You are a little bull in a china shop sometimes, aren’t you,” Lexa said with a smile. “I thought you saved all that dorkiness for me.”

“Oh, you get most of it. It was at one of those Hollywood parties. This was a few years ago, when I used to go to some of them.”

“Don’t party with the ‘in crowd’ anymore?” Lexa asked.

“Nope. I started to get sucked into a little bit. But then I realized how much I hated that whole scene, so I stopped. I only go to the ones I have to go to now.”

“Thank god, for that. I was worried about you then,” Abby said. “The things I have seen at the hospital, I’m talking drugs and alcohol, when it comes to Hollywood stars.”

“Mom works at Cedars Sinai. It’s like the place to go for the rich and famous.”

“Wow, I bet you’ve got some stories,” Lexa said.

“More than I care to admit.” The waiter came back and took their orders. “So Lexa, Clarke tells me you wrote a book?”

“I did.”

“Well that is very exciting.”

“It is. I wrote it, but Clarke is the one who got it published for me,” she said looking lovingly over to Clarke. She wanted to grab her hand and kiss her. However, public displays of affection were totally off limits. Which sucked. But she would survive.

“It’s a great book mom. I wish you would read it, but I know you don’t have time.”

“I know honey, they keep me pretty busy at the hospital. Reading is a luxury I’ll enjoy when I retire.”

Two young, college age women came over to the table, a little hesitantly, “Miss Griffin, can we get your autograph?”

“Absolutely.”

And Lexa watched as Clarke interacted with her fans, kidding around with them, taking the time to
talk with them. She was so damn gracious with them, and Lexa could only stare at her and wonder how she got so lucky. She looked over at Abby, who was watching her watch Clarke. She’d seen that look before, the look said you are smitten with my daughter. Lexa was sure she was sporting the hearteyes.

When the fans left, Lexa was able to pry out of Abby all the embarrassing things that Clarke did as a child. She figured it was payback from the other night with Anya and Luna.

“What I want to know is, where are the awkward pictures?” Lexa asked Abby.

“Sorry to disappoint you Lexa, but she’s been beautiful since the day she was born,” Abby replied proudly.

“That’s impossible. Everyone has an awkward stage. She couldn’t have been all blue-eyed and gorgeously blond her entire life.”

“She basically was. I would definitely let you know if that wasn’t the case,” Abby said, affectionately grabbing Lexa’s hand.

Clarke looked at Lexa and gloated. “Sorry for your luck. Lexa has some interesting pictures from her youth, mom. Here, look at this,” and Clarke showed her mom Lexa’s school photo from high school.

“Thanks for sharing,” Lexa said sarcastically. “I will find something on you someday.”

“Clarke did have the mumps once,” Abby remembered.

Clarke raised her eyebrows, “oh yeah, I looked like a little puffer fish for a few days. But I think I was still cute.”

“She was,” Abby confirmed.

“How about chicken pox? That can get pretty hideous,” Lexa said.

“No, I didn’t have that.”

“Poison ivy, like all over the face?”

“No, I don’t get that.”

“Hives? Like a really nice severe reaction to something, like all over your face?”

“No, sorry.”

“Well, aren’t you little miss perfect.”

“Pretty much.”

“No blackmail worthy pictures at all.”

“Nope.”

“On that disappointing note, I am going to the ladies room,” Lexa said as she got up.

“What do you think?” Clarke asked her mom when Lexa left the table.
“Oh honey, she’s wonderful. You should see how she looks at you, my goodness such love, it’s really sweet. You two are beautiful together.”

“She’s awesome. I don’t think I’ve ever been this happy.”

“Well, it shows. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you like this.”

“She certainly makes me feel incredible. It’s funny, I look back on my other relationships, and how I thought I was so in love, but nobody ever made me feel like this. They all pale in comparison.”

“Well it must mean you have something really special. Hang onto it.”

“I plan to. Oh, and Thanksgiving is going to be at her sister’s, just an FYI.”

“So, how did I do beautiful?”

“Of course she loved you. Who doesn’t?”

“I was a little worried when you showed her that picture of me from when I was 14. How did you even get that on your phone?”

“Anya sent it to me.”

“Oh, my traitor sister.”

“I did follow it up with your promo picture though.”

“And I appreciate that.”

“Where we going now?” Clarke asked, not really caring, just incredibly happy to be spending the day with her.

“I’m taking you somewhere special.”


After an hour drive outside of the city, Lexa pulled into a long driveway on a country road. “Is this a farm?” Clarke asked.

“Why yes it is.”

“Who lives here?”

“Good friends of Luna and Anya. They’re totally cool. You can trust them. They were at the birthday party. So, what I’m saying is, they know the deal. They saw you all over me.”

“I wasn’t all over you.”

“Oh, you were, you were well past your beer limit and couldn’t control yourself.”

“I couldn’t control myself? I seem to remember you staring at my chest like it was some sort of pot of gold.”

“I would like to deny that, but I can’t.” Lexa parked the truck and they both got out and Lexa grabbed Clarke’s hand as they walked up the driveway.
Two women came out of the house to greet them. Lexa hugged them both and introduced Clarke.

“Clarke, this is Maggie and Lisa, this is Clarke.”

“Hi Clarke, welcome. We did meet at the party but I’m sure you probably don’t remember.”

“I’m sorry, I met a lot of people that night.”

“That’s ok. Come in, come in.”

“Your house is beautiful, how big is your property?” Clarke asked.

“We have about 30 acres.”

“Wow that’s great.”

“We have a rescue license, so we rescue unwanted animals. It’s like the Island of misfit toys, only the toys are barnyard animals,” Maggie explained.

“Someday I wanna do that too,” Clarke said wistfully.

“Are you ladies hungry? We can make you lunch?” Lisa asked.

“We just came from lunch, actually, but thanks,” Lexa said.

“Well, c’mon out back, we’ll show you around.”

They walked through the house and out the back door. Lexa cleared her throat, “so Clarke, the reason for our visit today is to introduce you to someone, well, two someones actually.”

“Who is it? I have to admit, I’m very intrigued.”

“Follow us girls,” Maggie said. They walked towards the barn. Maggie pulled the barn door open and led them through it towards a corral.

Lisa handed Clarke a tin full of some sort of food. Clarke had no idea what the heck was going on. “Is this chicken feed? Are we feeding chickens?” Clarke asked Lexa playfully. “I love chickens. I always wanted to have chickens.”

Lexa put her arm around Clarke’s neck and pulled her head close, gave her a kiss on her temple. “I love you,” she whispered in her ear. “You’re so fucking cute.”

They walked into the corral, “Oh, are those pot belly pigs?” Clarke asked.

“They are, but that’s not the main event,” Lisa said.

Maggie opened a gate, “Clarke, meet Sampson and Delilah.” And out bounced the two cutest baby goats Clarke had ever seen.

“Oh my fucking god,” was all she could say at first. Then she started laughing, she reached over and pulled Lexa in for a hug, “oh my god, you’ve got to be kidding, you’ve got to be kidding me!” She turned back to the baby goats. One was mostly black with one or two white patches on his back, the other was all white. Clarke started rolling as she watched them run all over the place, bumping into each other, bouncing off the hay bales, jumping over logs, and jumping on the pigs, jumping over the pigs, jumping on the pigs and then just standing on the pigs. Clarke shook her tin can, and they came over to her to check it out. The black one stuck his head in, grabbed a bite, then bounced
away. Then the white one came over and did the same thing. After a second they came bouncing back to Clarke.

“Wait, which one is this?” Clark asked as the black one nuzzled her shirt.

“That's Sampson,” Lexa said, between fits of laughter. He came over to Lexa as she sat on the ground and jumped on her back. He got off and kicked his back legs out as he scooted back over to Clarke and the food. Then he went charging after his sister and jumped on her, knocking her to the ground.

“Honey I want one,” Clarke pleaded to Lexa as Delilah came and practically sat in her lap to get at the food.

“Babe, I don't think the county would appreciate you having barn animals in your yard.”

“He can stay in the house.”

“Buy a farm, then you can have as many animals as you want.”

“I will, and then I can fill it with baby goats.”

They cuddled and played with the baby goats for another hour, then said their goodbyes and headed home.

Later that night they were taking a hot bubble bath together. Clarke had her back against the tub and Lexa was lying in front of her. Clarke’s hands had access to all sorts of erroneous zones. “I still can't believe you took me to see baby goats.”

“Well, I had to, right? It’s been a major theme in our relationship. And god they were adorable.”

“Ah, so you’re back to admitting that,” Clarke said as her fingers lightly wandered over Lexa’s breasts.

“I’d admit to anything right now,” Lexa sighed.

Clarke’s fingers dipped lower towards her hip bone, finding the spot. “That was the coolest thing.”

“Mm. Oh.” Lexa’s breath caught in her throat as Clarke’s fingers traveled lower still. She turned her head and Clarke started kissing her, driving her tongue into her mouth and all Lexa could do was hang on for dear life. She grabbed the back of Clarke’s neck when the orgasm started and didn't let go until it was finished. When it was over she turned onto her side and curled into Clarke’s chest, her eyes sleepy with satisfaction. She took a deep breath and let out a sigh. “God I’m so happy right now.”

“Me too.”

“And it's because of you, you know that, right?” Lexa said. Clarke kissed her head. “Clarke, I never felt like this before.” She picked her head up and looked at her. “I'm serious...never.” She put her head back down on Clarke’s chest.

All Clarke could do was squeeze her tighter, because Clarke was only human, and a small part of her always wondered how she would measure up to Costia, to Lexa’s love for Costia. And she just got her answer.
Lexa continued, “I know we haven’t been together that long, and people will say it’s just because it’s new, but I know it’s not.” She paused for a moment. “It feels so right,” she said slowly and sleepily. “I feel it so deep inside. I wish I could find the words to describe it, I know I’m probably not doing a very good job. Which is kinda silly since I’m a writer and words are my thing.” Clarke was so quiet Lexa smiled, “did I put you to sleep?” She looked up at Clarke again. She found herself looking into the bluest of eyes, bluer because they were puddled up with unshed tears. “Honey, are you crying?” Lexa asked with a little wonder.

Clarke nodded her head. “I can’t help it, I’m a big mush.” She wiped at her eyes.

Lexa pulled her head down to kiss her. “I love the fact that you’re a big mush.” They cuddled in silence for a few minutes.

“I’m so happy too,” Clarke said after her tears dried up. “My dad used to read me a book when I was really little. I loved it so much. I remember making him read it to me every night.”

“What was it?”

“It was called ‘Guess How Much I Love You.’ It was about two rabbits, little nutbrown hare and big nutbrown hare. And the little one started out by saying, I love you this much, stretching his arms out. And the big one said the same thing, stretching his arms out. And they kept going, you know, I love you as high as I can hop, well, I love you as high as I can hop. And they kept going on and on, trying to top each other. Then big nutbrown hare said something like, I love you across the river and over the hills. And the little one said, that’s very far.”

Lexa was enjoying Clarke’s rendition of her favorite children’s book and her nutbrown hare voices.

“Then the little one said, I love you right up to the moon, and he fell asleep. And then the big hare whispered to him as he was sleeping, I love you right up to the moon and back.” Clarke smiled down at Lexa and looked into her eyes, “and that’s how much I love you, right up to the moon and back.”

“That’s very far.”

Clarke kissed her head. “It is.” She ran her hands up and down Lexa’s arms. “I just wanna shout it out to everybody. I hate that I can’t do that. I really hate it.”

“It’s ok. The people who care about you know, and that’s all that matters.”

“I guess. How did I end up with such a great girlfriend?”

“I don’t know, guess you’re just lucky.”

“Mmm. That I am.”

“Do I still smell like a baby goat?” Lexa asked.

“No.”

“He sucked on my hair.”

“He did,” Clarke confirmed.

“You don’t even suck on my hair.”

“He was quite taken with you. I think we’re starting to prune, we should probably get out,” Clarke
said into Lexa’s hair.

“I can’t move right now, I’m too fucking content.”

Clarke smiled and kissed her again. “The bed is calling to us.”

“But I’m so comfortable,” Lexa murmured.

“C’mon BG, let’s go to bed,” Clarke whispered in her ear. “I still have things I wanna do to you, and it’s a little hard in a bathtub.”

“I’m up,” Lexa said as she hopped out of the tub.

“You’re making me dizzy,” Clarke said later the next day as she sat at the kitchen counter reading over the script for the first episode of the show. Lexa was pacing back and forth.

“The review should be coming in soon, don’t you think?”

“Jasper told you he would let you know when it was done. Try and relax, you’re stressing yourself out too much.”

“I know, I can’t help it.” She came over and wrapped her arms around Clarke’s neck, kissing her on the cheek. “What are you reading?”

“The first episode. Thought I better know my lines since shooting starts next week.” They both jumped when the buzzer sounded for the front gate. “You expecting someone?” Clarke asked.

“Me? I’m not even here.” Lexa kissed Clarke’s ear, “I’m the invisible lover,” she whispered into her ear.

“Like Ghost, only better.”

“Because I’m not a ghost? Maybe that’s our goofy medium, aka Whoopi Goldberg.”

Clarke looked at her phone, which was linked to the security camera outside. “Oh, it’s goofy alright.” She went over to the intercom. “Yes?”

“You bitches clothed?” O shouted at the gate.

“Yeah, get out of bed and open up the gate,” Raven said. “And get dressed for god’s sake. Well, Clarke, get dressed. Lexa, as you were.”

“We are dressed and we’re not in bed jackasses.” Clarke buzzed the gate open and unlocked the front door.

Raven and O came bursting through the door, “why aren’t you in bed? Bored with each other already?” Raven asked.

Clarke ignored the question. “To what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?”

“Moral fucking support, hey PS10, how you doing?” Raven went over to Lexa and gave her a hug and a kiss. “We’d thought we’d wait for the review with you. What’s for dinner, we’re hungry.”

“Hi Lexa,” O said as she hugged her.
“Hi, O, how you doing?”

“I’m good.”

“Ok, let’s see what I can rustle up for you ladies.” Lexa poked around in the fridge and pulled out some stuff to make, happy for the distraction.

They all gathered in the kitchen, “where were you gals?” Clarke asked.

“We were just hanging out, looking at wedding dresses and bridesmaids dresses.”

“Fun.”

“When’s the wedding?” Lexa asked.

“Next spring,” O said.

“Where is it going to be?”

“We don’t know yet.”

“Better get on that soon, places book up quick,” Clarke said.

“We were thinking about a destination wedding, maybe Hawaii. Wouldn’t that be cool?”

“That would be a blast,” Clarke said. She turned to Lexa, “ever been?”

“No, haven’t made it there yet,” Lexa replied.

“Well, you know.”

“Let me guess, if I play my cards right?” Lexa asked as she came over and wrapped Clarke up to kiss her.

“Oh shit, here we go, it’s done, Jasper sent an email out to both of us,” Raven said as she looked at her phone.

“Crap,” Lexa said as she held onto Clarke. “Read it.” She buried her face in Clarke’s neck.

“Ok, ready? I’m just gonna read it, here we go, ‘Lexa Woods may just be the most exciting new name in sci fi. She has given us a novel that hits the ground running and never stops. This first time author has created a dark world filled with intelligent dialogue and great, compelling characters. The female lead character, Taylor, is a force to be reckoned with. The world as we know it has ended centuries before, and any survivors have been floating through space looking for other civilizations. The pacing of the novel is fantastic, the moral and political implications of the choices that Taylor has to make resonate deeply. This is the first book of a trilogy, and deserves a spot on your book shelf next to the likes of Pierce Brown, Hugh Howey, and Margaret Atwood to name a few. A must read for any science fiction fan.’ ” Raven took a breath. “Wow, ok.”

“Holy fucking shit, is that really what it says?” Clarke asked excitedly.

“I’m not gonna make that up.”

“Oh my god, see baby? I told you it would be ok,” and Clarke squeezed Lexa and kissed her again.

Lexa picked her up and swung her around. “Whew, holy shit, that’s amazing. Guess we still might
be making a movie.”

“That’s right ma peeps, full steam ahead!” Raven high fived everyone. “We’re in business bitches! Let’s celebrate, and it just so happens I brought a little bubbly with me.” She went over and picked up a bottle from her bag.

“You just happened to have a bottle?” Clarke asked.

“I was being all positive and shit.”

She brought the bottle over and handed it to Lexa. “Yeah I suck at opening these, last time I took out a window.”

Lexa popped the cork and poured everyone a glass. “Here’s to hopefully making a movie with both you lovely ladies,” she said.

“I nominate O for one of the gay characters!” Raven shouted. “Lex, write her a nice explicit sex scene, wouldn’t that be fun? O, I think you’re ready.”

“I think I’m ready too. I’ve learned all sorts of good stuff in the last couple months. I’m ready to go downtown!”

“You may have to motor boat some nips before you make it downtown.”

“Whoa,” O held up her hand. “I don’t remember you mentioning that.”

“I think it’s a must in every lesbian sex scene,” Raven said with a conspiratory wink towards Lexa.

“Motor boating?”

“Yeah, you know, motor boating.”

“I know what it is, I’ve just never thought women would do that. It seems like such a guy thing.”

“You wanna be a dyke icon or not?”

“Yeah.”

“Then you better learn how to do it. Just practice on something.”

“Shut up, I’m not practicing motor boating.”

“Practice on Clarke.”

Clarke involuntarily put her arm over her breasts, “she’s not practicing on me.”

“I’m not practicing on Clarke. And I’m definitely not practicing on you, doubt I could even find them.”

“Ouch, that was hurtful,” Raven said. “I’m a little sensitive.”

“Sorry. I’m sure Niylah appreciates your little 10 yr old boy’s chest,” O said absently, looking over a text from Lincoln.

“Well, it’s up to you, but the LGBT community will expect nothing less than a little motor boating.”

“I think it’s LGBTQ now,” O said.
“What’s the Q?” Raven asked.

Octavia shrugged, “I don’t know, queer?”

“Isn’t that redundant?” Raven asked.

“I think it’s questioning,” Clarke offered up.

“Questioning? What are they questioning? Do we have to include you if you didn’t make up your mind yet?” Raven asked. “I mean, I respect the fact that someone is questioning their sexuality, it’s just that, I don’t know, call us when you figure it out. We’ll slot you in one of the other letters.”

“I think there’s an A on the end now, too,” Lexa said.

“An A?” O asked.

“What the hell does that stand for?” Raven asked.

“Hold please, I’ll look it up,” O said as she got back on her phone. “What did we do before we had phones with instant answers?”

“We made shit up.”

“Asexual, aromantic, or allied.”

“You making that shit up?”

“No, it says it right here,” and she showed the google results to Raven.

“So we’re at LGBTQA, XYZ. Or just add an ‘S’ for straight and we’ll all be one big happy family. Is it just me, or is this getting a little ridiculous,” Raven said.

“You’re being insensitive, and politically incorrect,” O said, disapprovingly.

“I know we’re trying to be inclusive and all. But c’mon, that’s quite a mouthful.”

“Unlike your little size a’s,” O said.

“I think you’ve become obsessed with my breasts. Did you need to see them, cause they’re quite perky?”

“I don’t have a magnifying glass, Clarke you got binoculars or something?” O asked.

“Did you drink a Red Bull today? Cause all this intellect is starting to turn me on,” Raven said.

“Actually, I’m still a little hung over from last night.”

“Where were you?” Raven asked.

“Linc’s family barbecue. Boy those people can party.”

“Can’t hang with the Tree crew?”

“I’m telling you, they’re party animals. Even you couldn’t hang with them.”

Raven could certainly hold her liquor. “Is that a challenge?”
“Well you can certainly try at the reception.”

Clarke and Lexa had escaped into their own little world. “I’m so proud of you babe,” Clarke said to her as she moved in for another kiss.

“I keep waiting for a shoe to drop. Like a size 18 big freaking basketball size shoe to drop right on my head.”

“Not gonna happen,” Clarke said as she kissed her again, getting a little lost in the moment, running her hands up under her shirt and over her back, Lexa’s hand slipping down the back of Clarke’s pants.

“Ok, you’ve got company, save that shit for later,” Raven said. Clarke and Lexa broke apart, looking a little chagrined. Raven went over and put her arm around Lexa, “so, I talked to that bookstore near Indra’s bar last week, just laying the groundwork for a book signing. They were very excited to do something, you know, local girl makes good. And now that we’ve got a good review under our belt, the timing will be perfect. I’ll get back with them and set something up. Probably in the next month or so.”

“Sounds good boss,” Lexa said. “Indra wants to celebrate with us at the club. Maybe that would be a good time to do it, that way we could move from the bookstore to the bar.”

“Yeah! Another party at the bar,” Clarke said excitedly.

“Calm down princess bride, I think you’ve reached your quota for gay bar hopping,” Raven said.

“Oh c’mon. Honey, you said a lot of straight people go to Indra’s bar,” Clarke said to Lexa.

Lexa nodded, “That’s true, they do, however, I have to agree with Raven, probably not a good idea. We won’t have the same control over the people who show up.”

“You were very lucky last time,” Raven added.

“But I have to be there. I can’t let you celebrate without me,” Clarke said, disappointment registering on her face.

“Hon, I won’t stay that long, I promise.”

“I’ll keep you company Clarke,” O volunteered.

“Thanks O. But I still think I should go.”

“Clarke, we have a lot of irons in the fire right now, let’s not jeopardize them for a few hours in a gay bar. Someday, you can spend as much time as you want there, but now’s not the time. Sorry buddy,” Raven said.

“Clarke, we’ll watch a bunch of stupid romantic sappy movies that day, and listen to the Bee Gees.”

“Ok, ok.”

“Alright, that’s settled, right? Good. Lex, you all set up at Monty’s?” Raven asked.

“I am. I have my own little office. With a door that locks,” she said to Clarke suggestively, trying to cheer her up.

“Fun. When Linc was on the show, we did it everywhere a door locked,” O said proudly.
“Gross. Sounds like you gals better bring a towel for any inviting surfaces you may find.”

“Well, I’m not gonna do it in some supply closet for god’s sake,” Clarke stated.

“Oh, those don’t lock,” O clarified.

“You people are horn dogs,” Raven said with disgust.

A month or so later

“How are we going to end this scene?” Monty asked Lexa. This was it, the last scene they had to do and they needed to get it right. Then it was off to the studio for approval.

“I’m stumped right now,” Lexa said. “Give me a minute to kick it around.” She continued tossing darts at the dartboard, getting quite good at it over the last few weeks. “I need to get my mind off of it with something else.”

“Ok, what episode are you up to?”

“For the series?” Monty and Clarke had given her the scripts for the current season.

“Yeah.”

“Episode 6.”

“What do you think?” Monty asked, respecting her opinion.

“I don’t know. I’m not feeling it. Not sure of Callie’s motivation for going through the portal.”

“I told them that too. I swear if you don’t do something yourself it doesn’t get done right.”

“What are you doing with the new character, Max?” Lexa asked.

“Why?”

“Just, I don’t know, she seems like she could be gay, that’s all.”

“You think she should be gay?”

“Honestly, yeah, why not? You lost a big chunk of your audience last season. Give them something, bring them back. There’s so few interesting relationships on television for us,” Lexa said still slinging darts around.

“You mean as another love interest for Callie?”

“No, it’s too soon for that. Make them buddies, have Max pursuing someone else, so the Callie/Max friendship seems plausible. After a couple seasons, who knows, maybe have them hook up.”

“We’d have to add scenes.”

“Yeah, but we’re not talking about a lot. I bet I could knock that out in a few. Now that I’m a professional screenwriter and all, and I won’t even charge you,” she said winking at him.
Monty had to admit, Lexa was a natural. He never thought she would be this good this quickly. Switching from novels to screen writing was usually a big challenge for writers, and some never became good at it. But it seemed to come easy to her.

“They’re shooting already. I don’t know,” Monty said hesitantly.

“C’mon, they’re only on the second episode. It’ll give me something else to concentrate on, free up my mind for the movie script. Swear it won’t take long.”

“Go. Let’s see what you come up with. No promises!”

“Yes!” Lexa got up. “Uh oh, I feel an Anya headlock coming on,” and she went over to him and put him in a headlock and squeezed a little and let him go.

“God, I don’t know how you put up with that all the time,” Monty said as he rubbed his windpipe.

“I don’t know, but now I get to do it to you and I like it,” she said.

The headlock became their “thing” a couple weeks ago. Luna and Anya had stopped by to see the office and Anya pulled Lexa into one, her signature way of showing how happy and proud she was of her. Then she pulled Monty into one, just because. Gave him a good shake. Monty was a little horrified, not used to such physicality from women. And now Lexa loved pulling Monty into one. He was like the brother she never had. A brother she could physically torture because, quite frankly, Monty wasn’t one to toss the weights around.

“Back in a few boss,” she said as she smiled on the way back to her office.

Monty smiled after her. He really loved having her around, she was fun and brought such great energy to the office. And she was a genius when it came to writing.

In less than an hour Lexa called through the door, “ask and ye shall receive. Just sent it to you.”

After about 30 seconds Lexa chirped at him through the intercom, “well, whatdaya think?”

“Hold on, I’m not done yet.”

Another minute passed, “are we there yet?” Lexa loved the intercom.

“Jesus christ,” Monty said.

“What?” Lexa shouted comically.

“This is damn good, how the hell do you do it?”

She came prancing in. “I don’t know, I think you should be paying me more.”

“I might have to put you on the payroll for the series, let you tinker with this story line.”

“I would do that.” Lexa truly loved what she was doing right now.

At that moment there was a knock on the door and Clarke came in with lunch. “How are my screenwriting geniuses doing, did we finish?”

“Hey baby doll, you on break? Ooh, I love you in leather,” Lexa said as she leered at Clarke in her Callie outfit. One of the many benefits to working in town? Getting to see Clarke at various times when she could get away.
Clarke kissed her, “I am on break, got at least two hours actually. They don’t need me for a while. So I thought, what better way to spend a couple of hours then driving you two crazy.”

“I just made Max gay,” Lexa crowed.

“What? Really?” she asked, turning to Monty.

“It works, your girl is the genius by the way, I’m just hanging on her coat tails.”

“It’s exhausting dragging him around. Almost as exhausting as piggy backing you up steps, without the sexual reward at the end of course.” Monty blushed. Another thing Lexa loved, making Monty blush, which was almost too easy.

Clarke spread out lunch for the three of them. “Can I read the scene?” she asked.

Lexa started eating, “ask the boss.”

“Go ahead,” and he spun his laptop around so Clarke could read it.

After a couple minutes, Clarke smiled, “damn that’s good BG.”

“Thank you my love,” and Lexa leaned in to give her kiss.

After they were done eating Monty left to go talk to Harper on set. There were some questions about the script for episode two.

Lexa got up and went into her office, “pssst, hey you, in here,” she said teasingly to Clarke.

Clarke got up grinning, went into the office, shut the door and locked it. Lexa sat down and pulled Clarke into her lap. “I need some inspiration, usually when we make out, I come up with all sorts of good ideas.”

Clarke removed Lexa’s baseball hat and tossed it onto her desk, “well how can I refuse that request.” She grabbed Lexa’s face and began kissing her. “I missed you last night,” she said when they broke apart. “When you moving in with me?”

“Is this the same woman who made me wait months to get in her pants?” Lexa started undoing the buttons of Clarke’s jacket. “Why you have so many clothes on?” She shucked off the jacket and tossed it in the floor. Then she turned her attention to Clarke’s shirt, undoing the top few buttons and letting her lips wander over the exposed flesh.

“I guess we really haven’t been together long enough for that, huh. Don’t want to be that couple, uhauling it after a few months.” She hugged Lexa’s head to her chest, her body temperature rising, the leather pants and shirt making her start to sweat. “Christ these clothes are hot. I think I’ve got puddles forming inside here.”

“Take them off.”

“Why, we gonna do it in your office?”

“Why not? That’s why I got a couch.” Lexa wiggled her eyebrows. “C’mon Clarke, it’s been 2 days.”

Clarke couldn’t ignore the pleading look in her eyes, and the lust in her own heart.

A half hour later and they were redressing. “Maybe next time you visit you should just wear a
bathrobe,” Lexa said.

“That would be a sight, me driving a golf cart around the studio grounds in a bathrobe.”

“I think it would be fantastic. Make sure you don’t have any underwear on,” she said as she sat down to put her shoes back on.

“This is getting more x rated by the minute. I’m bound to have a Marilyn Monroe moment, my bathrobe blowing up, and the whole world getting a peek at my lady parts.” Clarke sat back down on Lexa’s lap to cuddle.

“I love peeking at your lady parts,” Lexa said as she began working over Clarke’s neck again.

“You’re insatiable. Do we have too much sex?”

“Oh Clarke, that’s a silly question.”

“I know,” she said as she giggled. “I really didn’t think I had this strong of a sex drive. I mean, holy shit, it’s amazing. I think you’ve been a bad influence on me.” She reached over and put Lexa’s hat on her own head.

“You taking that?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah, I look good in it.”

“Gonna wear that on the bridge of your spaceship?”

“Why not? A little shout out to ASU women’s golf.”

“You do look good in it. And, you might have to remove your clothing again, cause it’s starting to turn me on.” Lexa started running her hands up and down Clarke’s body.

“No, behave yourself.” She stood back up and adjusted her clothing. “I have to get back. Oh, so Lincoln is away this weekend.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Well, usually when he’s been gone O and I have a slumber party.”

“Oh, cool. I get my two ladies over the weekend?”

“You’d be ok with that?” Clarke asked, a little surprised.

“Of course I’d be ok. I love O. And she supposed to keep you out of trouble while I do that book signing thing.”

“And the party. The party without me.” Clarke gave Lexa her sad pouty face.

“Now babe, we went over this. Don’t be upset. And it’s not really a ‘party’ party, just a little celebration with a few friends.” Lexa stood up, went over and pulled her in for a hug.

“I know, I know. But it still sucks.”

“It does suck. Believe me, I would love to have you by my side all day.”

“I know, dammit. Ok, I’ll tell O to bring over some sappy movies, we can cry together all weekend.
Now, I have to get back, stop being so distracting. I’ll catch you later.” Clarke grabbed her chin with one hand and kissed her hard. She pulled back and looked deep into those green eyes, smiling to herself as she remembered how she couldn’t look into them a few months before. “God, I love you.” Clarke turned and started out the door.

“I love you too, I’ll see you later. And I’m running out of hats,” Lexa shouted after her.

An hour later and Lexa had the movie scene done. She pushed the intercom, “Monty, I was inspired and I just sent you the finished scene.”

“Clarke needs to visit more often.”

“Trudat.”

On Friday night Lexa found herself sandwiched between Clarke and Octavia. Both had their heads on her shoulders, both holding a hand, and both balling their eyes out watching a movie. She really wanted to reach for the popcorn, but didn’t want to disturb them. She didn’t cry much at movies, unless animals were involved, then she would cry. Clarke reached for the tissue box and handed one to O, and that was the little opening that Lexa needed. She dropped their hands and reached for the bowl. They both blew their noses, then put their heads back on Lexa’s shoulders. Lexa’s phone buzzed and she picked it up. It was a text from Raven.

=you ready for tomorrow?=

Lexa typed back, =yeah, all ready. Keeping my hand all nice and relaxed so I can sign all those books=

=remember that later when clarke wants to get laid. Hopefully you’re ambidextrous=

Lexa laughed. =yes, both hands are equally talented= She put the phone out in front of her and took a selfie with the two girls, and sent it off to Raven. =my dates=

=jesus, what are they watching, Love Story? That’s from 1970, right up their alley. What a bunch of saps, are the Bee Gees playing in the background?= Clarke grabbed Lexa’s phone to read, “is she making fun of us?”

“A little,” Lexa said with a smirk.

“Take another picture,” she told Lexa, and she held up her middle finger. “Hey, O.” Octavia looked over, stuffed a tissue up her nose, left it there, and flipped a bird also.

Lexa laughed again and sent it off to Raven, =the girls say hi=

=tell O she has a monster size white booger hanging out of her nose=

Lexa knew she was distracting them from their movie, so she got up to continue her conversation with Raven. She walked out into the kitchen.

Clarke and Octavia scooted closer together, so they each had someone to cry on.

“This part is so sad,” O said mournfully. They must have seen this movie at least 5 times, and they still cried.
“I know.” Clarke blew her nose again. “So I really wanna go to that book thing and party tomorrow,” Clarke said between sniffles.

“You can’t Clarke, Raven’s right, it’s too risky.”

“I have a plan.”

Chapter End Notes

So, my inspiration for the 5 lines on the goats is posted on my tumblr. 2 short baby goat vids. Yes, I am on tumblr. Although I am confused by the tumblr. Probably too old for the tumblr. Really don’t get the tumblr. But, when I started writing this story, I had read a few other fics, and the authors were like, "hit me up on tumblr if you’ve got any ideas." So I thought I have to be on tumblr, to be kewl. So, off I went on tumblr, figured I could promote this story, and maybe someday if I wrote anything else, I could post on there. My tumblr ID thingy is not ivywoman63, cause I'm a moron and did not set it up that way. And I think I have, like 10 accounts or something now, because Yahoo got involved, and I use Yahoo for my fantasy sports, (don't judge) and the ID's and passwords kept getting confused. Now I can't find my yahoo teams, because I don't know what ID and password it's under. Where the fuck was I? See how befuddled tumblr gets me? lorig11. That's it. My tumblr handle. And great, now you know my name. So nobody go all Jennifer Jason Leigh Single White Female on me. I'm kidding. I love you guys. Feel free to stalk me. Now I'm gonna go have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, cause you're never too old for that shit.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Well, this is dog poop. I lost my mojo. If someone sees it, please send it back to me.

Chapter Notes

Shout out to Sheisme for helping me thru a little writer’s block. Unfortunately, she could only do so much. And another shout out to MeNemNesa, who tumbled me with an idea. Probably the only thing good about the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke was enjoying her morning coffee when Octavia wandered downstairs. “You look tired, didn’t you sleep?”

O looked at her, “You two were fucking loud,” she said with a whine.

Clarke started to smirk, “sorry ‘bout that. We do get a little carried away sometimes.”

“Carried away? Sounded like you were getting dragged away by the hair.”

Clarke went over to her and put her arms around her, “forgive me?”

O wasn’t really that annoyed, “shut up. I’m just jealous cause it sounded so good.”

“Oh, it’s always good.”

“Ok, don’t brag.”

Lexa came in through the french doors, returning from her run with Yogi. “There’s my girls,” she said as she came into the kitchen and got some water.

Clarke’s lip was caught in her teeth because her girl was in just a sports bra, running shorts, and looked sweaty as hell, and it turned her on majorly.

Lexa looked up at her, sensing her thoughts. She went over and grabbed her and kissed her. “I’m gonna go shower, ok? Take me five minutes, and then I’ll come back down and make you ladies breakfast.”

Clarke just nodded her head and watched her walk out of the room, her lip back in her teeth, her mind following Lexa back up the stairs and into the shower, her eyes locked to the place where Lexa last was. She looked over at O.

“Oh my god, you got it bad,” she said with a smile.

“I do, I admit it. She’s great.”
“I’m happy for you Clarke. You deserve it. So, did they finish the screenplay?”

“Yeah, they sent it to the studio on Thursday. We should hear soon I would think.”

“Did you get to read it?”

“I did. My god it’s good. Seriously good.”

“Damn, I wanna be a part of it, you know that right?”

“Absolutely. Hey, I’m one of the damn producers, so you’re in girl.”

“Yes! I hope the studio picks it up. So how’s Lexa with all this relationship secrecy stuff? God it must suck. I can’t imagine having to hide my relationship with Linc all the time. It was bad enough when he was on the show with us and we had to keep it on the down low.”

“She is very understanding. But I don’t think it’s fair to her to keep it that way. So, someday we’ll be out and proud.”

O just smiled.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“I’m just remembering our conversation months ago. You were saying that you wanted a girlfriend, and now look at you.”

“I know, right?”

“Right what, what are we talking about?” Lexa asked as she came back downstairs after her shower.

“We were just talking about you,” Clarke said as she returned her girlfriend’s kiss.

“About what a great breakfast maker I am?”

“Yeah, that was it.”

“Ok, eggs and home fries coming up.”

Lexa started making everyone breakfast, while Clarke brought up the news on her laptop.

“Let’s see what’s happening in the world today, shall we?” Clarke said.

“Yes, please share, what’s going on out there?” O asked.

“That new Jennifer Lawrence movie is coming out today.”

“Oh, right. Damn, she gets a lot of good roles right now,” O said.

“She’s the ‘it’ girl.” Clarke said.

“She’s hot,” Lexa chimed in.

“Hey,” Clarke said, looking over at her.

Lexa smiled. “Honey, she’s not as hot as you.”

“You better say that.”
“What else is going on,” O said, looking over Clarke’s shoulder at the computer screen.

Clarke went to the local news section and gasped, “oh my god, look at that.”

“What?” O said, not seeing anything interesting.

“Baby goats. Honey, baby goats.” She turned the screen so Lexa could look.

“Oh, they’re cute,” Lexa said with a smile.

“Honey, they need a home. It says they need a home.”

“Why do they need a home?” Lexa asked.

“It just says the place they were kept is being shut down for some sort of violations. Their names are Maynard and Maxwell. Oh my god, I’m in love with them. Honey, we have to save these goats, it says free to a good home. It’s not that far away from here.”

“Baby doll, we’ve gone over this before. You’re not really set up to take in baby goats. Someday, yes, you can get a big old piece of property and get as many goats as you want, but you can’t do that right now.”

“Clarke, you can’t keep baby goats here, I think it’s against the law or something,” O said.

“I want them,” Clarke said dejectedly. She looked at the both of them and sighed, “you guys are killjoys.”

Lexa came over to her and kissed her. “Not right now. You’re in the middle of shooting your series. And may I remind you that there’s a possibility that we’ll be shooting a movie at the end of the year. There’s no time to be rearing baby goats.” She looked down at Clarke, who still had a pathetic look on her face. Lexa found it hard to keep saying no, but knew saner heads needed to prevail. “I’ll call Maggie and Lisa and tell them about the goats ok?” She wrapped her arms around Clarke and squeezed her.

“Ok,” Clarke said dejectedly. “You’re not supposed to say no to your girlfriend during the first few months of a relationship.”

“How about you take me upstairs and make me say yes to something else,” she said with a grin.

“Well that’s not gonna be hard,” O said, remembering all the noise last night.

The gate buzzer sounded.

“That’s probably Raven, I invited her over for breakfast,” Lexa said. She went over and buzzed her in.

When Raven came in she noticed how dejected Clarke looked. “Who stole your cookie?” she asked.

“They won’t let me get baby goats.”

“For fuck’s sake, you and goats. You know those things will eat your cell phone if given the chance. They’re like total garbage disposals. They’d eat that fucking purple chicken you make. What’s for breakfast?”

“How do you like your eggs?” Lexa asked her.
“I like my eggs like I like my women, over hard and wet.”

“That’s disgusting,” O said. “Is that even possible?” she asked Raven.

“What, the women or the eggs?”

“It’s tricky, but I think I can do it,” Lexa said. “The egg part that is.”

“You look tired,” Raven said to O.

“Try sleeping with these two doing it all night.”

Raven looked at the two love birds, “You screamers?”

Lexa comically pointed to Clarke.

“Scream? I swear I heard howling,” O said.

“Oh that was Yogi,” Lexa clarified.

“Thank god. I got a little worried,” O said.

“Sometimes when Clarke gets a little loud he howls. I think he thinks something’s wrong. He loves her.”

“What pathetic movie did you two losers watch last night?” Raven asked Clarke and O.

“The Fault in our Stars.”

“God, haven’t you seen that like 10 times? How can you still cry? Do you have your period or something?”

“We like sad movies.”

“Whatever. What are you going to do today?” Raven asked.

“Nothing,” they both said at the same time.

Raven was instantly suspicious. “What now?” she asked with one eyebrow raised.

“Nothing, we’re just gonna sit around all day and hang out,” Clarke said quickly.

Raven wasn’t convinced that was the plan, but she got distracted when Lexa put her eggs in front of her. “Damn girl, nicely done,” she said appreciatively.

“What can I say? I’m good with eggs,” Lexa said. “Everything ready for later today?”

“Should be. Michelle is getting there early to start the setup at the bookstore.”

“What time do you think you’ll be at the club?” Clarke asked innocently.

“Why are you asking?” Raven asked with a smidgen of distrust.

“No reason,” Clarke replied.

“I guess around 7 ish. But who knows, depends on how many people come to the book signing,” Raven explained. She looked at Clarke and saw the wheels turning, and knew they were up to
something. “I’ve seen that look before Clarkie, what is going through that mind of yours?”

“Nothing, my god. I just wanted to know when to expect my girl home.”

“Baby, I won’t stay long, I promise,” Lexa said.

Later that day the girls were setting up for the book signing. Raven and Michelle had peppered the gayborhood with Lexa’s promo posters a couple weeks ago, and there was already a line forming outside. The book got several other good reviews, and sales were starting to take off.

“Yo, PS10, you see that out there?” Ravel called over to Lexa.

“I see it, I can’t believe it’s for me though.”

“Oh it’s for you girlfriend,” Michelle said with a smile, as she set Lexa up with business cards, pens and other little promotional stuff. “Here’s some water in this cooler here. If you need anything else, let me know,” she said as she gave Lexa’s shoulder a little squeeze.

“I will, thanks.” Lexa was glad Clarke wasn’t here, because she wasn’t sure how she would handle the little extra attention that Michelle showered on her. She tried to picture a jealous Clarke, and as it was with all thoughts of Clarke, it turned her on. Possessive Clarke, all fired up, yummy.

They had Lexa set up at a table at the back of the store. The cashier had a stack of books ready to sell, and she was in front of the table.

Raven came over and took a seat next to Lexa, “I’ll be right here with you. You need anything else before we open the doors?”

“Nope, I’m good.” Lexa was a bit apprehensive, never having done anything like this before.

The doors opened and people began filing in. Raven leaned in tight to Lexa’s ear, “didn’t expect this many right away,” she whispered.

“Neither did I,” Lexa said under her breath. And in the next breath, “oh boy.”

“What?”

“Lots of familiar faces.”

“What does that mean?” Raven asked, not sure she wanted the answer.

Lexa leaned into Raven’s ear, trying not to move her mouth, “remember that threeway?”

It was Raven’s turn to lean into Lexa’s ear, “No shit? Who?”

Lexa leaned back in towards Raven, “the couple in front of the cash register. Short blonde hair with the other blonde.”

“It was a couple?” Raven said, facing forward and not moving her lips.

“Yep. Wanted to spice up their sex life,” Lexa replied, also trying not to move her lips.

“Well, that’s spicy alright. At least they’re smiling.”
The two women approached the table, “hey Lexa, so good to see you again.”

“You too, how are you ladies?”

“We’re great, super excited to read your book.”

“Well thank you for buying it. Stacie, right? And Susan?”

“Yes.”

And Lexa signed their book, breathing a sigh of relief that she got their names right.

“Maybe we’ll see you at the bar later?” they asked.

“Yeah, sure,” Lexa said. They walked back out of the store.

“Oh boy,” Lexa said as she spotted another familiar face.

“Now what?” Raven said, with her hand over her mouth.

“She liked it a little rough.”


“Long blonde hair, red shirt.”

“I’m sensing a pattern here. Gotta a thing for blondes do we?” Raven asked quietly, still shielding her mouth.

Lexa totally forgot the woman’s name. She leaned into Raven as the woman in red approached, “I forget her name.”

“Hi Lexa, wow, I can’t believe you wrote a book,” she said.

“I did, and thank you so much for buying it.”

“Who are we making it out to?” Raven asked sweetly.

“Karen, Lexa knows me.”

“Of course she does, I was just asking,” and Raven smiled at her suggestively. Raven always had her client’s back. And if that meant flirting with every woman to get their name, then so be it.

When Karen moved off, Lexa leaned into Raven’s ear, “fucking genius, you,” Lexa said appreciatively.

“That’s my job, PS10, that’s my job. If she hits on me later, I expect you to be there. And I guess I mean, when she literally hits on me. Since she likes it rough and all.”

“I got it, no need to explain,” Lexa said. She looked over at the front door, “oh boy.”

Raven started to panic a little, “another one? Jesus fucking christ, is there anyone here you haven’t slept with?”

“Besides you?”

“I guess plastering your poster all over the gayborhood was not such a bright idea.”
“I don’t know, they’re all buying a book.”

“As long as they don’t throw them at you when they get up here. Do you remember any of their names?”

“Ah, no. Well, maybe some.”

“Fuck. I feel like I should be Gary on Veep, whispering everyone’s name in your ear before they get here.”

“I love Veep.”

Lexa kept signing because women kept coming in, with a few gay men sprinkled in. Raven figured there would be at least 10 women looking to hook up with her at the party, since Lexa seemed to have a hard time remembering the names of all her conquests. She kept checking out the line when she saw two men who looked oddly familiar. She looked a little closer, not believing what she was seeing at first. Recognition slowly dawning on her, “oh my fucking god,” she said incredulously. It was Clarke and Octavia, in drag, waiting in line. Sticking out like sore thumbs.

“What?” Lexa asked

“Tweedle dee and Tweedle dum are in line.”

“Who?”

Raven nodded her head in the direction of the two “boys.”

Lexa spotted them, did a double take, took another hard look. “Oh my fucking god is right.”

“This is what happens when those two morons spend too much time together.”

Lexa started giggling as she looked them over. She could barely concentrate on the book she was trying to sign. While she was meeting her new fans, she kept stealing looks at the two of them. Clarke had a big, bushy, blonde mustache stuck to her upper lip, and some sort of god awful wig, like a pompadour. She had old jeans on and a jeans jacket over a tractor supply store tee shirt. A pair of heavy duty work boots completed the outfit. Octavia was sporting a black goatee and big black sideburns, ray bans, black jeans, black biker boots, a long sleeve white shirt, and a leather vest. She had a baseball hat on. Her hair was pulled back in a long ponytail.

Raven watched as they approached the register and each bought a book.

“Oh my god, they’re almost here,” Lexa whispered, a little horrified. “It’s like the Village People gone bad.”

“More like the Village Rednecks.”

The “boys” made their way to the table, the blonde was the first to speak, “hey little lady,” he said with a drawl.

“Aaand, they’re southern,” Raven said sarcastically.

“My name is Carl, and this here is Othello, and we think you are just the cutest.” Carl sat on the table leering at Lexa.

All Lexa could do was stare stupidly up at him, with her mouth half open, trying not to laugh out loud.
“Here now, how about you give us an autograph,” Othello said emphasizing the ‘o’ in autograph as he handed the book to Lexa.

Lexa put her head down and started signing their books, she bit her lip to stifle the laughter.

“Well, shoot, that’s nice Carl, take a looksee,” and O showed the pic to Carl. “How’s about you take a picture with both of us, sweetie,” and he handed the phone to Raven. O scooted around the table with ‘Carl’ and they pulled Lexa up for a photo op. Lexa jumped as O slapped her ass. She jumped again as Carl’s hand wandered near the zipper on her pants.

“Now little lady, would you mind taking a picture with me?” Carl got out his phone and handed it to Othello, and leaned over the table and grabbed Lexa, kissing her on the cheek while Othello snapped a pic.

“Well, you’re all jittery like a little filly now aren’t you,” Carl said. “You need to be broke in, is what I’m thinking.” And now it was Carl’s turn to slap her on her ass.

Lexa knew she had traveled down a few rabbit holes since she met Clarke, but this one was a doozy. And it was quite hysterical.

Raven stood up to take the photo. All she could do was roll her eyes, not wanting to create a scene. She looked down at O’s bulging crotch as she came back around the table, “whatcha got there, partner, is that a banana in your pants or are you just glad to see me.” O traveled dangerously close to another stack of books, “careful now, don’t knock anything over with that thing.” She reached out and grabbed O by the arm.

“Well, I just might be happy to see you,” O said as Raven started escorting her away from the table.

Carl joined them. “Thank you for your hospitality pretty lady.”

“Oh my god, shut up,” Raven said, their southern drawls sounded like nails down a chalkboard to her ears. She led them to the back storeroom, away from the crowd. “What are you two freak boxes doing here?”

Clarke and O were rolling now. “Oh my god, you should have seen your face,” O said between laughs.

Clarke caught her breath from the laugh fest. “Did you shit a brick? Cause it looked like you shit a brick, and, we are going to the bar, is what we’re doing.”

“In that?” Raven asked pointing to their outfits.

“Why not? It’s perfect. Nobody will recognize us.”

“Oh my god.” Raven shook her head and closed her eyes.

“C’mon, it’s pretty funny,” Clarke said, “right little lady?” she asked, putting her arm around her.

“Just be careful for god’s sake. And O, what is in your pants?”

O looked down at her crotch, “this just happens to be the prosthetic penis that Mark Wahlberg wore in ‘Boogie Nights.’ Linc knows him, so I had him call Mark and ask if I could borrow it. He calls it Big Daddy. Pretty impressive, huh?”

“It looks like a fucking watermelon for god’s sake.”
“Is it too big?”

“Let’s just say it arrives before you do.”

O playfully thrust her hips back and forth, “I think it’s kinda sexy.”

“It looks like it was designed for Andre the giant. You know you’re only 5’4”, right? That thing is taller than you.” She looked at Clarke, “you’re supposed to be the brains of the operation, why you letting her walk around with that in her pants, she could throw her back out.” She looked down at Clarke’s pants, “And where’s yours?”

“It’s there.”

“Where?”

“Here,” and Clarke grabbed at her crotch.

“Don’t stand next to O you’re gonna look woefully inadequate. What is it?”

“Just some tube socks.”

“With or without the stripe?”

“With of course.”

Raven looked back at O and just shook her head.

“Nobody will even notice,” O said, again thrusting her hips back and forth.

Raven wasn’t so sure, “just keep it away from me.”

“I wanna see Lexa, can’t she come back here?” Clarke pleaded.

“She’s busy, she’ll see you at the bar, now go, before you scare all the gays and lesbians away.”

“How do you know we’re not gay?” O asked. “Maybe we’re gay men.”

“No self respecting gay man would be caught dead in those outfits. Unless it was fucking halloween. Now take Big Daddy and get the hell out of here. Go, go.” Raven shooed them away.

As she walked back to Lexa, she started to not look forward to this party, because now she had to keep track of Lexa, drag king Clarke, and Big Daddy, plus all the women who she smiled suggestively at. She was going to have her hands full. Thank god Niylah would be here later.

Clarke and O walked into the club and headed over to the bar to get a drink. They sauntered like men, at least they thought they did. Anybody watching them walk would think they were a little light in their loafers. Clarke spotted Luna at the bar talking to Indra. She plopped herself down next to her, “why hello there beautiful lady,” she said with her southern male drawl.

Luna took a quick look at Carl, “hi, I’m sorry, I’m a little busy right now.” She rolled her eyes at Indra.

Indra was staring at the man sitting next next to Luna. She looked harder, and was rewarded by a quick smile from Carl. She continued to look and then she recognized Clarke. “Holy shit.” She smiled at her, “what are you drinking my good man.”
“Beer for me, and whatever this lovely lady wants.”

Luna turned towards Carl again, “I’m sorry, but I’m married,” she said with annoyance. She looked back at Indra, who started giggling. “What is so funny?” she asked her. She heard more giggling next to her and turned back towards ‘Carl.’

“I’m Carl, ma’am, pleasure to meet you.”

Luna stared into Carl’s eyes, finally recognizing Clarke. “Oh my god,” she said. Then she started laughing. “Oh my god.” She leaned into Clarke’s ear, “what are you doing here? I thought you were forbidden to come.”

“Well, I wasn’t gonna miss this. So we raided the props room at work,” Clarke said, nodding over to Octavia, who was sitting on the other side of Luna.

Luna turned her head and looked at O.

“How you doin’?” O asked, doing her best Joey from Friends impersonation.

Luna cracked up again. “You two are nuts.”

Anya was across the room, and all she saw were two guys hitting on her lady. She stormed over to them and tapped Carl on the shoulder, “may I help you? Babe, are these two bothering you?” she asked Luna.

“Oh god, honey calm down.” She grabbed her arm to pull her close, “it’s Clarke and Octavia.”

Anya pulled back and looked at Clarke. “Holy fuck, I almost threw you down for hitting on my woman,” she said. She looked her up and down, “nice outfit, you look like you just fell off a backhoe.” Then she grabbed her and gave her a hug. She looked over at Octavia, “come here you,” and O got up to say hello. Anya looked down at her crotch, “jesus, whatcha got there,” and she grabbed a handful of prosthesis. “We have some gay men here tonight, you might wanna keep your back against the wall if you know what I mean,” she said as she shook O’s fake junk. “Nice goatee, by the way, you look kinda sexy.” O blushed at the compliment. “Where’s Lexa?” Anya asked.

“She’s not here yet,” Clarke said. “Still signing books.”

“Did she see you?” Anya asked.

“Oh yeah.”

“Did she piss her pants?”

“I don’t know, I haven’t had a chance to talk to her, Raven threw us out,” Clarke said with a disappointed look.

“You two are crazy,” Anya said shaking her head and getting a beer from Indra.

O walked over to Clarke and leaned into her ear, “I have to pee.”

“What?” Clarke pulled back and looked at her, and O just nodded her head. “Well, shit, I guess you’ll have to use the men’s room,” Clarke said apprehensively.

“Come with me, I can’t go in there alone,” O begged.

Clarke looked around. It was a very mixed crowd tonight, both gay and straight, and there were
quite a few men. “Ok, ok, let’s go.” They both got up and made their way over the restrooms. When they got to the men’s door, Clarke looked at O, “ready?”

O nodded her head and they both walked in. When they got in there it was empty, and they both breathed a sigh of relief. O grabbed Clarke for support and dragged her into the stall. Clarke turned around to give O some privacy. As she was standing here she heard a splash.

“Oh shit,” O said quietly.

“What?” Clarke whispered.

“My dick fell in the toilet.”

“Oh gross.”

They heard two men come into the bathroom.

“Darn it, now it’s gonna be wet,” O said, her voice carrying over the stall door.

“Well, just pull it out.”

The two men at the urinal turned and looked at each other.

“That’s disgusting,” O said, not wanting to stick her hand in a toilet.

“Pull it out, for god’s sake, just pull it out. Then we’ll dry it off and put it back in.”

The two men turned and looked under the stall, and saw two pairs of shoes facing the same direction. They quickly zipped up, washed up, and headed out.

O was watching it slowly sink to the bottom of the bowl. “Why isn’t it floating? It sunk like a battleship.”

“Well, did you pee yet?”

“No.”

“OK, since you didn’t pee in there yet, it’s clean, just pull it out.” Clarke was exasperated now, and she turned to supervise, not realizing O had her pants and underwear down. “Oh shit, sorry,” and she quickly turned back. She heard O fishing around in the toilet and a splat as she threw the offending member onto the ground. “Just go pee so we can get out of here.” And just as she finished the sentence, they heard the door open and two more men came in, chatting away.

Clarke heard O flush the toilet and pull up her pants. She turned around and they both stared at the wet dong on the floor, which seemed to be growing from being in the water, like a sea monkey. O mouthed to Clarke, “what am I gonna do?”

Clarke mouthed back, “put it back,” and pantomimed shoving it back into her pants.

“It’s wet,” O mouthed.

“So what,” Clarke mouthed back at her. She pulled some toilet paper off the roll and started wrapping it around the penis to dry it out. They heard another guy come in, and now all three were having a conversation. Clarke went to shove the donger back into O’s pants, but O was too grossed out and pushed her hand away, knocking the wrapped penis out of Clarke’s hand and onto the ground. They both watched in horror as the toilet paper unwrapped and the fake penis rolled out
from under the stall door, leaving a wet trail of water, as it slowly made its way over to the sinks.

O peeked under the stall door to see where it ended up. She picked her head up and looked at Clarke, “oops,” O mouthed as they looked at each other with a little panic in their eyes. They heard the conversation outside the stall stop. They just stood in the stall quietly, hoping the men would leave. Suddenly the fake member came rolling back in, as someone from the other side kicked it back under the door. “Ah, thanks,” O said in her most manly voice.

Clarke looked at her with her mouth agape, and slapped at her, “shut up,” she mouthed. To which O just shrugged her shoulders. It remained quiet on the other side of the stall door. Finally, they heard the urinals flush and the men left.

“Oh my god,” Clarke whispered. “Put it back in.”

“It’s soaked. It’s like one of those squeegees you see on TV, you know, on the QVC, it just sucked up all the water.”

“So what, nobody will notice. Get some paper towels, we’ll wrap it up with that instead.”

“Maybe you should pee too, so we don’t have to come back in here for a while.”

Clarke hesitated, but then realized that was probably a good idea, so she hiked her pants down and went to the bathroom. After she was done they both vacated the stall and washed up. O grabbed some paper towels and wrapped the donger back up. She inserted it back inside her pants. “Does it look ok?” She had a piece of paper towel sticking out between the zipper.

Clarke looked at it, “you gotta a little ‘Something About Mary’ going on there, fix it.”


Clarke looked down at the bulge, which now looked ridiculously large and wet, and thought everybody in the county would see it, “looks fine, you can’t even notice it. Let’s go.”

As they were walking out of the bathroom, two gay men were coming in. One looked at O’s crotch, then looked up at her face and gave her a knowing wink. She gave a wink back, and as she walked behind Clarke she made a show out of thrusting her hips forward and back, like she got lucky. She received a knowing nod of appreciation from one guy, and the other turned around to walk next to her and slip his phone number into her pocket.

They found a table to stand at while they waited for Lexa and Raven to show up. “Do you want another beer?” Clarke asked.

“Yeah sure,” O replied. Clarke went to the bar to get their drinks. While O was waiting for her to come back, two attractive looking women approached the table.

“Hi, I’m Candy and this is Montana.”

O was caught off guard, forgetting for a minute that she was in drag. She cleared her throat, “howdy, how you ladies doing this evening.”

“We’re good. We couldn’t help but notice you two guys were here alone,” Candy said to O, batting her eyes.

Clarke turned from the bar with their beers and spotted O with two women, who were dressed a little
scantily. One already had their arm around Othello. “Oh shit.” She quickly made her way back to the table.

“Why hey, what do we have here?” Carl asked O.

“This here is Candy,” O said, “and this is Montana.”

“Howdy ladies,” and Carl offered a hand to each. Candy was now pressing herself suggestively against Othello now, ogling his crotch.

Clarke looked up and was relieved to see Raven and Lexa walk through the door. She wanted to go greet them, but didn’t want to abandon O. She heard Candy squeal and say that she loved “this song” and she pulled Othello out onto the dance floor. Montana grabbed her hand and led her there also.

Raven and Lexa made their way over to the bar and found Luna and Anya there, talking with Indra. “Anybody see two poorly dressed, shortish, gay looking men come in here?” Raven asked the both of them.

Anya nodded her head out to the dance floor, “those the gentlemen in question?” she asked.

Raven and Lexa looked out and saw O and Clarke getting their groove on with a couple of good looking women. “Oh for fuck’s sake,” Raven said.

Lexa just started laughing. She saw Clarke look over to her, begging for rescue, and Lexa just waved back.

“If O’s not careful, she’s gonna be the next one to get her cherry popped,” Raven said as she watched them on the dance floor. “Oh god, is that a wet spot on the front of her jeans?” she asked no one in particular. “My god is it bigger?”

“Should we go get them?” Lexa asked.

“Nah.” She turned back around and asked Indra for a beer.

Soon Bell, Echo, Monty and Harper showed up. Bell went over to Raven, “so where are they?” he asked, almost afraid to see his sister and Clarke.

Raven nodded out to the dance floor, “Out there.”

Bell looked out, “oh god,” he said. “Should we do something?”

“They look like they’re having fun,” Harper said.

Finally Clarke extracted herself from the dance floor and headed over to Lexa. Lexa eyed her up good when she stood in front of her. “Hi honey, nice outfit,” she said grinning at her.

“I expected you to rescue me out there,” Clarke said

“I was having too much fun watching your ass in those jeans. Kinda tight, aren’t they?” Clarke playfully shoved her.

“Indra, may I have a water please?” Clarke asked. She turned and stared at Lexa, wanting to kiss her, or grab something, or touch something.

Lexa stared back at her and started cracking up again.
“What are you laughing at?”

“You, baby. Sorry.”

“I look good, don’t I?”

“You look... very manly. But you need to work on your walk.”

“What’s the matter with my walk.”

Lexa leaned into her ear, “you sway those sexy hips of yours too much.” She pulled back and winked at her.

“You wanna make out?” Clarke asked playfully.

Lexa looked down at her, “with that?” and she pointed at the bushy mustache. “It scares me. It looks like a caterpillar.”

Clarke grabbed her finger and bit it. “Your loss,” she said as she shrugged her shoulders.

“Ah, what’s Octavia doing?” Bellamy asked.

Raven looked over, “Ah, making out with a chick.” They all turned and stared at the show.

“We should do something, right?” Bell asked.

“Wow, they’re really getting into it,” Harper observed.

O and Candy pulled apart, and the wet spot had transferred itself to the front of Candy’s white pants.

“Whoa, what just happened there?” Lexa asked.

“Oh my god, did Octavia just come on that girl’s pants?” Harper asked

Clarke was quick to speak up, “no, Big Daddy fell into the toilet, and we just stuck it back into her pants, and it was soaked.”

“Big Daddy, who’s Big Daddy?” Bell asked a little confused, and almost afraid to get the answer.

“Yeah, she stuffed a huge fake woody down her pants to make herself look well endowed,” Raven explained. “And I guess somehow she managed to lose it in the toilet. I don’t even wanna know,” she said as she took a swig of beer. Bellamy turned and looked at Raven with a blank look on his face. “Don’t look at me, she’s your sister.”

“Go help her,” he pleaded.

“Help her? Help her do what?” Raven continued to look at Bellamy, who just stared back at her. “Ok, ok, jesus christ, I don’t know what you expect me to do,” she said as she walked off towards the dance floor.

The rest of the gang leaned against the bar and watched Raven approach the happy couple. When she was in front of O and Candy, she yanked on O’s arm to get her attention, and then led her off the dance floor, both of them arguing on their way back to the group.

O got Indra’s attention and asked for another beer. Harper sidled up to her, “Why were you kissing her?”
“Research, for my next movie role,” Octavia said. Harper just nodded her head. That was a good reason.

O’s goatee was hanging off, coming unglued from all the kissing. “Ah, O, you gotta little costume malfunction going on,” and Harper waved a finger at her mouth.

“What?”

“You’re losing your facial hair, Andre the giant dong,” Raven said.

Octavia put her hand up to her goatee and felt it falling off. “Shit, Clarke, you got that glue?”

“Yeah, c’mon.”

“We can’t go back to the bathroom,” O stated.

“Indra, can they use your office for a sec?” Lexa asked. Indra nodded and tossed her the keys. Clarke and O went off for repairs.

When they came back from Indra’s office, Clarke looked around for Lexa but couldn’t find her. “Where’s Lexa?” Clarke asked.

“Over there,” Harper pointed.

Clarke looked across the room and saw Lexa talking to a beautiful woman. “Who the fuck is that?” she asked Raven.

“That’s Michelle, she works for Jasper.”

“Does she know she’s taken?”

“Don’t get your panties in a bunch, she knows.” Clarke watched as the woman reached out and grabbed Lexa’s arm, her bicep to be exact. Clarke’s bicep. Clarke was never one to get jealous, so she was surprised at her own reaction. Almost embarrassed by it.

“Clarkie, you got a little steam coming out of your ears,” Raven observed.

“I don’t like how she’s touching her.”

“And where’s O?” Raven asked as she looked around.

“Over there,” Harper said.

Raven and Clarke looked and saw O talking to two women. “Oh shit,” Raven said.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“That’s two thirds of Lexa’s threesome.”

“What??”

“You heard me.”

“How do you know that?”

“They were at the books signing and Lex told me.”
“What do you think they want with O?”

“I imagine they want a threeway with Big Daddy,” Raven said casually.

“Damn. That thing is trouble,” Clarke said as she watched O. “I’m bummed.”

“Why you bummed?” Raven asked.

“No one wants to get in my pants,” Clarke said a little dejectedly.

“I want to get in your pants, I mean, literally, my feet are cold and I don’t have socks on.”

A woman with long blonde hair came over and began hitting on Raven, so Clarke turned her attention back to Lexa. Now she was surrounded by quite a few women. She was getting frustrated watching all these women hitting on her girlfriend, and could do nothing about it. She just wanted to go over, grab her and plant one on her, just to prove ownership. She looked back at Raven, this must have been the fourth or fifth woman who approached her tonight. She never saw her friend get this much action. Clarke was feeling seriously left out. Her girlfriend wouldn’t touch her, her friends were getting hit on, and she was standing basically alone at the bar. Finally, Lexa came back over to stand next to her. Clarke was feeling pouty.

“What’s the matter blondie?” Lexa asked.

“Nothing,” Clarke said sullenly.

Lexa turned around to put her elbows on the bar. “You look upset,” she said into Clarke’s ear. Clarke wasn’t giving it up. “Hey, c’mon, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” Clarke said, still leaning with her back against the bar. Lexa just stared at her. Finally she relented, “you’ve got these women falling all over you, and I can’t do anything about it.”

Lexa grabbed Clarke’s hand and led her to Indra’s office. She opened the door and ushered her in, locking behind them.

“Hey you,” she said as she cupped her face in her hands. “I love you. I don’t even notice those other women. You’re the only thing that matters to me. Okay?”

Clarke gave a little nod, still feeling a little off.

Lexa bent her head down and kissed her. Clarke reached behind Lexa’s neck and pulled her closer, wanting the kiss to deepen. Wanting and needing a whole lot more than a kiss right now.

Out at the bar, Raven was thankful that Niylah finally showed up and made sure she hung all over her to repel her admirers from the book signing. “Babe, you are a sight for sore eyes.”

“Why?”

“Don’t ask.”

Octavia came back over to them, reached into her pocket and slammed down quite a few slips of paper onto the bar. “Check this shit out,” she said proudly to the girls.

“What the fuck is that?” Niylah asked, pointing at O’s crotch.

“Oh, meet Big Daddy, the schlong that ate Hollywood,” Raven said. She looked at the papers that O put down on the bar, “are these all phone numbers?”
“Yeah, bitches, I’m obviously a good looking drag king.”

“I think you can thank your fake willy.” Raven said.

A petite woman came up behind O and tapped her on the shoulder. O turned and the woman asked if she wanted to dance. O was led back to the dance floor, turning to look back at Raven and Niylah with a wink.

“That one-eyed snake has gone to her head. There’s like ten straight women here and they're all after O.”

“She does look pretty adorbs in that goatee,” Niylah admitted.

Bellamy, Monty, and Raven looked down at their phones at the same time. After reading the text they all looked at each other, then looked around for Clarke. “Where is she?” Bell asked.


“I saw her and Lexa go into Indra’s office.”

Raven went over to the office and knocked on the door. “Clarke, you in there?” She heard some mumbling.

“Yeah.”

“Hurry up and get the hell out here.”

“We’re coming.”

“Of course you are. Check your fucking phone.”

“What?”

“Check your phone.” Raven waited a minute then heard a shriek. She smiled and walked back to the bar area.

“What’s going on?” Niylah asked. Nobody was told what the text said.

Raven waved at O, who was slow dancing with yet another woman. She broke it off and came over. “What’s up?”

Clarke and Lexa joined them shortly. Raven looked at Bellamy, who nodded back at her. “Well, looks like we’re making a movie bitches!” Raven announced to the gang. They all started whooping and high fiving.

Anya and Luna saw the commotion and came over to check it out. “What’s going on?” Anya asked.

Lexa grabbed her excitedly, “they gave the green light to the movie!”

“Holy shit, oh my god, holy shit, holy shit. Indra, shots all around.” Indra lined up the shots and they all started throwing them back.

An hour later and most of them were royally trashed. Lexa and Carl were sexing it up on the dance floor, looking like a happy straight couple. O was crashed at the bar with Raven, Niylah and Bellamy. “I want the gay part,” she shouted. “I wanna be gay Carey,” she slurred to Bell and Rav. “I’m ready.” She bent her head down to Raven’s chest and tried to motorboat her.
“What the fuck are you doin’?” Raven asked, looking down at O unsteadily.

“I just tried to motorboat you, but I couldn’t find them,” she said, with a pained look on her face.

“They’re right there,” Raven said, drunkenly pointing to her chest, trying to steer her friend in the right direction.

O reached out and kept missing in her attempt to feel Raven up. “I don’t see them.” She glanced over at Niylah, looked her in the eye than looked at her chest.

“Don’t you fucking dare.”

O was destined to be frustrated in her motorboating quest. She reached down her pants and pulled Big Daddy out and plopped him on the bar. “This thing is annoying. I need another beer. Make it two, Big Daddy is thirsty.” When Indra brought her two beers, O put Big Daddy in one of the glasses. “There you go buddy,” she said affectionately.

Clarke woke up the next morning and found herself tangled up in Lexa’s hair and limbs. Lexa was on her stomach still asleep, and Clarke was laying half on her, one leg possessively slung across her. It took a few minutes to clear her head. They partied hard last night after the news, and she knows she drank way too much. Things were a little fuzzy, especially how they got home. But she did remember when they got home they had some pretty wild sex. She smiled and almost blushed as she remembered some of the things they did. She smoothed Lexa’s hair down and looked down at her with such love in her eyes. She couldn’t resist her, so she bent down and lightly kissed her shoulder, moving down her arm. She heard a rustle and picked her head up a little to take a look. She saw a pair of brown eyes staring at her from the across the bed. She lifted her head further, blew a strand of hair out of her eyes, and saw a little mouth munching back and forth. She rubbed her eyes, shook her head to clear the cobwebs, and looked again. She leaned down to Lexa’s ear, “honey,”

“Mmm.”

“Are you awake?”

“Mmmm.”

“I think you should wake up.”

“Mmm. Why Boo?” she mumbled, finding it hard to move.

“Why is there a baby goat in our room?”

Lexa’s eyes shot open. “What?”

“There’s a baby goat in our room.”

Lexa popped up and looked around and saw the goat. “Shit. What the fuck?” She looked at Clarke, who shrugged her shoulders. Lexa tried hard to remember what happened last night after they left the bar. She didn’t remember much on the ride home. She did remember the sex they had and she smiled for a second. Then she remembered there was a goat in the room. “Holy shit.”

“He’s cute,” Clarke said.

“He is cute. Is that Maynard? I think it’s Maynard. And is he eating your mustache?”

“Yes, he is.”
“Huh. I guess they really do eat anything.”

“What should we do about it?”

Lexa was stumped right now. And she was getting horny looking at Clarke’s naked body. “Don’t
know, let’s have sex and we’ll come back to it.”

“In front of the goat?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that a little weird?”

“We can feed him the rest of your outfit, keep him busy. Oh, wait, there goes the wig.”

Clarke’s phone rang. “It’s Raven.” She put it on speaker and answered, “Hey Rav, what’s up?”

“Did you see WeHo daily yet?”

“No, we just got up.”

“Hold on,” she said. Raven texted a screenshot from the website, it was a picture of Lexa piggy
backing Carl around the dance floor, with the headline, ‘Local author with mystery man.’

“Oh, that’s funny,” Clarke said.

“I thought you would like that,” Raven replied.

“You know what’s funnier?” Clarke asked.

“What?”

Clarke texted Raven a picture of the goat in the bedroom.

“Jesus christ.”

Lexa got up to go to the bathroom during the exchange between Clarke and Raven. She sat down
on the toilet and looked into the tub. “Ah, honey?”

“Hold on Rav, Yes baby?”

“There’s another one in here.”

“Another what babe?”

“Another baby goat. He’s in the tub, sleeping. I think it’s Maxwell.”

“Oh boy.”

“Obviously I can’t say no to you when I’m drunk. Might wanna take a memo,” Lexa called from the
bathroom.

“So, let me get this straight. Sometime between the bar and home, you two birds stole a pair of baby
goats,” Raven stated.

“Yes, it appears we did,” Clarke said as Lexa crawled back into bed and snuggled her. “But, as my
girlfriend likes to say, in our defense, they were free to a good home. So it’s not like it was a felony
or anything.” Lexa nipped her nip in response to the shout out. Clarke giggled and pulled her head closer to her chest, inviting more activity.

“You think this is funny?” Raven asked.

“No, it’s very serious.” Now Clarke started laughing as Lexa motorboated her.

“Was that what I think it was?”

“What did you think it was?” Clarke asked as she pushed Lexa’s head lower and groaned when Lexa arrived at her destination.

“Oh my god. Ok, ok, I deserve this, what base is she on?” Raven asked knowingly.

“Third,” Clarke said a little breathlessly.

“Touché Clarkie, touché. I will let you two get on with it while I go clean up this goat mess.”

Clarke giggled again. “Hey Rav?”

“Yeah?”

“We’re making a fucking movie,” Clarke said before she lost the ability to speak.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be the last, sorry kittens. I believe the story has run it's course. I no longer lay awake at night wondering what the girls will do next. It will be tied up with a nice, neat bow for you.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

My assistant google and I did extensive research in order to give you an authentic experience in this chapter. I hope you appreciate it. I thought it apropos to post today. Last chapter, enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clarke was up at 4 am so she could hear the Oscar nominations. When they came out, she squealed and reached for her phone, fuck it, she was driving over there. She threw on some clothes and headed for Luna and Anya’s house. Lexa had stayed there last night to help with a house project. She pulled into the drive and walked up to the door. She noticed what time it was, “crap.” The house was pitch black. She didn’t have a key so she would have to wait for someone to get up. She went back and sat in her car to wait. She put her head back against the headrest and thought about the last two years. Well, almost two years. She couldn’t believe how much had happened since that day she and Raven went to Lexa’s store to stalk her. It seemed surreal at times. There had been rumors floating around about her love life recently, about how Lexa was always near, but nothing ever confirmed. It certainly kept Raven busy, trying to explain away the reason for their closeness to the press. She won her second Emmy the September after meeting Lexa for her work on the cable series. Lexa’s book, Polis, had made it to the bestseller list, and they made the movie together last year, which was a huge hit, both at home and abroad. Lexa’s second book, Arkadia, came out to great reviews this past fall. This meant a sequel for the movie. Clarke couldn’t imagine things could get any better, and now today, icing on the cake. Finally a light came on and she went to the door and quietly knocked.

Luna peaked outside with a surprised look on her face and opened the door. “Clarke? Are you ok?”

Clarke pushed past her with quick kiss on her cheek, “we did it, we got nominated!” she shouted as she headed up the steps. She barged into Lexa’s bedroom and jumped onto the bed, bouncing Lexa about a foot in the air.

“Jesus h. Christ! Clarke? Babe? Are you ok?” Lexa asked anxiously, trying to clear the sleep from her head. Clarke grabbed her and kissed her, deeply. “Ok, you’re freaking me out. Are you ok?”

“Look,” Clarke said as she showed Lexa the paper with the various nominations.

Lexa’s chin dropped, “holy shit, you did it.”

“We did it. Best actress, best screenplay, best picture.”

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. I gotta pee, be right back.” She crawled out of bed and got up to go to the bathroom. Clarke watched, because it was always a treat to see naked Lexa. After a moment Lexa was back and jumped back into the bed and pulled Clarke into her arms, she flipped her over onto her back and kissed her slowly, her tongue slipping into Clarke’s mouth, eliciting groans from deep in Clarke’s throat.
Clarke started running her hands up Lexa’s back, over her shoulders and down to her ass, which she gave a quick squeeze. She broke off the kiss, “I’m gonna lose it if we keep this up.”

“Well, that’s the point, isn’t it?” Lexa asked.

“Your sister and Luna are here.”

“We’ve done it before with them here.”

“But that was at night, this is morning and they’re up now.”

“I missed you last night, it was lonely in bed.” And Lexa started kissing her neck, flicking her tongue over her earlobe, nibbling on it a little.

“Oh, god. We can’t do this now.”

“Ssshh,” Lexa whispered, her hands slipping up Clarke’s shirt now. “Just a quickie, a celebratory orgasm. Oh, no bra, you go girl,” Lexa said as her fingers started circling her breasts. She pulled Clarke’s shirt over her head and tossed it across the room.

Clarke started to get a little breathless now, “I left kinda quick, didn’t have time to put one on.” Clarke groaned as Lexa’s lips found her nipples, and she began sucking and licking. “We can’t do this, they’ll hear us.”

“We’ll be quiet.”

“I’m never quiet.”

Lexa came back up to kiss her again, sucking on her bottom lip. “Maybe if I keep my tongue in your mouth you’ll be quiet,” she said with a grin. “Oh yes,” her fingers were between Clarke’s legs now, circling around, dipping in and out. “Mmm. Oscar nominations make you very wet,” Lexa said into Clarke’s mouth.

“I’m sure it has nothing to do with you,” Clarke managed to say between kisses. “Oh god. Fuck,” Clarke gasped as Lexa’s fingers started moving in and out. After almost two years, Lexa still had the power to drive her absolutely crazy. Clarke grabbed at the sheet on the bed as Lexa continued to kiss her deeply. There was no stopping her now. Lexa stopped kissing her, and started to kiss and lick her way down Clarke’s body. “Oh, god, jesus Lex.”

Lexa knew Clarke was getting close, so she quickly slipped between her legs to let her tongue finish up what her fingers started. While her tongue circled her clit and flicked over it, she grabbed Clarke’s ass to bring her closer.

Clarke cried out and quickly grabbed a pillow to put over her face. She groaned loudly into it as the orgasm took hold, her hips rising up to meet Lexa’s mouth. When she shuddered for the last time, her arms fell back on the bed, leaving the pillow sitting on her face.

Lexa looked up at her, “uh oh, where’d you go?”

Clarke started giggling.

Lexa crawled back up to Clarke and removed the pillow, “congratulations Miss Griffin, on your nomination for best actress.”

“Was I loud?”
“Noooo,” Lexa said sarcastically, knowing the neighbors probably heard her.

Clarke was laughing now, “I was loud. Shit. That’s embarrassing. You were supposed to keep your tongue in my mouth to keep me quiet,” she said as she wrapped Lexa up in her arms.

“I felt compelled to put my tongue in other places.”

“I love you.”

Lexa looked down at her, with such tenderness it made Clarke’s heart ache, “I love you too.”

“Hearteyes,” Clarke said to her, as she traced her finger over her jaw line. “You’re my lobster, you know that?”

“Lobster?” Lexa asked as she softly traced lips over Clarke’s eyes.

“You know, from Friends, lobsters.”

“Oh yeah, lobster. Get that from O?”

“How’d you guess?”

“Stab in the dark,” Lexa said as she nibbled at the base of Clarke’s throat, making her shiver.

“You know, at first we didn’t think you were lobster material.”

Lexa lifted herself off of Clarke and looked down her, “who didn’t think I was lobster material?” she asked with mock horror.

Clarke laughed at Lexa’s pretend wounded face, and ran her hands up and down Lexa’s arms, loving the feel of her flexed triceps. “We didn’t. And when I say we, I mean me.”

“Oh yeah, why’s that beautiful?”

“Because you were a player of course, duh.” Clarke was getting distracted now by Lexa’s body. She missed her last night.

“I’m glad I was able to change your mind.”

“Oh, you changed it alright.” Clarke changed their position and rolled on top of Lexa and kissed her. Her hand wandered a little lower, to Lexa’s delight. “Who knew you were some caretaking, romantic, domesticated, expert love making, baby goat loving kinda gal. Speaking of which, did you drop off food at Maggie and Lisa’s for Max and Maynard?”

“I did, yesterday.” Lexa steered Clarke’s hand lower. Wanting her again. Always wanting her, still.

“Yo assholes, get the fuck up so we can celebrate,” Anya yelled through the door. “You can have sex later.”

“And that killed my mood,” Lexa said jokingly, as the air came out of her sexual balloon. “We’ll be down in a minute,” she shouted back. “Later?” she asked Clarke.

“Oh, yeah,” Clarke said with a quick kiss.

When they got downstairs Luna and Anya hugged them both. They had gotten out a bottle of champagne and made mimosas. They handed each of them a glass.
Anya held up her glass, “to Polis and the Oscars!”

They all clicked glasses and downed their drinks.

Clarke was a little self conscious from their interlude upstairs. “What’s with you?” Anya asked sensing Clarke’s embarrassment. “Don’t worry, it’s not like we haven’t heard you before. It’s a little hard not to hear you, if you know what I mean.” Anya grabbed Clarke and put her in a gentle head lock.

Luna playfully punched Anya, “knock it off. You’re embarrassing her.”

Anya let go of Clarke and grabbed Luna and kissed her, then turned her attention back to Lexa and Clarke. “Holy shit, I can’t believe it, can you believe it?”

“I think I’m in shock,” Lexa said.

“I’m so happy for you both. This is so damn exciting,” Luna said. “Who gets to take home the statue if you win Best Picture?”

“The producers do, so Clarke would,” Lexa said proudly, grabbing Clarke around the waist and kissing her neck.

“Do we get to go? I wanna go, how do we get tickets?” Anya asked.

Lexa shrugged and looked at Clarke, “how does that work?” she asked.

“Well, we’ll probably be able to swing it. Producers get like three tickets I think, and I’ll get the plus one for the acting nod, so that’s four that I can use. Lexa will get plus one for being nominated, so yeah, we can do it. My mom will want to come too. Then Raven and Bellamy will go because agents always get themselves in. And I’m sure Bell can pull some strings to get O and Linc in.”

“Party at the Oscars!” Anya yelled. “Wait, what the shit are we gonna wear?”

Clarke held up her hand, “we got stylists for that. I’ll handle it. And I’ll book us all hotel rooms in town. We can get ready there and crash there after the awards.”

“What about Yogi?” Lexa asked, reaching down to rub his head.

“Oh, the hotel let’s you bring pets. And they’ll walk them for you too.”

“Hear that buddy? You’re going to the Oscars. Well, kinda.”

“Oh my god, this is incredible,” Luna said, hugging Anya.

“I don’t know if the Oscars are ready for this crew,” Anya said.

Oscar Sunday

Clarke got them all rooms at the Peninsula Beverly Hills on Oscar Sunday. Anya and Luna were in the suite with Lexa, Clarke and Yogi. Raven and Niyah were sharing a suite with Octavia and Lincoln. Clarke sent a car to pick up her mom and Marcus, since they opted to not stay over. The car would take them directly to the theater.

Clarke opened the door to let Marie in, who was her stylist, along with her makeup crew. “Dresses
are here,” she called out.

Lexa and Anya came out to look them over. They were in their hotel robes and slippers. Anya had never been in such a swanky hotel before, and was digging all the complimentary stuff. Lexa had gotten a taste of such things from traveling with Clarke the last couple years. “Hope you got a pantsuit in there for me,” Anya said.

“I took care of it,” Clarke told her.

“Thank god, I don’t do dresses.”

“You’re so precious,” Lexa said to her, which earned her a throw down on the couch. They continued to wrestle when Luna came out of the bedroom.

“Oh for god’s sake, really?” she said to the Wood’s sisters.

Clarke came over and stood next to Luna. “Do they know how lucky they are that we love them?”

“Do they know how lucky they are that anybody loves them?” Luna asked back. Pretty soon Yogi joined the party on the couch.

“Hey, I got an idea, how about we act like we’ve been here before,” Luna said to wrestlemania.

Lexa and Anya looked over to Luna. While Anya was looking away, Lexa bopped her in the head with one of the couch pillows and managed to throw her down to the floor. Yogi started barking at all the commotion. Lexa rolled down and landed hard on Anya.

“What the fuck is going on over here people?” Raven asked as she came in to get dressed. Niylah and Octavia were close on her heels. Octavia squealed when she saw the wrestling match. She ran over and pounced on both of them. She locked her arms around Lexa’s neck.

“O, you’re supposed to be on my side,” Lexa whined. “Get her Yogi, get her.” Yogi came over and started licking all over Octavia’s face.

Raven turned her nose up, “jesus, can’t wait to kiss that. Ok, how about the adults start getting ready, what do you want to do first Marie?” she asked.

“Let’s do makeup, then hair.”

“Ok, the first graders can go last.” Raven, Clarke and Niylah went into the bedroom to start getting ready.

The three first graders were finally done wrestling and sat with their backs against the couch and Yogi sitting across their legs.

“These robes are nice,” Anya said. “I’m sticking it in my suitcase. Do you think they’ll notice?”

“Will there be room? What with all the beer you shoved in there from the mini fridge,” Lexa observed.

“Guys, take whatever you want, they don’t care,” O said, as she snuggled between the sisters.

“Really?” Anya asked.

“Really. Take it all. Where’s your gift basket?” O asked looking at the dining room table.
“Anya shoved that in Luna’s suitcase. She doesn’t get out much.” Lexa explained.

O nodded. “I decorated one whole room with hotel stuff once.”

“Really?” Anya asked.

“Yeah. I bought a new suitcase just so I could take it all home. I got a comforter, sheets, curtains. I took an entire serving set once too. Served six.”

“Aren’t you the little klepto. Cool.” Anya was impressed.

“You took all that?” Lexa asked incredulously.

“Yep.”

“Damn.” Lexa looked over at Anya, who was scouting out the curtains. “Don’t you dare.”

“What? We need curtains in that spare room. These are kinda nice.”

“Do it,” O said, egging her on, nudging her in the shoulder.

“No,” Lexa said firmly. “Don’t do anything that will reflect badly on Clarke.” That’s all it took. Anya would never want to make Clarke look bad.

Clarke came out of the bedroom with her hair up and her makeup on. All Lexa could do was stare. She looked incredibly perfect and beautiful. She always loved seeing Clarke get ready for these award shows. And this was the first time she could accompany her.

“Allright dorks, in you go,” she said, pointing to the bedroom. Lexa walked by and grabbed her and gave her a quick kiss, carefully because she didn't want to ruin anything.

“You look gorgeous,” she said in her ear and Clarke got chills. Lexa was looking forward to slipping Clarke’s gown off her later.

An hour later and they were all ready and standing around the living room waiting for the limo. Luna was fussing with the buttons to Anya’s pantsuit, which looked sleek and elegant. Raven, Niyah, and O were trying to find comfortable shoes from the selection that Marie brought with her. Clarke was mesmerized by Lexa in her silver gown. There was a slit up her leg and an open back with her hair hanging down straight, she looked like a goddess, strong and beautiful. Clarke had never seen her like this, and her heart hurt looking at her. She literally couldn’t take her eyes off of her. “My god, look at you,” she said as she reached out to touch her arm.

“Look at me? Jesus, look at you, you’re the vision, and I can’t believe you’re mine.” Lexa moved her eyes slowly over Clarke. Her blonde curls were piled on top of her head, with feathery tendrils hanging down the side of her face. She was wearing a gorgeous, black sleeveless gown. As usual, Lexa’s eyes stopped at the ample cleavage that was showing. In fact, Clarke’s gown barely covered it. Clarke noticed where Lexa’s eyes stopped. “See something you like?”

Lexa’s mouth hung open a little, she licked her lips and looked into Clarke’s eyes. “Uh huh. I kinda wanna take that gown off right now.”

Clarke laughed at her, and kissed her lightly on the lips, “you’ll have to wait a few hours,” she whispered into her ear.

Lena knew her willpower would be sorely tested tonight.
“Do you think you can wait?” Clarke asked teasingly.

Lexa nodded and looked back down. She figured she should get her staring in now, before they were out in public.

Raven looked down at her phone. “Car is here, peeps, let’s roll. Jesus, PS10, I think you gotta little drool coming out of your mouth for god’s sake.”

The limo ride to the Dolby Theatre was uneventful. O looked over at Clarke and Raven, “who’s presenting Best Actress?” she asked.

“J Law, baby,” Clarke said.

“Be still my fucking heart,” Raven said lustfully.

“What?” Niylah asked with an annoyed tone.

“Babe. It’s J Law. I mean, c’mon.”

“Right, well just remember who goes down on you and makes…”

“Ok, ok, no need to elaborate on that,” Clarke said, interrupting her, not needing the nitty, gritty details of her best friend’s sex life.

“Anybody hungry? I got jolly ranchers,” O said as she poked through her purse. She got one out and popped it in her mouth. After a second, she spit it back out and wrapped it back up, not liking that flavor. As she put it back in her purse, she looked over at Clarke….and winced. Some memories were hard to shake.

“What?” Clarke asked.

“Nothing. Did you prepare a speech?”

“God no, didn’t want to jinx it. And, there are some really strong nominees. I mean, I can’t imagine I’ll win.”

“Hey, be positive,” Raven scolded her. “But don’t forget the camera watches you when they announce the winner. Watch your face, don’t look disappointed, look gracious.”

“I know, I know,” Clarke said.

“Don’t roll your eyes.”

“I know, god, I wouldn’t roll my eyes.”

“Don’t curse.”

“Why would I curse?”

“Don’t pick your nose.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Lexa was sitting next to Clarke holding her hand. She was very nervous, having never been a part of this before. Clarke squeezed her hand and kissed her cheek, sensing her uneasiness. “You ok?” Lexa just nodded. “You’ll get used to it. Stick with me, baby,” Clarke said with a wink.
When they arrived, the driver opened the door and they started stepping out of the car. They all let Clarke go first, since she was the main attraction. O followed to robust cheers also, as she walked behind Clarke holding Linc’s hand. When Lexa finally made it out of the limo, she just looked around in wonder, never experiencing such a spectacle. All the fans lining the red carpet, screaming to get Clarke’s attention. Lexa tried to give herself a pep talk, and prayed she wouldn’t trip in her heels. She hung back with Raven and Niylah and just tried to follow their lead. Luna and Anya brought up the rear. Clarke and O were both pulled aside for interviews, so the going was slow. Lexa was able to just hang back and watch Clarke. Her grace in these situations never failed to amaze her. She had a quick thought back to Clarke walking into her patio door and she almost laughed out loud. In fact, she started smiling to herself.

Raven leaned into her ear, “what’s so funny?”

Lexa leaned back to Raven, “she was so dorky when we first hung out. When I see her like this, I’m always in awe of her.”

“Let’s face it, she’s a huge fucking dork. That hasn’t changed. She just knows how to work it, you know what I mean?”

“She sure does.”

Finally the interviews and photo ops were over and they made their way into the auditorium.

They were in their seats and the show had started. Clarke had Lexa on one side and her mom on the other. Raven sat next to Lexa, and Luna and Anya were next to her. In front of them sat Monty and Harper, Octavia and Lincoln, and Bellamy and Echo.

The Best Adapted Screenplay award would be one of the first awards given, so they all sat on the edge of their seats. They knew they were a bit of an underdog, since this award tended to go to screenplays written by one writer. When it was time, they all listened to the list of nominees, holding hands in their row. Clarke had her one arm around Monty, who was directly in front of them.

“And the Oscar goes to, Monty Green and Lexa Woods, for Polis.”

Lexa’s stomach dropped, right down to her toes. Clarke grabbed her and kissed her, Raven grabbed her and kissed her. Anya wanted to headlock her so bad, but settled for a hug and kiss. Lexa made her way through the row, careful not to trip over someone, her legs were shaking so bad. “Holy shit, holy shit,” she kept saying.

When she made it out to the main aisle, O was there and grabbed her and whispered in her ear, “picture them in their underwear.” That made Lexa laugh and helped to relax her a bit.

Monty was there to give her a hand and he held it all the way up to the stage. He whispered in her ear, “it’s ok, you’re gonna be fine.” They had been kidding around all week about what they would do if they won, texting everyday with some silly comment they would use in their acceptance speech. Neither one felt they had a chance. But now Lexa wished she had thought about it a little more.

Monty gave his little speech first, thanking everyone involved in the film. When it was Lexa’s turn, she caught Clarke’s eye in the audience, and saw the love there, saw her throw her a kiss, and Lexa’s heart stopped pounding, and she felt much calmer. She knew she didn’t want to say ‘um,’ so she tried to be mindful of that. “Phew. This is quite overwhelming,” she said as she looked out at 3400 pairs of eyes. “First, thank you to the academy.” She paused for a quick moment, trying to remember every acceptance speech she had ever heard. “I’d like to thank the studio, for believing in
this script. I’d like to thank this guy,” and she turned to Monty, “who let me be a part of it. It’s not very often a writer gets to adapt their own book, thank you,” she said to Monty. “You’ve become one of my best friends through this whole process, and that says a lot. That we didn’t want to kill each other when we were done.” That got a few chuckles out of the audience. Clarke was so incredibly proud of her at this moment, she wanted to cry. To stand up there in front of this many people and seem so calm and composed was no easy feat. And she was a natural. Lexa continued, “and I’d like to thank our director Sam, you did a phenomenal job. Clarke Griffin, what can I say, you were made for this role.” She wanted to shout out her love at that moment but held her tongue. “And thanks to the rest of the cast and crew, for bringing my book to life. Thank you.”

Lexa and Monty were led off stage. When they got backstage they exchanged a hug. “Oh my god, what the fuck just happened?” Lexa asked with a grin.

“You won your first Oscar,” Monty replied back.

“So did you, nerd,” Lexa said, she hugged him again and picked him up.

“What are we gonna write next?” he asked as they made their way to the press room.

“We gotta write the sequel, and then, I don’t know, we’ll think of something else.”

The evening wore on and it was finally time for Best Actress. When Jennifer Lawrence made her way onto the stage Lexa grabbed Clarke’s hand, and her mom grabbed her other hand.

Clarke couldn’t even listen to the list of nominees, she was so nervous. All her hard work, all came down to this one moment. Lexa closed her eyes, wanting this for her girlfriend so bad.

“And the winner for Best Actress,”

They all held their breath.

“Clarke Griffin for Polis.”

Clarke’s eyes got wide and her mouth dropped open. Lexa turned to her with the same look on her face. They came together for a quick kiss as the flashes from cameras went off all around them. Clarke hugged Raven and then turned to her mom who was crying. They both shared an intimate look, both remembering Clarke’s performances as a young child, both remembering her father. O and Bell were next, O whispering in Clarke’s ear.

Clarke made her way to the podium and graciously accepted her Oscar. “Oh my god. I really didn’t expect this, so I didn’t prepare anything. And I know you hear that all the time, but it’s totally true.”

“Booya, drop that fucking mic Clarke,” Raven yelled from the audience.

“Aaand, that’s my crazy manager Raven Reyes. Hope you guys could beep that out. Oh my god. Ah, let’s see, I’d like to thank Columbia and John Murphy for taking a chance on this film, which was near and dear to my heart, all my co stars, who were terrific, the crew, our awesome writers, Monty, you’re my partner in crime, and Lexa, I’ll get back to you in a minute,” she said smiling down at her girlfriend. “And my director, Sam, I love working with you. My mom who puts up with me every day.” Clarke took a breath to steady herself. “And I’d like to dedicate this to my dad. He’s not with us anymore, he passed away when I was 10, but he was my biggest fan. And my best friend growing up. He gave me my first Oscar when I was 5.” Clarke looked skyward, “Daddy, I got the real one now.”
Lexa wiped a tear off her cheek.

“And lastly, I’d like to thank the love of my life...”

Raven grabbed Lexa’s hand and squeezed. “Holy mother fucking shit, she’s doing it.”

“who wrote this great book...”

“Holy mother fucking shit she’s coming out,” Raven said with wide eyed wonder.

“Lexa Woods.”

“And, she’s out.”

“I love you so much, I loved you the first time I laid eyes on you,” Clarke said looking to Lexa in the audience.

Lexa mouthed back, “I love you too.”

“Hot damn,” Raven said.

“And while I’ve got your attention...”

“Oh lord jesus what now?” Raven asked.

“I just want to ask...will you marry me?”

“Oh my god, oh my god.” Raven shook her head, she was impressed with Clarke’s courage.

A hush went through the auditorium, then slowly the clapping started from the back and like a wave it took over the entire room, and soon there was cheering and shouting. This was the first marriage proposal on the Oscar’s stage.

Lexa was dumbstruck. Raven nudged her, and Lexa nodded yes, mouthed “yes” back to the love of her life.

Clarke laughed, “well, she said yes, so I guess you’re all invited to the wedding.” The audience went wild.

“Thank you so much,” Clarke said as she pumped the Oscar in the air.

“Holy fuck don’t drop it,” Raven said in Lexa’s ear, both of them laughing and wiping tears from their eyes.

Clarke was ushered off stage. “Thank you Clarke,” Jennifer said to her.

“For what?” Clarke asked.

“Now they’ll have something to talk about other than me falling up the steps.”

“Oh, you’re welcome then. I mean, coming out of the closet in front of millions of people definitely trumps a little trip up the steps, don’t you think?”

“Coming out? You didn’t just come out, you shot the fuck out of there.”

“I did, didn’t I?”
“Like a goddamn canon. Congratulations, you’ve got balls Griffin. You’re girl’s beautiful by the way.”

“Thanks.”

Lena and Raven got up during the commercial break. They made their way backstage and found Clarke talking to Jennifer Lawrence.

Clarke saw them immediately and gestured to them to come over. She grabbed Raven and gave her a hug, then turned to Lexa. “Did I freak you out?”

“Hell no,” and Lexa pulled her in for the most awesome award winning kiss in the history of the Oscars.

When they pulled apart Clarke introduced them to Jennifer.

Jen said, “I’m partying with you ladies, where you gonna be later?”

Raven spoke up, “first I guess we’ll be at the Governors Ball, then Vanity Fair, and then we’re going to a bar called Indra’s in West Hollywood. Know where it is?”

“No, give me the address.”

While Raven gave directions, Clarke and Lexa enjoyed a quick moment alone in each other’s arms. “I can’t believe it,” Clarke said.

“I can’t believe it either. We gotta plan a wedding for, how many people did you just invite?” Lexa asked kiddingly.

“It’ll be fun.”

“If you say so. That’s a lot of mouths to feed.”

“Alright, I gotta go to the press room, then I guess I’ll be back in the seats after that. We’ve got another award to win.”

“Ok, I’ll let you go, I love you so fucking much.” Lexa kissed her again.

“I love you too, BG. I’ll see you in a little bit.”

It was a little after 2 am when the limos pulled up outside of Indra’s. There were three Oscars sitting on the seat next to Clarke. Best actress, best screenplay, and best picture, a triple play. They were gonna need a bigger shelf. She looked out the window and was surprised at what she saw. There were velvet ropes leading up to the door of the club and security all around. Fans were lined up outside hoping to catch a glimpse of Hollywood royalty. Word had gotten out that Clarke and Lexa were expected to be at the bar sometime after midnight. Other stars had already surprisingly showed up. The gang got out and made their way to the door. Fans screamed to get Clarke’s attention. She shook as many hands as she could grab on her way in. Lexa had her own groupies also, clamoring for her attention. Raven had gotten to the club before everyone else, and when Clarke and Lexa came through the door she handed them a couple of baseball hats with #clexa on it. Clarke and Lexa laughed when they saw them and put them on their heads. The place was packed with regulars, family, friends, and Oscar winners. And they all were wearing the hats.
Clarke pulled Raven in for a big hug, “oh my god, the hats are perfect. Where did you get Clexa from?”

“Well, believe it or not, from O.”

“Get the fuck out of here.”

“I am not shitting you. It must have been some out of body experience. She just blurted it out a couple years ago.”

“Oh my god, that’s funny. The hats are brilliant.”

“I know, I’m trending you bitches up,” Raven high fived them both. Lexa saw Anya at the bar and wandered over to her.

Clarke leaned into Raven’s ear, “there are a lot of people here.”

“I invited everyone. Ellen is here.”

“What?”

“Yeah.”

“Holy shit. Where is she?” They both looked around and saw Ellen and Portia, and they were talking to Lexa. And they were wearing hats. “Holy shit, she’s talking to my girl.” They both watched from across the room as Ellen laughed at something Lexa said. “She just made Ellen laugh,” Clarke said proudly. Soon they saw Anya join them, “oh god, don’t put her in a headlock, not in front of Ellen.” They both breathed a sigh of relief when Anya simply put her arm around her baby sis.

Lexa made her way back over to Clarke and grabbed her hand to lead her to the dance floor. “Hey guess what,” she said into Clarke’s ear. Clarke looked at her with a questioning look. “We don’t have to hide anymore.” She leaned down and kissed her.

Soon they were joined by the whole gang, Bellamy and Echo, Raven and Niylah, Linc and Octavia, Anya and Luna, Monty and Harper, and Abby and Marcus.

The music slowed down and the DJ made an announcement, “this next song is dedicated to our very own Clexa.”

The group stared at each other, waiting for the music to begin. And when the first notes played, Lexa and O whooped and grabbed their respective partners. Raven rolled her eyes and cursed. And they all slow danced to the Bee Gees, ‘To Love Somebody.’

Lexa pulled Clarke close, “this is our first public slow dance you know.”

“I’m aware of that.”

“You know this is gonna be the song we slow dance to at our wedding, right?” Lexa asked.

“I know. Guess how much I love you?”

“To the moon and back?”

“You got that right,” Clarke said, smiling up at her.
“Have I told you how incredibly beautiful you look tonight?” Lexa asked.

“Many times.”

“Have I told you that I can’t wait to motorboat the shit out of you later?” Lexa murmured in Clarke’s ear.

Clarke giggled and pulled her closer. “Have I told you that you’re the best thing in my life? And now I can tell whoever I want.”

“Well, you kinda just told 40 million people. So there’s that.” Lexa hugged her and picked her up, gave her a twirl and set her back down. “I love you Clare Griffin.”

Clarke smiled and softly sang the rest of the song in Lexa’s ear. And Lexa closed her eyes to stop the tears because Clarke was singing one of her favorite songs, and it was perfect. The whole night had been perfect.

Clarke and Lexa woke up in the hotel room later in the morning, naked and wrapped around each other.

“Oh god, I have a mega hangover,” Clarke groaned.

Lexa looked at her sleepily, “you only had four beers. I lost count and cannot feel my tongue right now.”

“You know me and beer.”

They both looked at their three Oscars on the table. “Can you fucking believe it? There’s three of them there,” Clarke said.

“I know, I keep thinking I’m seeing triple from my hangover.”

“You know your life as you know it is over.”

“I know.” Lexa looked over at Yogi, snuggled up on the couch. “You think they took him out?”

Clarke got up, put on a robe, and headed to the bathroom. “Yeah, the concierge walks everyone’s dog.” They heard a knock at the door. Clarke came back out of the bathroom, “I’ll get it.” She went over to the door and looked through the peep hole. She opened the door and Raven burst in, still in her pajamas. She had a stack of newspapers in her hands.

“Check this out bitches, oh, you naked in there PS10?” she asked, looking over towards the bed.

“As the day I was born,” Lexa revealed.

“Oh, good I’ve been waiting for this for a long time.” Raven went over and slipped under the covers. Lexa rolled on top of Raven, who didn’t expect the game to go that far. “Whoa, you really are naked.”

“I said was.”

“Like, really naked. Clarke, she’s really naked.”

Clarke came back over and sat on top of the covers in her bathrobe, leaning against the headboard,
gathering up the newspapers to look them over. “Well, that’s been your dream, hasn’t it? Getting her naked in bed? Have at it.”

Raven was getting very uncomfortable now, realizing she was all talk and no action, “I think I was kidding. She’s really naked here.”

Lexa just lay on top of her, staring down. “Something wrong?” she asked a suddenly very nervous Raven.

“No, no. Nothing’s wrong. You’re just pretty naked.”

Lexa was enjoying Raven’s discomfort. “Wanna a three way?”

“Oh fuck,” Raven realized she was now out of her league. “You’re kidding, right? Clarke, she’s kidding right?”

Clarke looked over at the two of them, “nope, don’t think so.”

Lexa continued looking down at Raven, waiting for her answer.

“Maybe next time?” Raven said in a small voice.

Lexa laughed and rolled off and onto her side. “Chicken.”

Clarke was paging through the newspapers now, and started laughing, “check these out,” and held up the first headline to read them aloud, “‘hashtag CLEXA trending up, actress Clarke Griffin proposes to her girlfriend in acceptance speech.’ Oh my god, that’s funny. And look at this one, ‘CLEXA, Hollywood’s new power couple.’ And here ‘hashtagCLEXA forever, she says yes!’”

“Oh my god, we’re a hashtag. We’ve made it,” Lexa said laughing.

There was another knock on the door. Clarke got up and opened the door. Octavia shuffled in, carefully navigating through the clothes that littered the floor.

“What the fuck is on your feet?” Raven asked, looking over at her.

“What, these are my slippers?” O said, looking down at her feet. Her slippers were big, white, fluffy and had big rabbit ears sticking up from the toe area.

“Jesus christ, what’d you stomp on Bugs Bunny?”

“Shut up, they’re cute.” O climbed into bed and slid next to Raven.

“I had a vibrator once that had rabbit ears on it. And a woodchuck on the other side,” Raven said.

“How did you deploy that?” Clarke asked as she sat back down on the bed.


“Ouch,” O said.

“What?” Raven asked.

“Ouch, where did you lose them? Up in your cooter?” O asked.

“For fuck’s sake no, not in my cooch. That’s not where the ears go. In the dishwasher.”
“Say what?” Clarke asked.

“You sit in the dishwasher?” O asked incredulously. Damn, lesbians were creative, first the washing machine now the dishwasher. She was definitely on the wrong team.

Raven thought it was best to ignore Octavia and replied to Clarke instead. “Good way to clean the toys.”

“With your dishes?” Clarke asked.

“Ah, yeah,” she said sarcastically. “Gets shit real clean.”

“Remind me to bring my own plate next time,” O said.

“I get where the rabbit ears go, but what about the woodchuck?” Clarke asked.

Raven looked over at her, “Really?”

“I never had one, I don’t know?”

“I wanna know too,” O chimed in.

Raven looked at Lexa who smiled at her, “you tell them.”

“The woodchuck is for stimulating, ah, other areas down there,” Raven said.

“Oh god, do you shove it up your butt hole?” O asked.

“No, you don’t shove it up there, it just stimulates it. From the outside. Kinda like a triple play, if you know what I mean.”

“Oh, I think we all know about triple plays now,” Clarke said as she continued to page through the newspapers.

O nodded her head in agreement, “there’s been a lot of triple plays the last two years.”

“So when’s the wedding?” Raven asked changing the subject.

“I don’t know, honey, when we getting married?” Lexa asked.

“I guess next year. We gotta have a year to plan it. And now that I’m officially out of the closet and probably out of a job, we may have to do crowd funding to pay for it,” she said half kidding.

“We could have a beef and beer at the fire hall, that’ll raise some money,” Lexa volunteered.

“We should’ve had a 50/50 at the Oscars last night, that would’ve paid for it,” Raven said.

“You still have the series, Clarke,” O reminded her.

“Yes I know. Just probably won’t get any more good movie roles.”

“We have the sequel to Polis. Can I have another sex scene? Cause that was fun.”

“You were totally hot in that scene O,” Lexa said with admiration. “Just the kiss made me a little wet.”

“Oh god, don't get her started, she already has a big head about it,” Raven said rolling her eyes.
“My lesbian fanbase is huge, and I love them. You should see what gets posted on my twitter,” O bragged. She was proud to be a dyke icon.

“Ok, ok, yes, there’s the sequel to Polis, but after that, I’ll probably be blacklisted.”

“Hold up on that thought, Clarkie, I forgot to tell you,” Raven said.

“Tell me what?”

“Well, at the Vanity Fair party last night, I ran into Donna Langley from Universal.”

Clarke perked up at this information. “What did she have to say?”

“Well, you know that Janis Joplin biopic that’s been floating around for years?”

“The one that never seems to get made?”

“Yes, that’s the one. She said they want you for it.”

“Was this before or after I came charging out of the closet?”

“After.”

“And she was at the party last night? Why didn’t I see her there? Was she drunk?” Clarke asked, still not believing what Raven had to say. The Janis Joplin movie was a prime gig for whoever got it.

“You couldn’t take your eyes off this one all night,” Raven said, nodding towards Lexa, who winked at Clarke.

“You’re not shitting me, are you?”

“No I am not. They want you. They’ve heard you sing before, they want you.”

“Oh my god, are you telling me that outing myself did not destroy my career?”

“That is what I’m telling you. Congratulations Clarke, you’re career is not dead.”

Clarke looked over at Lexa, who smiled back at her, “I love you, I love you,” Clarke said as she crawled across O, then Raven, and when she got to Lexa, she scooched down between her and Raven.

“Group fucking hug,” O shouted.

“How about a group fucking spoon instead,” Lexa offered up. And they group spooned, snuggling into each other.

“Fucking Clexa forever!” Raven shouted.

“I thought of that shit,” O said proudly.

Raven gave O a little squeeze. “Yes you did, Jan Brady, yes you did. Drop your mic.”

THE END

To be continued……………… I don’t know,maybe…………….
Well guys, it was a fun ride, wasn’t it? At least for me. I’m gonna miss these girls. And I’m gonna miss you guys too. I wanna thank all of you for reading it. Your comments were so funny, and thank you if you bothered to engage with me in the comment section. I’m going to mark this story as finished, but who knows, maybe there’s a one shot that will strike me, like the Clexa wedding, although I don’t know how you would find it if I wrote something. I guess you could hit the subscribe button and it would let you know if I posted anything else. And I may have another story in me, have something kicking around in my head. And I’m telling you right now, my Raven will always be my Raven, I’m gonna put her in my pocket, and carry her around with me to every story. Because, quite frankly, she makes me piss my pants. If you have any ideas for me, tumble me or tweet me, lorig11@cardwire1.

Booya. Quietly dropping my mic, in fact I’m leaning over and gently placing it on the ground. Now I’m turning away, walking away, looking back fondly, waving a little, with a touch of nostalgia. (I may or may not have run back to touch it one last time. I have a hard time letting go. )
Disclaimer, this is not a new chapter.

So, my PR people are telling me that I need to add a chapter to this story to just let people know that I'm writing a new story, called Sleepless in Seattle, Clexa style. I feel very bad about this. They, (the nameless PR people) told me "other people do it." Ok. I guess that makes it right.

So my apologies if you got a tad bit excited cause you thought the clexa wedding was coming. Although, I did start a rough draft a couple months ago. Feel free to curse me. If it helps, it took me half an hour to hit the post button. That's how bad I felt. And if it helps some more, I have already mentioned a baby goat.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!